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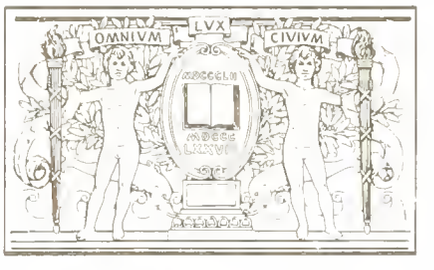

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INDEX.

Abert: his "Astorga" and other works.....112
About Fugues.....70, 79, 113
Adams, C. R., the American Tenor, in Germany..... 95
Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein, the, at Meiningen.....115
A Man of the Time: H. F. Chorley. *Orchestra*.298
Amateur Vocalists: a Rehearsal with. *From the German*.....100
American Musical Fund Society, Annual Meeting.....263
A Musical "Doppelgänger" or Fetch. *Lond. Mus. World*.....307
A Musical Wanderer: L. Böhner.....125
Andrew, John A. Memorial Services in honor of, at Boston Music Hall.....149
Artistic Instruction: Nature and Object of. *From Marx*.....86, 89
Auber, at eighty-six, 106, 220; his last opera, "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," 211; his works..... 252
Bach, J. S: his Works, by Hilgenfeldt, 3, 26, 34, 147; Portraits of, 147; his Christmas Oratorio, 405; his "Passion Music" in Paris, 249; how Mendelssohn brought it out in Leipzig, 386; Mass in B minor, 364; Toccata in F, 14, 206; Cantatas, 30; Arias, 30, 151, 167, 366, 375; Triple Concerto, 30; Orchestral Suite in D, 74; Chorals, 79, 150; Magnificat, described by Robert Franz, 94, 102, 110, 118, 126; Minuets, Gavottes, Sarabands, &c.....230, 255
Baini, Abbate: Hiller's reminiscences of..... 99
Barnett, John Francis: his Cantata on Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"..... .....108, 181
Baton, The. *Lond. Orchestra*, 9; do..... 323
Bavarian Sitting, The: Wagner and the King. *Tomahawk*.....155
Beethoven: his Biographers, 177, 182, 185; Thayer's Life of, reviewed 1,9; Extracts from 33, 41, 49; Nohl's "Youth of B.", reviewed, 177, 185; his Letters (according to Nohl), reviewed, 266, 273; B. and Baroness Ertman, 292; his 9th Symphony (*Wagner*), 3; do. (*J. S. D.*), 5, 6, 22, 253; do. (*Schumann*), 331; do., 243, 244, 252; Heroic Symphony, 15, 351; 2nd do., in D, 374; 5th Symphony, 150; 7th do., 218, 219; 8th do., 390; Quartets, "Rasoumowsky," 204, 222, 382; last do., 415; Sonatas, in C-sharp minor (*Berlioz*), 66, (*E. R. N.*), 233; in A flat, op. 26, (by *A. Kielblock*), 226; in A flat, op. 110; Sonatas (piano and 'cello), 215; Trios, 414; Violin Concerto, 382; Triple Concerto, 206; Piano Concertos, 166, 182, 398; Overtures: "Weihe des Hauses," 126, 142, 351, 414; to "Coriolanus," 190, 366; to "Promethens," 380, 398; Missa Solemnis, in D..... 358
Bennett, W. Sterndale: his "Woman of Samaria," 107; Overture, "The Naiads," 206; do. "The Wood Nymph,"..... 359
Berlin, Musical Institutions of..... 191, 201, 209
Berlioz, Hector: Extracts from, 66; his Overture to "Waverly" (*Schumann*), 11; his Requiem, 302; "Sinfonie Fantastique," 313; "L'Enfance du Christ"..... 405
Böhner, Louis 125
Bonn, Music in, during the Last Century. (*A. W. Thayer.*)..... 1
Boston: the musical year (ending May, 1867), 38, 46; Musical prospect (1868-9), 310; Music in its Public Schools..11, 43, 46, 78, 183
Boston Common: Music on..... .287, 301
Boston Music Hall Association: Annual Meetings.....60, 87, 263
Boston Music Hall, Sculptures for, presented by Miss Cushman. (*J. S. D.* in the *Atlantic Monthly*).....210
Brass Bands.....286
Catholicity of Music, The. J. S. D. 279
Celtic Music. By W. S. B. Mathews..... ..169
Cheap Music. *Lond. Orchestra*.....123
Cherubini: his Overture to "Medea," 151, 390; to "Anacreon," 198; his "Medea," (*Lond. Times*)..... 299
Chinese, The: their musical capabilities. 20, 28
Chorley, H. F. *Orchestra*.....298
Choron: Anecdote of, by Jules Janin..... 80
Christmas Music. *Once a Week*.....405
Church versus Stage. *G. W. Tryon, Jr*.....354
Composing for the Voice. By Mme. Seiler ...212
Concertos for the Piano. *Schumann*.....58, 330
CONCERTS IN BOSTON:
B. J. Lang: Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words", (posth.)..... 215
Boston Choral Union..... 270
Boston Conservatory. 23, 31, 127, 171, 346
Camilla Urso 7, 394
Carlyle Petersilea: "Schumann Soirees" 7
Complimentary to Robert Franz 30
Ernst Perabo..... .....15, 23, 31
Gazzaniga, De Meyer, Listemann.... 215
Great Organ..... .....39, 111, 319
Handel & Haydn Society: Easter Oratorios (Rossini's "Stabat," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and "Elijah"), 23, "Samson," "As the Hart pants," &c., 151, "Messiah," 166, 375; "Moses in Egypt," and "Elijah," 191, 206; Triennial Festival (1868), 223, 228, 243, 245, 253, 262; Season of 1868-9, 311; "Judas Maccabæus," &c., 334, 359, "Elijah"..... 359
Harvard College: Pierian Sodality and Glee Club.. 391
Harvard Musical Association: Symphony Concerts, 14; for the Orchestra ("Choral Symphony"), 6, For the Cretans, 22;—Third Season, 111, 126, 134, 142, 151, 158, 166, 174, 182, 190, 198, 206, Complimentary to Carl Zerrahn, 214; for the Cretans, 223, 230;—Fourth Season ..310, 334, 343, 350, 358, 366, 374, 382, 390, 398, 406, 407, 414
Leopold de Meyer..... 118
Memorial Services in honor of Gov. Andrew.....149
Mendelssohn Quintette Club....7, 111, 119, 167, 174, 191, 206, 222, 382, 390, 407, 415
Miss Addie S. Ryan. 7, 15
Miss Adelaide Phillipps..... 267
Miss Abde Topp, 232, do. at Brookline 263
Miss Kellogg 351
Miss M. A. Mackie: Complimentary..... 263
Miss S. W. Barton..... 270
Mr. C. Henshaw Smith. 30
Mr. Eichberg's Operetta, "The Two Cadis," with Concert, for the Cretans 27
Mr. G. E. Hall: Complimentary 15
Mr. J. Falkenstein: Catholic Music 119
Mr. Listemann's Quartet Matinees 30, 47, 414
Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer 47
Mr. Parker's Club of Amateurs, 31, 167, 251, 382; Trio Soirees..... 47, 414
Mr. Peck's Annual Concert, 38, 222, Sacred Music 127
Mrs. F. E. Cary (Barry) 237, 343
Mlle. de la Motte and her pupils..... 15
New England Conservatory ..... 7, 15, 31, 27[illegible], 3[illegible], 3[illegible]
Ole Bull..... ..... 319, 326
On the Common..... 287
Orchestral Union 7, 15, 23, 171, 183, 191, 199, 206
Orpheus Musical Society ..... 55, 143, [illegible]
Otto Dresel's Piano Readings..... 215, 222, 23[illegible], 247
Parepa-Rosa, Mme..... .....111, 124, 13[illegible]
Public School Children..... .....78, 183, 2[illegible]
Pupils of the Institution for the Blind..... 27[illegible]
Senorita Filomena ..... 319, 32[illegible], 342
Wulf Fries: Complimentary to..... 27, 2[illegible]
CORRESPONDENCE:
Berlin, Prussia..... .....55, 4[illegible], 7
Brooklyn, N. Y. 21
Chicago..... .....141, 183, 22[illegible], 2[illegible]
Cincinnati..... .....172, 312, [illegible]
Farmington, Conn 112
Florence, Italy ..... [illegible]
Gloucester, England ..... [illegible]
Hartford, Conn ..... 2[illegible]
London..... 23
Nazareth, Pa ..... [illegible]
Newburyport, Mass ..... [illegible]
New Haven, Conn..... .....12[illegible], 112
New Orleans ..... [illegible]
New York ..17, 18, 1[illegible], 17, 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 2[illegible], 2[illegible], 2[illegible], 231, 2[illegible], 2[illegible], 31, 3[illegible], [illegible]
Paris. ...24, 29, 31, 37, 3[illegible], 5[illegible], 5[illegible], 5[illegible], 5[illegible], 5[illegible], 4[illegible], 4[illegible]
Philadelphia ..... 5, 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible], 1[illegible]
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. ..... 26[illegible]
Trieste (from A. W. T.)..... 31
Washington, D. C. ..... 2[illegible], 247
Congress of Musical Artists at Altenburg, 280, 302, 305, 313
Cretans, Fair and Concert for the, in Boston....231
Darwin's "Development" Theory: applied to Music. *S. [illegible]*..... ..241
Decadence of the Drama. *N. Y. Tribune*..... 69
De Meyer, Leopold: a Reminiscence. *J. S. D.* 118; his return to Boston 134
Development of the Concert System, Aristocracy, &c. *H. Fiedler*.....283, 289, 297
Devrient, Edward: Translations from his "Recollections of Mendelssohn". 285, 387, 393, 401
Dickens, Charles: his first Reading in America. *Boston Advertiser*, 118; do..... 151
Dilettanteism in Music 195
Drexel, J. W., his Musical Library 392
Encore Thief, The. From *Punch*..... 232
English and French Musical Taste. *Pall Mall Gaz.*120
English, The, not a musical people. *G. A. Macfarren*..... ....331, 338
Emerson, R. W., his New Course of Lectures. J. R. Lowell, in the *Nation*.....346
Ertmann, Baroness: her relations with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. 242
Fairlamb, J. Remington: an American Opera by 191
Fashionable Impertinence. *N. Y. Tribune*.....298
FINE ARTS:
Mr. Ames's bust of Abraham Lincoln. *Transcript*.... 24
American Art at the French Exposition. *Lond. Athenæum*..... 76
Art Culture in Boston. *Daily Advertiser*..... 77
Sculptures, by Mathieu, in the Boston Music Hall. *J. S. D.*..... .....27[illegible]
American Artists in Florence..... 284
Kaulbach 284
Forty years Ago. Concert in New York in aid of the Greek Revolution..... 72
Franz, Robert: Sketch of his life, by Liszt, 25, 34; musical tribute to in Boston, 30; his new Songs, 62; his labors in Halle..... 63
Freedmen, Songs of the. Collected by Messrs. Allen & Ware 71
Fugue, the, as an Art Form 66, 70, 79, 113
Gade, N. W.: his Overtures, 127, 142, 166, 390; Symphonies..... ....159, 406
German Critic, a, on Musical Critics. *Lond. Musical World*..... 257
German Singing Clubs in New York 36
Germany, Theatres in, 42; its cheerful Sabbaths, 83; Concerts at the Spas..... 308
Goldschmidt, Otto: his Oratorio "Ruth"..... 109
Gounod, Charles: his "Romeo and Juliet." (*Lond. Review*), 37; do., 38, 81, 86, 153, 159; his Career, (*Once a Week*)..... 124
Gregorian Music: its Original Source. (*Lond. Choir*)..... 131
Handel & Haydn Society, Annual Meetings. 47, 51, 263
Handel, as an Oratorio Writer. (*E. Naumann*)..179
Handel, his "Judas Maccabæus." (By *Ferd. Hiller*, 74; "Samson," 246; his MS. scores, 261; his Fire-work music, 272; "Israel in Egypt," 275; Autograph Score of his "Messiah" photographed..... .....309, 312, 323
Harpsichord and Piano. Pauer's Historical Concerts 164
Harvard Musical Association, Annual Meeting..184
Harvard University, Music at Commencement.. 79
Haunts of Harmony in London. *Once a Week*. 10, 19, 26
Hauptmann, Moritz: his death, 183, 187; Ferd Hiller's Tribute to..... ..217
Haydn, his Symphonies, 158, 190, 304, 358, 367, 374, 390, 406
Haydn and Hans Sachs 307
Helmholtz, H.: his Theory of Sound, the Voice, &c., explained by Laugel, 337, 345, 353, 369, 377
Her Majesty's Theatre, destroyed by fire..... .164
Hesse, E. C., alias Sachs, Anecdote of 307
Hiller, Ferdinand: Musical Letters by, 73, 82, 94; Three Evenings with (from the *Gartenlaube*), 97; his reminiscences of the Abbate Baini, 99; his tribute to Hauptmann, 217; do. to Rossini, 378; His Chat with Rossini, 379, 386, 394, 402
Hints for Young Opera Composers, from the *S[illegible]*..... .....321, 329
Holland, Musical doings in..... 324
"Individual Speculation" in Musical Art 54
Joachim, Joseph: a Picture of, 101; in London, 204; his Hungarian Concerto, played in Boston, 367; as a leader in Quartets. 406
Kapellmeister, A, of the Seventeenth Century, 145, 153
Kellogg, Clara Louise, in London, 140; in New York, 337; in Boston 351
Kielblock, Franz: Obituary..... 96
Kleptomaniacal Choir Boys. *Lond. Orchestra* 146
Lachner, Franz: his Orchestral Suite in D minor, 191, 199
Laugel, Auguste: translations from his "La Voix, l'Oreille et la Musique." 337, 345, 353, 369, 377
"Lauriger Horatius": its authorship 322, 336
Leipzig: its new Opera House, 312; Gewandhaus Concerts 343, 373, 412
Listemann, Bernhard: his violin playing, 367; Quartet matinées, (See Concerts).
Liszt, Franz: his Salon, 281; Bravura Studies; L. at Leipzig (*Schumann*), 12; a visit to Rome, 91; his Symphonic Poems, 116; his "St. Elizabeth," 116; his Oratorio of "Christ," 137; Concerto in E flat, 262; "Thirteenth Psalm," 305; his title of Abbé 408
London: its Music Halls, 10; (See Haunts of Harmony), 115; Philharmonic Society, 52; its Street Music..... 315
Macfarren, G. A., his Christmas Cantata. 405
Madrigals, in New York, 391; do. (by *G. W. Chorus*)..... 409
Marx, J. B. Translations from. 86, 89
Mellon, Alfred: Death of 21
Mendelssohn: Reminiscences of, by Prof. J. C. Lobe, 17; do. by E. Devrient, 385, 386, 393, 401; Posthumous works, 32, 133, 154; Letters to Bärmann, 234, 241, 250, 258, 266; M. and Meyerbeer (by *Schumann*), 50; Letter to Baroness Ertmann, 292; his Organ Concert for the Bach Monument, 37[illegible]; how he brought out Bach's *Passion* in Leipzig, 386; his "Meerestille" Overture, 15; "Melusina," do., 190; "Trumpet" Overture, 213; "St. Paul" (*Schumann*), 51; do., 253; "Scot and Stranger" ("Heimkehr aus der Fremde"), 222; 95th Psalm, 245; Piano Concertos (*Schumann*), 59, 190; Hymn of Praise, 246; Reformation Symphony, 154, 162, 207, 285, 262, 354, 37[illegible]; 8th Book of Songs without Words, 155, 156, 215; Oratorio..... .....2[illegible]6
Meyerbeer, his "La Jeunesse de Goethe"..... 314
Meyerbeer's "Inspirations"..... 318
Military Bands: Contest of at the French Exposition..... 84
Moscheles, I.: his Concertos, *J. S. D.*.....59, 330
Musical Light..... 192

Mozart, his "L' Ora del Cairo," in Paris, 61, 129; "Jupiter" Symphony, (*Oulibicheff*), 121; do., 136, 142; Symphony in D, 190; Concerto for two pianos, 151, 374; Quintet in B flat, 174; Letter of M. about the Requiem....328

Mrs. and Miss Hog, at the Philharmonic (N.Y.) *Eve. Post*....192

Musicians' Letters: Nohl's Collection....138, 139, 162, 233, 241, 258, 265, 266, 273

Music; in Bonn, during Beethoven's Youth. (*A. W. Thayer*), 1; at the French Exhibition, 21, 38, 53, 64, 69, 84; in Vienna in 1793, from Thayer's Life of Beethoven, 33, 41, 49; in a French Country Church, (*Mrs. Sartoris*), 104; in Public Schools, Boston, 43, 46, 255; in Spain, 286; among the Blind, 254; at the Central Park, 260; in Motley: Offenbach *Orchestra*,....159

Musical Form. *W. S. B. Mathews*.... 66

Musical Festivals: Mr. Harrison's in New York, 54, 64, 255; in Aix-la-Chapelle, 61; Handel Triennial at Crystal Palace, 269, 271, 274, 279; of the Lower Rhine, 72, 268; do. by *F. Hiller*, 73, 82, 90; at Meiningen, 94, 116; at Hereford, 101; Boston Handel & Haydn Society, triennial, 223, 238, 243, 245, 251, 253, 259, 262, 263; Sänger-fest at Chicago, 268; Congress of Artists at Altenburg, 280, 302, 305, 313, 322, at Gloucester, England, 324; at Schwerin....338

Musical Institutes, Conservatories, &c. Leipzig, 45; Paris, 93; in New York and Boston, 103, 127, 270

Musical Library in Philadelphia, (Mr. Drexel's) 392

Musical Conventions, in Burlington, Vt., 96; Worcester,....340

Musical Novelists, A word to. *Pall Mall Gaz.*..341

Music Fancies. *Lond. Review*....131

Music, the Catholicity of. *J. S. D.* 278; as a part of Education....346

MUSIC IN VOL. XXVII.:

No. 2---11. Mendelssohn's "St Paul," concluded. 145---184
12---26. " "Songs without Words"..1---62

MUSIC IN VOL. XXVIII:

No. 1---17. Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," Concluded....63--128
18--26. Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm: "Come, let us Sing"....1---36

MUSIC ABROAD: (See also CORRESPONDENCE).

Aix-la-Chapelle....61, 72, 73, 82, 90, 221
Altenburg....280, 302, 305, 313, 322
Amsterdam....157, 221, 245, 262, 324
Augsburg.... 62
Baden-Baden....77, 272, 294, 320
Berlin....22, 38, 70, 117, 133, 148, 165, 193, 201, 209, 213, 344, 407
Bremen....245, 262
Breslau....294
Brussels....56
Buda.... 70
Buenos Ayres....304
Carmathen, Wales....128
Cologne....140, 148, 157, 165, 245, 268, 272, 293, 344, 381
Copenhagen....165, 262
Darmstadt.... 78
Dessau....381
Dresden....54, 77, 118, 335, 344, 381, 413
Dusseldorf....413
Elberfeld.... 221
Florence....62, 93, 160, 245, 272, 284
Frankfort....132, 327, 364, 413
Gloucester....324
Gotha.... 70
Halle....70, 205
Hamburg....245, 381
Hereford, England.... 101
Birmingham, "....107, 109
Hildesheim.... 70
Innsbruck....294
Koenigsburg....222
Lausanne.... 62
Leipzig, 22, 29, 45, 70, 122, 148, 157, 165, 168, 183, 187, 205, 221, 237, 262, 272, 279, 312, 320, 344, 349, 373, 406, 412
London....2, 3, 10, 13, 19, 20, 23, 26, 29, 38, 52, 56, 59, 61, 66, 68, 76, 78, 86, 91, 115, 117, 140, 149, 156, 162, 164, 165, 171, 181, 196, 200, 204, 213, 229, 235, 237, 242, 244, 261, 269, 271, 274, 279, 280, 285, 293, 309, 315, 320, 349, 364, 370, 372, 380, 388, 397, 406, 413
Mannheim....221, 320
Mayence.... 62
Meiningen.... 94, 115
Milan....117, 214, 262
Munich....62, 133, 140, 148, 214, 245, 262, 272, 279, 281, 285, 291, 294, 344, 381, 398, 413
Naples....93, 117
Paris....14, 21, 32, 37, 53, 61, 64, 69, 77, 80, 84, 88, 93, 105, 117, 129, 133, 139, 149, 156, 205, 211, 221, 249, 259, 262, 293, 320, 328, 371, 378, 409, 416
Pesth....77, 294
Prague....140, 328
Rome.... 133
Schwerin....262, 327, 338, 413
Sonderhausen.... 62
St. Petersburg....211, 320
Stuttgardt....294, 413
Ulm....140
Venice.... 62
Vienna....22, 95, 117, 133, 148, 157, 344, 413
Weimar....77, 94, 140
Wiesbaden.... 93
Worms....188, 262
Zurich.... 94

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE: (See also CORRESPONDENCE.)

Baltimore....303, 351, 360
Bangor, Me.... 32
Brookline, Mass....215, 368
Brooklyn, N. Y....184
Buffalo, N. Y....360
Burlington, Vt.... 96
Cambridge, Mass.... 79
Charlestown, Mass....352
Chicago....220, 264, 288
Cincinnati....264
Cleveland, O....125, 368
Farmington, Conn....16, 71, 368
Hartford, Conn....64, 240
Keene, N. H.... 88
Milton, Mass.... 111, 326
Milwaukie....64, 135, 176
Mobile....264
New Haven....160, 176
New London, Conn.... 32
New York....7, 15, 31, 36, 64, 112, 120, 127, 136, 143, 180, 181, 192, 199, 207, 224, 255, 260, 280, 288, 312, 316, 319, 335, 344, 352, 360, 391, 403, 415
Newport, R. I....103, 303
Northampton, Mass.... 71
Philadelphia....8, 16, 48, 103, 125, 136, 144, 160, 240, 248, 320, 335, 343, 351, 360, 391
Poughkeepsie, N. Y....168, 224, 264, 271, 368
Providence.... 55
Salem, Mass.... 39
St. Louis....120, 207, 264
Washington, D. C....247
Worcester, Mass....16, 160, 224, 349, 368

Neruda-Normann, Mme., the Swedish Violinist. 221
New Choral Society in New York....316
Nilsson, Mlle. Christine....61, 67, 261
Noble Singers at Exeter Hall.... 76
Nohl, Ludwig: his "Youth of Beethoven" reviewed (*Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*), 177, 182, 185; his Collection of Beethoven's Letters, reviewed....265, 273

Offenbach, Jacques, and his burlesque operas, 132, 180, 188, 248, 288, 291, 308, 399; "La Grande Duchesse," &c., in Boston, 174, 191; "Robinson Crusoe," 180; "Chateau de Toto,"....259
Offenbach Madness, the. (*Philad Bulletin*)....317
Opera House (New) in Paris, its decorations....139
Opera in Boston. Italian, Strakosch Troupe, (Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Miss Phillipps, Brignoli, Susini, Fortuna, &c.), 23; Lagrange-Brignoli troupe, 151; Maretzek's do., (Parepa-Rosa, Hauck, Bellini, Ronconi, Baraglia, Pancani, &c.), 159; Eichberg's Operetta "The Two Cadis"....207
Opera in Philadelphia. German, (Johannsen, Frederici, Rotter, Himmer, Habelmann, Hermanns, W. Formes, &c.), 48; English, 144;—in New York, 103, 144, 352; French Opera in New Orleans, 197; Italian, in St. Petersburg, &c....211
Oratorio. A Contribution to its History, by E. Naumann....146, 154, 163, 170, 179
Organs: at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, 39; in Chicago, 68, 220; Great Reed Organ by Mason & Hamlin, 48; Mr. Buck's in Hartford, 64; at Elizabeth, N. J....127
Orphéonistes, in Paris....80, 133, 156

Pacini, Giovanni: Death of....160, 188
Parlor Concerts in Philadelphia....365
Patti, Adelina: her Career. (*Pall Mall Gaz.*) 300; her marriage....301
Papendick, George. Obituary.... 79
Persiani, Fanny Tacchinardi: Death of.... 54
Petrella: his "Carnival of Venice".... 16
Pfeiffer, Oscar, the pianist....407
Pitch, The, in Music. Letter of Sims Reeves, 372; do. of Herr Manns, 396; do. of J. Barnby, 396; further discussed....404
Pleyel, Mme: her piano playing. (*Schumann*)..330
Piano-Fortes: American, at the French Exhibition, 63, 88, 159; Mr. Trastour's "Piano-Automaton," 130; Mr. Laug's Lecture on..136
Programme Music. *Schumann*.... 17

POETRY:

"Beside a Streamlet." Fanny Raymond Ritter.... 1
Hymn to Joy: from Schiller. J. S. D.... 4
G. L. S., by J. G. Whittier. *Atlantic Monthly*.... 41
Othello at the Boston Theatre, May 18, 1867. E. J. C. *Advertiser*.... 43
June Roses.... 49
The Lake of the Lilies. Fanny Raymond Ritter.... 57
Pygmalion's Statue. J. R. *London Spectator*.... 59
Towards the East. (In memory of G. Papendick). W. 81
Crete. B. V. A.... 89
Mendelssohn. Chas. L. Gumpert. *Sund Dispatch.* (*Philad*).... 105
To a Portrait of my Mother at the Harp. J. T. Sargent.... 97
The Castilian Prisoner. Fanny R. Ritter....129
Draping the Flag. (Death of John A. Andrew). W. *Transcript*....134
Two Words. Aug 12, 1865....137
"I stood before his silent grave." (Tribute to J. A. Andrew). Julia Ward Howe.... 150
"What God does, surely is well done." German Hymn. J. S. D....150
Song: "I do confess that thou art coy"....194
An Incantation Scene. *Commercial Bulletin*....211
Longfellow. On his sailing for Europe. O. W. Holmes *Advertiser*....249
Unspoken. A. A. C....257
The Footsteps of Song. Julia Ward Howe....276
Translations from Uhland: "Death Song," "Song of Absence," "The Vale of Rest," "Morning Song." W. 297
The Music of the Spheres....313
Lauriger Horatius....322
The Nineteenth Century. C. P. Cranch. *Atlantic Almanac*....329
Merle and Maiden. Paraphrased. Fanny R. Ritter..385

Quartet Playing. The brothers Müller and the Florentine party, by *L. Köhler*.... 57

Relation between Poetry and Music....280
Religion in Germany.... 83
Reinecke, Carl: his "King Manfred"..93, 106, 113

REVIEW:

Käger's "System der Tonkunst," 31; O. Jahn's "Gesammelte Aufsätze," 31; "The Greeting," New Glee Book by L. O. Emerson. *W. S. B. M.*, 111; Lobe's Catechism of Music, translated by Mme. Ritter, 120; Thayer's "Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Beethoven's, 120; "The Voice in Singing," by Emma Seiler, 176; do., 226 (J. S. D. in *N. A. Review*), do., 282; "Beethoven's Leben," by L. Nohl, 177, 185; Köhler's Studies for the Piano, 189; "Medusa" and other Tales, by Mrs. Sartoris, 311; Kreissle von Hellborn's "Life of Schubert," translated by Arthur D. Coleridge....410

Ristori, Mme.: in Comedy.... 73
Ritter, F. L. His Symphony in A, 256, 357; his Historical Recitals, 271, 415; Concert of his Compositions....357, 365
Rossini: his Hymn for the Great Exposition, 69; a Visit to, 139; a Letter to his Admirers, by *A. Ks.*, 203; his letter about Wagner, 304; his death, and sketches of his career, 350, 356, 361--3, 370; his legacy, 371; Mass to his memory proposed by Verdi, 372; his funeral, 378; his conversation, reported by F. Hiller, 379, 386, 394, 402; Wagner's view of him, 396; his "Petite Messe"....409
Rubinstein, Anton, the pianist....78, 285

Sacred Music. By *H. C. Lunn*....301
Schubert, Franz. his Unfinished Symphony in B minor, 22, 199, 214; Symphony in C, 171, 182; "Tragic Symphony," 214, 217, 236; Overture to "Fierabras," 182; "Song of Miriam," 364; Music to "Rosamunde," 244; Symphony, No. 6, 364; Quartet in G, 381; Life of, by Kreissle von Hellborn....410
Schumann, Mme., and her London Critics. (*Illustrated Times*), 2; as a Pianist....242
Schumann, Robert, translations from, 11, 17, 50, 58, 330; in England, 370; his "Cologne" Symphony, in E flat, 388, 398; first Symphony, B flat....414
Schütz, Heinrich....145, 153, 323
Seiler, Emma: Extracts from her book "The Voice in Singing"....172, 196, 202, 212
Shall we be a Musical People? *J. S. D.*....135
Smart, Sir George: Death of. *Lond. Times*.... 3
Sontag, Henrietta, her first debut.... 75
Southard, L. H. and the Academy of Music in Baltimore....303, 360
Spohr, and the Conductor's Baton (from his Autobiography), 323; in London, (do.).... 333
Stabat Mater, the, of various Masters. *Fétis*....403
Sullivan, Arthur S. His music to "The Tempest," 380
Sunday Music. *Lond. Orchestra*....306

Taste in the Metropolis. *Philad. Bulletin*....180
Thalberg, S. (By *Schumann*)....330
Thayer, A. W. His Life of Beethoven....1, 9
Thomas, Ambroise. His opera "Hamlet"....221
Thorup, Andreas T. His death in N. Bedford..231
Three Pianists: Mme. Schumann, Arabella Goddard, Charles Halle....242
"The Heavens are as Brass!" Brass Bands, &c. 286
Theatre Orchestras. *Transcript*.... 85
Tomaschek, J. W., 411; his "Eclogues," for piano, 415
Topp, Alida, the pianist....243, 246, 262, 263, 350
Two Sisters, chapter from Rau's "Mozart"....227
Urso, Camilla....7, 382, 291

Verdi. His "Don Carlos" 14, 59, 71; "La Forza del Destino, 66, 69; and Rossini... 372
Veron, Dr. Louis. *Orchestra*....124
Vienna: its Music in 1793. *A. W. Thayer*, 33, 41, 49
Wagner, Richard, 229; his Programme to Beethoven's 9th Symphony, 3; his "Meistersinger von Nürnberg," 279, 281, 291, 294; "Love Feast of the Apostles," 322; Mr. Chorley's impressions of his "Lohengrin," 327; W. on Rossini....396
Whitten, Miss Anna S. Her singing....359
Wilhelmy, August, the Violinist.... 90
Welsh Eisteddfod, The....122, 128
Weber, Carl Maria von. Reminiscences of, by *Holtei*, 194; W. at Munich (by J. Ella)....260

32828.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 679. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 2.

Thayer's Life of Beethoven.*

(Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung).

IV.

The article from the Bonn *Zeitung*, which we have given in the last two numbers, contains, according to its title, only an abstract of Thayer's first two Books, ending with a brief notice of Beethoven's first visit to Vienna. We resume the thread of the narrative where Beethoven went to Vienna a second time, never more to leave it.

"Like the great number of students and young people," says Thayer, "who came there every year to find teachers and instruction, had this small and slender, swarthy and pock-marked, black-eyed and black haired young musician of 22 years journeyed to the capital, to pursue the study of his Art still further with the small and slender, swarthy and pock-marked, black-haired and black-eyed old master." Beethoven in fact is said to have had even more of the Moor in his aspect than his teacher Haydn. At first we find him occupied with setting up his domestic establishment in young bachelor fashion. A little Diary ("*Tagebuch*"), the existence of which was quite unknown till now, gives us a purely human peep into the beginning of Beethoven's Vienna life, and makes him appear as rather an orderly young man, who regularly writes down his expenditures and from time to time draws the balance between cash in hand and current or fixed monthly expenses. At the same time he seems to have had the design to make himself liked as an elegant young fellow: we find in the Diary the address of a dancing master! But he must soon have felt somewhat low in spirits, for not only did the 100 ducats fail him, which had been promised him in Bonn, but presently a Job's message came, to the effect: that his father had suddenly died, and this raised a question about the salary which he had thus far received for the father and the brothers, who had removed with him to Vienna. Fortunately, through the mediation of his friend Franz Ries, in Bonn, the payment was for a while continued; but only for a few months, and then every shadow of support from that quarter is lost, and the young artist sees himself thrown back upon his genius and his industry.

The main object of his stay in Vienna, Haydn's instruction, was kept in view from the outset. It began soon after his arrival (November 1792), but only lasted to the end of the year 1793. It is already well known, that teacher and scholar were never able to entirely suit each other. Beethoven wanted to become firmly grounded in theory; but Haydn does not seem to have been the man for that. He allowed violations of the strict rules to pass unquestioned in the pupil's *exercises*, while at the same time he wounded the young artist, who already stood firm in his way of composition, by what he deemed unnecessary remarks about his *works*. Moreover, the suggestion that he should call himself "Pupil of Haydn" on the title page of his Sonatas (Op. 2), which Beethoven declined to do, made the relation still more difficult between them. It appears, nevertheless, that Beethoven wanted to keep on pleasant terms with Haydn, and would now and then treat him with chocolate or coffee,—which entry, "for me and Haydn," occurs several times among the expenditures. It is known that Beethoven at the same time took lessons of Schenk, and then, on account of Haydn's departure for London, "was given over" by him to Albrechtsberger (January 1794). Probably Beethoven took lessons on the Violin also of Schuppanzigh; for the Diary contains the memorandum: "Schuppanzigh 3 times per W. (Week?), Albrechtsberger 3 times per W. (Week?)." Thayer thinks, that the lessons with Albrechtsberger also did not extend much over a year, partly because Beethoven was already greatly taken up with other occupation, partly because the larger half of the book of Studies, which has been preserved, falls within a much later period. Thayer confirms the statements of G. Nottebohm about "Beethoven's Studies," for instance, what he says of the good understanding between the scholar and the new teacher.

The condition of music at that time in Vienna, to which the author devotes the second Chapter of this Book, is already known through several writers, such as Otto Jahn and others. We know that the Italians reigned in the Court Opera, while the other opera companies, such as those of Schikaneder and Marinelli, were already far gone in decline. The church music seems to have stood "upon a very low standpoint." Public concerts there were none, with the exception of those old "Academies" for the benefit of widows and orphans of musicians. On this side, therefore, Beethoven could expect but indifferent advantages for the future. So much the more active was the semi-public and private musical life in Vienna, particularly through the lively musical feeling of the many wealthy potentates, who spent a part of the winter in Vienna, and some of whom even in summer lived not too far from Vienna in the country and there, partly through their own larger or smaller *Capellen*, partly by the active participation of themselves and their friends, cultivated music with great zeal. These were the circles in which Beethoven had at first to gain a foothold and knew how to gain it. Thayer brings before us the musical amateurs who distinguished themselves in those years and describes the way in which they practised music.

It is not to be wondered that Beethoven soon conquered this field for himself. He was already known even from Bonn to many of the nobles: he was the "pupil of Haydn;" also in high favor with Count Waldstein, whose ties of relationship reached into the highest circles of nobility. Moreover it is remarkable that no such eminent piano player and improvisator, no such interesting composer had appeared since Mozart. One can imagine what an impression those three Trios, Op. 1, made in these circles, and how our young composer's skill in the Variation form immediately won him many warm admirers. While Beethoven was not exactly avaricious with such trifles and did not even hesitate to write dances for a charity ball of the "Society of Plastic Artists," which made him an uncommon number of friends, he was on the other hand greatly inclined to hold back in the publication of his larger works. He wanted the Trios Op. 1, and then again the first two Concertos, to become well kno[illegible] various ways, before entrusting them to a publisher. About the publication [illegible] se Trios Thayer communicates some very interesting documents, which exhibit the Beethoven of that time in the character of a decidedly good business man (*einen ganz guten "Rechenmeister"*).

After all this, we believe that we may expect from the continuation of this new description of the life of Beethoven many an important disclosure about the master's outward fortunes and his inward development of character; and we look forward to the coming volumes with a longing interest.

* Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben, von Alexander Wheelock Thayer. *Nach dem Original Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet* (von Dr. H. Deiters). First Volume. Berlin: F. Schneider.

The Baton.

(From the London Orchestra).

The earliest practical use of the bâton in London orchestras, superseding the beat of the foot and motion of the leader's fiddlestick, was in 1826, when the opera of "*Oberon*" was produced at Covent Garden, under the direction of its composer—Weber. The bâton used upon that occasion is said to be among the relics of Weber, in the possession of the lately deceased knight, Sir George Smart. Unlike the formidable weapons which are now used in concert orchestras, the bâton of Weber—similar to those now in use in Germany—was short, and served all the legitimate purposes for which a bâton is required. The modern system in London concerts of wielding a long stick, stretching forth both hands and distracting the attention of the audience, with no very definite mode of making the beat intelligible to the performers, is highly objectionable and quite unnecessary. In large theatres, with the complex elements on the stage and in the orchestra, and in the direction of monster festivals, the case is different. Yet, on all occasions, the beat should be decisive, systematical, and intelligible. In no case should the bâton in motion deviate from the established rules of marking the divisions of the bar. The important use of the bâton is to mark the changes of time, direct the accompaniment of recitatives, and guide the performers in passages of mixed rhythm which abound chiefly in modern lyrical music. The advantage of the bâton over the obsolete system of beating time with a fiddle-stick and the feet of the leader is acknowledged; but in the hands of persons neglectful of the legitimate system of making it serve its real purpose, always visible, and intelligible in its beats, conducting becomes a positive nuisance. There is no need of raising or lowering the bâton beyond the motion of the wrist, and as for those wild gyrations above the head and below the elbow of the conductor, the swinging about of his body, with both hands out-

stretched, and a suppressed "hush" to impose observance of a pianissimo, they are quite unnecessary. The conductor should be placed so that every member of the orchestra shall see the motion of the stick; and one of the chief qualifications of a conductor, apart from his experience in orchestras, is to know thoroughly the score of the work to be performed. The list of foreigners who have successively yielded the bâton in England includes names of European fame: Weber, Chelard, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, and Wagner.

Since the Philharmonic Concerts were first established (thanks to the talent and influence of Mr. Costa), there has been a complete change in the character of our English orchestras, and what was once considered a satisfactory performance of a symphony would not in the present day escape criticism. The organization and discipline of bands have seldom engaged the attention of English musicians, nor is there a single treatise in the English language on the structure of orchestras, and the just balance of voices and instruments in combination. It is seldom that a new institution, or the remodelling of an old institution, affords a conductor the free choice of musicians to form a complete and efficient band. Mr. Costa has alone enjoyed these privileges in England. In forming the band at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in 1847, he had the unprecedented advantage of including the *elite* of the performers at Her Majesty's Theatre with the choicest professors of other bands, making together the most numerous and effective lyrical band in Europe. In remodelling the vocal and instrumental resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts Mr. Costa introduced the best artists of his opera band to assist the amateurs, and the result of his discipline and organization at Exeter Hall, the Royal Italian Opera, and the Philharmonic Concerts, when under his direction, are too well known to need discussion. The improvement of orchestral performances since Mr. Costa first swayed the bâton at Her Majesty's Theatre, some thirty years ago, is most remarkable. Revived operas that required half a dozen full rehearsals under the old system are now produced with two or three. It should be mentioned that in all his professional duties Mr. Costa is the most punctual of artists, and by his example others are taught to be equally punctual. He knows the value of the musician's time during the short harvest of the musical season, and no unnecessary trouble is given to his band at rehearsals. His scores are systematically prepared, and trifling errors in execution, arising from faults in the copy, are noted quick as thought for the copyist to examine. When necessary, the band is instructed to repeat an intricate passage without recommencing the entire movement, and thus time is economized and the performers are spared those delays which, under the direction of less skilled conductors, they are often doomed to suffer. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Costa is deservedly popular among artists and with the musical public of England, for his admirable organization and discipline of choirs and bands.

[From Once a Week.]

Haunts of Harmony in the City of London.

Music-halls are a development of the "Free-and-Easy" which no doubt claimed lineal descent from the "Mug-house Club," described by De Foe in his "Journey through England." Every Wednesday and Saturday a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen met in a great room in Long Acre, where they drank "nothing but ale," each gentleman having his separate mug, which he chalked on the table as it was brought in. A harp played continuously at one end of the room, and from time to time some member of the company would rise and entertain the rest with a song. The guests were seldom less than a hundred in number, and order was maintained by a "grave old gentleman in his own gray hairs," and within a few months of ninety years old.

The "Free-and-Easy" is now going out of fashion, but specimens still exist near Sadler's Wells Theatre, in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and in the Waterloo Road. Of these, the first-named is supported by the Jewellers' Society, and meetings are convened every Saturday evening. On entering, a visitor is expected to deposit a penny in the plate at the door, and the money thus collected serves to provide an annual dinner for the aged inmates of the Jewellers' Almshouses. The day before Christmas eve the old people call at the room where the meetings are held, and receive their money. The regular supporters of the institution are allowed to be present and watch the proceedings.

The weekly re-unions take place in an upper room, furnished with one or two mirrors, and a good many gaslights. The tables and benches are ranged on each side of a slip of oil-cloth which extends up the centre of the apartment, and connects the chairs of the president and his colleague. A couple of fireplaces diffuse the requisite degree of warmth; and the piano, near which the vocalists stand, occupies a vacant space between two windows, and facing the door by which the visitor enters.

The performers are mostly amateurs. A young gentleman volunteers a song or a recitation; he commences an entirely new and original version of the "Death of Nelson," breaks down in the middle of the second stanza. He coughs. "Extremely sorry, gentlemen, but—" "Try back, try," cries the audience, encouragingly, and the vocalist is nerved to fresh efforts by wholly undeserved applause. He bows his thanks, makes a passing and mysterious allusion to the weather, and suggests the propriety of attempting a fresh piece. His arguments prevail, and everything goes like clockwork till the end of the last verse but one, when there occurs another *fiasco*. An energetic old gentleman twists his shoulders to and fro in the most alarming manner, and exclaims, with increasing emphasis, "Try back, try back, *try* back! The young musician, thus adjured, commences a third piece, and ends it amid tumultuous applause. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that his repeated failures were not so much the result of accident as of a deep-laid design. He loves the sound of his own voice, and not content with one song, aims at displaying his versatility in several.

We remember an elderly gentleman of begrimed appearance who flourished at the harmonic meetings in question, and whose pleasure it was to favor the company with recitations from the "Man of the World," delivered with a most undeniable Scotch accent. Popularly regarded as a cobbler, he was was much more remarkable for the peculiarly sombre tint of his shirt-sleeves than the extraordinary talent with which he read selections from "Pickwick" and "Little Dombey."

A pianist at a "Free-and-Easy" is expected not only to perform instrumental solos, but to "vamp," or extemporize an accompaniment for the various performers.

The chairman is elected week by week, and distributes cards among his friends, who rally to his support, and form a clique ready to applaud every effect, good, bad, or indifferent.

Sometimes a professional gentleman will volunteer a song, and his efforts are sure to yield unbounded satisfaction.

In connection, we may add that there is not much in the way of eating done at the "Free-and-Easy" here alluded to, but there is a fair quantity of drink consumed, and it is worthy of remark that the audience is wholly composed of the male sex.

There is a harmonic meeting held "every evening throughout the week" in a first-floor room at a tavern in Swallow Street, Piccadilly. The audience is mainly composed of gentlemen's servants and low betting-men. Intruders are apt to meet with rudeness, and a prolonged sojourn on the premises may entail consequences the reverse of agreeable. The performances are more remarkable for coarseness than for humor, and the "powerful company" described in the programme as "including the first talent of the day" is made up of fifth-rate professionals, in receipt of insignificant salaries, or aspiring amateurs, who "give their services for the sake of practice." The accompaniments are rendered upon a piano and violin, and when the vocalists have concluded their entertainment they deign to mingle with the audience and refresh themselves at the expense of their admirers.

There are "Free-and-Easies" in country towns, at which young ladies who can play the piano and have a tolerable voice command extravagant salaries, ranging from a pound to thirty shillings a week. In some instances they are provided with board and lodging in their employer's house, in which case the food is seldom too abundant, and the single apartment, without being overcrowded with furniture, may be airily situated on a third-floor back. The duty of ladies in the position described is to be present in the hall during the entertainment, to perform solos on the piano, sing songs, and accompany the amateur vocalists, who are generally common workmen, agricultural laborers, and "navvies."

About twenty years ago the list of metropolitan concert-rooms was headed by the "Cyder Cellars" and "Evans's." The entertainments to be found in these places were none of the most select; and whilst the latter has been altered and purged of its iniquities, the former has disappeared altogether. The surviving establishment, half supper-room half music-hall, and one of the lions of London, is situated at the western extremity of the Piazza, Covent Garden. It is subject to peculiar and stringent regulations. Ladies are not admitted except on signifying their names and addresses, and even then they only enjoy the doubtful privilege of watching the proceedings from behind a screen. The whole of the performances are sustained by the male sex, and an efficient choir of men and boys sing glees, madrigals, ballads, and selections from operas. The accompaniments are supplied on the piano and harmonium. The comic element is contributed by Mr. Whatkins—possibly the Herr Pio Whautkini of ordinary music-halls. A celebrity of the establishment was Herr von Joel, famous for his imitations of "de trosh, de blackbird, de lark, and de nachtingall." After years of service he retired from the platform, but his name was retained on the salary list, and he employed himself in handing round cigars for the benefit of the visitors.

The new hall, one of the most elaborately ornamented in London, was erected under the auspices of Mr. Green, the present proprietor, and from designs by Mr. Finch Hill. Its proportions are grand, and the decorations, which have been described as "sufficiently classic," entailed an outlay of about £5000. To Mr. Green is due the honor of having raised the tone of the entertainments so as to render them not only innocent, but intellectual. On the occasion of our last visit we heard standard music, English, German and Italian, performed with admirable precision, spirit and delicacy. Books containing the words of the songs are left on every table, and previous to the commencement of each composition its number in the collection is held up to public view in front of the platform.

Gentlemen anxious to engage in conversation are recommended to confine themselves to the *café* department, for in the body of the hall unmusical vocalization meets with no favor. The so-called *café* is a spacious room supported by pillars, and hung round with paintings of celebrated actresses. For this art collection we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Green. Previous to the erection of the new hall, the chamber thus adorned was used as a singing-room.

During the early portion of the century the apartment in question was held in high repute as a dinner and coffee-room. It acquired the name of the "Star," from the number of men of rank by whom it was frequented. It has been said that previous to the formation of clubs it was no unusual circumstance for nine dukes to dine there in a day. The present hall, to which the "*café*" department forms a species of vestibule, was built on a plot of ground at the rear of the Covent Garden Hotel. It was erected at a time when the improved quality of the performances attracted more visitors than could well be accommodated in the music-room. The garden, which during the last stage of its existence degenerated into a receptacle for stunted and sooty shrubs, was famed for having been the property of the well-known Sir Kenelm Digby (1662). At a later period it contained a cottage in which the Kembles occasionally dwelt, when in the full tide of their popularity at the neighboring theatre. According to tradition it was in this cottage that their talented daughter, Miss Fanny Kemble, was born.

A curious head, described in certain numbers of the *Guardian* for the year 1713, and designed as a box for the reception of literary contributions, was purchased by Mr. Richardson, the late proprietor of "Evans's," against the Duke of Norfolk, and treated to a post of honor above the chimney-piece in the old music-room. It bore a fanciful resemblance to a lion, and its claws were of the most formidable description. It was put up at Button's Coffee House in July, 1713, removed to the Shakspeare Tavern in 1781, and bought by Mr. Richardson on the 8th of November, 1809. It was described by its proprietor as being "indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action," for it was "all head and paws." "Its features," adds the writer, "are strong and well furrowed." The "whiskers" gained the admiration of every one that saw them.

It may interest our readers to learn that the present proprietor of "Evans's" directed the chorus at the first performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." He likewise superintended the choral arrangements for the same composer's immortal "Walpurgis Night."

It is but doing Mr. Green justice to add that he is zealous in carrying out the views with which he commenced his enterprise, and we recommend "Evans's"

to the notice of "steady young men" who admire a high class of music, see no harm in a good supper, but avoid theatres and the ordinary run of music-halls. The performances commence at eight and conclude about one. The accommodation is excellent, the company select, the waiters are attentive, and the refreshments of the best quality.

It was on a moist and gloomy evening within the last six weeks that we crossed the River Thames in a mood unusually pensive, and threading divers of those tortuous and fragrant thoroughfares familiar to the students of penny novels, found ourselves in full view of that neglected fane of Thespian muse—the Bower Saloon, and in close proximity to Mr. Price's patent night-light manufactory, and that popular place of resort the "Fine Arts Gallery and Canterbury Hall."

And whence did this structure derive its name? The archiepiscopal residence is in its immediate vicinity, and we believe that it is in this circumstance that we shall discover a reply to the query.

A few steps more and we had crossed the threshhold, but our hopes of a fresh and sudden accession of liveliness were doomed to disappointment. The evening was as yet but little advanced, and area, stalls, and balcony were alike almost deserted. The waiters moved listlessly to and fro, and flourished their napkins as if to ward off the approaches of sleep, and the young ladies behind the bar either assumed contemplative attitudes and stared straight forwards in a fixed and stony manner, as if they were looking right through the back of the stage at some object on the far horizon, or with a view of dispelling *ennui* conversed with one another in low tones, and performed feats of dexterity with complicated bundles of needlework.

We strolled towards the "Fine Arts Gallery," and tried to console ourselves by examining Mr. Hughes's great picture of the "Riot in Hyde Park." We ascertained that on payment of an extra sixpence we should acquire the right of inspecting a cheerful design on the subject of the Santiago catastrophe, but our spirits were sufficiently depressed already, and we preferred confining our attention to gigantic Quintus Curtius on an alarmingly fiery steed, and the various heathen divinities, emblematic figures, and scrawling monstrosities, without which no public picture gallery can be reckoned complete.

We paused for a moment in front of a view of the Thames from Waterloo Bridge, and then turning, suddenly discovered that, with the exception of one or two young gentlemen, who wandered despairingly up and down the room, and occasionly diversified their proceedings by vanishing through one door and reappearing a moment afterwards at another, we had the premises wholly to ourselves. In the meantime, the "company," represented by divers ladies and gentlemen in evening costume, were chanting what we at first took to be a funeral dirge to organ accompaniment. Our meditations assumed a deeper tinge of melancholy, and we were forcibly reminded of Westminster Abbey on a week-day.

When the introductory chorus—for such was the composition to which we have adverted—came to a close, we rushed post-haste up-stairs to secure a good seat in longing anticipation of that part of the programme which referred to "opera, ballet, burlesque, and pantomime, by all the best artists in London." But alas! for those who put their confidence in handbills. An elderly gentleman, in black, stepped forward, and glided into a plaintive melody, with pianoforte accompaniment, and having his coat tails towards an Italian landscape rather the worse for wear. No sooner had he retired than the chairman rapped vigorously with his hammer, and he reappeared to moderate the very exuberant spirits of a very scanty audience, by means of a second song as depressing as the first. Upon this we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and gathered what consolation we could in examining the architectural peculiarities of the building and the manners and customs of those by whom it was tenanted.

"The Canterbury," though a spacious and well-arranged hall, has not much pretension to beauty. The decorations are of a cheap and meagre description, and a prevalent drab-tint is the reverse of inspiriting. On each side, and at one end, are projecting galleries; at the other is a stage of moderate dimensions. The ground-floor, divided into stalls and area, is supplied with tables and chairs; the balcony is reached by a handsome staircase, rising from a spacious vestibule fitted with a refreshment bar; and the picture-gallery is on the extreme left as you enter. The audience, which is perfectly well-behaved, seems to muster in force between half past nine and ten, the hall being nearly empty during the earlier stages of the proceedings, and densely crowded from about eleven till the fall of the curtain.

The frequenters of the Canterbury are, as may be imagined, the reverse of aristocratic, being for the most part petty tradesmen, clerks, shop-lads, mechanics and soldiers. Whole families may occasionally be seen in attendance, and since, as in most halls at a distance from the West-end, the olive branches are as sufficiently represented as the parent stem, the comic songs are at times interrupted by penetrating tokens of disapprobation from a baby-in-arms. The taste of a Canterbury audience, though based upon correct moral principles, is the reverse of discriminative. A form of entertainment that would be coldly received or hissed off the stage at the Oxford, affords the most genuine satisfaction on the other side of the water. Comic songs only redeemed from utter imbecility by a lively tune, are greeted with uproarious applause; and a popular air, vigorously performed by the band, seems to yield more genuine delight than a selection from "Faust," or even the eternal "Orphée aux Enfers." The Canterbury has acquired a deserved reputation for an ingenious form of entertainment, introduced, we believe, by the enterprising Mr. Vanderveldt, and comprising the joint attractions of ballet, spectacular display, and vocal and instrumental music. A piece that achieved great popularity, and bore the mystic title of "Ko-ko-ri-ko," was of this cast, as was also another known as "Ri-fum-to-fum," which we had the pleasure of witnessing, and enjoyed immensely.

But to resume our narrative. The gentleman in black having sung himself hoarse, we were informed that an eminent comedian would appear in a tragedy burlesque, upon which the Italian landscape curled itself up and vanished into the theatrical heavens, and made room for a second landscape of the fine old English type, with the usual allowance of trees at the wings, and the conventional semi-circular arches by way of apology for clouds. In the middle of the stage stood an uncomfortable contrivance suggesting the idea of a superannuated trunk shrouded in canvas, but intended to portray a rustic couch composed of mud, turf, stones, and similarly sleep-provoking materials. The band, which was sitting on one side of the stage, plunged into what was fondly held to be an air of much merriment, and by so doing brought on a gentleman curiously apparelled, who, after singing one or two verses of a song in a way to deprive the words of all significance, commenced a not very entertaining burlesque of Mr. Charles Kean, and other tragedians, of minor celebrity. A vigorous piece of ranting aroused the enthusiasm of the audience, by whom the performance seemed to be accepted in perfect good faith as a legitimate effort of high tragic art. Richard III. having been disposed of according to precedent, the chairman brought his hammer into play, and the "great comedian returned to sing a comic song, which apparently yielded intense gratification, though the purport was wholly undistinguishable. After this the Italian landscape returned from the "flies," and a young lady essayed her powers in a ballad, the waiters supplying an *ad lib'itum* accompaniment by walking up and down the gallery, and requesting the occupants thereof to "make their orders." When this portion of the entertainment had been brought to a close, another "great comedian" appeared, and achieved instantaneous popularity by thrusting his hat over his eyes, and assuming a nasal twang of particular humor. His song bore sarcastic reference to the comparative advantages of the married man and the bachelor, and elicited tokens of marked approval; encouraged by which the singer returned, in a tight fitting costume of shiny material and a damaged felt cap, and to the air of the "Donkey Cart," promulgated some remarkable theories with regard to the independence and high moral status attaching to the vocation of a sweeper boy. The applause with which this last effort was greeted set the pewter pots and tumblers dancing in the most alarming manner, and affairs grew worse rather than better when the popular favorite reappeared in a gigantic shako and tarnished suit of regimentals. He had just begun to brandish a broken sword, and hobble about the stage with bent knees and shoulders well rounded, when we rushed despairingly from the building, trusting that the entertainment might improve as it progressed, and pursued by the strains of the band, which had struck up a medley compounded of "Tramp, tramp, tramp" and "When Johnny comes marching home."

(To be continued).

Music in the Boston Public Schools.

(From the Annual Report of the School Board, by Rev. R. C. Waterston, 1867.)

VOCAL AND PHYSICAL GYMNASTICS.

This department in our schools unites, upon philosophical principles, the best exercise of the vocal organs, with a thorough system of physical training. Professor Monroe, by his instructions, has not only conferred great benefit upon the pupils, but has rendered valuable service to the teachers; enabling them to carry out his plans; developing the physical powers; and aiding, in a remarkable manner, the management and modulation of the voice in reading; —thus laying a good foundation for the instructors of music, the advantages of which cannot fail to be seen, even by the most superficial observer.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

Much as has been done, for instruction in music through former years, we believe that never was the whole system so complete as at the present time. Formerly, there were separate plans, conducted by teachers who had no uniformity of method or purpose. Now, under the general direction and supervision of the Committee on Music (of which it is enough to say that Dr. J. Baxter Upham has been the efficient chairman for the last nine years) the three departments of Primary, Grammar, and High Schools, have been placed in the hands of Messrs. Zerrahn, Sharland, and Mason, all able teachers, peculiarly adapted to their work, possessing individual gifts, and acting in unison with each other,—each with a remarkable faculty of imparting knowledge, and awakening enthusiasm in the minds of the pupils. The science of music, in its elementary principles, is taught, even to the younger children, in so thorough a manner, as will leave nothing to be unlearned; inducing a readiness to advance, with perceptible rapidity, under the instructions which will follow. The school-festivals at the Music Hall are among the most gratifying occasions which occur in this city. They are a sufficient proof in themselves, of the proficiency of the pupils, and the appreciation of the public.

Music, as conducted in our schools, exerts now an elevating and refining influence through the whole process of education. It is not only the cultivation of one of the most marvellous and beautiful gifts, God has bestowed on his children; offering a constant resource, (a joy and a solace, for all the coming discipline of life,) but it is more than this,—it is an actual help in the development and culture of all the other faculties. The whole mind moves with greater ease and success because of the influence thus exerted. The mental faculties are sympathetic; the spirit of music, blending with, and flowing through all, like a subtle magnetic life. As there is a hidden harmony in all created things, melody being elicited by wind and wave; thus, wrapped up within the nature of the child, are powers, which never work so harmoniously, and therefore so advantageously, as when this gift is allowed to develop itself in unison with the whole educational process. It is more than a mere pleasure, even when pursued as a recreation. According to the etymology of that word, it may become RE-CREATION,—melody, with the breath of life, RE-creating the whole nature. Have we not felt this? Is there, at any time, a prevailing listlessness, a sense of exhaustion or fatigue? Call up the delightful exhilaration of music. How will one verse of a spirited song dispel the clouds, sending sunlight through every mind!

What a new interest does the cultivation of music in the schools throw into the affections of home! How many firesides possess, through this gift, an added charm! Separate as the schools are from the Church, yet it is pleasant to remember that every church, and the Sunday school connected with each church, has the advantage of all the knowledge of music that has been thus gained. The correct ear and disciplined taste, united with the well developed and richly-modulated voice, has come from the School. Thus a new power has been unconsciously introduced from the school into the Sanctuary, kindling into added fervor the services of the house of God. Whenever the voice of the great congregation unites in anthems of praise; in that full tide of melody, sweeping onward like the waves of the sea, we have one of the grand results of the teaching of music in our public schools.

So, also, the perceptible growth of a truer musical taste in the community, and the increasing desire for a higher order of music, has come, in part, from the same source, and will doubtless show itself more and more.

The constant, systematic, thorough teaching of music to more than twenty-seven thousand children, in every walk of life, through a whole city, and that persistently, from one generation to another, must produce an influence for good, which cannot but be widely and deeply felt.

Translations from Schumann.

(By "M. E. von G." for the London Musical World.)

BERLIOZ.

Overture to "Waverly." Op. 1.

What a contrast to Bennett is Berlioz, that raging bacchanal, the terror of the Philistines, to whom he

is simply an awful monster with hungry eyes. But where do we find him to day? By the crackling hearth of a Scotch country house, amongst huntsmen, dogs, and merry country girls!

Before me lies an *Overture to "Waverley,"* Walter Scott's delicious story, which in its charming length, its romantic freshness, its purely English stamp, is still my favorite of all the modern English novels. To this, Berlioz has made his music. People will ask, "To which chapter? to which scene? why? with what object?" Critics always want to know just what composers themselves cannot tell; and often do not understand the tenth part of what they criticize. Good heavens! when will the time come that we shall no longer be asked what we mean by our divine composition? Search for consecutive fifths as much as you please, gentlemen, but do leave us in peace. Here, however, the words on the title-page afford some clue—

"Dreams of love and ladies' charms
Give place to honor and to arms."

This puts us a little on the scent; but at the present moment I should like, above all, for an orchestra to strike up the overture, while a party of readers sat round to test it by the story. It would be easy to describe it—either in a poetical style, by depicting the manifold scenes it suggests to me; or by dissecting the mechanism of its construction. Each way of explaining music has its value; at any rate, the first has not that dryness which, in the latter, is a fault or a virtue, as you happen to take it. But Berlioz's music must be *heard*; even looking at the score does not help one much, and it is useless to try to gain any idea of it on the piano. Often the whole point of a passage lies in an instrumental effect; in handfuls of chords dashed off in some peculiar manner; in strange complications, which no one, even with the most practised ear, can distinctly represent to himself by the mere sight of the notes on paper. If one thoroughly examines the thoughts, and considers them separately, they often seem commonplace, even trivial; but as a whole, in spite of much to offend and startle a German ear, the music has for me an irresistible charm. In each of his works Berlioz is different; in each he has ventured on new ground. I hardly know whether to call him a genius or a musical adventurer. His lightning flashes grandly enough; but it leaves an awful smell of sulphur behind it. One minute he lays down big propositions and truths; and the next, off he goes into mere schoolboy nonsense. To a person who has not attained to the first beginnings of musical culture and feeling (and the greater number of people have not), he must simply appear a fool; and doubly so to professional players* who, for nine-tenths of their lives, move in one regular round, and on whom he makes demands such as no one else ever did. This explains the resistance his compositions have met with, and the fact that it takes years for one of them to reach the light by a proper performance, But the *Overture to "Waverley"* will make its way more easily. Everybody knows the story and its hero; and what can be plainer than the motto—

"Dreams of love and ladies' charms
Give place to honor and to arms"?

I sincerely trust that the Overture may become known in Germany; it can injure none but those poor creatures to whom nothing, however good, can be of any use. It is curious, by the way, that this Overture bears a distant resemblance to Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille*.

Berlioz's remarks on the title-page should not be overlooked. He calls this Overture his "*Opus* 1," and says that he cancels his previously published "*Opus* 1" ("Eight Scenes from *Faust*"), and that the *Waverley* Overture is henceforth to be so considered. But who can tell whether, at some future time, the second "*Opus* 1" will also please him no longer. One should therefore, make haste to become acquainted with the work, which, in spite of some youthful weaknesses, far surpasses, in greatness and individuality of invention, any instrumental music which France has lately produced.

LISZT.

Bravura Studies, arranged for the Pianoforte, from Paganini's Caprices. (In Two Parts).

The original work is entitled, "24 *Capricci per Violino solo, composti e dedicati agli artisti da N. Paganini. (Euvre* 10.)" Twelve of these, adapted for the piano by Robert Schumann, appeared as long ago as 1833 and 1835. An arrangement of some of them also appeared in Paris, but I do not remember by whom they were done. Liszt's collection contains five of the Caprices and an adaptation of the celebrated "Rondo a la Campanella." His aim was no mere pedantic imitation, or simple filling out of the harmonies of the violin part; the piano and the violin produce their effects by different means. The all-important task was to produce the same effect by whatever means. Every one who has heard Liszt knows how thoroughly he understands the capacity and qualities of his instrument. It must, therefore, be most interesting to see the compositions of the greatest violin-player (as far as regards bravura playing) of this century, treated by the greatest piano-player of our day. A glance at the collection, with its wonderful array of notes, ranged up and down like the rafters of a house, is enough to show that we have no trifle to deal with. It is as if in this work Liszt had wanted to disclose all his experiences, and to bequeath to posterity every secret of his playing: in no better way could he have manifested his veneration for the great deceased artist than by a work like this, so carefully worked out even to the smallest details, and reflecting the spirit of the original with perfect fidelity. If Schumann aimed rather at bringing out the poetical side of the compositions, Liszt, without neglecting that, has chosen rather to reflect its mechanical difficulties. He very rightly entitles the pieces "*Bravura Studies*"; since they are just suited for playing in public as show-pieces. But there are not many who could thoroughly master them; perhaps not more than four or five in the whole world. However, the difficulty will not prevent people from attempting them. Many are glad to approach even tolerably near the highest summits of executive perfection. When we closely examine this collection, there is no doubt that its purely musical worth often bears no proportion to its mechanical difficulties. But the title "*Study*" answers for much in this case. We are to practise diligently, whatever may be the cost.

These are, perhaps, the most difficult pieces ever written for the piano, as the originals are for the violin. Paganini probably meant to express this in his charmingly short dedication, "Agli artisti," as much as to say, "We are accessible to artists only." Thus it is also with the present arrangement; none but real artists of high standing could make anything of them. From this point of view alone can they be judged. We must forego a regular analysis and comparison of the arrangement with the original; it would take too much space, and is best done with both before one. It is interesting to compare the first Study with Schumann's arrangement of the same, a comparison to which Liszt expressly invites us by copying the latter, bar by bar, next his own. In the Italian edition it is the sixth Caprice. The last number contains the Variations, which also form the last number in the original edition, and probably suggested to Ernst his "Carneval de Venise;" from a musical point of view, this one is to me the most interesting of the whole; but even here, in the small space of a few bars, one finds the most prodigious difficulties, such as even Liszt himself would have to study. Whoever can master these Variations, so as to play them in the easy playful style which they require, and make them go like scenes in a puppet-show, may travel all over the world, confident that he will return with golden laurels, a second Liszt-Paganini.

Liszt at Leipzig.

Would that it were possible for me, my distant friends, my unknown readers, and all you who can never hope to hear this great artist for yourselves, and yet eagerly treasure every word concerning him, would that it were possible for me to give you a picture of so gigantic a character. But the difficulties are great. His outward man is the least hard to depict. It has been often attempted, and his head has been compared to Schiller's and Napoleon's. And inasmuch as all extraordinary men seem to have a look in common—especially that of energy and force in the eye and mouth—the comparison is not entirely inaccurate. In particular he resembles Napoleon when young, in the well-known portraits of General Bonaparte—pale and lean, with a marked profile—the expression of the whole figure concentrated in the brow. He also bears a remarkable likeness to the late Ludwig Schunke—a likeness extending to their common art; so much so that while Liszt was playing it often seemed to me that I was listening to something I had heard before.

So much for his exterior. To characterize his art is indeed a task. It is not to be described as playing of this or that style: it is rather the utterance of a great intellect to whom nature has for once given the power to conquer and rule, with the harmless implements of art instead of the ordinary deadly weapons. There are many remarkable artists of the last generation, and others still alive who in many respects equal Liszt; and yet are one and all inferior to him, because they have not his energy and boldness. One often hears a wish expressed that Thalberg might enter the lists with him. But it is only necessary to look at the heads of the two men to predict the result of the contest. I recollect a well-known Vienna artist saying that his countryman Thalberg had the face of a beautiful high-bred lady, with the nose of a man; but that Liszt might sit to any painter for a Greek god. And there is something of the same difference between their playing. As a player Chopin comes nearer to Liszt—at least he is not a whit behind him in fairy-like delicacy and grace; but nearest of all artists are Paganini and Malibran, from both of whom he confesses to have adopted very much.

At the present time he is some thirty years of age. The successive steps of his career are so well known to my readers, that I need not recall them. Suffice it to say that he arrived in Leipzig already covered with an amount of honor which falls to the lot of none but artists, and with his reputation firmly established. It was thus difficult to say anything to add to his fame; but it was not so difficult to endeavor to endeavor to damage it a little, according to an ancient practice of the mean and the pedantic. And the plan was actually tried. It was surely not Liszt's fault that the announcements were so made as to mystify the public, and that there were mistakes in the arrangement of the concert. But these things were employed by a well-known anonymous lampooner to excite public feeling against him, and he was accused of coming to Leipzig only to satisfy an inordinate love of gain. We dismiss, once and forever, such unworthy accusations.

The first concert, on the 17th March, was a remarkable sight. The audiencee were crowded together pell-mell. The very room did not look like itself, and the orchestra was filled with seats for the public. In the middle sat Liszt. He commenced with the *Scherzo* and *Finale* of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony;"—a strange choice, and on several accounts, not a happy one. In one's own private room, with a friend or two, it is possible to forget the orchestra in the transcription, which is certainly most carefully done; but in public, in the very hall in which one had heard the symphony over and over again, played by the band in the most finished style, the comparative weakness of the piano was severely felt, and the more severely the more strenuously it endeavored to render the masses of orchestral sound. A simpler and more suggestive arrangement would probably have been more effective. But it served the purpose of exhibiting the master on his own instrument, and all were content; they had, at least, seen the lion shake his mane. The noble animal was soon to do mightier things. His next piece was a Fantasia on themes by Pacini, played in truly extraordinary fashion. But I would willingly have exchanged all the astonishing and audacious execution displayed in this for the magical delicacy with which he interpreted the Study that followed it. With the single exception of Chopin, I repeat that I know no one to approach him in this style. He finished with his well-known "Chromatic Galop," and then, as the plause still continued, played the equally well-known "Bravura Waltz."

Liszt was too exhausted and unwell to give the concert announced for the next day. But, in the meantime, a musical festival was in preparation, of such a nature that neither he himself, nor any one else present, should ever forget it. The giver of the festival—Mendelssohn—had avowedly chosen the programme from compositions unknown to his guest, viz, Schubert's Symphony in C; his own Psalm, "As pants the Hart;" the *Meeresstille* Overture; three Choruses from *St. Paul*; and, for the wind-up, Bach's Concerto for three pianos, to be played by Liszt, Hiller, and himself. The whole thing had a completely impromptu air, and it occupied three thoroughly delightful hours, such as one can hardly hope to enjoy again for years. At the end Liszt played a solo, and wonderfully too. The party separated in a state of delight and excitement, and the cheerful and bright expression which lit up every face shone, as it were, like a thank-offering to the giver of the festival for his homage to the talent and fame of his brother-artist.

Liszt's most genial performance, however, was yet to come. This was Weber's *Concertstück*, with which he opened his second concert. On this evening the whole audience, both professional and non-professional, were in the most cordial humor, and the enthusiasm which prevailed during the piece, and at its conclusion, surpassed well nigh everything before witnessed. He started the concerto at once with a force and majesty of expression befitting a procession to the battle-field, and carried it on with increasing power, bar by bar, until he seemed to dominate over the whole orchestra, and to lead it on in triumph.

* I have often found that it is amongst professional musicians one meets with the most obstinate narrow-mindedness; though, on the other hand, they are seldom wanting in certain sound qualities.

At this moment he really looked like the great commander to whom we have already compared him, and the shouts of applause might well have been mistaken for "Vive l'Empereur!" Besides the *Concertstück*, he gave a Fantasia on themes from the *Huguenots*, Schubert's *Ave Maria* and *Serenade*, and finally, at the demand of the audience, the *Erl King*. But the *Concertstück* was the glory of the whole performance.

Who it was that suggested the crown of flowers which was handed to him at the close by a favorite lady singer, I know not, but it was certainly well deserved. None but a narrow and spiteful nature could carp, as some have carped, at a friendly act of homage like this. To give you, my friends, the pleasure which you this day enjoyed, this great artist had sacrificed years of his life: of the labor his art had cost him you know nothing: he gave you the best he had, his heart's blood, his very utmost, and you grudge him, in return, a paltry garland!

Liszt, however, would not remain in debt. He was evidently much pleased with his warm reception on the second occasion, and immediately stated his readiness to give a third concert for any charitable institution that might be selected. Accordingly, on Monday last, he played for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of decayed Musicians, as, on the day before, he had done at Dresden for the poor. The room was crowded to suffocation. The object of the concert, the programme, the co-operation of the most favorite artists, and, above all, the presence of Liszt himself, combined to excite the public sympathy. He arrived from Dresden in the morning, and although fatigued with his journey and with the long performance of the day before, went immediately to rehearsal, so that he had only a short interval before the commencement of the concert. Repose he had none. It is absolutely necessary to mention this, for the greatest man is, after all, but human, and the evident exhaustion with which Liszt played in the evening was but the natural consequence of his recent labors. He showed his friendly feeling by choosing for the concert compositions by three persons present, Mendelssohn, Hiller, and myself. He selected the new (D-minor) Concerto of the first, some Studies of Hiller's, and several numbers from an early work of mine, called "Carneval." It will astonish many a timid performer to hear that he played the greater part of these pieces practically *at sight!* The "Studies" and the "Carneval," indeed, he knew slightly before, but the Concerto he had not seen till a day or two previously; and, in fact, it was impossible for him to have found time in that short period for any proper study of it. I ventured to hint my fear that the rhapsody of carnival-life would make but little impression on a general audience; but this he dismissed at once, by saying that he hoped it would. Nevertheless, I still believe he had deceived himself.

And here I may be allowed a word or two on this composition of mine. It owed its origin to the accidental circumstance that the name of a small town in which a musical friend of mine resided contained letters answering to the same notes as those of my own name; and this suggested to me one of those *jeux d'esprit* which, since Bach set the example, have been common enough in music. It was composed, piece by piece, just at the time of the Carnival of 1835, but my motive throughout was serious, and the inter-connexion of the whole is close enough. Afterwards I added titles to the different pieces, and called the whole collection "Carneval." It contains many things which may charm individual hearers, but the moods of the music change too rapidly to allow of its being followed by the general public, who dislike being disturbed every other minute. This fact, as I have already said, had not been sufficiently considered by my good friend Liszt; and though he played with so much interest and geniality as probably to affect people here and there, yet the audience at large remained unmoved. With Hiller's Studies it was very different. Being in a familiar form, they readily made their way, and two of them—in D flat and in E minor—were received with great favor. Mendelssohn's Concerto we already knew in all its tranquil and masterly clearness, through the performance of its composer. Liszt played it, as I said, almost at sight, a feat in which it would be impossible for any one to imitate him. His powers of execution came out in full glory in the last piece of the programme—the "Hexameron"—a set of variations by Thalberg, Herz, Pixis, and himself. It is truly wonderful to think where he can have found strength to repeat, as he did, fully half the variations, and then, to the rapture of the audience, to wind up with his Galop!

In conclusion, I have only one thing to regret—that he did not give the public an opportunity of hearing him in any of Chopin's pieces, which he plays incomparably and with the greatest affection. In his own room he cheerfully plays anything one asks for, and often I have listened to him there with astonishment. He left us on Thursday morning.

Music Abroad.

London.

Monday Popular Concerts. (*From the Times, March* 9). A very interesting novelty was introduced on Monday night, in the shape of an *Octet*, for string and wind instruments, by Schubert. Some will, doubtless, think it strange that this remarkable work should never till now have been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, but they can hardly have taken into consideration the extraordinary number of compositions, in almost every form, which have been brought forward at St. James's Hall since February 1859. It should not be forgotten that even Mozart and Beethoven have left many splendid pieces that still await a hearing; that Haydn has, at least fifty quartets wholly unknown to the large majority of Mr. Chappell's supporters; that Spohr has a very great number to select from, and that Mendelssohn is not by any means exhausted. The movement on behalf of Schumann has of late introduced a new element, and while the degree of absolute merit belonging to that master is and is likely to remain a vexed question, his works are not frequently allowed to take precedence of others about which there could possibly be no question at all. Not only Schumann, but Schumann's *protégés* and imitators have been admitted; and only the other night we were favored with a specimen of Herr Johannes Brahms, about whom Schumann openly preached as the new light that was to clear up all difficulties. Nevertheless, the *Sextet* in B flat, for string instruments, of Herr Brahms fell dead, admirably as it was played by Herr Joachim and his associates. . . .

That Schubert was one of the most wonderfully gifted of musicians is beyond dispute. His six hundred songs alone would have proclaimed that; but now one great instrumental composition after another, in the shape of symphony, quintet, quartet, sonata, &c., comes to proclaim it with tenfold emphasis. Not the least convincing among them is the *Octet* introduced for the first time on the occasion under notice—a work of genius, if there ever was one. The two movements—*andante* with variations and minuet with trio—omitted from the seven of which the entire work consists, are comparatively unimportant, although none who are acquainted with them can deny their beauty. They are, however, in the manner of Spohr, a manner which happily Schubert very rarely adopted. On the whole, therefore the *Octet* may be said to have enjoyed a fair opportunity of appreciation; and, thanks to its splendid execution by MM. Joachim, Ries (violins), Blagrove (viola), Piatti (violoncello), Reynolds (double-bass), Lazarus (clarinet), C. Harper (horn), and Winterbottom (bassoon), the audience were well initiated into the countless beauties of detail which keep up its interest from one end to the other. The applause at the termination was enthusiastic, and two of the movements—an exquisite *andante* in B flat, and a *scherzo* with *trio* that might have been signed "Beethoven"—would cheerfully have been listened to again by the whole room, so engagingly melodious is the one, and so full of vigorous life the other.

Herr Joachim added to the attractions of the concert by the most magnificent performance even he has given of J. S. Bach's marvellous *Chaconne* with variations; the thunders of applause that followed compelled the unequalled artist again to come forward and play the opening prelude to one of the same composer's solo sonatas. The pianist was Herr Ernst Pauer, whose classical taste was manifested in his choice for solo of the *Fantasia* in F sharp minor by Mendelssohn. The other instrumental piece was Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 1, Op. 1, played by MM. Pauer, Joachim, and Piatti.

(*From the Morning Star, March* 20.) Mme. Arabella Goddard took her annual benefit on Monday evening, and once more evidenced her untiring zeal for the art of which she is so bright an ornament, by producing for the first time at these concerts, Beethoven's stupendous pianoforte sonata in B flat major, Op. 106, written by its illustrious composer late in life, and during a season of great adversity, inasmuch as this very work had to be sold in London to meet the then existing necessity Beethoven had for funds. He says in his letter to his friend and pupil, Ferdinand Ries:—"Don't forget Sonata Op. 106, and the money." The work, however, has hardly ever been played, as it contains passages insurmountable even to most professors. It opens with a pompous *allegro*; the theme, which is particularly striking, is worked through several progressions of harmony until the *scherzo* is reached, which is of the truly Beethoven kind, playful and spirited throughout. This at last gives way to an *adagio* in the remote key of F sharp minor, which, perhaps, is the most impassioned movement ever written for the piano. Beethoven seems, as it were, to have taken his favorite instrument into his confidence, and knowing, as we do, the anguish of his mind at the time of its composition, it would seem that he poured out his soul in this wonderful lamentation, as it winds its way through the various transition of keys, until, apparently wearied with itself, it dies in a *pianissimo* effect. The listener is only awakened from his reverie as the concluding *allegro risoluto* is dashed off, which being in the fugue style, it brings about that charming antagonism of ideas which Beethoven knew so well how to treat. The climax of the *finale* is reached in a majestic passage built upon the original theme. Mme. Goddard, by this exertion of her splendid talent in producing an almost unplayable work, has earned the thanks of all amateurs, and has achieved the supremacy over all living pianists. The fair performer seemed to linger on the pathetic tones of the great *adagio* movement with a fondness that spoke with an eloquence we can only record, but which it is impossible to describe. When Mme. Goddard retired after this remarkable display, a perfect ovation followed her, until she was compelled to reappear on the platform, in acknowledgment of applause as hearty and genuine as we have ever heard accorded to any artist on any occasion. The concert opened with Mozart's quartet in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, performed by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti. The last named gentleman also performed a sonata in C major, by Boccherini, in such a manner as to obtain an encore for the *finale*. The concert concluded with the Kreutzer Sonata, played, of course by Mme. Goddard and Herr Joachim. Mr. Cummings sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephtha*, and a novelty in the shape of a song called "The Sonnet," written by Mendelssohn in 1831, and now for the first time published. Mr. Benedict was the conductor.

Old Philharmonic. (*From the Orchestra, March* 16). The Philharmonic Society inaugurated its fifty-fifth season on Monday, Mr. W. G. Cusins appearing for the first time in the post of conductor, vacated by the retirement of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The late conductor retired with the respects of many of the Society's well-wishers; for his personal friends outnumbered even his admirers. As a conductor Professor Bennett might have attained a higher position if his abilities in other respects had not thrown those special talents into the shade. Mr. Cusins has undertaken a task of considerable difficulty, to which, however, we consider him fully equal. Despite occasional cavillers and lukewarm supporters, we fully accredit Mr. Cusins with the power to deal with any emergency; an opinion further substantiated by his successful début on Monday. The ordeal was no light one: Mr. Cusins had before him the hostile and censorious as well as the friendly; but the issue left but one opinion—that the new conductor is the man for his post. His beat is firm and decided, he possessed full control over his band, and was evidently master of the task before him. In the first piece of the programme, the C minor Symphony of Mendelssohn, composed in 1824, when the composer was between 14 and 15, the qualities of conductor and band were put to the test; but Mr. Cusins was evidently acquainted with every note. A stronger trial was Beethoven's glorious Symphony in A, but one which was no less successfully surmounted. An overture of Professor Bennett's—the "*Naiads*"—was given as a little memorial compliment, which was perfectly appreciated by the audience; and Cherubini's "*Abencerrages*" made up the programme. Herr Joachim was in good force, and his fine playing showed to great advantage with the orchestral accompaniments played in such a manner as to preserve a correct musical perspective. The vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Cummings.

Henry Leslie's Choir. A second extra concert was given, when the "*Antigone*" was repeated, omitting the bulk of the read text, which Miss Kate Saville previously delivered. The execution was highly satisfactory—finer if possible than on the first occasion. A miscellaneous selection followed, including the overtures to Cherubini's "*Deux Journées*" and to "*Oberon*," and an admirable playing by Mr. Charles Hallé of Beethoven's fourth piano concerto in C. Miss Ada Jackson sang very well, and Mr. Cummings was in excellent voice.

Musical Society of London. The ninth season commenced March 20. We had the "*Walpurgis-Nacht*" cantata executed in a style which only had

one defect—the solo singing of Mr. Leigh Wilson, who was inaudible beyond the first half dozen rows of stalls. Miss Julia Elton was discriminating, if her audience were cold; Mr. Lewis Thomas sang carefully and well. Haydn's familiar symphony in E flat was performed with much gusto, and the elaborate andante found general favor. A quaint and pleasing effect was attained in Schumann's vocal piece, "Gipsy-Life," sung by eighty choristers and full orchestra; it provoked an encore. Mme. Schumann's playing formed a strong *point d'appui*; the delightful concerto by Mozart, in D minor, and the Choral Fantasia of Beethoven brought out her elaborate and delicate style of playing and her wonderful *bravura*.

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Paris.

Opera. Of Verdi's new piece, "*Don Carlos*," the correspondent of the *Orchestra* writes (March 20) as follows. Verdi's imagination like, that of his own gypsy Azucena, seems still haunted by the whirling music of burnings at the stake:

As regards the lyrical portion, I can only repeat my first impression: it is indifferently dull, and its dullness is only relieved by a lively trio, a great march, and the one air for mezzo-soprano. Of the libretto there is a little more to be said, though but small redeeming things. I told you the plot was Schiller's, and so it is, but there are deviations from the original, which I find on comparing notes; and the librettists' interpolations, omissions, and alterations are not improvements. But as no one ever reads, and few can understand the plot of an opera, or are disposed to criticize the dialogue, let that pass. The first scene represents the forest of Fontainebleau. The ground is covered with hoar frost, which gives to the scene as dreary an aspect as the Bois de Boulogne in the famous picture, "The Duel after the Masquerade." *Elizabeth of Valois* (Madame Sass) has escaped from the neighboring castle, from whose turrets the lights are gleaming, to meet her lover in the forest. The season is somewhat unpropitious to billing and cooing; but they impart their loves in a duet which was scarcely audible, since it was drowned by a running accompaniment of opera doors being slammed, and by obese Frenchmen waddling their way to their stalls and putting more punctual people to intolerable annoyance and inconvenience. This is always the case in Paris; for men will smoke after dinner, and ladies must take many last lingering glances at their mirrors, give finishing touches of pearl powder, readjust their chignons, and hold post-prandial consultations with their maids. We must therefore suspend our criticism on the first act. The second is dull enough. A monk roams about the dreary corridor of the St. Just Monastery. He murmurs his resolve to save his grandson from *Philip's* wrath; and from this we glean that from under that monkish cowl gloom the once-dreaded features of *Charles the Fifth*, the monarchical Brother Ignatius. In the next scene the *Marquis Posa* (Faure) duets with the *Don*, who entrusts him with a letter for the *Princess*. She has become his father's bride, and the *Don's* respect for his papa does not dispel his intention to become a correspondent in a divorce case. The *Don* has evidently some dread of M. Vandal, since he enjoins his Mercury to be specially mindful of the missive. In the next act he delivers it to the *Queen*, and flirts with the *Princess of Eboli*, her lady of honor, whilst the *Queen* reads her love-letter. This trio is gay, impassioned, sparkling—Verdi all over. In its delineation of the combined expression of contending passions blending in exquisite harmony, it recalls the glorious quatuor from "*Rigoletto*;" for ever and anon the fierce wail of blighted love is heard through the badinage of the courtly danger. The next act is ushered in by a ballet in which Gallic *disjecta membra* are displayed with their wonted prodigality. The scene, however, is of surpassing splendor, and displays with marvellous exactitude the architectural beauties of the Plaza and Cathedral at Valladolid. The gloomy *King Philip* marches at the head of a brilliant retinue with his bride; gladness beams upon that gloomy brow; his bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne, for no odor is so grateful to the nostrils as the flesh of a roasted heretic, and the steak is already prepared; the fires gleam in the Plaza, and a goodly batch of accursed Protestants stand ready to be grilled. *Don Carlos* enters at the head of a Flemish deputation: he asks for some privileges for those provinces, and for mercy for the heretics. The *King* has no mercy, no privileges. His son draws his sword, and seems as though he would renew M. Lemaire's parricidal exploits; but he is disarmed, and the *King* goes off with his retinue to his congenial amusements, his pious and paternal pleasures being sweetened by the reflection that his son is in a dungeon, whence he would never emerge. The march which escorts this pageant is magnificent in its melody; it may become popular as the marches in the "*Prophète*" and "*Faust*," without, however, resembling either; and exquisitely beautiful is the *Queen's* prayer for the souls of the heretics as they writhe at the stake during the *auto-da-fé*. The last act is a wild confusion of discordant sounds. They who had fallen asleep—and their name was legion—dreamed that they were in the Tower of Babel, and the wakeful fancied that they were in the Exhibition, where the clang of myriads of hammers vibrates on the tympanum with the howls of angry exhibitors, who find some rival installed in their vicinity. And amidst this wild confusion of wind and stringed instruments, spirit-stirring drums and ear-piercing fifes, the curtain fell, and from a lively recollection of past favors, the cries were loud for Verdi; but Verdi knew and felt that he had failed. He had made off in despair: but people saw a fine face behind a black beard in one of the boxes, and gave a thundering reception to the owner, who turned out not to be Verdi at all, but Baron Billing. Such is popularity. Meanwhile "*Don Carlos*" is a fiasco, as results have proved. The stalls for the first representation were sold at 150f. in the morning, and rose to 600f. in the evening. The other night many stalls were empty, and there will be still many more aching voids at the subsequent representations.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1867.

Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association brought its second series (of Eight Symphony Concerts) to a successful close on Friday afternoon, March 29. All of these occasions will remain memorable with true music-lovers; but scarcely one of them proved more delightful than this last. The only fault was that in length it largely overreached the usual two hours. This was the programme:

Toccata in F, composed for Organ.....Bach.
Arranged for Orchestra by H. Esser.
Concert Aria: "Non temer," with Violin Obbligato. Mozart.
Miss J. E. Houston, and Mr. Wm. Schultze.
Piano-forte Concerto, in G, Op. 58.....Beethoven.
Hugo Leonhard.
Third Symphony: "Eroica," in E flat.....Beethoven.
Andante Spianato and Polonaise Brilliante, Op. 22. for Piano, with Orchestra.....Chopin.
Hugo Leonhard.
Overture: "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" (Becalmed at Sea; a Breeze; Happy Voyage; Coming into Port).....Mendelssohn.

The Bach *Toccata* rolled along more grandly even than it did last year, and in the orchestral form is certainly more clear to most ears than upon the Organ. How full of hearty, healthy life it is! It gives you a sense of generous, exhaustless power, of genius ten-fold stronger by its fond conformity to law, or rather of genius instinct with law, true to itself and that at once. Beautiful and grand and joyous it rolls on in rich, full waves. We heard the pianist say (during its rehearsal) that it put him in the right state to play afterwards, it "sounds so comfortable and makes one feel so comfortable." And so indeed it proved when his turn came.

What fitter place than this, then, to do justice to Mr. Leonhard's admirable playing of Beethoven's fourth Concerto, the most poetic, finely imaginative of them all, in G? His execution of the same task was one of the choice experiences of last year's concerts. Then we thought no praise could be too much for his rendering of it, and we were moved to write: "In technical respects and in poetic, nice conception and feeling of every beauty, in thoroughly musical and vital touch, it lacked nothing, nor, as a whole, could we conceive of its being played better. The Allegro is extremely difficult, a series of fitful passages" (all products of one creative mood, however, and related by close logical affinity), "short flights of fancy, delicate and bold, in which a certain wilful plenty of bravura is thoroughly vitalized with poesy,—coruscations and reflexions, as it were, from the highly charged orchestral background where the continuity of the main theme is all the time kept up. These passages were played with perfect precision and fine accent, no exaggeration and no falling short; even those *double trills in the same hand*, which one would think too much for any mortal fingers, came out clear and even; and the elaborate cadenza by Moscheles, in which he struck out great chords with such Beethoven-like fire, made great effect. The Andante, short as it is, and simple, is a piece of transcendent beauty, full of meaning. Here the musing, subdued cantabile passages, in answer to the repeated stern call of the orchestra, were so purely musical and chaste that, in this interval of ideal, inward music, we forgot for once all about execution, to be made pleasantly aware again of its triumphs, in a lighter form, by the graceful Rondo Finale, with another Moscheles cadenza. Mr. L., we believe, had never played with orchestra before, and he at once placed himself in the front rank." Has he not kept the place? And could anything be farther from the fact than the disparaging record which certain newspapers have made of his performance of the same work this second time? In comparing our unreserved praise of last year with the fresh impression this time, we cannot find it in the least exaggerated, and therefore do we recall it now. Indeed the artist seemed to do even better than before, and in clear, vital touch, in light and shade, in exquisite finish, in intelligent, intelligible conception and feeling of the work as a whole, to have gained, if that were possible. Such possession with the spirit of the whole, such mastery of every detail, was enough to ask of any interpreter:—and yet it has been hinted that he came to it unprepared! Such was not the feeling of the audience, judging by the breathless attention and the spontaneous applause; and surely not of artists and musicians, who compared notes together with delight after it. In the piece from Chopin—*Andante* for piano alone, followed by brilliant *Polonaise* with orchestra, the performer still grew in favor and was recalled with great warmth and unanimity.

The Aria: "*Non temer*," in which Mozart seems to have worked up some of the superabundance of lyrical inspiration for which he could not find room in his first great opera "*Idomeneo*," has only been heard here once before, in the superb singing of Parepa-Rosa. It is in the largest, noblest, highest dramatic style of the composer, an anticipation of the true Donna Anna vein. Miss Houston had a trying task and made a good success in it. She threw herself into it with feeling, and, while her rendering was unequal, partly from want of greater weight of voice, there were passages which came out with right dramatic ring and fervor. It was an earnest, sincere lyric effort, and went to the heart. Perhaps the richly ornamental Violin *obbligato* part, which Mr. Schultze played so finely, caught the light too much to allow the voice due prominence. Orchestrally and vocally, taken all together, it is a noble piece, and we hope that another time the opening recitative may not be omitted.

The "Heroic Symphony," third of the nine, and first of the *great* ones, in which Beethoven was all himself and like no other, had not been heard here for some years. It is more seldom played than any other but the ninth, and, for some reason hard to explain, it seems to excite less enthusiasm in a general public. Yet it is one of the grandest, richest and most beautiful of symphonic creations; altogether noble and heroic in its whole intention, setting with a steady, broad, resistless current toward its end. Possibly the somewhat broken up, ingenious character of the last movement, with its variations, its polyphonic, learned air in the working of two themes, may distract and fatigue the mind at last after the clear and unmistakeable splendor of the first Allegro, the profound, universal, great grief (with visitations of divine hope) in the *Marcia funebre*, and the exciting multitudinous stir of the all-alive Scherzo. But from beginning to end the whole work is crowded with beauties, and new ones reveal themselves on every hearing. This time we think the Symphony was better appreciated than ever before in Boston; Mr. ZERRAHN had given it a careful rehearsal, and the orchestra were well up to their task.

The Mendelssohn Overture was also a revival of long ago. "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" it has been common to translate its title, thereby conveying a wholly false and absurd idea of its meaning; for how could there be a prosperous voyage over a calm sea? It is one of the most picturesque of Mendelssohn's overtures, and one of the most graphic and delicious instances that exist of the descriptive power of instrumental music—not descriptive in a clap-trap literal way, but in a true sense, which describes emotions and hints pictures, left however to the option of the hearer's free imagination. It is a musical picture in richly blended, now subdued, now freshest colors. First, the long-drawn, indolent drowsy harmonies, with sense of satiety of quiet in them, recall the feeling of being becalmed at sea; but the art is too interesting, too much poetry there, to let it become tedious. Then the rising of a breeze, which seems to creep through all the sails and tackle of the good ship, and set all in fitful, confused motion, till every thing at last takes one direction, and with buoyant rhythm, and exhilarating melody, on we go merrily before the wind; a plenty of side thoughts catch and charm attention for a moment; snatches of *cantabile* from 'cello, bassoon, &c., heard now and then amid the general onsweep, suggest song and serenade and sentimental, happy times on deck, under the stars; now the wind is smart and ruffles all with a good will; now the motion is as smooth and tranquil as an infant's sleep; and now what mean those great sighs, in full chords, repeated higher and higher, that spring up so uncalled and so significant? Every one who has been bounding cheerily along in mid ocean must have heard them, and they reveal a true instinct of what is characteristic in ocean life. Mysterious sounds of an appalling grandeur; but merrily on we bound, forgetting them; and with salute of guns and blaze of trumpets we are sailing into port. One of the happiest renderings which our orchestra have ever given us was this.

And fitly with this music came the good ship Symphony Concerts, with flying colors inscribed "Harvard," safely into port at the end of this second happy and eventful voyage.

A proper celebration after landing, with grateful testimonial to the gallant crew (the orchestra) was the performance of the Ninth Symphony, with "Hymn to Joy," yesterday; a Festival with that same picture Overture for frontispiece; of which next time.

MISS ADDIE S. RYAN'S CONCERT, at Horticultural Hall, March 30, was a well-earned and hearty compliment to herself, and an occasion of real musical interest, as the programme shows:

1. Allegro from Quintet in B flat ..... Mendelssohn.
   Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Festgesang an die Kunstler, ...Mendelssohn
   Orpheus Musical Society.
3. Aria. From Titus..... .....Mozart.
   (With Clarinet Obligato by T. Ryan.)
4. Piano Solo (Andante spianato an I Polonaise) Chopin.
   Mr. Leonhard
5. Tyrolese Song ... . H. Proch
   Miss Loring
6. Duet Liebesgarten. ...Schumann.
   Miss Ryan and Mr. Kreissmann
7. Part Songs. { a. Die Kapelle ..... Becker. { b. Jagerslust. ..... Astol
8. Songs { a Morgengruss { b. Rheinisches Volkslied. } Mendelssohn.
   Miss Ryan.
9. Violin Solo. Tarantelle. ..... F. Schubert
   Mr. Meisel
10. Aria. From "Die Entführung"... .....Mozart
    Mr. Kreissmann
11. Duet (From "Cosi fan tutte.) ..... Mozart
    Misses Loring and Ryan.
12. Second Finale. From "Robert le Diable,".Meyerbeer
    Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The concert began late, and we were only able to hear the first three pieces. Mendelssohn's noble chorus to words from Schiller's "Ode to the Artists" (sung here some eight years since at the Schiller Festival) was well sung by the "Orpheus," and made as effective as the hall would allow. Miss RYAN had chosen admirably in her Mozart Aria, and sang it with rich, warm, sympathatic voice and good style and expression, though, from accidental cause, with not entire freedom from constraint. It was however, a highly creditable and rewarding effort.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. This suddenly arrived institution (already, we are told, extremely flourishing in a business way) inaugurated itself by a "Grand Vocal and Orchestral Concert," in the Music Hall, on the same evening, March 30.) The programme was rather mixed, and not much after a Leipzig or any classically educational model; but it contained some sterling things, and others interesting for their novelty, with a long array of soloists. An orchestra of fair size, under ZERRAHN, opened the concert with the "Hebrides" overture and closed it with the Finale from the Fifth Symphony. Miss HOUSTON sang again the "*Non temer*," with Mr. H. SUCK for Violin Obligato, and with more favor than before, it seems. Mr. J. K. PAINE had a warm reception at his first appearance since his good experience with his Mass in Germany, and his performance of his Organ Fantasia and Fugue in E minor was encored. Mr. WHITING played a couple of Organ pieces (Transcription, by Best, from Schumann, and *Pastorale* of his own.) Mr. J. W. WHITNEY sang "If with all your hearts" (*Elijah*) with artistic style. The *Benedictus* from Haydn's 15th Mass was sang by Miss HOUSTON, Miss STERLING, Messrs. WHITNEY & WINCH, with Organ accompaniment by S. P. TUCKERMAN.

The vocal point of interest, however, was the singing of the new Contralto, Miss NETTIE STERLING, from New York. Too late for her first piece, an Aria by Mercadante, we only heard her in the "Three Fishermen" ballad (sung for an encore), and in one of Mr. GOLDBECK'S "Love Songs," called "Invocation," a short, dramatic declamatory piece, in modern style, and quite effective. The lady has one of the richest, clearest and most serviceable contralto voices that we have heard for a long while; not the art of Adelaide Phillipps, nor the refined soulful expression of Mrs. Cary; but we should say rell power and promise; a power as yet somewhat external and needing among other things, to get imbued and penetrated with the influence of good music.

Lastly we come to the chief feature of the concert, Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK'S Piano Concerto in D, played by himself, for the first time with orchestra. The Directors of the new Conservatory, we suppose, would hardly affirm that their own original compositions should be often put on trial in concerts for the education of the taste of their pupils; no doubt, they would agree with us that Conservatory Concerts, of all others, should be classical. But as Mr. Goldbeck is a new man among us, assuming directorship in an institution with ambitious name and claims, it is but natural that he should wish to present his testimonials in the shape of a composition in large form. Of his piano forte performance we can speak with decided praise; his execution is remarkably clear, brilliant, even, well sustained; and he stands well at once among the best pianists of this now piano famous city. Of the Concerto as a composition it is harder to speak with certainty after a single hearing; but these are our observations. The first movement (*Allegro con spirito*) has good, decided themes, well worked up in the main, with a little too much of the fragmentary modern operatic sort of episodes, *à la* Liszt, Meyerbeer, &c., and so contrived as to keep the piano always in the most conspicuous light; orchestration clever, somewhat crude. We liked this movement the best; as having more of pith and point than the others. The slow movement (and yet *not* slow, *Andante quasi Allegretto*), pleasing enough, but not sufficiently contrasted either in character or tempo with the first. The Finale is a *Pastorale*, which we did not like; forced and awkward couplings of low bassoon and high oboe tones (how different from Beethoven in the Trio to the 9th Symphony Scherzo, and unequal in comparison); themes salient but not finely imaginative; orchestral coloring harsh and often coarse. Once or twice a leading phrase of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony turned up, and one longed for it to go on. On the whole, we should say, a work which shows musicianship and talent, but not settled in its direction, led astray by false sensational models, able to return we hope, and needing yet to be refined and clarified. But these are only notes of first impressions.

Mr. PERABO'S Extra "Schubert Matinée," March 28, was mainly a repetition of the sixth (March 9), and drew a crowd of enthusiasts. Hummel's "Septet," Schubert's E flat Trio, and his Sonata in F minor (printed as four Impromptus) made even better impression than before. The vocal contributions were by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, who sang Schubert's "*Aufenthalt*" and "*Frocknie Blumen*" in his best style.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The sixth concert offered Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture and Mozart's E-flat Symphony. A young lad, Master SCHUCHMANN, a pupil of Mr. EICHLER, made his debut as a violinist, in a Variation piece by De Beriot, leaving a most favorable impression. His tone is pure and true, and execution even and sustained and graceful. This week gave us Cherubini's fine Overture to "Anacreon," now a favorite, and Beethoven's 8th Symphony. Miss CLARA F. JOY, a pupil of Mr. LANG, made her first trial in public and performed Chopin's *Andante Spianato* and *Polonaise* in a really artistic manner, at least for a pupil. Much may be expected of her.

We were sorry to lose the Concert Complimentary to Mr. G. F. HALL, lately returned from several years of vocal study in Europe. His Baritone is said to be of the noblest quality and excellently schooled. Signora GHIONI and Sig. LIMBERTI assisted. Selections all from Donizetti and Verdi, except the two fine orchestral pieces ("Melusina" overture and E flat Symphony of Mozart), conducted by Mr. LANG.

CROWDED OUT Italian Opera, and much besides.

NEW YORK. *Fidelio* was given last Thursday by the Germans at the Stadt Theatre, with Mmes. Johannsen and Rotter, and Messrs. Himmer, Formes, Weinlich and Groschel. Hermanns was to appear this week in his great part of Falstaff in Nicolai's "Merry Wives." *Robert* has been given too, "in splendid style," with Mlle. Seelig as Alice, Mme. Rotter as Isabella, and Himmer as Robert.

A novelty at the Academy of Music (Maretzek's

troupe) has been Petrella's comic opera "The Carnival of Venice." The *Albion* says of it:

The plot is simple, but wisely selected in respect of comic opportunities. Signor *Mazio*, [Bellini] removes to a secluded retreat near Venice for the purpose of isolating two daughters, *Albina* and *Romella* [Mlles. Kellogg and Ronconi] from certain persistent admirers. Leaving home, and depositing the keys of the mansion with a stupid old servant, *Cola* [Signor Ronconi], his back is no sooner turned than the daughters, aided and abetted by a maiden aunt, *Mimosa* [Mme. Natali-Testa], wheedle *Cola* into allowing them to visit Venice and participate in the Carnival. There they meet the deceived father, and, after sundry most humorous adventures, the party return home. The last act is occupied by a final and determined attack on the rural retreat, by the lovers, *Orestes* and *Pylades*, [Baragli and Marra] and the commander of the fortress is compelled to surrender at discretion. Then the happiness of the lovers and tableau. The best portion of the first act is the buffo trio "Fascia grazia," especially the concluding movement commencing "Signor, credetemi," and is likely to become very popular. The gem of the opera occurs in the second act, when the daughters and the aunt induce poor *Cola* to sin by taking them to the Carnival. The music is in the form of a *scena* and quartet for two soprani, mezzo-soprano and primo-buffo, and is both effective and original. The ante-finale of this act, beginning "Desse son, non reggo più," in which the entire *dramatis personæ* take part, is one of the liveliest and most pleasing numbers—far more so than the somewhat ponderous one with which the act really ends. The third act affords Signor Ronconi an opportunity for displaying his apparently endless comic resources. In the last scene occurs a passage, "Ogni madre," which is one of the best pieces of buffo-writing extant. The ladies in the opera rather contribute undistinguishably to the general harmony, than shine in particular morceaux. "Il Carnivale" differs from "Crispino" chiefly in this very absence of detached arias for individual artists, and in the great amount of ensemble music. The music is throughout of the lightest and most dance-like, and the composer has caught the facile gaiety of the national character in its "hours of ease."

Philadelphia, April 5.—The following was the programme of the 2d Concert of the Mendelssohn Society, given last Saturday evening at the Musical Fund Hall.

Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"..Mendelssohn.
Germania Orchestra.
95th Psalm.....Mendelssohn.
Grand Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.
Spring Song, "Song without Words," No 6. Mendelssohn.
Germania Orchestra.
Duet from Sappho: "Sweet Tears".....Pacini.
La Carità, Soprano Solo and Chorus.....Rossini.
Four-Part Song, "Early Spring".....Mendelssohn.
"The Hour Departs," Chorus.....Mendelssohn.
Grand Choral Fantaisie.....Beethoven.
For Piano, Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.
Pianist, H. G. Thunder.

By these performances, which were mainly experimental, and which, so far as the Society is concerned, have been successes, Mr. Louis, and his able and experienced coadjutor, Mr. H. G. Thunder, has demonstrated their fitness for the difficult task assumed by them of organizing and disciplining a new singing society. The "Mendelssohn" has already taken its position as an amiable and prosperous rival of the older "Handel and Haydn," and there seems to be sufficient *esprit* among its members, as well as energy in the direction, to ensure the stability of the organization. The Society numbers among its members several soloists of great promise, whose first appearances have been made under its auspices. Two of these, Misses Gormley and Forbes, possess voices of unusual power and sweetness, and will, doubtless, soon occupy a prominent position among our Philadelphia singers. These ladies are both pupils of Mr. Thunder, long and favorably known as one of our most intelligent and thorough musicians, whose performance of the Beethoven *Choral Fantasia* at this concert let me not omit to commend.

The Parepa-Rosa and Brignoli opera is the attraction for the coming week, *Trovatore*, *Norma*, and *The Barber* being promised for the first three performances. Our people will regret the substitution of Patti-Strakosch for Adelaide Phillips in these representations.

Mr. Carl Roese, pupil of Mr. Wolfsohn, announces a concert on Friday evening, April 12, at the Musical Fund, with this programme:

Piano Solo, Scherzo, B flat minor, op. 31.....Chopin.
Mr. Carl Roese.
Songs, { *a.* I hear a small bird calling.....Mendelssohn.
{ *b.* Op. 243, No. 4.....Franz Abt.
Miss Augusta Roese.
Violin Solo, Les Echoes.....Leonhard
Mr. Wenzel Kopta.
Cavatina, (Elene di Colosa) "Dio che leggi".....Petrella
Mad. Clara Brinkerhoff.
Rondeau brillant, (E flat, op. 62.....Weber.
Mr. Roese.
Suabian Air—'s Schwabemädele, The Suabian Girl. Proch.
Miss Roese.
Violin Solo, The Witches' Dance.....Paganini.
Mr. Kopta.
Song.....Schumann.
Mad. Brinkerhoff.
Piano Solo { *a* Wanderstunden, op. 80, No. 2.....Heller.
{ *b* Schubert's Shakspeare Serenade.....Liszt.
Mr. Roese.
Song, "My Pretty Bird".....Rees.
Written for and Sung by Mad. Brinkerhoff.
Duo for two Pianos, Invitation to the Dance, (arr. by F. W. Braner.....Weber.
Mad. A. May and Mr. Carl Roese.

Mr. Kopta, the principal attraction, has created quite a sensation by his performances elsewhere, and his début here is awaited with much interest.

The "Germania" for their Rehearsal to-morrow afternoon, present this programme:

Overture, La Part du diable.....Auber.
Romance, Corno Solo, (Mr. Dunn).....Voss.
Vorstaedler Waltzes.....Lanner.
Symphony, Consecration of Sounds, (Finale).....Spohr.
Overture, Antigone.....Mendelssohn.
Introduction and Duet, "Merry Wives of Windsor"
Nicolai.
Finale to "Arlele".....Emanuel Bach.

Mercutio.

Farmington, Conn. The pupils of Mr. Karl Klauser, the excellent teacher at Miss Porter's young ladies' school, who for many years has done so much to keep up a high classical tone among them, gave a Soirée on the 29th of March with the following choice programme:

Overture to "Egmont," for 8 hands.....Beethoven.
Autumn, Duet.....Mendelssohn.
Ballad in G minor, op. 23.....Chopin.
Fantasie and Fugue in C.....Mozart.
Torchlight Procession.....Meyerbeer.
Duet and Chorus.....Bishop.
Finale from op. 13 [Etudes symphoniques], arr. for four hands by Karl Klauser.....Schumann.
Polonaise, C sharp minor, op. 26, No. 1.....Chopin.
Song.....Schubert.
Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C, for 8 hands.
Schubert.

Equally interesting were two concerts given at the same school (April 1 and 2) by Messrs. Mills and Thomas, of New York, who, though crowded with business before their departure for Europe, managed to pay a farewell visit to their friend Klauser's pupils. These were the 31st and 32nd of the regular Chamber Concerts; programmes as follows,—

SOIREE.

Sonata, E flat, piano and violin.....Mozart.
Sonata, G minor, op. 22, for piano.....Schumann.
Romanza for violin, in G, op. 40.....Beethoven.
Romanza from the E minor Concerto, op. 11.....Chopin.
Fantasie Impromptu, op. 66.....Chopin.
Sonata [Kreutzer], op. 47, for piano and violin
Beethoven.

MATINEE.

Sonata in E, op. 12, No. 3, piano and violin..Beethoven.
Paraphrase, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Liszt.
Sonata for violin in G minor.....Tartini.
"Des Abends," from op. 12.....Schumann.
Valse in D flat, op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin.
Sonata for piano and violin, A minor, op. 105. Schumann.

Worcester. On the evening of Fast Day the "Choral Union" (composed of the old "Mozart" and "Beethoven" Societies), gave a concert to an audience which packed Mechanics Hall. The first part was miscellaneous: A Mendelssohn Organ Sonata (Mr. H. E. Parkhurst); Cavatina from *I Puritani* (Mrs. Smith); Scena and Aria by Mozart (Mrs. Munroe); Air: "O rest in the Lord," from *Elijah* (Do.); Song by Balfe (Mr. James Whitney); and choruses from *Elijah*.

Part II. consisted of the music to Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," adapted to the wholly different subject of "Engendi" by the sanctimonious squeamishness of our English cousins. It was sung without orchestra, with good piano accompaniment by Mr. B. D. Allen, Carl Zerrahn conducting. The *Spy* says it was exceedingly well performed.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hail, glorious Apostle. (Hymn for St. Patrick's day). *T. Comer.* 40
A glorification of Ireland's great apostle, whom we all reverence. There are quite a number of verses, which go rapidly to the spirited air of "St. Patrick's day in the morning." Arranged for chorus.

Full of Fun. Song. *H. Paul.* 30
About a man whose invincible good nature, and funny ways, caused people to shake their sides for twenty miles around, when he began to joke.

Fairy visions and dreams of beauty, (Ah! s'estinto). Cavatine. *Mercadante.* 60
Quite difficult, yet not beyond the reach of any one with a flexible voice, and would, probably be very effective as an exhibition piece.

Harvest day. Trio for female voices, "Harmoniennes." *Concone.* 40
Another of a very charming series, with an elegant movement of melody. The merry harvest maidens sing as they swing the sickle, and do not forget to drop, now and then, a handful for the gleaner. English words, as in the song above, by J. C. J.

Beautiful bird, sing on. Song. *T. H. Howe.* 30

Somebody's heart. Song. *C. A. White.* 50
Two good songs, by well-known composers.

Instrumental.

Rhine Wine Lancers Quadrilles. *Godfrey.* 60
Godfrey's compositions are getting to be widely known, and he can hardly be accused, so far, of making one poor piece. Try this while it is new.

La Venus aux Carottes. Quadrille. *Marx.* 40
An odd title, but the music is spirited and pleasing.

West-end Polka, by D'Albert. For 3 performers by *Rimbault.* 75
It is a very pretty sight to view three young performers at one piano, with their nimble fingers keeping time together. This new piece, which is brilliant and not difficult, is excellent for practice, and good every way.

Palermo Quadrille, by D'Albert. For 3 performers, by *Rimbault.* 75
Like the above, very brilliant, and a useful lesson piece.

Mendelssohn's Wedding March. For 3 performers by *Rimbault.* 75
Needs no commendation or description, farther than saying that the triple arrangement makes it very easy, and quite within the reach of ordinary players.

Falling spray. Fantasia. *L. M. Hervey.* 50
Very effective, as played by Mrs. Hervey, and will, doubtless, be a favorite.

Mabel Waltzes. Piano and Violin. *Godfrey.*
Excellent for home concerts. The two instruments agree wonderfully well, when fairly played.

Daisy Dean Quickstep. *C. Farringer.* 30

Books.

The Quintette Orchestra. A collection of Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, Contra-Dances, Polka Redowas, Schottisches, Mazourkas, and Serenade Pieces. Arranged for Two Violins, Clarinet, Cornet and Bass. In five books. (One for each instrument). For the Set, complete. $6.00
A fine collection of new and favorite music, for small orchestras.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 680. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 3.

Translations from Schumann.

(By "M. E. von G." for the London Musical World.)

(Continued from page 13).

PROGRAMME-MUSIC.

The difficult question how far instrumental music will avail in the representation of thoughts and situations is often regarded in too narrow a spirit. It is absurd to suppose that a composer takes up his pen with the miserable intention of expressing or depicting this or that actual fact. But for all that, no one should underrate the force of external influences and impressions. An idea will often act unconsciously on the musical imagination; the eye will often influence the ear; and the eye, being the most active of our organs, keeps constantly intruding the outlines of objects amongst the melodies and harmonies, which, as the music advances, become shaped and moulded into definite forms. The more the musical element associates such external thoughts and images with itself, the more poetical and picturesque will be the composition; and the more imaginative and strict is the conception of the composer, the more will he arouse and rivet his hearers. What is to prevent Beethoven, in the midst of his conceptions, being suddenly possessed by the idea of immortality? Why should his imagination not be kindled by the image of a mighty hero in ruin? Or why is some other composer not to be inspired by the recollection of happy times gone by? Are we to be ungrateful to Shakespeare because he has evoked from a young musician a work worthy of himself? or, in a word, shall we be unmindful of Nature, and deny how much we owe to her beauty and her majesty? Can music tell us nothing of Italy, of the Alps, of the ocean, of a spring morning?

It is even possible for music to derive a charm from images so minute as to make it surprising that they can be expressed. I was told by a composer that while writing a certain little piece he was continually haunted by the image of a butterfly swimming down a stream on a leaf, and this gave his music a delicacy and *naïveté* which nothing could infuse but an actual image of the kind. In such exquisite *genre*-painting Schubert was a master; and I cannot resist recalling how a friend of mine, with whom I was playing one of Schubert's four-hand marches, on my asking if he had not definite figures before his mind, answered by saying: "Certainly; I am at Seville, a century ago, among the dons and donnas, promenading in trains, pointed shoes, rapiers, and all the rest." And the remarkable thing is, that I was myself seeing the same vision! Pardon me, reader, and despise not my poor parable.

Programme, or no programme, the one question is, "Has the music anything in it? above all, has it genius in it?"

REQUISITES FOR A GOOD PERFORMANCE.

Think for a moment what circumstances must concur in order that a fine composition may be heard in full dignity and glory! There must be, first, in the work itself, real, deep intention, and ideality in the composition; next, enthusiasm in the execution: thirdly, excellence in the performance—the whole orchestra playing like one man; fourthly, an inward craving and necessity on the part of both giver and receiver, audience and artist, the exact mood hit at the moment; fifthly, a thoroughly happy combination of all circumstances of time and space, comfort in sitting and hearing, &c.; sixthly, the power of evincing and communicating one's impressions, feelings and ideas, and of seeking one's pleasure reflected in the faces of one's friends.

Such a coincidence is almost like throwing six dice, and each turning up six.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1.

Composers, like mothers, often love those of their offspring best which have given them most trouble.

2.

A man who is acquainted with Shakspeare and Jean Paul, will make very different music from one whose sole instructors have been Marpurg and the contrapuntists; and the same is true of one who has mixed in the full stream of life and another who believes the Professor of his native town to be the ideal of all possible excellence—even though the abilities of the two are equally good, and their studies equally zealous.

3.

The Song is perhaps the only branch of music in which any really important progress has been made since Beethoven.

4. COMPOSING FOR THE STAGE.

A young Composer who attempts for the first time to write for the Stage has two things to keep expressly in view:—first, to employ all the skill that he is master of: and next, so to employ it as to make an effect and please the public. The first of these is too often the ruin of the second. How much that one has learnt and is able to do must be suppressed and relinquished when the object is to please and excite an audience! . . . An opera is no trifle. Set down the best musician to write for the theatre for the first time, and he will make a hundred blunders. He is bound not to do too much. He must give his singers opportunities for repose. His orchestra must have its proper pauses. The mechanical business of the stage, and the laws of the boards what consideration and experience do they not require! Before the composer can think of display, the manager must be satisfied. How much fine music has often to be sacrificed because the composer thought only of his music, and not of the boards he was writing for. Much weary labor must indeed be gone through before a piece can come before the audience in a really effective shape.

Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY PROF. J. C. LOBE.

(Translated for Every Saturday from *Die Gartenlaube*.)

It was the beginning of November, in the year 1821, when three members of the Weimar Court Band, one of them the writer of these lines, in obedience to a summons from His Excellency the Privy-Counsellor von Goethe, were ushered by the servant into the well-known room, in the front of his house, opening upon the *Frauenplan*.

Three desks stood ready for us at the side of the opened piano. Upon the latter lay a bundle of manuscript music-notes. Curious as I always was and still am, in all matters connected with music, I turned over the leaves of the different pieces, and read: "Studies in double Counterpoint"; on another sheet, "Fugues"; on a third, "Canons." Then came "Quartet for the piano, with accompaniment of violin, bass-viol, and violoncello." On all the pieces was the name, "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy." The notes were written in a firm, neat hand, and so far as I could tell by a rapid, cursory examination, the composition showed an expert, educated artist. The name Mendelssohn was unknown to us as that of a musician.

We had taken our instruments from their cases, and were busy tuning them into accord with the piano by way of preliminary, when there entered a tall man, who, on account of his stiff, military carriage, might well have been taken for an old-fashioned cavalry sergeant. He was not, however, a stranger to me.—I had visited him the year before in Berlin.—It was Professor Zelter, the well-known director of the Berlin Musical Academy, Goethe's intimate friend and companion.

He greeted us all courteously, myself as an "old acquaintance."

"I have come first, gentlemen," he continued, "in order to make a request of you in anticipation. You will presently become acquainted with a lad, of only twelve years old, my pupil, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. His skill as a performer upon the piano, and still more his talent for composition, will probably arouse in you some enthusiasm. The boy is, however, of a peculiar disposition. The loud applause of an audience of amateurs produces no impression upon him, but he is eagerly on the watch for the judgment of real musicians, and accepts every such criticism as genuine coin: for his childish nature is still too inexperienced to be able to distinguish between good-natured encouragement and well-merited approbation. Therefore, gentlemen, if you should possibly be excited to the height of a song of praise,—what I at the same time equally hope for and dread,—I beg you to pitch it in a moderate key, with not too loud an accompaniment, in fine, in C sharp, [a mistranslation for C major? ED.] the most natural note in the scale. Thus far I have been able to guard him from vanity and too high an estimate of his talents,—those execrable enemies of all artistic progress."

Before we could make any reply to this somewhat singular address, the lad Felix came springing into the room,—a handsome, brilliant boy, with a decidedly Jewish cast of features, slender, and active. Rich, waving black hair fell upon his shoulders; genius and animation sparkled in his eyes. He looked at us a moment inquisitively, then came to us, and gave his hand to each with friendly confidence, as if we were old acquaintances.

With Felix had also entered Goethe, who returned our respectful bow with a friendly greeting.

"My friend," said he, waving his hand toward Zelter, "has brought with him a little gentleman from Berlin, who has already given us to-day a great surprise as a musician. Now we shall also make his acquaintance as a composer, and in this I must ask your co-operation. Let us hear then, my child, what thy young head has produced," he continued, gently stroking the lad's long, glossy locks.

The latter ran immediately to his notes, placed our parts before us on the music-stands, opened the principal part upon the desk of the pianoforte, and took his place quickly on the stool before the instrument. Zelter stationed himself behind Felix, to be ready to turn the leaves of his notes. Goethe some paces to one side, with his hand behind his back. The little composer glanced toward us with sparkling eyes, we laid the bows upon the strings of our instruments, an inclination of his dark locks, and the performance began.

Goethe listened to every note with the keenest attention, but without remark, except perhaps at the end of a piece an occasional "Good" or "Bravo," which he accompanied by a kindly nod of approval. Mindful of Zelter's warning, we also only by our gratified looks manifested our approval to the child, whose countenance glowed with

an ever-deepening flush, as the performance progressed.

When the last composition came to an end, Felix sprang from his seat, and turned to each in succession with a questioning look. He seemed to wish to hear some expression of opinion as to his performance. Goethe, however, probably instigated by Zelter, took up the conversation, and said to Felix,—

"Bravo, my son! The countenances of these gentlemen," motioning toward us, "express plainly enough, that your compositions have pleased them well. Go, now, into the garden, where they are awaiting you, and refresh and cool yourself, for your face is flaming!"

Without reply, the boy darted from the room. As we looked inquisitively toward Goethe, to see whether we were to be dismissed, he said,—

"Remain a few moments longer, gentlemen. My friend and I wish to hear your opinion of this lad's composition."

A conversation of some length then ensued between us, the details of which I am indeed no longer able to give, after the lapse of so many years, especially as I find no memoranda of the same in my note-book. Many expressions and sentences, however, have remained impressed upon my memory; for my later and more intimate relations with Mendelssohn frequently gave me occasion to call to mind my first meeting with him.

Goethe expressed his regret that we had on this occasion made acquaintance with the little fellow only in concerted pieces. "Infant musical prodigies," said he, "are now-a-days, as far as regards technical skill, no longer so great rarities; but what this little man achieves in the execution of fantasias, and of pieces at sight, borders upon the wonderful, and I could never have believed it possible for one of such tender years."

"And yet in Frankfort you heard Mozart when still only in his seventh year!" cried Zelter.

"Yes," rejoined Goethe; "at that time I was myself only twelve years of age, and most certainly, like all the rest of the world, I was in the highest degree astonished by his extraordinary proficiency. What your pupil, however, already achieves, bears the same relation to the performances of Mozart at that age, which the uneducated language of a man does to the lispings of an infant!"

"Certainly," said Zelter, smiling, "as far as mere manual execution is concerned, Felix plays at sight, as simple exercises, and without missing a single note, the compositions by which Mozart in his day transported the world with astonishment. But still, many others can do this also. What I look at, however, is the creative genius of the lad, and, gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "what think you of his quartet composition?"

We declared on our part, with fullest conviction, that Felix had shown many more original thoughts than had Mozart at the same age; for the latter had then produced nothing but clever imitations of what already existed. Accordingly, we had a right to conclude that the world would have, in this lad, a second and greater Mozart, and that the more surely, because he was in full enjoyment of exuberant health, while all other outward circumstances were favorable.

"May it be so!" said Goethe. "But who can say how a soul may develop itself in the lapse of years? We have seen so many talents, giving such fair promise of future achievements, go astray and deceive and disappoint our high expectations. From such sad issue, however, we may hope that this youthful genius will be guarded by the teacher whom good fortune has given him in Zelter."

"I strive to be very strict with the boy," said Zelter, "and, even in his own independent labors, seek to hold him in check by the curb of rigid counterpoint studies. But how long can this continue before he escapes my discipline? Even now, I can teach him nothing more of essential importance,—and once free, then first will it be manifested in what direction his own guidance will lead him."

"Yes, and especially," said Goethe, "is the influence of a teacher a problematical matter. Whatever the artist creates, which is truly great and original, he can only find within himself. To what teachers do you think Raphael, Michel Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all word-renowned masters, have owed their immortal creations?"

"It is true," remarked Zelter, "many have begun like Mozart, but as yet no one has equalled him in subsequent achievements." (Of Beethoven no mention was made, and therefore we have not instanced his name.)

"Felix has imagination, feeling, and technical ability, all in an eminent degree. In everything that he does, he manifests good, sometimes charming, and certainly far from puerile ideas, but as yet it is only pretty music, which still creeps upon the earth: we do not yet hear in it the accents of genius. In this I have not deceived myself. Do you not think so, gentlemen?" As he himself had expressed the opinion, we could not but assent. Still, I ventured to add, "In Mozart's boyish compositions, too, these accents were not yet audible."

I also hazarded the question, whether this quartet, as we had heard it, was entirely the child's own work.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Zelter; "every note written by his own hand, and—created too, entirely by his own mind.

"What you have heard, he has just completed, without any assistance whatever. I know well the practice of many teachers. In order to exalt their own skill in teaching, they revise and correct the productions of their pupils until little or nothing remains of the ideas of the latter, and then give those out as the work of the scholars! This is nothing but disgraceful swindling and charlatanry. They deceive not only the relatives of their pupils and the public, but also the pupils themselves, who readily imagine that they have done everything themselves. It is an evil which has already proved the ruin of many a talent really of a high order, and hampered it in the higher development of its powers. My pupil, however, I leave to his own resources; I let him do what he is able to do at the time. In this way, the desire of creating remains ever fresh and active, because, at the time of its production, he is content with what he has done, and the pleasure which he takes in his success is not embittered by criticism. This comes soon enough of itself. The judgment grows and expands, and with this comes the inducement to fresh and better production. In this way, has this lad of twelve already written more than many a man of thirty. Let it turn out as it will, there they are, the necessary steps, which no one, not even the greatest genius, can do without or spring over. If Heaven shall only guard for us this rare plant from all baleful influences, most assuredly will it unfold itself as a bright exemplar of genius and beauty!"

This is all I can remember of that conversation.

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER.

The boy had grown to a man. I had watched with interest the constant rise of his reputation and fame; had enjoyed with ever-increasing sympathy his compositions as they appeared one after another, each one more important, more elaborate than its predecessor; but for seventeen years I had not seen their author personally. Now, he was the celebrated Director of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, which by his talent and ability had been raised to such pre-eminence. On all sides the performances of this orchestra, under the baton of Mendelssohn as leader, had become renowned as the very best which could be heard in the way of exact, spirited, energetic, and delicately-elaborated execution of concerted music. What wonder that I longed to participate in this pleasure? So I set to work and wrote a composition for grand orchestra, and when it was completed applied by letter to Mendelssohn, with the request that I might be allowed to bring it forward in the Gewandhaus. I spoke of no pecuniary compensation, but only expressed the wish that I might myself direct the rehearsals and performance of my composition.

I soon afterward received a friendly letter from Mendelssohn, in which he informed me that my composition had been received with favor, its performance decided upon, and that it would also be very agreeable to the direction if I myself would bring it before the public. I mention this letter particularly, on account of a paragraph which characterizes his nature, so noble, amiable, even tender, and ever ready to render assistance to the utmost of his power, especially to those of his own profession. He writes: "It seems to me desirable also, that a remuneration—enough at least to cover some portion of your travelling expenses—should be offered to you, although you say nothing of this. Our means are, it must be confessed, very limited; nevertheless I thought this might not be unwelcome you, and I also understand that the directors are of the same opinion." This was in November, 1838.

Soon afterward I came to Leipsic with my piece. Mendelssohn received me in the most friendly and cordial manner, and during the rehearsals assisted me with his advice most zealously, in order to render the final execution of the piece as perfect as possible. When on the eventful evening he came to me in the orchestra, and perceived the state of nervous excitement in which I was, he said,—

"You seem to be anxious."

"Indeed I am, most keenly anxious," I rejoined.

"Ah, bah!" said he, "there is no need of anything of that sort. Your work is good; that you know, as a matter of course. As to how the public may receive it to-day, what will that amount to? Do we ask better fortune than has so often befallen the greatest masters of all times with their very best works?"

My composition received, as the Leipsic criticisms said, a *succès d'estime*. I was most thoroughly disheartened, and from that time forward renounced the pleasures of composition. . . .

Subsequently I passed many a happy hour with Mendelssohn. He came frequently to Weimar, and on these occasions he played his most recent compositions for us and some of his most particular friends, either at my own house, or that of the then music-master Montag. But he always forbade any larger assemblies at such times.

"Let us have some music this evening," he used to say, "but quite by ourselves. If need be, we must be able to pull off our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves." One evening I did not come home from the rehearsal of an opera until ten o'clock. With a beaming face my wife met me with the question,—

"Who do you think has been here? Mendelssohn! He was passing through the city." (if I am not mistaken, this was on his bridal tour to Frankfort,) "and was sadly disappointed not to find you. 'I'll tell you what, my dear Frau Lobe,' said he, 'I will spend the two hours which I have to wait here, before the post goes out, with you, and, if agreeable, will play something for you,' so he seated himself at the piano, and for two whole hours, almost without interruption, played the most beautiful pieces for me alone, and extemporized divinely!"

One may well imagine that my wife has not forgotten nor ceased to be proud of that evening. At another time we had some music at Montag's house. Mendelssohn played his D minor trio. Then we undertook a quintet of my own composition, and in this he played the second violin very correctly and skilfully. Where opportunity offered, however, he sought in other ways, also, to do me some kindness or service. Thus, for example, he spoke most favorably of the above-mentioned quintet to my noble patroness and benefactress in many ways, the Grand Duchess Maria Pawlowna, whereupon that gracious lady remitted to me a very handsome present, "in consequence," as she wrote, "of an honorable recognition of your professional exertions by Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy."

TWENTY-SIX YEARS LATER.

It may perhaps be little known that this vigorous, healthy man, active to an extreme degree, always so cheerful, so happy in all his relations,

and recognizing so clearly his good fortune, was at times impressed with the presentiment of an early death. When he was bringing forward his "Paulus" in the Cathedral at Weimar, we were sitting together one day after a rehearsal in his room at the "Erbprinz," and I—at that time an arrant hypochondriac—remarked that I would enjoy but little of his later compositions. He rejoined,—

"O, my dear friend, you will outlive me many a day!" I laughed at this assertion of his, but he interrupted me most seriously and decidedly with the words, "I shall not live to be an old man!" And then, as if he repented of this declaration, his features assumed their most cheerful expression, and he changed the conversation to a discussion of the rehearsal just ended, in which he especially dwelt upon and extolled the cordial and ready co-operation of all those associated with him in this performance.

How could I dream at that moment—when my companion was in but his thirtieth year, and the fulness of health—that a few years later his prophecy would be fulfilled. In 1846 I removed to Leipsic, and found him in glowing health and spirits, unceasingly active in every direction, enjoyed many an entertaining and instructive conversation with him, and one year after, in 1847, when only in his thirty eighth year, twenty-six years after my first meeting with the handsome, spirited lad at Goethe's house, the great musician was borne from his residence in the Konigsstrasse, to the Pauline Church. Among the mourners who followed his bier was the writer of these lines.

Haunts of Harmony in the City of London.

(Continued from page 11).

A contemplative stroll down the New Cut, Lambeth, served to restore our equanimity, and, trusting to find entertainment in the west, we hailed a passing "Hansom" and drove to the Oxford. The entrance to this popular place of amusement is sufficiently showy, if not in precise accordance with architectural rules. To the majority of our readers it is doubtless familiar; they have noticed it on their way to and from the city, and persons passing at a certain hour have possibly marvelled at the amount of litter, including dust, corks, and fragments of paper that are being swept from the arcade on to the pavement, or over the trousers of unwary pedestrians. At the end of an arched and richly decorated passage, the sides of which are ornamented with Ionic columns rising from gilt pedestals, springs a double staircase leading to the balcony, and beneath it are doors respectively conducting to the stalls and area. As regards its internal appearance, the Oxford is a mass of columns, arches, mirrors, chandeliers, gilding and paint, so combined as to form a whole generally pleasing, but with no great respect for received rules of art. The refreshment-bar and supper room are on the left as you enter, and in conspicuous positions in front and on each side of the stage are numerous private boxes, handsomely fitted with crimson drapery. An audience at the Oxford is of a superior stamp to one at the Canterbury, and is almost wholly composed of the male sex. We believe, however, that the prices of admission are at both halls much about the same, being sixpence for the area and a shilling for the balcony and stalls.

At the time of our arrival, which was a little after nine, a negro gentleman, in conventional costume, was in the full tide of a comic song, the precise import of which we were unable to catch, and whereof the intervals between the verses were embellished with one of those complicated saltatory movements familiar to the initiated as a "break down." The song being ended, the chairman arose, and "begged to call attention to a selection from Maillart's opera, 'The Light Dragoons.'" Upon this, the curtains in front of the stage entrances were drawn aside, and divers ladies and gentlemen comprising the band, chorus, and leading vocalists, appeared. The latter assumed a position facing the audience; the instrumentalists occupied a slightly raised platform in their rear, and the members of the chorus fell into order at the sides—the ladies in front and the gentlemen behind. The conductor, who stood near one of the proscenium boxes, glanced round to see that everything was in working order, waved his wand to secure the requisite degree of attention, stamped lightly but decisively on the floor, and the performance commenced. It is not within our province to comment at length either upon the quality of the music, or the manner in which it was interpreted; it will be enough to remark that though containing much that is lively and agreeable, the "Light Dragoons" is rather deficient in originality, and so far as we can judge from the selection, inferior to the opera of "Lara," by the same author, which was produced a year or two ago at Her Majesty's Theatre. With regard to the merits of the performers, every one did well, but the honors of the evening were reserved for Miss Russell and Mr. A. St. Albyn. It may be as well to add, that the selections at the Canterbury are rendered by the same artists as those at the Oxford.

The opera being ended, a lively little man, in evening costume, hustled forward, and met with deserved applause in some amusing "character" songs and burlesque representations of popular singers. He was succeeded by Mr. Reynolds, of the Coldstream band, who played effectively on the cornet, and at the conclusion of a ballad sung by Miss Fitzhenry—a tall young lady, in a green velvet gown with a white satin border—the chairman wrapped decisively with his hammer, and announced a performance by the "great comedian" who had made such painful efforts to burlesque Mr. Kean, at the Canterbury. His entertainment—a mixture of prose and doggerel rhymes—was received with marked coldness, but a supplementary effort proved too much for the good-nature of the audience, and the unlucky performer retired amid a pelting storm of hisses. However, he re-appeared, and upon the restoration of silence, offered such remarks as he judged best calculated to appease the general indignation.—"He was extremely sorry; he had done his best, had never met with such treatment before, and trusted that there was no ill feeling in the matter. He had but lately returned from Scotland, and had been absent from the metropolitan stage for many years. Further than this, he was so extremely unwell that he ought never to have left his bed." Whereupon an energetic individual, of obtuse perceptions and an enviable power of lung, exclaimed, "Give us another song, old boy; never mind the geese hissing." But the motion was overruled—the "great comedian" retired, and as even merited failures have a depressing effect upon the spirits, we invested a spare copper or two in refreshment, and soon afterwards quitted the hall.

The entertainment that had resulted in such unpleasant consequences was of an exploded and witless kind, which depended for effect upon grotesque attitudes, a nasal twang, hideous contortions of the countenance, and an extravagant costume. It treated of the peculiarities of the various young ladies with whom the comedian professed to have been at different periods of his life enamored. The audience endured a great deal of rubbish with laudable equanimity, but the straw which broke the back of their patience was the following exasperating effort of the comic Muse, recited to the air of "The Cork Leg:"

> She was my beauteous Isabella,
> I knocked him down with an umber-rella,
> He tumbled over into a cellar,
> And then he cried out, "That's the fellar!"

—a statement that aroused general indignation, and led to a *fiasco* for which the rhymester may have been more to blame than the vocalist. It is consolatory to reflect that compositions of the kind above quoted are things of the past, and that, though there is still room for improvement, the popular taste has progressed, if only a little.

Let those who regard matters terrestrial with a "jaundiced eye" seek a remedy for their depression in a timely visit to the Alhambra. It is certainly the most cheerful as well as one of the best-conducted places of amusement in London. Its architectural peculiarities need no description, for those who are unfamiliar with the building in its present state, have probably visited it either when it was used as a Hippodrome, or struggled under difficulties as the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art. As a music-hall, it is not only admirably appointed and superbly decorated, but, unlike most theatres, it is seldom unpleasantly hot, and enjoys a happy immunity from offensive odors. The heavy chandelier which formerly hung from the dome has been replaced by an arabesque border of gas jets, and a central light so arranged as to diffuse but little heat, though it is at once picturesque and useful. The band is one of the finest in London, and if strictly classical music comes not within its scope, you may hear selections and favorite overtures performed in a manner to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur. The Alhambra ballets are not to be spoken of lightly. They are triumphs of art—saltatory, pictorial, and mechanical. The glories of such productions as "King Dragonfly" and "The Bulrush Fens" set powers of description at defiance. The "comic pantomime ballet," brought out at Christmas, abounded with fun and bustle. The most astonishing feats were performed by a showily-attired individual, who impersonated a "swell" of an undeveloped type and peculiar habits; and to judge from the applause of the audience, the Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Columbine were as efficient as any in London. In "The Mountain Gorge" we have an Eastern ballet, and some useful hints to Mussulmans and Cretans. We learnt from it that guns are not only of service in a fight, but wonderfully effective in a dance, especially when handled by ladies; also, that there is a degree of picturesqueness in an encampment by moonlight, which can be duly appreciated only when we are in perfect good humor with ourselves and neighbors, and untroubled by any fear of the provisions falling short. The overhanging rocks, mountain defile, clear moon, and luminous atmosphere are marvels of scenic art, and all thoughts of the painter's brush or mechanical contrivances are effectually forbidden.

Whatever your position in the Alhambra, you will always see and hear to advantage. As much cannot be said even of our smaller theatres, and it should be remembered that the vast building in Leicester square is capable of accommodating as many as 5,000 persons. Had we space, we might enlarge on the new and convenient "crush rooms," the improved means of access to and escape from the various parts of the building, the "greatly-enlarged" supper-room, "upwards of a hundred feet long," and the civility and attention displayed by every one connected with the establishment. The terms of admission are moderate, and range from sixpence for the upper balcony to three or four guineas for a commodious private box. We may add that, for the convenience of those who object to mixing with the crowd, reserved seats have been provided, price four shillings each. Mr. Strange certainly supplies the best and cheapest evening's entertainment in London. There is constant variety, and everything is good of its kind. More than this we cannot say, unless it be further praise to add that the Alhambra Palace is about the only redeeming feature of Leicester square.

On the site of an old-fashioned inn, known as the White Lion, which formerly stood in the Edgeware road, and within half a mile of the Marble Arch, there has been erected a handsome and spacious music-hall, bearing the title of The Metropolitan. Its internal arrangements slightly resemble those at the Alhambra, though of course on a diminished scale; and whilst the prices of admission are surprisingly moderate—being sixpence for the area, ninepence for the balcony, and a shilling for the stalls—the accommodation is excellent, and the entertainments generally of a superior order. Of late, the whole of the interior has been brilliantly re-decorated, the audience has gained in respectability, and the refreshments have undergone a marked and much-needed improvement.

There is a stage, supplied with a picturesque act-drop and a fair stock of scenery, but too limited in extent to allow of extraordinary spectacular display. The band, though small, is efficient; and the entertainments include the usual allowance of serio and would-be comic songs, gymnastic feats, and theatrical dancing. "Mythological ballets" were attempted at one time, but have been wisely discontinued. "Sextilian," not inaptly termed the "wondrous," performs extraordinary feats with hoops and half-filled tumblers to an air from Haydn's "Seasons;" and the sensational element is supplied by a gentleman of reckless tendencies, who imperils his own limbs and other people's heads also by his "deeds of daring" on the "flying trapeze."

The "Jolly Nash" gains the thorough good-will of the audience, and not only enjoys a double *encore*, but has to apologize for not complying with further demands. The popular favorite seems to possess but a moderate share of talent, though much tact. He has an air of frankness and good-humor which pleases his listeners immensely. He affects the bearing of a sociable host entertaining his friends. When the audience joins in a chorus, he smiles and keeps time with his hand. He is always apparently anxious to gratify reasonable desires; but when his friends are exacting he excuses himself, though in such pleasant terms as to carry conviction to every one, and arouse a fresh enthusiasm.

There are a couple of curious music-halls opposite the barracks at Knightsbridge. They are respectively entitled The Sun and The Trevor; and if the former is the most decorously conducted, the latter is decidedly the most amusing. The Sun has lately been re-built, and is now a commodious, well lighted, and admirably-ventilated hall, in a composite style of architecture, of which the most prominent features appear to be columns of Gothic extraction, and classical friezes delineative of utterly impossible men on conventionally impossible horses. The passage at the entrance is of a gorgeous and bewildering description, and conducts to a spacious vestibule, whereof the roof is supported by a couple of elderly gen-

men, who from the waist downwards are formed after the manner of mermaids. The hall itself, though spacious and substantial, savors much of the chapel. The "stalls" are approached by an underground passage, suggestive of the catacombs at Kensal Green, and having reached them, and glancing backwards, you observe a large gallery, resembling the spacious organ lofts of old fashioned churches. It is occupied by both civilians and military men, refreshing themselves with creature comforts, and attentively regarding the business of the stage.

The chairman, who occupies a raised seat in the "stalls," is strict in enforcing order, and it is pleasant to observe the snug little party which gathers round the table whereat he presides. In addition to being an energetic and courteous manager, he apparently possesses the gift of mental abstraction to an extraordinary degree, and even during the progress of a comic song, he may be observed making notes and abstruse calculations with a degree of calmness at once unique and impressive.

The performances usually commence with an operatic selection, and conclude with a composition of sterling merit—say the "War March of Priests," from Mendelssohn's "Athalie." It may be doubted whether music of so ambitious a cast comes within the scope even of the "greatly enlarged" orchestra, and we might have fancied that the audience would have preferred a waltz or a polka; but the conductor probably decides for the best, and it is gratifying to think that classical music is already on its journey to Hammersmith.

The "company" at the Sun, or Knightsbridge Music Hall, appears to be made up of a few "stars" and a good many "sticks." Amongst the former are the D'Aubans and Wards, who "brought the house down," in a species of farce, followed by some clever dancing, Sextilian the "inimitable," and the "great Vance." With regard to the last-named gentleman, if his merits have been unduly enlarged upon, they have also been unduly depreciated. His conceptions, though farcical, are seldom offensively extravagant. He does himself mischief by yielding to a clap-trap habit of "gagging," or extemporizing witticisms, for the delectation of the "groundlings." If he could conquer this propensity, he might sink in the estimation of the "area," but would escape destroying some almost perfect illusions. In his delineation of a self-satisfied member of the *beau monde* he is peculiarly happy, and the artist is effectually lost sight of in the character represented. There is an ease and nonchalance in the performance that are irresistibly charming. Though the minutiæ of the picture are filled in with extraordinary care, there is no undue straining after effect, and some of the most significant touches are the more admirable from being apparently spontaneous. The "make-up" is perfect; every gesture is appropriate, and the affected drawl and conceited strut are sufficiently marked, but not so decided as to degenerate into buffoonery. In "Costermonger Joe" there is much to admire, particularly the nervous fidgeting of the hands, the crafty smile, rapidly shifting changes of countenance, and gradual merging of awkward shyness into unabashed impudence. The "Life Guardsman" is a capital piece of costuming, and the dancing scene is life-like and humorous. The "great Vance" has an average voice, which he employs effectively. We have been told that he is not popular with the "profession;" but then he has enjoyed an extraordinary degree of success, and a prophet is rarely held in esteem by those of his own calling. His mannerism is closely copied by the majority of his censurers, but he possesses a certain quaint originality which is incapable of being reproduced in other persons. We are acquainted with one gentleman, who is a fair imitation so long as he refrains from action and keeps his mouth closed, but though clever in his "make-up," his performances sooner or later degenerate into unmeaning buffoonery, and though there may be something particularly mirth-provoking in a squint, it is one of those efforts of genius to which recourse should not be had more than half-a-dozen times in five minutes. ARTHUR OGILVY.

(To be continued.)

The Musical Capabilities of the Chinese.

A curious production of the London Missionary Society's press, at Hong Kong, has just been received by the Rev. John Curwen, of Plaistow. It is a small tract, containing about a dozen of our most favorite psalm tunes, such as Keil, Farrant, S. Michael's, etc., printed in the Tonic Sol-fa Notation of music, with Chinese characters to indicate the Notes. A gentleman connected with the Civil Service in Hong-Kong has originated and conducted for some months past a Tonic Sol-fa singing class in connexion with Union Church. In a letter, which accompanies the little book, there is the following very interesting information:—"As I believe this to be almost the first attempt to teach the reading of music to these wonderful people, perhaps you will allow me a few words of explanation. Chinese hymns are naturally in sevens. All other metres are importations. Therefore, nearly all the tunes I send you are sevens. Begin at the wrong end of the book and read from right to left. The Chinese themselves have no tunes and no idea of music. Their instruments can produce only two or three notes, and their singing is screeching in falsetto to no kind of tune. About six months ago, it was proposed to commence a singing class, in the hope of forming a choir for the Chinese service at Union Church. With the help of Dr. Legge (London Mission) and Mr. H. Alog, a good number were gathered of all ages. A large 'modulator' (pictorial representation of the scale used by sol-faists), was prepared. An attempt had been made before to use our method, but the young gentleman who conducted it knew no Chinese, and Dr. Legge no music, so it fell through. Sheets of lessons were used at first. When these became cumbrous, Dr. Legge kindly printed the tune book. In the sight singing, if the tune be an easy one, as St. Michael's, Tallis, French, it is positively sung the first time without error; if a difficult one, two or three trials may be required. Difficulties have been met with peculiar to the people. The conventional terms of 'high' and 'low,' were utterly unknown to them. Why, they asked, should a shrill note be 'up,' and a grave note 'down?' Their voices are harsh to a painful degree, and their talent for flattening wonderful. They must never be asked to go above D, and after half-an-hour's singing, lose all command of their voices. They also incline to bawl. The notes *fa* and *te* (subdominant and leading note), give them great trouble. Many *cannot* sing them, and most take ingenious ways of evading them. All, however, are willing to try. The class has now been introduced into our beautiful church, as a choir for the native service, and after a short struggle with the old principle, of each man singing as was good in his own eyes, the service of song is improved and improving."

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA. The annual proclamations of the rival managers are out, as loud and long as ever; and indeed the Royal Italian (Covent Garden) actually opened on the 2nd inst. with *Norma;* the principal role by Mme. Vilda, who won her English success in that last year; the other parts by Mme. Sherrington, Signor Naudin and Attri. *Faust* was to come next. Mr. Gye promises but two new pieces: Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* (with Adelina Patti), and Verdi's *Don Carlos* (with Pauline Lucca). The list of engagements furthermore includes: Mlle. Fricci; Mlles. Ackermann and Nau (first time in England); Miss Morensi (American); Mlle. Liebhart, and Mme. Dall'Anese; Messrs. Mario, Neri-Baraldi, Naudin, Fancelli, Rossi, Marino, Cotigni, Guadagnini (the last three new to England), Ronconi, Graziani, Ciampi, Fallar, Tagliafico, Polonini, Cappon', and (another first appearance) Bagagiolo. Of course Costa is conductor.

Her Majesty's opens this very day (the 27th), and Mr. Mapleson's proclamation is in spread-eagle style worthy of our Gilmore. For *prime donne assoluto* he announces Tiens, Mlle. Nilsson (first appearance in England), Mlle. Ubrich, from Hanover, Mlles. Sinico, Giacconi, from Genoa, and Ilma de Murska. For *mezzo-soprani* and *contralti:* Mme. Demeric-Lablache, Mlle. Eracleo (new), from Madrid, Mlle. Martelli (new), from Lisbon, and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini. For *tenors:* Mongini, Hohler, Tasca and Gardoni; *baritones and bassos:* Gassier, Santley, Pandolfini, Bossi, Foli and Rokitansky. The operas promised are: Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* (first time) and *I Lombardi;* Rossini's *Tell, Semiramide* and *Donna del Lago;* Spontini's *Vestale:* Nicolai's *Falstaff;* Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze di Figaro;* Gounod's *Mirella:* Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* and *Huguenots;* Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia:* Beethoven's *Fidelio;* Weber's *Oberon* and *Freyschütz;* Cherubini's *Medea;* Bellini's *Sonnambula.* Sig. Arditi is conductor still.

The recent Concert record of London is so rich in interest that we must copy largely:

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. Herr Manns, the conductor of these popular entertainments, seems to have done more than any man to overcome the English prejudice against Schumann. Lately he has brought out *Paradise and the Peri.* The *Musical World,* still harping on the "laborious dullness" of this beautiful Cantata, says:

Nevertheless, the Schumann question is just now the most significant musical question of the day, and Herr Manns deserves the gratitude of the thinking public for allowing them such excellent opportunities of judging for themselves. With the symphonies and overtures he may be said to have made way; but, unhappily, his occasional chorus is by no means so efficient as his instrumental orchestra. Thus, while the instrumental part of the music was more satisfactory on Saturday than heretofore, the choral parts were not much better. Nor can it be forgotten that on the first introduction to England of *Paradise and the Peri,* at the Philharmonic Concerts, the music of the Peri was undertaken by Mme. Lind Goldschmidt, and sung in such a style as to make rivalry altogether hopeless. A more fatiguing part was never written for a human voice; and this, on Saturday, was evidently felt by Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, notwithstanding her bright, flexible voice and great musical ability. The other soprano was Miss Robertine Henderson, who does whatever may be assigned to her, important or subordinate, invariably well; Miss Julia Elton was the contralto; Mr. Cummings—with music as ungrateful and ineffective in its way as that of the first soprano—tenor; and Mr. Lewis Thomas principal bass baritone. The whole *cantata,* with the exception of a baritone air and a chorus, in the third part, was performed; and the effect was indescribably heavy. Nevertheless, the last movement in the second *finale* obtained an encore from a minority of the audience, which was accepted with eager alacrity by Herr Manns.

The same article goes on to show how interesting, otherwise, the Crystal Palace concerts are:

Far more interesting was the repetition, at the preceding concert, of the exquisitely beautiful *entr'actes* from Schubert's *Rosamunde,* with the addition of an *air de ballet,* which, in spite of its unaffected simplicity, was quite worthy of the rest. Such ballet music would make the fortune of many a composer who aimed no lower than opera itself. On this occasion Mme. Rudersdorff sang the romance, which, as before, was unanimously called for again. At the same concert Herr Joachim gave a magnificent reading of Beethoven's violin concerto; the first of the four overtures to the opera of *Leonore (Fidelio),* in its way as interesting as any of its successors, was performed; and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's deeply felt, admirably written, and brilliantly scored overture, *In Memoriam,* was repeated, creating even a livelier impression than at first. This work, more than any other from his pen, justifies the high expectations we have always entertained of the young composer. In addition to Beethoven's concerto, Herr Joachim played the quaint and charming middle movement from his Hungarian concerto, the whole of which would have been still more acceptable, besides the prelude to J. S. Bach's violin sonata solo, No. 6, as arranged by the composer himself with orchestral accompaniments and styled "*Sinfonia.*" In the way of pianists we have had, of course, Mme. Schumann, who, with Beethoven's great concerto in E flat, invariably shines, and in compliment to whom, at the same concert, her late husband's very original and striking symphony in D minor (No. 2) was included in the programme, as well as the finest of Mendelssohn's concert overtures, *Die Hebriden (Fingal's Cave),* which never, in our remembrance, has been so perfectly executed. Miss Madeline Schiller, at another concert, gave the admirers of modern pianoforte music a genuine treat by her brilliant execution of the fourth concerto of Professor Moscheles, who (pianists should be reminded) has published several other concertos besides the "G minor" and that with the "Grenadier's March" as theme for *finale,* the one chosen for the occasion by Miss Schiller. To have done with pianists, at another concert the second and most difficult pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn was admirably played by Mr. Franklin Taylor, who has more than once distinguished himself at the Crystal Palace, but never so conspicuously as by his fine performance of this splendid work, into the spirit of which he entered thoroughly, his reading being as artistic as his execution was correct and effective. On

the same day the symphony was Beethoven's No. 1, the overture Wagner's *Tannhauser*—to name two things in music more utterly opposed in every respect than which would be impossible. Which of the two is really music?—might be asked; for certainly *both* are not. Add to all these fine things a violin concerto of Spohr, executed in the noblest and most "classical" style by M. Sainton, who was, perhaps, never playing so uniformly well as now; Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (in F); Professor Bennett's concert overture, the *Naiads*, and other pieces too numerous to specify. The fact is that the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts form a musical season, and a rich one, of themselves, and are enough to tempt any "*fanatico*," with leisure at disposal, to take up his residence at Sydenham for the sake of them.

Philharmonic Society. The appointment of Mr. Cusins as Bennett's successor in the conductorship is far from being unanimously approved; but there seems to be a disposition to give him a fair trial, and the first concert, as we have seen, went off well. In the second concert an Orchestral *Suite* by Bach was played. The *World* says:

The series of concerts promises well. The directors are exhibiting unusual spirit. They have commissioned M. Gounod, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, to write new works expressly for the society; and last, not least, Professor Bennett has consented to add a slow movement to his symphony in G minor, and thus to complete a composition from every point of view remarkable. Beethoven's Choral Symphony is to be given at the fourth concert. At the second (on Monday), among other things, the same master's fourth symphony was performed; and Mlle. Mehlig, the new pianist, who was last year so successful in one of Hummel's pianoforte concertos, played the concerto in D of Mendelssohn.

Musical Society of London. The first concert of the season offered Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, Haydn's Symphony in E flat (not one of the "Twelve"), Mozart's Piano Concerto in D minor, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, Schumann's "Gipsy Life" Chorus, and Wallace's *Maritana* overture. There was a chorus of 80 professional singers with a splendid orchestra, conducted by Alfred Mellon (whose death is reported only a few days later!). The critic above quoted, says:

In the concerto and *fantasia* the pianist was Mme. Schumann, whose preference in the former of Mozart's authentic version to the fancifully embellished editions of Cramer and Hummel merits especial recognition. The effect must always be infinitely better thus, inasmuch as it is impossible for us to know how Mozart may have embellished his own melodies or varied his own passages, and it is quite certain that no one else could do it in the same manner, or in any other manner as well. Mme. Schumann, who introduced two cadenzas of her own, the first of moderate length, the second vexatiously brief, played with her accustomed energy, and was received with the accustomed favor. In the *Choral Fantasia* neither the chorus nor the orchestral accompaniments were all that could be wished.

Mr. S. A. Chappell's Grand Orchestral Concert on Thursday night, in St. James's Hall was a brilliant success. A finer performance than that of Schubert's great symphony in C, by the Crystal Palace Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Manns, was never listened to. The "triple concerto" of Beethoven, with MM. Halle, Joachim, and Piatti at the solo instruments, was also a real treat, and perhaps Herr Joachim played Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto" better even than when he last performed it. The singing—by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings—was excellent, and the concert ended brilliantly with the brilliant overture to *Oberon*.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Mr. Henry Leslie's second performance of *Antigone* (St. James's Hall) was even better than his first. On this occasion only so much of the dialogue was recited as comes immediately into connexion with the work of Mendelssohn, by which a great deal of time was gained and the effect of the music in no way impaired. A few sentences of narrative explained the leading incidents, scene after scene; and these, like the retained dialogue, were delivered by Mr. Wallworth in a thoroughly unsophisticated manner. The audience seemed to like *Antigone* even better than before; for not only was the magnificent "Hymn to Bacchus" encored, but also the beautiful "Ode to Eros" (sung by Messrs. Cummings, F. Walker, Chaplin Henry, and Smythson). After this success, for which Mr. Henry Leslie has labored so zealously, the *Œdipus* must surely follow. The concert was otherwise highly interesting, including among other things, Cherubini's overture to *Les deux Journées* and Weber's to *Oberon*, Beethoven's fourth piano-forte concerto (in G), played with wonderful neatness and accuracy by Mr. Charles Hallé, though somewhat carelessly accompanied by the orchestra; and songs by Miss Ada Jackson and Mr. Cummings.

The Monday Popular Concerts ended in a benefit to Mr. Arthur Chappell, the director, with a very remarkable programme; the leading piece being Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianos, played by Mme. Clara Schumann, Mme. Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. (Moscheles, Thalberg and Mendelssohn played it in London in 1844; here in Boston it was played in 1853 by Jaell, Scharfenberg and Dresel). The *Morning Star* says:

Steadily and simultaneously, as if the three keyboards had been worked by one pair of hands, the piece proceeded, the five stringed instruments which formed the orchestra of the occasion (played by Messrs. Joachim, Blagrove, Ries, Piatti, and Reynolds) supporting the piano-fortes with the most unremitting precision, and the audience remained spell-bound until the last bar came to an end with one of those ringing effects peculiar to the time and school of which John Sebastian Bach was so illustrious an example. Then rapturous cheers broke forth, together with verbal utterances of intense appreciation, and a summons for the performers to appear again ran through the hall, which was responded to first by Mme. Schumann and Mr. Hallé, and then by our English pearl of artists, Arabella Goddard. It is impossible that an event more thoroughly splendid and perfect of its kind can have taken place at any public entertainment in the world.

The other performances, which constituted a bill of fare prodigious in length as in quality, have charms which will be recognized by the briefest allusion. There was Beethoven's tuneful serenade trio in D major (Op. 8), played by Messrs. Joachim, H. Blagrove and Piatti, in the finest style of those well-matched coadjutators; there were several of those irresistible tit-bits from Bach's harpsichord lessons, which Mr. Charles Hallé executes with such loving care and neatness, Spohr's graceful *barcarolle* and *scherzo* for violin, given with Herr Joachim's own rapture-raising tone and expression; a *nocturne* by Chopin, and the *scherzo* from Weber's pianoforte sonata in A flat, performed by Mme. Schumann; and Boccherini's melodious violoncello sonata in A major, played, of course, by Signor Piatti, and now heard for the eighteenth time at these concerts. Miss Edith Wynne fulfilled the not too grateful task of singing four songs, alternating with the instrumental pieces of the most engrossing kind, in a manner which won unanimous approbation. Lastly, there was Haydn's string quartet in D major, Op. 61, No. 1, with the favorite *molto vivace*, of all things best calculated to bring a season to a jubilant termination.

Death of Alfred Mellon. After a brief but severe illness Mr. Alfred Mellon died on Wednesday night, at a quarter to twelve, at his residence in "The Vale," King's Road, Chelsea. The indisposition that proved fatal was a relapse from a previous illness which had lasted through a great part of the autumn and early winter of 1866, and from which it was hoped he had entirely recovered. By the death of Mr. Mellon the musical profession has lost the most generally and justly esteemed of our English orchestral conductors. From his first arrival in London, some three or four and twenty years ago, his aptitude for this department of the musical calling was manifested; and much of his experience was gained by directing the small orchestra of the Adelphi Theatre. His first independent undertaking was the Orchestral Union, under which name a society was established whose concerts, with a small but well-balanced orchestra, conducted by himself, speedily obtained a wide and legitimate reputation,—a reputation more than confirmed when, the numerical strength of the orchestra being materially increased, he was enabled to give some of the finest performances of classical music that had ever been heard in England. Indeed, although Mr. Mellon held a high position at the Royal Italian Opera from the first, it was to the Orchestral Union that he chiefly owed his well-earned fame as a conductor. This led to his being engaged as musical director to the Royal English Opera, originally set on foot by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, at the Lyceum Theatre in 1857, and afterwards removed to Covent Garden,—a speculation which, though it did not terminate prosperously, proved of real service to English operatic music, and, with more liberal support from the public, might have laid the solid foundation of a national lyric theatre. As a conductor of opera Mr. Mellon was no less eminently gifted than as a conductor of orchestral music; and this was shown at a later period when, at the head of the musical department of the English Opera Company, it was his duty to prepare for representation not only several English works of importance, but also the English version of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*. Mr. Mellon's great ability was, perhaps, never more emphatically proclaimed than at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, which he directed from the beginning, and at which he had, perhaps the grandest orchestra under command that up to that time had ever been assembled in a London concert-room. Even now the magnificent performance, under his direction, of Spohr's great symphony, the *Consecration of Sound*, is remembered; and many are the triumphs in a similar direction which he subsequently achieved. His ability as a caterer for the public amusement was favorably exemplified by his Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, where the judicious intermixture of "classical" with "popular" music, as well as the admirable performances of his orchestra, met with unanimous recognition. In addition, moreover, to other various duties, Mr. Mellon had recently accepted the conductorship of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, celebrated among the first musical institutions in the country. Here his talent, zeal, and indefatigable attention to business produced the same good results as elsewhere, and his loss will be severely felt.

As a musician Mr. Alfred Mellon held a distinguished and well-earned position. Under Herr Molique at Stuttgardt, he made himself master of all the technical resources of his art, and many compositions from his pen, in the shape of quartets, &c., showed his ability to use them to excellent purpose. As a man he was universally esteemed, and as a friend his loss will be long and earnestly regretted. He died at the age of 46. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Mellon was the husband of one of the most popular and admirable actresses of our time.—*Times.*

Paris.

Music at the French Exhibition. We learn from the statement recently published by the Imperial Commission that the music art will be represented at the Exhibition in the three-fold view of its composition, execution and history. French and foreign composers are invited to send in two works intended to celebrate the great event of the year, the first to be a cantata for orchestra and chorus, and the second a Hymn of Peace. A special "committee of musical composition" will be entrusted with the duty of selecting from the works contributed those which are most worthy of performance during the Exhibition. Two gold medals, two of silver, and two of bronze, with six certificates of merit, will be presented to the most worthy of the competitors; but an *honorarium* in the more tangible form of 10,000 francs will be awarded to the composer of the hymn selected for performance at the inaugural ceremony. A second committee in three sections will make arrangements for orchestral and choral concerts; festivals of the *orphéonistes*, or as we should call them, choral societies; and for performances by military and other bands. These concerts, in which all nations are invited to take part, will be held in the nave of the Palace of Industry, in the month of July next. Six gold medals, twelve of silver, twelve bronze, and six certificates, will be awarded to those who take part in these performances. The third special committee is to organize a series of Historical Concerts, in which a small number of the most eminent artists will perform the most remarkable musical works of different ages and different countries, and they also will receive medals and certificates. The distribution of these will take place on the 1st of August. The following are the chief members of the three committees mentioned above:—1st, "Musical Composition"—M. Rossini, president; MM. Berlioz, Carafa, Félicien David, George Kastner, Reber, Ambroise Thomas, and C. Gounod as secretary. 2nd, For arranging the Orchestral and Choral Concerts—M. Félicien David, president; MM. Victor Massé, E. Rodrigues, and George Hainl as secretary. For the Orpheonistes' Concerts—M. Ambroise Thomas, president; MM. Boieldieu, Jules Cohen, Leon Feret, G. Hainl, and Laurent de Rillé as secretary. For the military and brass bands' performances—General Mellinet, president; M. Emile Jonas, secretary. For the Historical Concerts.—M. Fétis, president; MM. Clement, Delsarte, Gevaert, Reyer, Wekerlin, Vervoitte, and Gastinel as secretary.

[The Inaugural Ceremony failed and there was no Hymn of Peace on the first of April.]

Germany.

VIENNA. Camilla Sivori, after twenty-two years absence, has been drawing crowds.—The Abbé Liszt has composed a grand Mass for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary.—Two movements of an unfinished Symphony, in B minor, by Schubert—a posthumous work—have been published by Spina (and in London by Ewer & Co.), which, the *Athenæum* says, are "original, if ever Symphony was; distinct and captivating in idea; peculiar in treatment; here and there diffuse, but instinct with that fervid, unborrowed spirit which is given to only the favored few."

On the 18th March a Historical Concert was given by Johannes Brahms, consisting of works by Sebastian and Friedemann Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, besides songs by Franz, Brahms and Grädener.—On the same evening, the 8th "Aesthetic Soirée of Czeke, with divers singers and pianist; programme insignificant.—On the 25th, Matinée of the "Academic Singing Society," with Frl. Carina, from Pesth, and the court orchestra: "Roman Song of Triumph," by Bruch; parts of the 98th Psalm, by Wüllner; two Horatian Odes, by Taubert; Scotch song, by Eyrich; "*Die Hoffnung*," by Veit; Chorus by Engelsberg, and Volkmann's Scena for Soprano solo: "Sappho."

The number of concerts has been frightful. Zellner, too, has given a first historical concert, aiming to show the progress of dramatic music from its beginnings down to a certain epoch. He had "the "flower of the aristocracy" for audience, who "listened with religious silence" to interesting fragments, German, French and Italian, carefully sung by Mmes. Bettelheim, Krauss, de Murska, Ann Schmidtler, MM. Walter and Mayerhofer. Zellner himself played some of Bach's organ pieces on the harmonium. A brilliant opening, it appears, in all respects. —Mlle. Carina (from Pesth) has had fine success at the Opera in *Faust* and the *Huguenots*.

BERLIN. Two new works by Kiel: *Missa Solemnis* and *Te Deum*, lately brought out, are pronounced by the local critics the most important music of the kind that has appeared since Mendelssohn,—far more so than Kiel's *Requiem*.—The Symphony Soirée of the royal orchestra (20th ult.) offered a Suite by Bach, Schumann's *Genoveva* Overture, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, &c.—*March* 22. Festival Concert by Bilse: Schumann's D-minor Symphony and *Abendlied* (with string orchestra); Romance, by Warlamow, for 'cello and harp; *Tannhäuser* overture, &c. —23*d*. Second Orchestral Evening of B. Scholz, with Jean Becker and Chiostri (viola), the Vocal Club of Kullak's music school and Liebig's Orchestra: *Suite* by Handel; Irish choral song by Scholz; Mozart's Double Concerto for violin and viola; Chorus by Cherubini; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; overture to *Egmont*.—24*th*. "Monster Concert" of Bilse's orchestra: Beethoven's C-minor Symphony; Weber's *Invitation*, &c. (Berlioz); unperformed pieces from *L'Africaine*, &c.—25*th*. Nineteenth Quartet Soirée of Hellmich; Tausig's Concert, and second Soirée of Rokicki, with Frau Schmidt-Bidô, Zürn and Nöldechen: songs by Rubenstein, Franz, Schumann, Schubert, &c.—26*th*. De Ahna's last Quartet evening.—27*th*. Valesca von Facius sang Schubert's Cyclus, "*Die schöne Müllerin*," entire.—28*th*. Second Soirée of Kotzold's society: Madrigals and choruses by Hassler, Dowland, Donati, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hauptmann, Schlottmann, Vierling and Ehlert; Variations for two pianos, by Schumann, &c.—29*th*. Concert of the Court pianist Mme. Johnson-Gräver, with orchestra; and of Cath. Baum, with Bendel (the Lisztian pianist) and Rehfeld.—31*st*. Rockiki's third Soirée, with Becker's Florentine Quartet: Schumann's E-flat Quartet; Violin Sonata by Raff; B-flat minor Trio by Volkmann; songs by Franz, Schumann and Schubert.

At the Royal Opera the performances during the last week of March were: *Fidelio*, with Mme. Harriers-Wippern; *Violetta*, with Mlle. Artôt; Spontini's *Cortez*, in which the tenor Niemann is said to be incomparable; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mendelssohn's music; *Fra Diavolo*, with Mme. Lucca. Wachtel has been re-engaged for five years.

LEIPZIG. The programme of the 19th Gewandhaus Concert (March 28) was composed of Cherubini's *Wasserträger* Overture: Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*; scenes from Schumann's *Genoveva*; and Beethoven's 9th Symphony. Among the new things produced lately at these concerts was a *Te Deum* by Julius Rietz. Wilhelmi, the young violinist, has appeared with the utmost success.—Langert's opera, "*Des Sanger's Fluch*," has not answered expectation.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1867.

End of the Concert Season.

Our season has come to an end. A very remarkable season, rich beyond precedent with Oratorios, Symphonies, Chamber music—especially piano music (Schubert and Schumann, as well as Beethoven, Chopin and Bach)—and it has ended grandly. We have had *two* remarkable musical seasons in Boston. One was in the time of the old "Germania" orchestra, some fifteen years ago, when nearly every week in the winter gave us its orchestral concert, with "all the nine symphonies" and many more, concert halls continually crowded, and corresponding activity in Oratorio and other kinds. That was a great spring forward in a classical and high direction; but the Germanians dispersed, the means grew less, and the enthusiasm cooled away and tastes became distracted. And now again we have had a season even more remarkable; not only for the great number and variety of fine works and composers represented, and for the uniformly large support of every kind of concert and of opera, but for the wider and more real appreciation in the audiences of what was good, and the sincere zeal with which so many have to some extent studied and sought to understand what they heard, or thrown themselves heart and voice into the choral ranks in Oratorio, Ninth Symphony, &c.

To close the season grandly, we have had within a couple of weeks Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" revived, and two grand Oratorio nights, besides other things of interest.

SYMPHONY CONCERT EXTRA. The Harvard Musical Association, to crown their rich, successful season of nine concerts (including that for the Cretans), gave a tenth on Friday afternoon, April 12, both for the sake of bringing out the Ninth Symphony, and by way of thanks and benefit to the orchestra who have served them so faithfully and well. The audience was large and of the most inspiring character, alive to all best things; and the concert was, artistically, and in the matter of pure, high, sympathetic pleasure, a great success. Perhaps materially it was as good a success as could be expected for an *extra* concert at the end of such a fatiguing round of musical excitements, and with the *double-bar* of two great Oratorios full in view. The Music Hall should have been crowded, as on the Cretan occasion, to realize the solid benefit designed for the musicians; as it was, it was in that sense a moderate benefit, while in a moral sense, as an inspiring, memorable occasion, it must have done them good, as it did their audience, and raised them in their feeling of the dignity of their profession.—This was the programme:

Overture: "Meeresstille and glückliche Fahrt." (Becalmed at Sea; a Breeze; Happy Voyage; Coming into Port).....Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Non più andrai," from "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart.
Mr. F. J. Rudolphsen.
Polonaise, for Piano-Forte, in E major.....Weber.
Transcribed with Orchestra, by Liszt.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

Beethoven's Ninth (or "Choral") Symphony, in D minor.
a For Orchestra alone: Allegro, Scherzo, Adagio Molto e Cantabile, alternating with Andante Moderato.
b Finale, for Orchestra, with Chorus and Soli.

The short and brilliant First Part kept the concert within the usual two hours. Mendelssohn's picturesque Overture, capitally rendered, charmed even more than before, and of course was heard with keener appetite at the beginning of the feast. We need not describe it again. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN sang *Non più andrai* (in German) with telling voice, artistic style and a great deal of spirit; it seemed indeed too short. Mr. LANG even surpassed his last year's rendering of Liszt's highly colored transcription of the brilliant Weber *Polonaise*, with the introductory slow movement which Liszt has borrowed from the other *Polonaise* (in E flat). In fine manipulation, brightness, clearness, conveying the whole spirit of the thing with utmost ease and grace, we hardly know how such a performance could be excelled. The ingenious, at times fantastical orchestration, too, was on the whole well done, though the pretty jingle of the triangle, which brightens up one passage, lost its effect by not coming sharp upon the beat.

This bright little First Part, costing no effort of attention, made a good relish for the great Symphony—Beethoven's last word in this his fullest form of utterance. Meanwhile the stage, on both sides of the orchestra, was heaped up with chorus singers, nearly 300 of them, all aglow with expectation of their work; and the four solo singers (Mrs. SMITH, Mrs. CARY, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN) took their places in the front; Mr. ZERRAHN raised his baton, and the great Symphony began, summing up, and recalling here and there in brief, vivid hints, all that we had heard in all the other Symphonies—that is to say, all of essential spirit, character and tendency,—not, of course, literal reproduction. In the first movement, with its stern Fate voice ringing through the void and chaos of those *rustling fifths*, its sweet pleading strains of reeds and flutes, whisperings of hope, heroic and exultant resolution, endless pursuit amid denial and distraction of the ideal, glimpses of true Joy, have we not the vein of the C-minor and the "Eroica" again? But this time more complex, with a greater multitude of themes brought into service, and worked out together with such wonderful unity and beauty and grandeur. But we have said enough before now—too much perhaps—in description of this Symphony, and will forbear. Naturally the first movement sounded somewhat duller than the rest, and was no so clearly apprehended by the most; partly because it is so crowded with themes and so com-

plex in structure; partly because it needs to be looked back upon after reaching the height of the whole work in the "Joy" Chorus, to make its sense and bearing quite intelligible; and partly because the orchestra, full as it was and doing its best with a good will after very patient and laborious rehearsal, still needed greater mass, while (by the absence of the Quintette Club) we were reduced to two violoncelli against six double basses. Still it made with most a deep impression, raising expectation marvellously.

In the *Scherzo* we have again, still springing up afresh, the buoyant spirits of his other Scherzos (7th and 8th Symphonies especially), and in the Trio, with its characteristic bassoon and oboe and horn passages, the *Pastorale*. This movement went quite well, especially the repeat.

The heavenly Adagio, with its alternation and variation of two rhythms and two lovely melodies, went best of all and was most truly felt. Here the soul is poised in pure upper air, above earthly cares and grossness, filled with serene ecstacy, a foretaste of celestial bliss. But here too thought of sadness, of the unattained, recurs: then trumpet tones of high resolve and grander search, and the lovely vision is dismissed; for the solution is reserved for another trial, where human voices are called in, the instruments (double basses) at first almost finding the gift of articulate speech, and the "Joy" tune (Schiller's Hymn), first hummed by double-basses, then taken up by the bass voices, gradually possesses the whole band and choir, the quartet of soli lending illustration to new phases of the thought in different verses, until the climax of the whole is reached, the realization of true Joy in the sublime thought of human Brotherhood and the embrace of all Mankind, in which is felt the near presence (as if face to face) of "the Father who dwelleth above the stars!"—At this point, the crystal harmony of voices, in long, religious tones was indeed finely realized, and the effect was thrilling. Generally, too, the choral parts were more successful than in any previous performance we have had; perfect they can never be without long familiarity with the work, keeping the same voices in practice; and even then the voices must be picked ones, some of them exceptional, to cope with music strained up (by inevitable force of its enthusiasm) to so high a pitch and demanding so much. But the singers had grown enthusiastic about the Symphony in the rehearsals, and many of them had nourished the fire by listening to the rehearsals of the instrumental portions and thus getting filled with the spirit and meaning of the work, so that they sang with the heart and the understanding. For the four soli of course the task was the most trying; but they acquitted themselves most creditably, earning the sincere thanks of all by the artist-like loyalty with which they merged themselves in a common effort to do justice to Beethoven's greatest work.

The Orchestra never proved themselves more worthy of the compliment meant by this concert. This was *their* thanks. The solo artists, all, must have credit for the free offer of their services. But above all, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, who had given all his zeal and energy to make the most of his means, vocal and instrumental, to bring out the Ninth Symphony (about which he has always been an enthusiast) in the worthiest possible manner, and to make the performance memorable, so that the Symphony may haunt our minds and call hereafter for more frequent repetition. He must have won the hearts of all the chorus in those difficult rehearsals; and they enjoyed the work, the initiation into those great splendors, so well, that we may surely count on them another year to do the same thing even better. It ought to be done at least once a year.

We are sure the Ninth Symphony was *felt*, as it never was before in Boston. And among the signs of progress we have hailed with pleasure the appreciative tone of the newspaper notices—very unlike that which prevailed in former years. We wish we had room to copy one two, they seize the spirit of the Symphony so truly; the unbelieving Philistines, who are wont to sniff at such a work, now find discretion the better part of valor and keep silent.

EASTER ORATORIOS. The Handel and Haydn Society, armed with the powerful Parepa-Rosa magnet, besides other good soloists, the full Orchestra of the Symphony Concerts, and the Great Organ, drew vast crowds into the Music Hall, on Saturday and Sunday evenings, 20th and 21st inst. On Saturday Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; on Sunday, *Elijah*.

The *Stabat Mater*, too sensational and secular to retain any hold (except some passages) on the religious sentiment, and too much hackneied as the only "sacred" venture of Italian Opera troupes, whose managers would have them make hay Sundays as well as all the week, was fraught with anticipations of *ennui*, we must confess. But the performance was so much better, as a whole, than ever before, that we enjoyed it all for once. To be sure, we are not much edified by *Cujus animam*, especially when sung by a tenor voice like Mr. WHITNEY'S, which, though sweet in quality and artistically used, lacks weight and power for it. Nor can any voice regalvanize into life for us that other concert hack, the *Pro Peccatis*; Mr. RUDOLPHSEN (who came to the relief of Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, the latter being hoarse) would have done it if anybody could; he certainly sung it nobly. But the opening chorus, the unaccompanied Quartet: *Quando corpus*, and the *Inflammatus*, in which both Mme. ROSA and chorus were sublime, came upon us as good as new. It was well enough in itself to leave off Rossini's weak and dry Fugue Finale; but that involved putting the *Quando corpus* and the Paradisal glories before the *Inflammatus*, and that again involved a transposition (of key) in the latter. Hardly justifiable, though the effect was not, as bad as one might have supposed. Mr. WHITNEY'S bass was firm as a rock in the Quartet (and wherever he took part,) and it was sung so nicely that it had to be repeated; it is the gem of the work, and is just one of those pieces which will bear an encore, going best the second time, like the Trio in *Don Juan*. We have never heard the soprano parts more splendidly sung than by Parepa; and Mrs. CARY'S pure contralto, which she always uses with such chaste style and feeling, told uncommonly well; we have no more truly musical and soulful singer. The Chorus was fuller than usual, and in this easy work, compared to the oratorios on which they have been studying, the voices came out round and clear and unanimous, so that the ensemble was inspiring.

The "Hymn of Praise" is a far greater work and never fails of its effect when it is so well performed. The Orchestral Symphony charmed more than ever One or two of the choruses might have been taken a shade less rapidly to advantage; there is still some scrambling and confusion in such places as the latter part of "The Night is departing." But nearly all was strickingly effective. Mme. Rosa's bright voice was electrifying in the glad announcement that leads in that chorus; and everywhere both she and Mrs. Cary lent their best powers to the music. Mr. Whitney for the tenor recitative lacks dramatic force and weight of voice, but he did all with feeling and good expression.—We have rarely known a more enthusiastic audience than that was.

"Elijah" has come to be one of the best known and appreciated of all great compositions among our music-loving people. The performance was uncommonly spirited and clear; the great choruses, backed by the thousand throats of the great organ, extremely effective. Mme. ROSA, of course, had full field for her glorious voice and talent in the chief soprano part throughout; in the fine recitative of the boy looking for rain in the sublime "Holy holy," opening the Quartet, in "He is, I see," and in the concerted pieces we have heard nothing nearly so satisfactory since Jenny Lind in London. The Angel Trio, with three such voices as PAREPA, Miss HOUSTON and Miss PHILLIPPS gave even new delight. The contralto tones of the last named lady seem to have reached their perfect ripeness, richer and larger than ever; and the rendering of her solos was so admirable that we could wish her always at hand for such noble service. Yet we must be allowed one qualification of this praise; was not *expression* sometimes over wrought and too Italian for the chaste, quiet fervor of such music? In Italian Opera the music serves the singer; here the singer must be nought, the music and its aspiration all in all. In other words, such music, without ceasing to be sympathetic, must be impersonal. But on the whole we have no contralto in the country at all equal to Miss Phillipps, and we charge it to Opera, not to her, that her too infrequent Oratorio efforts do not satisfy us in *every* sense.

Miss HOUSTON did excellent service in some of the smaller soprano parts,—always, like a true artist, ready to take a secondary place for the good of the whole. Mr. JAMES WHITNEY seems to grow into better *rapport* with the Music Hall, for his tenor solos came out with more power than his previous efforts, while he truly caught the spirit of the music. For the great central figure of the whole, the Prophet, Mr. RUDOLPHSEN'S telling voice, clear, tasteful execution, and just sufficiently dramatic expression, were highly satisfactory His lower bass tones, to be sure, are hard, but the upper half of the voice rich and musical.

And so ended, grandly, at least as far as great music is concerned, another musical season, the richest Boston ever knew—if we except Opera The Handel and Haydn have done well this year; they have given us not only the *Messiah* and the *Creation*, but *Jephtha*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *St Paul*, *Elijah*, *Hymn of Praise*, the *Forty-second Psalm*, and *Stabat Mater*. Shall we at last screw up our courage to begin on Bach?

OTHER CONCERTS of the season's close have been: a pleasant Matinée of the Boston Conservatory; the Orchestral Union Concert, (last and best, with *Meeresstille* overture, Weber's *Concert stück* capitally played by Miss ALICE DUTTON, Gade's first Symphony, &c.); and PERABO'S Soirée, aided by the charming singer, Mme. FREDERICI;—to all of which we must refer hereafter, and save a corner for the following, which was crowded out last time,—

ITALIAN OPERA. Boston has had a week of it, under the management of Mr. Max Strakosch The people thronged to *Trovatore* and to all, chiefly for the sake of hearing Mme PARLPA ROSA, who sang, triumphantly, each night *Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Il Barbiere* (fine opportunity for FERRANTI), and *Lucia* passed before our record can begin. We heard *Don Giovanni*, and can truly say it was the worst performance *as a whole* we ever witnessed of that masterwork; orchestra, chorus, leadership, all the *ensembles*, bad; even the final Ghost scene feebler than we thought it possible to make it. But there were great redeeming things. Mme. ROSA'S Donna Anna was superb, especially her singing of the Letter aria, "*Non mi dir*," and the dramatic scena: *Or sai chi l'onore*. Miss PHILLIPPS fully shared the vocal honors by her capital Zerlina, while her acting was out of the reach of all the rest. It was pleasant, too, to see Mme. PATTI-STRAKOSCH in her old character of Elvira, looking just the same; and to hear her, for her voice has regained the sweetness it had lost seven or eight years ago, and her style, though a little inert, was always graceful and artistic. SUSINI'S noble voice is far gone, and his Leporello was clumsy and unmusical. BRIGNOLI was soundly hissed for keeping the stage waiting, but atoned for it by his fine singing of "*Il mio tesoro*," which was encored. Sig. FORTUNA deserves only sympathy and thanks for undertaking the great part of the Don, which he never did before, at two days' notice, and with his light baritone. In singing he is always a true, tasteful artist, and his bearing gentlemanly and unegotistic. *La ci darem* was beautifully sung.

Norma (repeated on Saturday) is one of the best of rôles for Mme. ROSA In singing and in dignity of bearing and of action, it was admirable and recalled the noblest Divas.

Music in London and Paris.

PARIS, MARCH 27. At the "Monday Popular Concert" in London on Monday, March 11, we had Beethoven's Quartet in F minor, op. 95; Weber's Pianoforte Sonata in A flat major, op. 30 (beautiful-

ly played by Charles Hallé); Sonata for violoncello by Boccherini (played by Piatti); and Beethoven's Trio in D major, Op. 70, No. 1. Joachim, Ries, Blagrove and Piatti were the quartet party.

On Wednesday evening, March 13, Mr. Henry Leslie gave an Orchestral Concert at St. James Hall. The programme included, among other things, Mendelssohn's *Antigone* (with orchestra of 75 and male chorus of 225), Von Weber's Overture to *Oberon*, Cherubini's Overture to *"Les Deux Journées,"* and lastly, Beethoven's superb pianoforte Concerto in G, played from memory by Charles Hallé. This was the feature of the evening, and I need scarcely say that Mr. Halle's playing was perfection itself. As an instance of his perfect self possession and knowledge of the concerto in the orchestral score, I may mention that in the last movement the first violins did not come in *on time*; this was after a long and intricate solo passage by Mr. Hallé. Mr. H. perceived the difficulty, and very dexterously repeated the passage, whereupon the orchestra took the "cue" and came in correctly. There were but few who noticed this little episode.

On Saturday evening (the extra *Monday* Popular Concerts are given on Saturday) we had Beethoven's Septet, and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Trio in C minor, the latter played by Mme. Schumann, Strauss, and Piatti. The Boccherini Sonata for violoncello was again given, and Mme. Schumann played (as a solo) Chopin's Nocturne in F minor, Op. 55, No. 1, and Grande Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53. She received a tumultuous encore and, in response, played Chopin's faery *Impromptu*, in A flat, Op. 29.

On Monday Evening, March 18th, the programme was: Sonata in A major, Op. 47, (commonly called the "Kreutzer") played by Joachim and Arabella Goddard; the Boccherini violoncello Sonata; Beethoven's tremendous piano-forte Sonata in B flat major, 106 (Mme. Goddard), and Mozart's heavenly Quartet in D minor, No. 2; the Mozart Quartet was played with a most marvellous precision and clearness, and the Allegretto was delicious in its sadness.

In my next letter I will give you a synopsis of the Paris Concerts, of which there are very many just now. It may interest your readers to know that Charles De Beriot (son of the eminent violinist, who is living here in Paris) is making some little sensation with his piano-forte playing. Mr. De B. has much talent, but his execution has a certain crudity, which further practice will undoubtedly tone down.

Harry Sanderson is in London in very poor health. Wehli arrived in Liverpool last week, per steamer China. Messrs. Chickering and Steinway are both in this city, and as soon as the Exposition opens we must, I suppose, look out for a war of the Roses.

F.

Paris, April 2. The past week has been crowded with concerts, and most of them of a classical character. On Sunday, March 24, there was a *Séance* of Chamber Music at the Salle Pleyel, with the following programme: Trio (Piano) in A major, Haydn; 4th Quartet, C minor (strings), Beethoven; Sonata, G major, Piano and Violin, Mozart; and Quintet, E flat major (strings), Op. 4, Beethoven. The performance was a very good one, but there was a *"scrapiness"* and want of tone which grated terribly upon my ears.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 26, M. Pasdeloup gave one of his popular classical concerts at the Cirque Napoleon. The programme included a Chorus and Overture by Wagner; Chorus, *"Le Depart,"* Mendelssohn; Air de *Promethée* (ballet), Beethoven; *Largo et Finale*, Haydn; Aria from *Sonnambula* (very well sung by Laura Harris); Weber's Overture to *Der Freischütz*, and a Chorus and Overture, by Meyerbeer.

By the way, they have produced Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Chatelet Théatre Lyrique, with a gorgeousness and splendor that defy description. The costumes are superb, and the scenery and all the stage appointments are really superb. Verdi's new opera, "Don Carlos," has also just been brought out at the Italian Opera.

On Wednesday evening there was another *séance* of chamber music at the Salle Pleyel, and the following works were given: Trio, B flat major, Op. 97 (Piano), Beethoven; Quartet, D minor (strings), Mozart; Sonate (for Pianoforte alone), C sharp minor, Op. 27, Beethoven, (played very finely by Herr Ernest Lubeck); and Quartet, E minor, Op. 44, (strings) Mendelssohn. Again the stringed instruments were scrapy and untrue in tone; this seems a common fault in the Quartet playing here. The Mozart Quartet (the one played at the London Monday Popular Concerts by Joachim, Ries, Blagrove and Piatti on March 18) was rendered with some approach to precision and delicacy of tone, but the other works were botched.

On Friday evening I attended still another *séance* at the same salon, (different performers upon each occasion). The programme embraced: Quartet, E minor, No. 8, (strings), Beethoven; Trio, (Piano), F major, St. Saens, (the pianist of the evening); Adagio (Piano solo), Beethoven; and Quintet, G minor, (strings), Mozart. The Beethoven Quartet was murdered outright. The Trio is a weak and futile composition. The Adagio was most admirably played by M. St. Saens, and the Quintet was quite well rendered.

On Sunday afternoon, March 31, M. Pasdeloup gave the last of the popular classical concerts at the Cirque Napoleon. The programme was superb,—"Jupiter" Symphonie, Mozart; *Andante Religioso*, Mendelssohn, (this was delicious, and was encored *vivâ voce*); *Struensee* music, Meyerbeer; Concerto, E minor, (violin, M. Montardon), Rode; and lastly Beethoven's glorious 5th Symphony, in C minor.

This gives you a pretty complete record of musical events up to date.

F.

We heartily share the opinion and hope expressed in the following article from the *Transcript:*

Mrs. Ames's Bust of Abraham Lincoln. A copy of the bust of President Lincoln, by Mrs. Joseph Ames of this city, has, within a few days, been placed in the State Library for the inspection of the Legislature. This bust is regarded by all who have seen it, who were familiar with the face and character of Mr. Lincoln, as the best of the many attempts that have been made to perpetuate, on canvas or in marble, the features of the late President. It certainly recalls him to the memory of those who have seen and conversed with him more vividly than any other.

The bust has in it the dignity of expression which he had; the eyes have the solemn sadness which his eyes had; the mouth is divested of the caricatured expression and size which all photographs present, and shows the firmness, and at the same time the mirthfulness and the tenderness, that were such conspicuous elements in his character. While this bust has not the coarse exaggerations of his features that are seen in many of the portraits, neither, on the other hand, has it the emasculated and finical look that can be observed in some others.

In brief it is such a portrait as might be expected from an artist of genius who had abundant opportunities of seeing and intimately knowing the subject of her art. Mrs. Ames (the wife of the distinguished painter, Mr. Joseph Ames of this city, who also painted Mr. Lincoln) had rare opportunities for seeing the late President to the best advantage; and, at the time of his assassination, had arranged with him to give her several sittings for this bust.

Though deprived of this aid, it is evident that her work was to a great extent already complete, so vivid was the image conceived in her mind, as the work before us attests to-day.

A copy of this noble bust in marble has been ordered by the Senate of the United States, and the artist hopes to receive orders from other bodies for other copies, so that she may be enabled to execute them in Italy where alone such works may be done satisfactorily and advantageously to the artist. It is hoped that the Legislature of Massachusetts will avail itself of this opportunity to perpetuate in marble, the memory of the martyr President.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

They blossom there, up there. Song. *Chandler.* 35
Quite an elegant piece, with a fine melody.

O may we meet again. Song. *M. C. Thayer.* 30

O sing the same old song. " " " 30
The first is one of those sweet "home songs," sung by a sister for an absent brother. The second is for one who "would not learn another lay. Her old song still delights her."

I will extol thee. Quartet from "Ave Maria," *Gounod.* 40
Gounod uses material furnished by Bach, and the piece is a very acceptable one for quartets.

Ave Maria, for Baritone or Contralto. *Southard.* 35
A fine melody. Solo throughout.

What said the angels, love. Song. *M. Keller.* 30
A charming title, which the song does not belie.

Softly o'er the rippling waters. Guitar. *Haydn.* 40
A favorite song, well arranged.

Hark! the goat-bells are ringing. Duet. *Smart.* 50
Carries one to the heights of the Alps, to sing with the mountain maidens. Good music.

Sweetly sleep, and dream of me. Serenade. *Vane.* 30
Very sweet melody, and otherwise a good serenade.

I love to dream of home and friends. Song. *W. Seibert.* 30
This is the author of "Beautiful Lena," and "Blue Eyed Leoline," and he has evidently struck a vein of good songs, of which this one is worthy to be with the others. Smooth, flowing melody.

Instrumental.

Andante moderato, for Piano. *Paul Becker.* 35
Berceuse for Piano. " " 35
Two rather difficult pieces, of which the first has a succession of bright thoughts striking out clearly. The second has not so clear a melody, but will sound well under the hands of a good performer.

Brightest smile. Caprice, *N. Cawthorne.* 60
Of medium difficulty, and pretty, Good lesson piece.

Les Huguenots. Grand Fantasie. *S. Smith.* 1.00
Mr. Smith, ladies and gentlemen! With a grand, bright concert piece!

Faust galop. 4 hds. *Bellak.* 35
Shadow song. " " 35
Chime of bells. " " 35
Coronation waltz. " " 35
Bellak has not forgotten the beginners in music. Get all four, as they are easy.

Barbe-bleue Quadrille. *D. Godfrey.* 60
From Offenbach's opera of Blue-beard. Very bright.

Fairy-land Polka. *L. H. Hatch.* 30
A very taking little piece, and quite easy.

Silver Spring Galop. *W. G. Lemon.* 50
Good lesson piece.

Books.

Libretto of Stabat Mater.
Noticeable as one of a series of Oratorio Librettos, and has a large proportion of the beautiful melodies, which rank among the sweetest of sacred songs, as the old Latin poem is one of the sweetest combinations of musical lines.

A good Libretto, with the leading ideas and airs, helps amazingly in the understanding and enjoyment of an Oratorio as well as an Opera. Librettos to Messiah, Creation, Elijah, and other Oratorios are in preparation.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every fourounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 681. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 4.

Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE BY LISZT.

Franz was born on the 28th of June, 1815, at Halle, on the Saal. The state of things in the paternal house afforded him but little poetic stimulus; on the contrary, all that did not belong to the practical utilities of life in the sense of the last century, was regarded as unprofitable and injurious. His youth passed uneventfully, and he was indebted only to mere chance opportunities for the awakening of his musical capacities. Being already fourteen years of age, he was obliged, and that without any support upon the part of his relations, to acquire the elements of music, as well as he could, in his own way, and upon his own responsibility. Later, when his inclination to music became more decided, it was no longer possible indeed to withhold from him a teacher; but naturally, as a consequence of the views then prevailing, the cheapest musical pedagogue was engaged for the first beginning, and, as might have been foreseen, the gifted pupil soon outstripped the teacher.

A change had soon to be made in instruction and in method. And this necessity repeated itself so often, that in the space of four years the young Franz had studied with all the music teachers in Halle, and learned all he could from each of them, without being able to call his own any great capital of knowledge and ability. How indeed could he derive any solid profit, any lasting guidance, from this continued intercourse with various yet equivalent mediocrities? This his sound youthful insight saw so truly, that he considered himself, in spite of his numerous lessons, as left entirely to himself; in his first attempts he followed only the humor of his own suggestions, and so, out of the disadvantages of his position, he derived the incalculable advantage of accustoming himself to let the individual impulse alone decide in the choice of his matter and the form of his thought, instead of accommodating his mind, like so many talents, to mere imitation, and then resembling a manumitted slave, who needs years of apprenticeship to learn, not only how to enjoy, but how to actually possess and use the freedom that has been given him. How many all their lives remain such freedmen, and never attain to the natural noble movement of the freeborn and educated! His firm, clear understanding guarded Franz from arrogance and error, in this independence left him by the incapacity of his teachers. He indulged in neither complaint nor ridicule about so manifest a want of outward aid. Indeed, he found himself in this freedom, as in his natural element, and used it discreetly to give self-possession to his powers, accustoming himself to fix his eyes upon a goal, and slowly, steadily, consistently to seize the means for reaching it.

Such a state of things in the earliest years of his artistic strivings, more than all later influences perhaps, determined the autodidactic character of his talent. The chosen ones of the Muse, the predestined artists know, like the bees, how to suck sweet aromatic nourishment out of the flower cups which contain deadly poison for others. But dry study did not satisfy him; the rigid thought answered but imperfectly to his yearning, as a dumb beauty would have left his heart unfilled. Written music was to him but a body without soul; he needed hearing, that he might see his ideal realized. However much the so-called *earnest* musicians may affect to despise *virtuosity*, yet it is none the less true that every really *called* musician cherishes the want of this same virtuosity; feels the impulse in himself to *hear*, to bathe, as it were, in waves of tones, to cradle himself upon their illimitable element, to sail through their pure ether, to let their fragrant breath smooth his unfolded wings, to envelop himself in the cloud shapes of their fairy land, to listen to their tragical or touching dialogues, to transport himself into their world of expressive atoms, glowing and sparkling like the magic formulas of a celestial speech. Franz wanted to hear music made, and to make music himself; he gave himself passionately up to organ playing, and on Sundays ran from one church to another, to relieve the respective organists on single choral verses.

In those days he was attending the Halle Orphan House Gymnasium, and his studies there formed his principal occupation, the so-called *serious* side of his life, upon which his parents laid the greatest stress, while they always considered his attachment to music as only a harmless monomania, from which they would gladly have seen him delivered, since such idiosyncracies always hinder a young man from the attainment of that well-varnished, well-mannered, comfortable *Philistert*, that coveted goal of all good fathers of a family, in whose train they can with tolerable certainty anticipate a fixed position, a respectable marriage, a decent exterior, a decent living, and finally a decent burial for their son and heir. The professors of the gymnasium treated the Art-dallyings of their pupil with still greater severity than he had experienced under the paternal roof; his secret musical amateurship became the butt of many witticisms and there were plenty who would call him "Fool." The Cantor of the institution had appointed an hour for music lessons for the more gifted pupils; Franz felt himself drawn toward him; he was so cramped and narrowed by the boggy water of mental inactivity, that whoever let him pass without *troubling* his artistic passion became welcome to him; in a short time his musical protector invited him to be his accompanist. The compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart kindled a new flame in him, and cast the first gleams into the dim confusion of his ideas, which no one helped him to clear up, and in which he had in vain sought light himself. This is one of those favors which fate vouchsafes to those under its protection, renewing for them in the most urgent moment, through men or events, the drying marrow of their faculties.

Trembling with enthusiasm, possessed by the sounds which had entranced him, Franz now ventured, without having mastered even the rudiments of harmony, counterpoint, or any sort of thorough theoretic knowledge, nay, without even a clear recognition of their necessity, upon his first attempts at composition. Now, as before, he remained left to himself, and, without explanation or advice from others, worked along at random. The impulse to produce so far predominated in him that at this time the order of importance in his different labors was reversed. Until now, in spite of his more and more overweening bias toward music, in spite of the tendency of his mind to bury itself in musical problems, and devote to them in truant secresy his leisure hours, and even a portion of the time allotted to more *serious* studies, still these latter had appeared to him the central purpose of his being; he loved his parents too well to allow an opinion directly opposed to their own to take root in him, and not to accept patiently the conviction which had been instilled into him from childhood, that it was his duty to acquit himself obediently of his Gymnasium studies. But now the spirit of resistance began to get possession of him; he felt, with all his tractableness that these studies could not be useful to his genuine development, and he lost more and more the power of giving himself up to them with interest and success. Soon there ensued hard conflicts in his soul between his natural modesty and yieldingness, between his habitual obedience to his parents and the thought that he was squandering his time, was losing his best years at the Gymnasium. For this evil he knew no better remedy than to abandon the course thus far pursued, and under the eyes of a master of music begin a new period of study, in which his choice naturally fell upon a composer, who at that time enjoyed a great celebrity, and who lived not far from Halle: Frederic Schneider. What artist, who has become so in spite of the narrow views of a tender and prejudiced family, cannot at a glance behold all the phases of the conflict which Franz had to fight through, before his wish was gratified without an open rupture with his friends? He finally left the Gymnasium, in which he had already worked his way forward into the higher classes, and betook himself to Dessau, with the purpose here by persevering study to regulate, clear up and bring into order his indefinite and fragmentary musical ideas; although even now neither he nor especially his family dreamed of the possibility that he would choose music for his calling, for the great end of his life. In such an idea they thought there was nothing to be feared, for they did not once suppose it practicable. He was not very clear in his own mind as to how far his resolution would carry him. His first thought was, to quit the hated school, to give himself up to music undisturbed; in this perhaps a tendency to opposition, which had germinated in him, was not without effect.

In Dessau we find repeated, although with a change of form, nearly the same phenomena which characterized his earlier relations to Art. The rules and theories, which were taught him and unfolded to him, still repelled him; he did not thrive with them, and he began, after the regular lessons, other labors, which, like his first artistic efforts had a resemblance to the spider in the weaving of its web, in that he drew the material out of himself. It were superfluous to say that Schneider found but little pleasure in this singular method, and found fault with the dangerous example of such independent strivings. It was not long ere Franz came into the position of a *persona ingrata*. For compensation he won other sympathies.

If there are masters whom unfettered, youthful partizans rejoice to follow with almost blind devotion, and, inflamed with a noble courage, seal their doctrines with their own names, with their heart's blood, marching with reckless enthusiasm beneath their banner, such masters stand upon the most dangerous outposts of Art, and fight with a courage which is called desperation by their adversaries, but which in successful cases justifies the saying of Virgil: *Audentes fortuna juvat*. About such masters, who rather found schools than keep up schools, there is always an overflow of the fresh pulses of young life; the surrounding air, laden with electricity, favors the outblooming of all faculties and starts blossoms of spiritual delight, which awaken and strengthen a consciousness of his own worth in every participator, and therefore remains so dear and not to be forgotten. For Schneider such a feeling would have been rather strange and distant. He did not feel the need of living in an atmosphere in which the mind follows independently its own direction, and thus his school lacked one of the most indispensable requisites of Art. In a heavy, stagnant, close mental atmosphere, *free* development is impossible to the pupil. Then there form themselves, under the very eye of the master, but without his knowledge,

groups of dissenters, who bind themselves together without any clear idea of the revolutionary character of their strivings, without more than a mere suspicion that out of their union will arise convictions and tendencies, essentially diverging from those of the master. So it was with the pupils under Schneider. It could not fail to happen that Franz finally attached himself to such a group, and he himself confesses, that the atmosphere he breathed among those young people (making a great deal of music behind the back of their teacher, who would have been more annoyed by the kind of their music, than by the secrecy of the production) was the only favoring element to his true progress. His studies in harmony and counterpoint were for him only a heaping together of materials, which he was one day to use in the production of quite different pictures than those set him for a pattern. During his two years' residence in Dessau, (1835–7,) he composed really a great deal, and in his attempts of that period it is interesting to trace the painful squirming of a young imagination under the school fetters and the necessity to shake them off.

(Conclusion next time).

Bach's Works.

(From "JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH; his Life and Writings. Adapted from the German of C. L. HILGENFELDT, with additions from other sources," as published in the London *Choir*).

(Continued from page 13).

The existing works of this great man are unusually numerous, and contain specimens of all periods of his artistic career. We are thus enabled to take a retrospective view of the progress of his ideas from their dawn to their full growth and development. An examination of the various styles adopted by Bach gives us also a safe rule for the classification of his works according to their greater or lesser degree of artistic merit; and this inspection shows us clearly three distinct periods in the art career of Bach's life.

The first period embraces all those compositions which, in spite of a certain excellence, yet want a sufficient finish to give them elevation. They cling too much to certain forms, and contain useless and trivial matter, showing a regard for the common taste and fashion of the time.

The period of Bach's life in which these pieces were composed was between the years 1703 and 1717, when he was at Arnstadt and Weimar. He himself thought nothing of his works during this period, and whatever compositions exist they can only command such interest as one naturally takes in the *first* works of a great musician. At Weimar, however, Bach made good use of his time, and study and practice did much to bring him forward. This is proved by the works of the second period.

At Köthen he had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the best modern masters. The compositions he wrote here bear the stamp of higher cultivation and increased maturity. The spirit of artistic self now began to assert itself, and unsubstantial and conventional things—such as arise from the fashionable taste—are no longer found in his works. Some of these may be called perfect, as they have not been surpassed by his later writings. As this period comprises the whole duration of his official sojourn at Kothen—viz., from the year 1717 to 1723, it has been called the "Köthen-period," as the former one is known as the "Weimar-period."

The third and last period comprehends his most perfect creations of art, and extends from his appointment at Leipzig to his death—viz., from 1723 to 1750, and is called the "Leipzig-period."

A critical comparison of the works of Bach, on the basis which we have just pointed out, alone gives us sufficient knowledge of the period in which each particular work is to be placed. More special dates are to be found in the manuscript copies which exist; and the works of his contemporaries—Walther, Matheson, Mitzler, Em. Bach, and others—give us many notes in this respect.

It would, of course, be impossible to fix the precise dates to all Bach's various works, but an approximate one may always be given. In many of the copies of his works we find a variety of readings and variations. Some of these, no doubt, were occasioned by the errors of copyists, or by the fancied corrections of incompetent persons. A close acquaintance with Bach's writings, however, will easily enable us to restore the original text.

Bach himself, as we have said, frequently altered and corrected his own works. Even those that were printed he subjected to frequent alterations and revisions. We have an instance of this in his "Wohltemperirte Clavier" (The Well-tempered Clavichord) of which a variety of readings are extant.

Of his larger works, very few were published by Bach himself, but all these bear the stamp of mastership. These consist of the four volumes of "Clavierübung" (Exercises for the Clavichord); the "Sechs Chorale" (six Choral Melodies of different kinds, for organ with two manuals and pedal); "Einige Kanonische Veränderungen" (Some Canonic Variations on the Christmas Hymn, "Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her," for organ with two manuals and pedal); and the "Musicalisches Opfer" (Musical Offering), dedicated to Frederick II., King of Prussia.

Of the smaller things printed by Bach himself, we have only the sixty-nine chorales with figured bass, printed in 1727, and dedicated to Professor Hademann. "The Art of the Fugue" ("Die Kunst der Fuge") did not appear till after the author's death, but was, for the most part, engraved by one of his sons during Bach's life time.

The compositions of Bach remaining unpublished at his death, as well as the original manuscripts of those already printed, passed, with some few exceptions, into the hands of his two sons, Friedemann and Emanuel. Some few were given to his pupils, Kirnberger and Kittel. Those which Friedemann Bach possessed were soon dispersed in the world, as we have already related; Emanuel, on the contrary, carefully treasured up his father's bequests, had them classified and bound, and a descriptive catalogue placed with them. At his death, in 1783, they passed into other hands, fortunately of those who were able to appreciate their value. The catalogue which Emanuel had made was published by his widow in 1790.

Emanuel Bach's collection of his father's works for the greatest part became the property of Nägeli of Zurich, who gave the world the benefit of many of these by publication. Counsellor Gaehler of Altona, a great admirer of S. Bach, also purchased many manuscripts; and Forkel took the opportunity of increasing his collection. Two later collectors of Bach's manuscripts were Pölchau, a music master of Hamburg, and Gerber of Sondershausen, the well-known editor of the "Musical Lexicon." Pölchau's part, about the middle of the present century, passed into the library of the "Joachimsthaler' school at Berlin, where already were the collections of Kirnberger and his noble pupil the Princess Amelia of Prussia. At Berlin there is preserved the greatest collection of Bach's manuscripts. Another fine collection is still possessed by the Nägeli family; and the St. Thomas' School at Leipzig contains many of the vocal works written for that establishment. Some few manuscripts are in private hands; but of these hereafter.

Immediately after Bach's death his sons published "The Art of the Fugue," and in 1765 and 1769 Emanuel published the "Collection of Four-part Choral Songs" in two volumes.

Thirty years later, or thereabouts, A. F. C. Kollman, organist of the German chapel, St. James's, London, a native of Hanover, and formerly connected by friendship with Emanuel Bach, published the first edition of the "Well-tempered Clavier." Another edition appeared about the same time from the house of Simrock of Bonn; and in 1800 George Nägeli advertised a collection in which the works of the most celebrated composers would appear, and amongst them many of those of J. S. Bach. This great work was never accomplished; but the house of Nägeli published a number of his single pieces, and for the first time the "Six Clavier Sonatas' with violin accompaniment. The fourth volume of the "Clavier Practice" appeared in 1802, at Weimar, without any publisher's name, as did also the "Six Sonatas for Violin alone."

The publishing firm of Kuehnel (now Peters), at Leipzig, gave particular attention to Bach's organ and clavier works. Since the beginning of the present century they have occupied themselves with this laudable purpose. They have given to the world a complete collection of his glorious organ compositions, under the supervision of Griepenkerl and Roitzsch, and at the same time a collection of his clavier works, under the care of Czerny and Griepenkerl. These editions are deservedly esteemed for the beauty of the printing, and the care and diligence bestowed upon them by the learned editors.

The firm of Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig has also issued many of Bach's works; whilst Andre of Offenbach and Haslinger of Vienna have each done homage to the genius of the great master by the publication of correct editions of his compositions. But, perhaps the most glorious monument to the memory of the great master yet achieved is the noble edition of his works now in course of publication by the German Bach Society.

(To be continued.)

Haunts of Harmony in the City of London.

(From Once a Week.)

II.

We were compelled by want of space, to bring our last paper to a somewhat abrupt conclusion in the course of a treatise on the "Sun" and "Trevor" Music-halls, Knights-bridge. We shall resume our observations by remarking that when the performances at these establishments have been brought to a close, which, as a rule, happens at about quarter to twelve, the audience adjourns to the spacious bar of a tavern communicating with the premises, and in the midst of a seething crowd of soldiers, mechanics, low "horsey gents," half-drunken cabmen, slatternly women and dissipated shop-boys, you may observe an elderly gentleman attired in a costume resembling that of a park-keeper, to whom malt and spirituous liquors are assiduously handed by open-mouthed auditors, and who, acting as a sort of Mercury during the performance, is regarded with that mingled awe and admiration which the British public is always so ready to extend to any one even remotely connected with the stage.

The ladies and gentlemen who have attended the performances at the "Trevor" usually drop in towards the close of the evening, and compare notes with their friends at the "Sun." The entertainments at the last-named establishment are of a more variegated description than those at the rival house, and included on the occasion of our visit a spirited and marrow chilling performance, by a couple of gentlemen and a Newfoundland dog; the low comedian being murdered and thrown behind the scenes about every two minutes, and coming to life again towards the conclusion of the piece, in time to visit the ruffian with poetical justice, to an accompaniment of barks and plunges on the part of the dog.

A large proportion of the audience both at the "Sun" and the "Trevor" is of a military cast. You may observe three or four fine young fellows seated at a table, and might mistake them for gallant and distinguished officers, if you hadn't an inward conviction that they were merely "soldier-servants" in their master's cast-off wearing apparel. They puff their pipes, sip their brandy-and-water, and criticize the performance in the most majestic manner; and if any one of them fails to produce the desired impression on the minds of the fair sex, he straightway adjourns to the barracks, and presently returns to dazzle and command in his undress uniform.

Thus far of the general aspect of a few of the leading music-halls, the entertainments therein provided, and the individuals by whom they are patronized. We shall now step from the auditorium to the stage, and endeavor to furnish our readers with an insight into the early struggles and adventures of those who aspire to the proud position of public performers and popular favorites. We shall begin by detailing the experiences of a couple of young men who sought to win their way to fame in the capacity of "duologue duettists," but as true merit is always bashful, we shall make use of fictitious names, and dub our friends for the nonce Messrs. Jones and Smith. Both

of these gentlemen had been educated for the stage, and in endeavoring to establish a reputation as theatrical dancers and pantomimists, had travelled much, and starved times out of number. Meeting once in the vicinity of the Haymarket they paused to compare notes, Mr. Jones had retired from the dramatic profession in despair, feeling convinced that unless an artist has marked talent, his chances of success are uncomfortably small, and had opened a lodging-house, which would have answered better if it hadn't been in a chronic state of emptiness. Mr. Smith was out of an engagement, and testing the capacity of his wife and family to subsist on that cheap and digestible article of food for which the chameleon is said to possess such a peculiar fondness. Jones whose inventive powers were possibly quickened by reduced rations, suggested that, as his friend possessed a real talent for low comedy, they should endeavor to better their condition by starting something in the music-hall line. Smith had no objection, but hinted that he was quite without funds, and that there would be some difficulty in finding any one to make the necessary advances. However, his friend, who was of a saving disposition, and had managed to lay by a few pounds, proceeded to re-assure him upon this point, and so, after an inauguratory banquet in Jones's kitchen, an adjournment was proposed to the sanctum of Mr. Merrick, a composer of duologue pieces, who dwelt with his wife and child in a single room on a third-floor back, in Plough Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This gentleman, who had already made Jones's acquaintance, having written some songs for a young lady, whom he had endeavored to bring out as a "serio-comic," courteously requested his visitors to be seated, and a quart of ale having been sent for at their expense, stated that if either of them could propose a subject he would be happy to write thereon at the extremely moderate rate of twenty shillings an entertainment. Smith hesitated for a moment, and then, as the subject of the Atlantic cable was engaging public attention, proposed that the piece required should have some reference to that great international enterprise. The "duologue" having been supplied, rehearsals took place in Jones's kitchen, and when the aspirants were tolerably perfect in their parts, they forwarded an application to the manager of the Metropolitan Music Hall, and stating that though they were members of the theatrical profession, they had not confined their exertions to the stage, inquired concerning the chances of a first appearance. We must here pause to remark that managers have a particular objection to dealing with amateurs. If self-satisfied ladies or gentlemen wish to make a venture in London, a preliminary step of absolute necessity, and likely to damp their ardor, is a month or two of practice in the country. But to resume. It was agreed that on the night of the following Wednesday, when there was to be a waiter's benefit, and the proprietors had special licence to keep the hall open till 3 A.M., a *debut* might be ventured. In order to get into proper working trim, Messrs. Jones and Smith made a preliminary appearance at "Lamb's," in Oxford street, and as their entertainment abounded in radical sentiments, and the audience was anything but aristocratic, achieved a decided success. "Lamb's," we may observe, is an establishment situated at no great distance from the Princess's Theatre. Instead of paying so much for admission, you purchase a threepenny refreshment ticket for the "good of the house." The dresses, we may add, were hired from Mr. May, of Bow street, at the rate of five shillings a night.

The next evening, our friends hastened, all anxiety, to the Metropolitan; but, owing to some mistake in the transmission of a letter, their appearance had to be postponed from 12 o'clock till 1, and when the eventful hour arrived, the audience was at once drunken, noisy, and spiteful. A gentleman, whose father was a pantomimist at the Adelphi Theatre, had just danced with great success—having distributed three pounds' worth of tickets amongst his friends—but when Messrs. Jones and Smith appeared to commence their "great and original duologue entertainment," they received what is professionally termed the "goose." In other words, they were hissed, or, to borrow from their own expressive vocabulary, "chy-iked." Bearing in mind the condition of the audience, coupled with the circumstance that the new-comers had failed to purchase the requisite number of "free admissions," we cannot be surprised at the fact. However, as they were rather desperate, they persevered, and might have soothed the popular animosity had it not happened that the nether garments of Mr. Jones, who personated a British tar, were of a build so peculiar, that he could dance only with difficulty, a circumstance that provoked the risible faculties of the spectators, and caused the whole entertainment to be brought to a speedy and disastrous conclusion. Further than this, the "Metropolitan" audience, which considered itself select and aristocratic, had no sympathy with the extremely liberal sentiments that had won the hearts of the "great unwashed" in Oxford street. Groans and hisses prevailed, and Messrs. Jones and Smith broke down so utterly and unmistakably, that they apologized to the manager for having appeared at all.

However, with the next day came fresh resolutions, and agreeing to keep the fact of their *fiasco* in the background, they applied by letter to the manager of the "Oxford," who, with his usual courtesy, appointed an interview. Our friends laid in the requisite amount of Dutch courage through the medium of three pennyworth of pale brandy, and repaired to the hall, where they were met by Mr. Joughmans, who inquired whether they were in a position to appear on the following evening. They replied in the negative; the fact being that they had no money left, and couldn't hire the dresses. Upon this they were told to call at the Canterbury in a week's time, with the view of giving the management "a taste of their quality."

Now a music-hall during the day-time abounds in influences the reverse of enlivening, and when Messrs. Jones and Smith complied with the above invitation, the sun shone dimly in the Westminster Road, but something like a November fog prevailed in the Fine Arts Gallery. The decorations looked coarse and dingy; there was an appallingly loud echo, and the stage was denuded of its charms. A few carpenters busied themselves with repairs in the balcony; glasses were being washed out at the refreshment bar, and sundry professionals scattered here and there about the building, watched with languid interest anything in the way of rehearsal that might be proceeding on the stage. Our friends were depressed, but armed with the valor of the desperate, they proceeded with their entertainment, and as the eighteen or twenty "pros" in the body of the hall condescended to applaud, they retired in high spirits, shook hands in anticipation of coming triumphs, and celebrated their victory in an extra threepennyworth of pale brandy.

In the evening they called, by appointment, on the conductor, who thought he could obtain them a hearing, but as a gentleman of excessive modesty and surprising pulmonic vigor chose to sing five songs in succession, Mr. Joughmans had to return to the "Oxford" to lead the "operatic selection," leaving our friends almost as badly off as ever, and but little comforted with the assurance that they had a chance of procuring an engagement when a new company was organized in about six weeks' time.

In the meanwhile, having learnt that band parts were required, they called upon the musical conductor at the "Raglan," in order to have them prepared. Having acquainted that gentleman with their position, he expressed surprise at their not having appealed to the "governor"—meaning the estimable Mr. Hart—a hint that our adventurers acted upon at the first favorable opportunity. An "appearance" was graciously accorded, and a not very select audience testified extreme approbation of the thrilling sentiments conveyed in the great duologue entertainment. A chance of an engagement loomed ahead, but again the financial condition of the duettists stood in the way of a substantial success. Nearly five pounds had been invested in a concern that had not yet brought in a farthing; the speculators had no means of immediately raising fresh funds, and by the time the entertainment was again in working order, Mr. Smith had procured an engagement as harlequin at a transpontine theatre, and to the indignation of his partner, not only left him in the lurch, but even neglected to answer his letters.

It is worthy of remark that the aspirants to music-hall celebrity are almost entirely at the mercy of the "agents." These gentlemen, on being paid a fee, refer to their books, and can, if they choose, procure you an early engagement. If the worthy to whom you have applied feels prepossessed in your favor, he will provide "a good berth," that is, work and wages for six weeks at a convenient distance. When the first engagement is concluded, he will find you another within easy reach. Thus you may be moved from Birmingham to Manchester, or from Edinburgh to Glasgow; whereas, if you fail to give satisfaction, you may be shifted from Dublin to London, perhaps from thence to Hull, and back again.

Should you chance to offend an agent by taking any other situation than the one offered, he will effectually bank your intentions by communicating with the manager who has engaged you, and dropping a few hints to your prejudice. "So-and-so may be well enough in his way, but I could provide you with a better artist at considerably lower terms." A manager seldom cares to offend an agent, lest, when he is anxious to procure fresh talent, and has a difficulty in finding it, the great man should withdraw his assistance. Accordingly, you may find yourself dismissed at the end of a week for some fault of which you are perfectly unconscious. On applying to the agent, and stating your grievance, he will simply answer: "You chose your own road; now keep to it;" and it is not necessary to insist that unless you are backed by one of the fraternity, your chances of success are hardly worth considering.

In conclusion, we must draw a distinction between the leading music-hall agents and the unconscionable rogues who, taking up their quarters at a public house, profess to be the media of communication with theatrical managers. We are acquainted with a gentleman of the former type, who feels that he has a position to maintain, and conducts his business in style. He has fitted up a front parlor as an office, and is rapidly making a fortune by procuring engagements for artists, in return for a booking fee of eighteenpence, and five per cent. on each week's earnings.

If you offend an agent, he will erase your name from his list, and then, as we have before remarked, "Woe betide you." If, on the other hand, you are bent on securing his good opinion, hand him a sovereign when required to deposit the preliminary fee, and say nothing about the change. The chances are that he will penetrate your motives, appreciate your delicacy, and pocket the eighteen and sixpence.

A certain comic singer of note, whose portrait is to be seen in most music-shops, commenced his career by playing utility parts and acting as a supernumerary in small country theatres. If he had talent it was not recognized, and the dramatic profession expressed no regret when he deserted the "boards" and took to singing at a low concert-hall in Liverpool. In process of time he was exalted to an establishment of higher pretensions, and, being lucky enough to scrape a little money together, laid it out in advertisements, and by degrees managed to puff himself into notice. Gifted with consummate assurance he procured a situation as clown at one of the leading West-end theatres. During the progress of a rehearsal the manager was led to suspect that his newly engaged "star" was not quite up to the mark. He was convinced ere long that he fell lamentably below it. He fretted in silence for a time, but at length yielding to his irritation, inquired sarcastically as to the clown's estimate of his own merits. The great luminary, in no wise disconcerted, briskly replied that he regarded himself as one of the most rising performers of the day. "Indeed!" returned the exasperated manager; "and if you want to know what *I* think, I believe you are a confounded impostor." However, the engagement had been contracted, and the provincial star filled his pockets. Some while after this he procured a situation at The Metropolitan, Edgeware road, and introduced a vulgar and senseless ditty that hit the taste of the populace, and is still to be heard on the barrel organs. From one step he advanced to another, and is now in receipt of about £30 a week.

A short while ago we came across two young men who had encountered in their pursuit of fame adventures deserving of record. After some months spent in playing utility parts at a theatre in the north, they found themselves suddenly thrown out of employment, and reduced to the necessity of "busking." By this term is denoted the condition of those who earn a precarious livelihood by giving entertainments, generally musical, at the bar or just outside the door of a public house. If the proprietor is generously disposed, he will reward the wanderers with a jug of beer, fancying that they attract customers, and either after or during the intervals of the performance they endeavor to collect money by appealing to the generosity of the audience.

Our two friends, who were living at the appalling rate of a pound of bread and half a pint of beer a day, and were endeavoring to journey to London, sought to recruit their finances in the manner described, but occasionally met with rebuffs that were particularly disheartening to those who had neither shelter for the night nor materials for a supper even of the most meagre description. On one occasion they entered a roadside inn, and endeavoring to find favor by addressing a worshipful company of "navvies" as "gentlemen," proposed giving some representations of the lark upon a penny whistle. The suggestion having been favorably received, the performance commenced, and ended amid tumultuous applause; encouraged by which, the hungry wayfarers proposed an imitation of the thrush. However, this was condemned as being merely the lark over again, and a representation of the blackbird gave such general dissatisfaction, being in fact a third edition of the "herald of the morn," that the luckless performers found themselves summarily, and not too courteously, shown out of doors.

However, necessity roused them to fresh exertions, and entering a second inn they proposed giving imitations of popular actors, stating that they were members of the dramatic profession out of an engagement

and journeying towards London, and that for some time past they had been performing at one of the principal theatres in the northern counties. The proposition gave pleasure, and affairs went on swimmingly so long as the representations were confined to "stars" at a distance, but an unfortunate attempt was made to imitate Mr. Charles Pitt, who had lately been travelling in the neighborhood, and a critical navvy exclaimed, "Noa, noa, I don't knaw 'bout t'other chaps, but darned if that be loike Charley Pitt;" so the unfortunates were expelled for the second time, and again found themselves penniless in the high road.

However, by some supernatural means they managed to reach Lond n, and procured an engagement at Lamb's, in Oxford street, where they worked a couple of "turns" a night, each performance lasting about half an hour, one being at the commencement, the other at the close of the evening, and received the extremely remunerative salary of fifteen shillings a week. It was at Lamb's that we made the acquaintance of these indefatigable aspirants to fame, and it was at the same popular place of amusement that we had an opportunity of witnessing their "unprecedentedly successful entertainment," which was of a nature thrilling and melodramatic. It had reference to the adventures of a Cockney, who, having emigrated to Australia, seized an early opportunity to wander into the "bush." Whilst there, he was attacked by a dog of a peculiar breed—one of the luckless duetists fantastically attired—and, having beaten it off, he was confronted by a furious bushranger, who, in the deep tragic accents of the penny stage, expressed a desire to become possessed of his personal property. As a matter of course, a terrific broad-sword combat ensued; but at the moment when the vanquished Cockney lay on the ground, and the robber was preparing to despatch him, a startled exclamation burst from that amiable gentleman, and, in quivering accents, he demanded his victim's name. On hearing it, he growled mysteriously, "It must be so," and proceeded to inquire, in tones deeper than before, "And had you not a father?" "I had." "Know you his whereabouts?" "Alas! he emigrated to Australia, wandered into the bush; we thought him dead. [Tremendous agitation on the part of the ruffian]. "It must be! Yes!—it is! My own, my long-lost boy!!!" [Embraces *ad libitum* and *exeunt* amid tumultuous applause].

The duologue duetists were anxious that we should purchase the copyright of their entertainment for half a crown! We declined the offer, but gave a little spare cash to the performers, who then, feeling that there was an occasion to be improved, indulged in a lengthy dissertation regarding their late trials, and the impossibility of gaining a satisfactory footing in London. Considering the utter want of talent on either side, this last conviction failed to inspire us with an extraordinary degree of astonishment. The heavier of the two "heavy" gentlemen then complained of the condition of his wardrobe, and hinted that, if we had any cast-off garments, they would prove eminently serviceable and welcome. He then proceeded to inform us that the whole of his own and his friend's misfortunes were attributable to the fact of his having "gone mad" when on a provincial tour, a circumstance that resulted in the utter break-down of the entertainment, though he felt convinced that, with a little management, it might be made an extremely payable concern, and, in fact even then he was looking forward to an engagement at Belfast—a nice little trip, from London to Belfast!—where he and his friend were sure to earn between three and four pounds a week, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

What became of the two duetists, we have never been able to learn, but a couple of gentlemen resembling them in many particulars are still to be seen in a shady nook near the bar at the end of the hall, where they converse confidentially regarding their prospects, and from time to time, turn their heads towards the stage, either for the purpose of taking hints, or condemning the performance as inferior to their own.

Young girls toiling in the provinces lead but a sorry existence, and during the winter months it is no joke having to plod through snow and sleet from wretched lodgings to the cold hall and back again. They are usually engaged to sing a couple of "turns," one early in the evening, the other late. During the interval they are perhaps sent to "the front," *i. e.*, amongst the audience, and it is an understood thing that if drink be offered, it must not be refused. No matter if vice be encouraged, it is "for the good of the house." The second "turn" is frequently a failure, and for obvious reasons. But the proprietor has lost nothing, and if his victim didn't drink, she wouldn't long keep her engagement. Poor girls! in a year or two their voices are completely cracked, and they have no resource but the workhouse or the streets. It is not one girl in ten that can stand the ordeal of life in the country. It is consolatory to reflect that in leading establishments such as the Oxford and Alhambra, proceedings of the kind we have referred to would be quite without precedent.

With regard to the origin of the various performers, they have as a rule sprung from the stage or the "saw-dust;" their fathers have been strolling actors, clowns, harlequins, acrobats, etc. We could name some clever gymnasts now in receipt of good salaries who formerly earned a livelihood by wandering from town to town, or from village to village, and performing in the London streets. Some of the best acrobats are foreigners, and the high-sounding Italian names in the programmes are not always fictitious.

In halls where there are musical selections, the leading tenors and soprani are generally broken-down members of English or Italian opera companies. The exertion of singing in a selection is comparatively small, the vocal powers are not severely taxed, and though the position is hardly one of *éclat*, it brings in between five and six pounds a week. A lady, once a "star" of some magnitude at the Italian Opera, condescended to take an engagement at Day's concert-room, in Birmingham. A leading tenor at one of the principle London music-halls held a post of honor at Covent Garden Theatre.

At leading establishments it is usual to employ one or two really excellent singers to maintain the reputation of the house, and a gentleman or lady in such a position is able to earn from fifteen to twenty pounds a week. The great advantage of a situation of this kind is that the performer has a regular salary to depend upon, whereas if he aimed at a more dignified position, say as a member of a travelling opera company, or an attendant at concerts, his earnings, though they might be in some instances large, would, as a rule, be extremely precarious.

The chairman at a music-hall is generally a "professional." He may have been the principal basso, or the pianist. He announces the titles of the different pieces, and if a disturbance occurs, he is supposed to exert himself in endeavoring to quell it. He must be a man who can face an audience, and if there is a delay in the arrival of any performer, he is sometimes required to "take a turn." His salary may vary from a couple of pounds to fifty shillings a week.

At good halls it is usual to hold a lady or gentleman in reserve, to supply an unlooked-for hiatus in the performance, and the occupants of such a post earn a weekly salary of from thirty-five shillings to a couple of pounds. The attendants at a music hall are usually old soldiers, or policemen who have been tempted from the "force," by the prospect of higher wages. They are men of sober and respectable character, rarely, if ever, broken-down members of the theatrical profession.

ARTHUR OGILVY.

Music Among the Chinese.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

It is claimed for the Chinese by T. Taylor Meadows that they are "the best misunderstood people in the world," in which he is not far from right. Your issue of April 18 contains an illustration of this, in the (selected) communication "received from a gentleman in Hong Kong," concerning the musical powers of the Chinese.

The writer "believes his to be the first attempt to teach the reading of music to this wonderful people," whereas in the mission schools of the Episcopal church at Shanghai it was taught many years ago, both to boys and girls, and with complete success; so much so, that not only was singing by the notes of our ordinary European notation practised, but Chinese organists performed in both the school and mission chapels.

Our Presbyterian friends at Ningpo did much the same thing; and as long as 1858 they even went so far as to publish a psalm-book of some two hundred and fifty tunes, with specimens to the same "tonic-sol-fa method." How long before this the Roman Catholic missionaries had taught their students I cannot say; but I can vouch for the fact that some very elaborate mass-music was sung by Chinese choristers in the cathedral at Shanghai, accompanied by an organ made with bamboo pipes.

Another unfortunate statement of "the gentleman in Hong Kong" is that "the Chinese themselves have no tunes and no idea of music." Almost any book on China contradicts this mistake—Barrow, Du Halde, Des Guines or Williams; and Doolittle gives us an account of the existence of social musical clubs for practice among Chinese youths.

The fact is that music as a study, has existed and been held in very high esteem among them for at least twenty-two hundred years. Confucius cultivated it (about 500 B.C.), and found analogies between the relations of the three principal strings of the *Kiung* and those of the ruler, the minister and the people of a country; so that these names were given to the strings to designate them, and the great sage declared that he who could harmonize upon the *Kiung* could rule over the empire. So much for the Chinese having no music.

As to the assertion that they "have no tunes," this is one of the strangest of the many strange statements made concerning that much-misrepresented people. Why, the empire is full of tunes, and very tuneful they are, after their fashion—which fashion is not ours, however, but more nearly that of the older Scotch minstrelsy. Let any one listen to the old tune of "Farewell to Lochaber," performed (as it often is) by a regimental fifer, and he will get a very good idea of the general "style" of Chinese music. Indeed, the common fife—without keys—gives the Chinese musical scale very nearly; the difference between it and our diatonic scale being that the semitones are not distributed as with us, nor do the intervals coincide exactly with ours; that is, while the first, fourth, fifth and octave correspond with ours, the second, sixth and seventh do not. But they have, and they use, the eight intervals, though the fourth and seventh (as in some Scotch tunes, for instance "Roy's Wife,") are often not brought in.

Again: our "gentleman in Hong Kong, who is engaged in teaching a tonic sol-fa singing-class there," says their instruments can produce but two or three tones. Now, if any of your readers will take the trouble of calling at Carhart & Needham's in Twenty-third street, they can see some Chinese musical instruments (which have a compass from E flat (first line and treble) to A flat in *alto*; and an examination of the accompanying specimen (which I took the trouble to reduce from the Chinese notation to our own), will show that they write for two notes beyond that range.

In short, they have an *exceedingly elaborate* system of musical notation, and a great fondness for what is called amongst us "the opera"—excepting the ballet parts, which their ideas of decorum lead them to distase.

At a polite entertainment the guests have handed to them an ivory tablet, with the names of some of their classical "operas"—so to call them—and a selection is made for the orchestra, which proceeds at once to go through some composition that may consume an hour or two in the performing; the musicians sometimes playing, sometimes singing, according to the exigencies of the occasion.

It was the desire of finding what music the Chinese might have among them capable of adaptation to the purposes of Christian psalmody, that led me to study the subject during my many years' residence at Shanghai; but I found nothing susceptible of such adaptation except a few strains from the Buddhist litanies, which bore a strong resemblance to some of the ruder forms of the Gregorian (or Ambrosian) chant.

I have trespassed too long on your columns; let my excuse be the desire of correcting that cluster of mistakes to be found in the extract on "the Musical Powers of the Chinese." They would naturally have the effect of adding to the already extreme and very foolish disparagement of a people the most numerous on the face of the globe, and one whose civilization is altogether the best the world has ever seen, apart from Christianity.

Allow me to mention a case in point both musically and nationally. While visiting with my family the beautiful temple-grounds near Hong-Chow—the Chinese terrestrial paradise—we formed the acquaintance of a mandarin of medium rank, whose wife had the manners which would have been recognized as those of a lady anywhere, and who himself was devotedly fond of music.

I had my melodeon with me (one of Prince's), and as a natural consequence Mr. Dzau and myself became quite intimate for the time being. Subsequently, he volunteered me a visit at Shanghai; and also sent a very handsome musical instrument as a present, together with some beautifully-written manuscript music.

I returned this visit some time afterward, taking my melodeon in the boat with me; and when arrived at the landing near his residence, he begged me to have the instrument carried up to the house, that the ladies of his family might (from behind their screen) "have the delight of hearing it."

I consented, and spent some time in accompanying him—in unison, of course—while he played his own instrument—a flute, I think. "Ah!" exclaimed he, in a moment of ecstasy at the success of our performance, "if only our two countries could harmonize like our instruments—what happiness!"

I have heard less enlightened and benevolent wishes expressed on this subject than that of my mu-

sical mandarin friend, especially among the Christian ladies and gentlemen of California.

I remain, yours respectfully,

EDWARD W. SYLE.

Rectory, Pelham, N. Y.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The 20th and last Gewandhaus Concert occurred on the 4th of April and opened with Beethoven's festival Overture in C, op. 124. Fräulein Bettelheim, Contralto, from Vienna, sang an aria from Gluck's *Ezio*, Schubert's "At the grave of Anselmo," "*Aufenthalt*," &c. The second part consisted of Gade's last large work, his Cantata "The Crusaders."

In the 20 concerts, besides two for charity, the following works have been performed:

Symphonies: 5 by Beethoven (Nos. 3, 5, 7, 8, 9,—precisely the same as in our Boston Symphony Concerts); 2 by Mendelssohn ("Scotch" and "Italian"); 2 by Gade (B flat and C minor); 2 by Schumann (B flat and D minor); one each by Mozart (D major, without Minuet), Haydn (G major), Rubinstein ("Ocean"), Naumann, Rheinberger ("Wallenstein").

Overtures: 3 by Cherubini (*Abencerages*, *Anacreon*, *Wasserträger*,—ditto again Boston!); 3 by Mendelssohn (*Athalia*, *Hebrides*, *Meeresstille*); 3 by Beethoven (*Leonore*, No. 2, *Fidelio*, and Op. 124); 2 by Schumann (*Genovera*, and Fest-overture on the *Rheinweinlied*); 2 by Weber (Euryanthe, Oberon); one each by Rossini ("Tell"), Gluck, (Iphigenia), Volkmann (Fest-overture), Jadassohn, Kalliwoda (Fest-overture), Wagner (Faust), Tausch.

Other orchestral pieces: Concerto for string instruments, two obbligato Violins and 'Cello, by Handel; Passacaglia and Toccata by Bach (instrumented by Esser); Entr' acte from Cherubini's *Medea*: *Suite* No. 2 (E minor) by F. Lachner; March from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth;" fragments of a Symphony by Schubert; Symphonic Fantasia by Ferd. Hiller; Adagio from Liszt's "Faust" Symphony; Rakoczy March from "*La Damnation de Faust*" by Berlioz; two Entr'acts from Schubert's "Rosamund;" Dances of blessed spirits and of Furies, from Gluck's *Orpheus*.

Choral Works: Mendelssohn's Hymn: "Hear my prayer"; Ensemble and chorus from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth;" Scenes from "Frithjof's Saga" by Max Bruch; Bridal Hymn by Hermann Zopff; *Ave Maria* by Carl Reinecke; Handel's oratorio "Esther": *Te Deum* by Rietz; "*Wächterlied*," by Fritz Gernsheim; Scenes from Schumann's "Genoveva"; Gade's "Crusaders."

Arias: 7 by Mozart; 5 by Handel; 2 by Rossini; one each by Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Spohr, Stradella, Randegger, Rossi, Marcello, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Rode (Variations), Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Boieldieu.

Songs (*Lieder*): 7 by Schumann; 6 by Schubert; 6 by Beethoven (*Liederkreis*); 2 by Kjerulf; one each by Handel, Pergolese, Haydn, Kirchner, Alabieff, Rubinstein, Brüll.—*Not one by Robert Franz!*

Instrumental Solos, with and without accompaniment: *Piano-forte:* 4 by Bach, 3 by Beethoven, 6 by Schumann, 4 by Liszt, 2 by Mendelssohn, 3 by Hiller, 2 by Hummel, 2 by Deffel, and one apiece by Mozart, Rameau, Kirnberger, Couperin, Handel, Scarlatti, Chopin, Kirchner, Weber.—*Violin:* 2 by Spohr, and one each by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Viotti, Vieuxtemps, Ernst, Rust, Paganini.—*Violoncello:* one by Davidoff.—*Oboe:* 2 by Schumann.—*Harp:* Parish Alvars, &c.

The solo pianists were: Mmes. Clara Schumann, Johnson-Gräver, Frl. Menter, and Herren Deffel, Reinecke, Ehrlich, Hiller, Tausig, Leitert; the violinists were: Mlles. Charlotte Dekner and Francisca Friese, Messrs. Brandt, David, Joachim, Wilhelmi, Haubold.

Of the above named compositions, 21 were produced in the Gewandhaus for the first time.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* closed the series on the 90th ult. A writer in the *Musical World* sums up thus:

There have been twenty-four concerts since the 6th October last, and at each of these some one or more works of importance have been presented. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* (twice), Haydn's *Tempest*, Macfarren's *Christmas*, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," were the principal large vocal works performed; while of symphonies all those of Beethoven, with the exception of the 9th, have been played, as well as the following:—Haydn—C minor (No. 9), D (No. 7); Mozart—C major (*Jupiter*); Schubert's B minor (unfinished); Mendelssohn—*Italian* and *Scotch* (so-called); Spohr—*Power* (*Conservation*) *of Sound*; Schumann—No. 1. B flat, 2. C major, 3. D minor; Gade—No. 1. C minor. Overtures and concertos of all the great masters have been given, and the following eminent instrumental soloists have at different times appeared: Mme. Arabella Goddard (twice), Mme. Schumann (twice), Mlle. Anna Mehlig, Miss Madeline Schiller, Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig Straus (twice), M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, M. Dannreuther, Herr Wilhelmj (twice), Herr Hartvigson, M. Oscar Beringer and Mr. Franklin Taylor. The sole drawback to the orchestra during the previous seasons—a deficiency of stringed instruments—having been remedied from the commencement of the series just closed, Mr. Manns was able to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting, and, thanks to his untiring energy and the constant opportunities for united practice, he has now under his control a band that may not only fairly challenge competition with any in England, but may take honorable rank with any of the great continental orchestras; and I believe that I not only express my own individual opinion, but also that of every connoisseur who has attended these concerts regularly, that such performances of great orchestral works have never before been heard in this country, and that it is not hyperbolical praise to say that they have been as near perfection as it is possible to attain. What, for instance, could be finer than the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven on Saturday last? From the first note of the bright, cheerful *allegro*, with which it opens, to the end of the final *allegretto*, every note had force and meaning, while the exquisitely reposeful *andante* and the wonderfully-real storm held all hearers spell-bound. I think, in truth, there were few in the room who would not have been delighted to hear the whole symphony again from beginning to end. It was hardly fair to Mr. Sullivan to place the selection from his MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, immediately after Beethoven's gigantic work; nevertheless, our clever young composer's music came well out of the ordeal, and pleased so thoroughly that one felt inclined to say, "If so much why no more?"—and failing the "more," the audience asked for (and obtained) a repetition of the song, "Love will be master," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, whose thoroughly sympathetic and musical voice is always sure to win.

Herr Straus was warmly and deservedly applauded for his violin solo, *adagio* and *rondo* from Vieuxtemps' concerto in F sharp minor (No. 2); and that Mlle. Enequist and M. De Fontanier further contributed to the vocal portion of the programme, which opened with Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*, and closed with Schumann's overture to *Manfred*.

The MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, discouraged by want of patronage, as well as by the untimely death of its conductor, Alfred Mellon, has dissolved.

ORATORIOS. During the last weeks of April the National Choral Society performed *Elijah* (with Santley, Mme. Suchet-Champin, Miss Lucy Franklin and Mr. Leigh Wilson; Mr. Martin conducting), and *The Messiah* (Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Kedge and Mr. L. Thomas). On the 1st of May, Mr. Martin was to conduct a Choral Festival of 5,000 voices at the Crystal Palace.—The Sacred Harmonic Society has given its thirty-fifth annual Passion-week performance of the *Messiah* (Mmes Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Reeves and Santley), and a second performance of Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia*, followed by Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The third concert attracted a larger audience to the Hanover Square Rooms. The two symphonies were Schumann in D minor (No. 2) and Mendelssohn in A major (the "Italian"). The last was so familiar to the members of the orchestra as to present little, if any difficulty to the new conductor; but the first was a very different matter, and Mr. Cusins may be congratulated on the talent and readiness with which he acquitted himself of the task of directing its performance. Both symphonies were played with remarkable spirit; and those who find amusement in balancing and comparing the respective merits of Schumann and Mendelssohn had a fair opportunity of indulging their peculiar taste. The great majority of the Philharmonic audience, if applause may be accepted as criterion, were for Mendelssohn. The overtures were Beethoven's magnificent *Egmont*, and the *Ruler of the Spirits* (*Ruberzahl*)—perhaps, after *Der Freischütz*, and not forgetting *Oberon* or *Euryanthe*, Weber's very finest dramatic prelude. The concerto was Beethoven's No. 4 (in G) for pianoforte, played with splendid energy by Mme. Schumann, and though not accompanied by the orchestra throughout with such uniform carefulness as might have been desirable, received with unanimous marks of satisfaction at the end. The singers were Mlles. Enequist and Drasdil, soprano and contralto. Mlle. Enequist selected for solo the great and trying recitative and air of Donna Anna, from the last act of *Don Giovanni*, and sang it in so artistic a manner as to justify her choice. Mlle. Drasdil, who has a voice, the quality of which stands in no need of effort to reveal, chose the sombre "Spirit song" of Haydn; and the two ladies together gave the long and showy duet, "Serbami ognor," from Rossini's *Semiramide*.

MADAME SCHUMANN has given two "Piano forte Recitals" at St. James's Hall, interesting if only on account of the specimens of her late husband's music which were included in the programmes, and which she played as perfectly as any music could be played, and with no less enthusiasm than technical ability. These comprise the *Arabesque* (Op. 18), which had already been applauded at the Monday Popular Concerts; the "*Carnaval*," or *Scènes Mignonnes* (Op. 9), an attempt on the part of Schumann at the humoresque in music, with which Mr. Charles Hallé was among the first to make English amateurs familiar (at *his* "Recitals"); the *Etudes en forme de Variations* (Op. 13—dedicated to William Sterndale Bennett), Mme. Schumann's own admirable performance of which at the Monday Popular Concerts, in 1865, is still remembered; two canons from the *Studien für den Pedalflügel* (Op. 95); and several vocal pieces, confided at the first "Recital" to Mlle. Bramer, and at the second to Mme. Sainton-Dolby. All these afforded deep gratification to the admirers of Schumann's compositions—among the instrumental specimens more particularly, the two canons, and among the songs "Frühlingsnacht" (Mlle. Bramer) and "Moonlight" (Mme. Sainton), each of which was asked for again. Mme. Schumann also played the *Sonata Appassionata* and the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven; solo pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Henselt, and, with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's great sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violoncello. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr Zerbini. Though not crowded, both "Recitals" were well attended. Mme. Schumann now leaves London, after her third, and by no means least successful, visit. She must be aware by this time, that those who told her she would meet only enemies might have more honestly told her she would meet only friends.—*Mus. World.*

MR. HALLÉ'S RECITALS. During his forthcoming series of "Piano-forte Recitals" Mr. Hallé is to play at each recital a solo sonata by Schubert, and one of the duets for piano and violoncello of Beethoven or Mendelssohn.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, APRIL 12. Since the date of my last letter there is very little to record. *Don Carlos* is still running at the Italian Opera and *Romeo and Juliet* (Gounod's last) is still *un*-produced; the regular musical season here is now drawing rapidly to a close, and there would soon be a complete dearth of musical news, were it not that a sort of supplementary season commences at Easter this year by reason of the crowds of people who are here to attend the Exposition.

The said Exposition is as yet very incomplete, and will not be in absolute working order before May 1st; however, there is even now much to interest the visi-

tor, and the sensation which our American Grand Pianos are producing here is something positively amazing. Those manufactured upon the European plan of construction are vastly superior to any which are made here, while those gotten up upon the New American system have excited the wonder and admiration of the jury, the piano forte makers and of the general public. The three leading manufacturers, Erard, Pleyel, and Herz, have expressed their delight and surprise at these new products of American industry and skill, and M Erard has requested permission to adopt the salient points of the new system. America has truly inaugurated a new era in piano forte making. The Erard and Pleyel pianos are, without doubt, fine instruments, but there is lacking in them that volume and richness of tone which one finds in the American grands.

The Cabinet Organs, also, of Mason & Hamlin are well spoken of, and are regarded as surprising proofs of the superiority of American machinery, it being a well known fact that the European Cabinet Organs are all made by hand.

At the Atheneé was given, on Friday evening last, an orchestral concert under the direction of the omnipresent Pasdeloup. For programme we had: 1st Symphony, C major, Beethoven; Suite d'Orchestre, Massenet; Concerto for piano, Ravina, (played by the composer); and the "Ruy Blas" Overture by Mendelssohn. The Suite by Massenet was in the modern French style, all trombone, kettle-drum and triangle; the Concerto was well intended, but was quite weak and lacked unity; the Rondo (Finale) was mediocre, and resembled greatly a common polka with fiddles obbligato; the Symphony and Overture need no comment, they were most admirably played.

On Wednesday evening, April 10, a Quartet Concert occurred at the Salle Pleyel. For programme we had: Quartet, B flat major, (piano), Weber; Quintet, C major, Op. 29, (strings), Beethoven; Sonata, (piano and violoncello) D major, op. 58, Mendelssohn; and Trio, E flat major, (strings) Mozart. The Mendelssohn Sonata was the feature of the evening, and was really well played by Mme. Massart and M. Jacquard; the Allegretto Scherzando (2d movement) produced a marked effect.

Patti is still singing here. Laura Harris and Jenny Kempton are also here. Harry Sanderson will be here in August. Joachim appears at a concert here on Friday evening, April 19th. The Congressional agitation on the subject of wearing or not wearing court suits at court presentations is creating much difficulty here. Americans generally hail the Senate resolutions as a step in the right direction, and as soon as formal instructions shall have been received by our ministers here and at other courts, there will be a large delegation of black coated and white necktied gentlemen at future diplomatic receptions, dinners, balls, and the like.

The weather here is really abominable. Since the 22d of March there has absolutely been but one day when it was possible to be in the streets for an hour without raising an umbrella. This is April weather, and reminds one forcibly and unpleasantly of the same in America. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1867.

Robert Franz.

The most unique, perhaps the most beautiful concert of our year occurred, unannounced and private, at the Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, May 3. Nearly four hundred admirers of the most original song composer of our times, feeling a debt of gratitude to him for many of the sweetest inspirations and much of the finest culture of their lives, and touched by the report of his increasing deafness and his straitened means in consequence, eagerly took the tickets —say rather the (five dollar) shares in this testimonial of respect and sympathy for Robert Franz. It was meant simply as a gift, the gift of friendship—such songs make their author many friends, in a near sense, though these may never see his face nor hear his voice—the coupling of a Concert with the act was only to give it grace, give as it were musical expression to the common feeling. The offering was further swelled by several contributions of a hundred dollars each (one of them from the Orpheus Club), and, as the expenses were trifling, the sum of about $2 000 was the gratifying net result. Not a few held tickets who renounced the pleasure of attendance, knowing too well that the concert room could not hold all.

It was an act worthy of our music-loving city. The prime movers were: first, that intimate friend of Franz, and kindred spirit, who introduced the songs here fifteen years ago, and who by the earnestness of his convictions about them and his rare power of playing their peculiar accompaniments has done so much to make them more known and appreciated here than in any city—even of Germany till very lately—Otto Dresel—wherever *he* goes the songs of Franz are sure to take root; then Mr. Kreissmann, who for years has so identified himself with these songs by his admirable singing of them; these, and those other classical pianists, Lang and Leonhard and Parker, always ready at the call of Franz or Bach (two names which here have grown to be almost inseparable). These were the managers, and the programme was as choice as they could make it.

Cantata, "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben." 1st movt. ..... J. S. Bach.
Concerto for three Pianos, C major (accompaniments arranged for a fourth). ..... J. S. Bach.
Alto Aria, "Wohl euch, ihr auserwählten Seelen".. Bach.
Song, "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome," op. 13...R. Franz.
Songs, a. "Nun holt mir eine Kanne Wein," Robert Burns, op. 1. ..... } R. Franz.
b. "Wie sehr ich Dein," op 13. ..... }
c. "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube." op 34 }
Two-Part Songs. a. "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär." Schumann.
b. "Im Aehrenfeld." .... .Mendelssohn.
Overture. "Melusina". ....Mendelssohn.
Songs. a. Supplication, "Weil auf mir, op 9. } R. Franz.
b. May Song, "Zwischen Weizen und Korn, op, 33. ..... }
Quartet from Fidelio. ..... Beethoven.
Songs. a. Die Lotosblume, op. 25. ..... }
b. Aufbruch, op. 35 ..... } Robert Franz.
c. Abends, op. 16. ..... }
d. Im Sommer, op. 16 ..... }
Overture, "In the Highlands". ..... Gade.

Choice selections, and in very able hands. Four excellent singers (Mrs. Harwood, soprano, Mrs. J. S. Cary, contralto, Mr. Kreissmann, tenor, Mr. Schraudstaedter, bass); the four pianists above mentioned, with four fine Chickering Grands—these were the interpreters. And all went to a charm; at least such was the sense of the delighted audience. The piece from the Bach Cantata—a sort of harmonized Choral, serious and serene, snatches of song between long pauses filled by instrumental symphony, was sung by the four voices, and the accompaniments were played on the four pianos from the full score, one taking flute and oboe parts, another violins, &c. Bach's thought was reproduced thus in its integrity, and the effect was extremely beautiful and novel. The commingling of the characteristic figures kept up by the several instruments, light and delicate and cheerful, was like a grove full of birds, especially in the long prelude, and seemed to tell how cheerful is the prelude in a Christian's thoughts to the great change.

The triple Concerto in C was played as it was some three years ago by the same artists in one or two of Mr. Dresel's Concerts, he representing the string accompaniments on a fourth piano. It was like bathing in fresh, exhaustless floods of melody, commingling currents setting in from all directions. The four keyboards seemed to be of one instrument, and the eight hands moved with one will; it was healthy, sure, serene old Bach that played to us! The Alto aria is one from the sets of nine for each kind of voice which Franz arranged from the score of various Bach Cantatas, Masses, &c., and is the first of the series reprinted here by Ditson to English words: "Well done, ye good and faithful servants." The broad, sustained melody, rich and tender and devout, was admirably sung by Mrs. Cary, who gave herself up simply to the spirit of the heart-felt, noble music. This too was accompanied on four pianos; and this ended the Bach portion,—the musical foundation (so to say) of Robert Franz.

The happiest possible transition to his own endless, almost Shakspearian variety of fresh new Songs in every mood, was that very simple, perfect one, so rich and solemn, so poetic, which reflects the images of Heine's serious love song as clearly as "the Rhine, the holy stream" itself, in rich sunset glow, reflects the old cathedral that contains the picture of Madonna, surrounded by "flowers and angels" and in which the poet sees "the eyes, the lips, the cheeks" of his beloved. This too Mrs. Cary sang with chaste and exquisite expression.

And now the Franz songs were poured out in profusion and variety. The next group of three and the four before the end were sung with genuine fervor, in his best voice, inspiringly, by Mr. Kreissmann. "*Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge,*" and the witching, arch little May Song of Goethe, were sung by Mrs. Harwood, completely carrying her audience away, and she was obliged to raise the enthusiasm to a yet higher pitch by giving the breezy, sunshiny, rapturous "*Im Wald, im Wald.*"

The pieces from other composers, thrown in for relief, were all greatly relished. The two-part songs, given with fine life and delicacy by the two ladies, were delicious; and the *Fidelio* Quartet: "*Mir ist so wunderbar,*" accompanied by Dresel and Leonhard, hardly escaped an encore. The Overtures were played on two pianos by eight hands,—full, singularly clear reproductions, in all save color, of the orchestral score. The "Melusina" was familiar; that by Gade proved a delightful new acquaintance.

We fancy this report from Boston will pleasantly startle the quaint old German town of Halle (Handel's birthplace), where Franz works and sings, unworldly and retired as the old Leipzig Cantor, not courting present fame or wealth, quietly abiding his time, rich in his family, his Muse and Bach—of whom he is, since Mendelssohn, the deepest reader and most quickening interpreter; his own fresh rills of Song, pure emanations of original genius, most modern of the modern, do not denote him more truly than this sympathy of his whole soul with Bach. Alas that he should be growing deaf! Ever since that fatal locomotive screamed in his ear (some sixteen years ago), all loud sounds, as of the full organ, have been unbearable to him, and, becoming insensible first to the highest tones of the scale, he has gone on losing tone by tone downward. This incapacitates him for the various Conductorships which have been his main stay, rather than the slender remuneration for his songs and Bach arrangements. May this our greeting, of Boston artists and art-lovers, cheer the noble Singer as his songs have many a time cheered us!

Mr. C. Henshaw Smith is the name of a young amateur pianist, organist also at Dr. Putnam's Church in Roxbury, to whom a very pleasant little complimentary Concert was given on Monday evening at Chickering's. It was meant as a Godspeed on his departure for San Francisco, where he proposes to make music his profession, principally as teacher. The part which the young man took in the concert (his first public effort, we believe) was modest, simply the piano part in that bright first Trio of Haydn (in G), which was a clear and facile, though not ripe performance, and his whole appearance was simple, gentlemanly and winning. At any rate he seem-

ed to have the sympathy of a large and refined audience. All the rest was done by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who played the first Allegro and Adagio from Beethoven's B-flat Quartet (op. 18) and Schubert's Quartet (posthumous) in D minor; and by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who sang, in admirable style, two capital selections. The first, however, "*Lascia ch'io pianga*," from Handel's *Rinaldo*, was better suited to her large, rich organ tones, than the song of the page: "*Voi che sapete*," in Mozart's *Figaro*, which we associate with voices of a lighter calibre. The Handel piece had to be repeated.

We must go back merely to record the matter—no room for the manner—of several concerts which we had to pass over in our last. And first,

Mr. J. C. D. PARKER's Vocal Club of amateurs sang on two successive Monday evenings to an invited company the following choice programme: Part I. *Salve Regina*, by Hauptmann; Slumber Song from Schumann's "Paradise and Peri" (Soprano Solo, Miss LORING, and chorus); Songs, Mrs. HARWOOD; Part-Songs: "Good Night," Schumann, and "Hunting Song," Mendelssohn; Spring-Fantasie (piano solo and quartet), by Gade. Part II. The *Walpurgis Night* (Eve of the First of May), by Mendelssohn—the solos by the Messrs. WINCH.

Mr. PERANO's Piano-forte Soirée of April 18 (his last concert for the season) offered: a Prelude and Fugue in D minor, by Mendelssohn; Schubert's great Sonata in B flat major (four movements); and the sixth *Partita* of Bach in E minor, (consisting of *Toccata*, *Allemande*, *Courante*, *Air*, *Sarabande*, *Gavotte* and *Gigue*);—all greatly relished, especially the last. Moreover the sweet singer of the German Opera, Mme. FRIEDERICI-HIMMER, sang "*Deh vieni*," from *Figaro*, Schumann's "*Du meine Seele*" and "Spring Night," and for an encore "The Wanderer," the last with remarkable power, and all with fine fervor, though some of the higher notes were almost *too* piercing for the small concert room.

Both of the new "Conservatories" have had Chamber Concerts, for their pupils chiefly. The "Boston Conservatory," at Chickering's, April 13, gave: Beethoven's E-flat Trio, op. 70, played by Messrs. EICHBERG, LEONHARD and H. SUCK; a couple of Franz Songs and Schubert's "Erl-king," sung by Mr KREISSMANN; Variations, from the 4th Beethoven Quartet (Messrs. EICHBERG, FORD, H. and A. SUCK); a Scherzo and Andante Spianato of Chopin (Mr. Leonhard); the Haydn Trio in G; and a harp piece by Miss MARIE HARTLEY. All, except the lady, are teachers in the institution.

The more mixed programme of the first Soirée of the "New England" rival was this:

Cabinet Organ and Piano, "Pensée Religieuse," Battman Song, Air with Variations, Rhode. Piano 1, Symphony, J S. Bach; 2, "On Wings of Song," (Transcribed by Mendelssohn). Liszt Song, "With Verdure Clad," Haydn Piano, "Lake Maloprae," Goldbeck. Duo for Harp and Piano. Six Preludes, J S Bach, with accomp. of second Piano by R Goldbeck Song, "L'Estasi," Arditi Piano, "Eulogy of Tears," (Trans. Schubert). Liszt. Cabinet Organ, Piano and Violin, Brisson: Fantasie on the "Pardon de Ploermel."

New Works on Music.

LETTER FROM A. W. THAYER.

Trieste, March, 1867.

DEAR DWIGHT,—I wish to call your attention to two volumes which are probably still unknown in the United States, as they have but recently appeared from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipzig.

The first, of about 500 pages, 8vo., by Dr. EDWARD KRUEGER, is "*System der Tonkunst*." I have often thought of the necessity of some epitome of musical science,—which would be a good basis for instruction in our colleges, when the divine science shall once find entrance there—and have made myself pretty familiarly acquainted with the productions of the press in that direction, from the catchpenny little volume of Fétis, years ago, on to the present time. Now, at length, I think the right book has come, and I can only hope that it will soon find a *competent* translator. Such a translator is one who not only is fully able to give the German again in English, but one who has knowledge sufficient io give examples from English and other composers well known with us, corresponding to those from German authors. Not that he should change the author's text, but that he should add in notes either in the margin or at the end of the chapters, that which would adapt the book specially to the use of American students.

It should be strictly a *text-book*. The instructor should be a man of wide-reaching knowledge in the history of music, as well as a thorough contrapuntist; so that the text-book might be but the skeleton of the body of science, which his classes should be enabled by him to master.

Of course the reading of common music at sight, some preliminary knowledge of harmony, and the simple rules of musical composition, should be required of the student before taking up the study of the system; just as a certain degree of knowledge upon other topics is required before the pupil is admitted into college.

It may be said that such a professor and such pupils are of "the things that are not." Perhaps so; but suppose such a professor should be sought.—How long before the demand would create a supply? And as to pupils, in my time we could have given such a professor a very respectable class in old Harvard. I will leave you to reflect upon and carry out these ideas, and turn for a moment to Dr. Krüger's book. The best idea I can give you of it will be by a glance at the table of contents.

A short philosophical introduction, then

Book I. Nature and Spirituality of tones.

1. Some remarks upon Art in general, and upon various Arts, and then, specially, Music.

2. Rhythm and Harmony,—what *is* Music.

3. Natural tones.—Consonance.—Dissonance.—Vibrations, peculiar phenomena, &c., &c., and thus we reach

4. The Scale.

Book II. Music as an Art. Here we have

1. Melody.—its genesis—analysis—Rhythm—Metre—Quantity.—Accent, &c., &c.

2. Musical Syntax—thirty pages of very rich and suggestive matter, but it will take too much space to continue to particularize.

Sixty pages upon Harmony follow, and twenty-two upon Rhythm.

Now comes the Doctrine of Forms:—

Variable forms,—as the Prelude, the Fantasia, Recitative, &c., &c.

Determinate forms,—the Song form, Simple Song, Air, Rondo, Variation, &c., and Accompaniment.

And so we come to

Counterpoint, Imitations, Canon, Fugue, and finally to the Motet, Cantata, Suite, Sonata, Symphony, Oratorio, Opera, with analytical remarks upon some of Handel's Oratorios and Mozart's Operas.

I need hardly speak of the abundant proofs of vast research which this work exhibits on every page, and of the clear logical progress of the author from simple tones to the grandeur of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* and the magnificence of *Don Juan*.

That this is not an A, B, C book for beginners you have already seen; that it is "meat for men of full age"—not "milk for babes"—is perhaps manifest. I shall be glad to hear hereafter the opinion of some of our cultivated German musicians upon it, for it is not to be doubted that a work like this will find some purchasers in the United States.

The other volume is: "*Gesammelte Aufsätze über Musik*" (Collected Articles upon Music), by OTTO JAHN. Of course every body, whose studies lead to that kind of knowledge, knows who Jahn is:—Professor at Bonn; the great archaeologist and philologist; the author of the great Biography of Mozart; one of those men whose stores of learning fill us with wonder, and whose capacity for labor, with astonishment. In addition to his philological studies in his youth and early manhood, he made a special study of music, both at Leipzig and in Berlin under Dehn, and fitted himself by profound contrapuntal study for his labors since in the field of musical history and criticism, as few, if any, of his contemporaries have done.

This volume contains the following articles:

1. Biographical Sketch of G. C. Apel, a great organist and composer for the German Protestant church.
2. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."
3. " "Elijah."
4. Wagner's "Tannhäuser."
5. Berlioz's "Condemnation of Faust"
6. "Lohengrin" (Wagner).
7. 33d Music festival of the Lower Rhine.
8. 34th " " " "
9. Mozart—paralipomenon.
10. "Leonore" or "Fidelio."
11. Beethoven im Malkasten.
12. Beethoven and the new Edition of his works

Of these Articles the 4th, 6th, and 12th are of very great interest; the two upon Wagner's operas altogether the best that have been written. They judge those works in the lights afforded by a fully competent knowledge of German literature (to criticize the texts) and of musical science, combined with *common sense*, an article which in general has sadly failed when Wagner's compositions have been the subject of discussion.

If "St. Paul" and Elijah" were not so well known with us, and had not already so often been the subjects of excellent articles, I should count these by Jahn as also of uncommon interest.

The volume is not large, only 337 pages; but it is "full of meat." I recommend it heartily to those who read German and care for this branch of literature.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK. Parepa and Peralta—the musical chime of the two names will be worth something to Maretzek another season; but now his season's done. "Angela Peralta" (says the New York *Musik Zeitung*) "is the name of a new prima donna who has appeared at the Academy of Music and brings the season to a close with a certain *eclat*. She comes from Mexico and Havana. Her voice, to be sure, is no longer young, but it has a certain *Schmelz*, to which one gladly yields himself. Moreover she sings with taste, understanding and correctness. She knows what she wants, and she never wants more than she can accomplish. She is a cultivated singer. We would gladly have availed ourselves of her earlier. With the exception of Parepa the lady singers of the Italian Opera have not been very attractive. Miss Kellogg, to be sure, is a clever artist; but there is a certain tiresome monotony in her performances. She has not made progress, and it would seem to be about time that she should appear before a foreign public; here she is such an *enfant gaté*, that she must in the end lose all earnestness in Art.

"Mme. Peralta has appeared three times: in the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, and *Lucia*. She seems fond of singing the Bellini operas; and as she does this with success, she earns at all events an honorable place among the singers of the day; for it presupposes far more artistic ability, to make Bellini's parts effective, than it does Verdi's."

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY celebrated its 25th Anniversary last Saturday evening by a concert at Steinway Hall. The noble orchestra of ninety, under BERGMANN, is said to have done its best; especially in Beethoven's C-minor Symphony (a reminiscence of the Society's first concert 25 years ago), and in Liszt's "*Les Preludes*." Of the rest the *Tribune* says:

The cantata of *Frithjoff's Saga*, a fine work by Max Bruch—the breath of the Norlands and the mystery of the Sagas running through its choral chapters—was sung at length by the Liederkranz, Mme. Rotter, Mr. Frederick Steins, and a tasteful tenor whose name does not appear on the bill, giving acceptable soli. The Liederkranz has never acquitted itself more ably, and it is seldom that choral performances are so deeply and delicately, and, at need, so vaguely and darkly shaded. The work must be heard many times before final judgment, and, of

course, it is the intention of the Society to repeat it often. The programme still further included a Concerto for two pianos, by Mozart, delightfully played by Mr. William Mason and Mr. Emile Guyon, and Weber's beautiful and inspiriting Jubilee Overture. There was, beside, an almost irrelevant but respectable oration by the Rev. Franklin Johnson, sandwiched between Beethoven and Mozart, and suffering to the extent of the contrast.

Mr. Harrison's "Grand Musical Festival" of a week, beginning June 3, is announced in full. Monday, the *Messiah*; Tuesday, *Hymn of Praise*, and a new *Forty-sixth Psalm*, written for the occasion by F. L. Ritter; Wednesday, *Creation*; Friday, *Elijah*. All the Oratorios to be conducted by Mr. Ritter. On Thursday, an Orchestral Concert: Beethoven's "celebrated" *Eroica* Symphony (Bergmann conductor), and Liszt's "*Les Preludes*" (Carl Rosa conductor). Saturday, Miscellaneous: Orchestra under Anschütz, Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band, and Drum Corps (!!). There is a long list of solo-singers, including Mme. Rosa, Mme. Ritter, Messrs. Castle, Simpson, Thomas, Campbell, &c. For pianists: Miss Gilbert, Mr. Pattison, Pease and Colby; solo violinists: Wenzel Kopta and Rosa; organists: Morgan and Conolly. Chorus (Harmonic Society) of 300 voices; Orchestra of 90.

Bangor, Me. We are pleased to learn that:

"A Choral Festival was held at Norombega Hall, commencing Tuesday, April 23d and continuing four days. The "Messiah" was given on Thursday evening, and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" closed the Festival on Friday evening. The soloists were Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. J. S. Cary, Mr. James Whitney and M. W. Whitney of this city. The instrumental assistance was The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mr. A. Stein, contra basso. The Chorus numbered two hundred voices. The Conductor was Mr. F. S. Davenport of Bangor. The chorus rehearsals were entirely devoted to Oratorio music, no Church music nor glee music being introduced. It was a great success and has done much for the cause of musical art in Maine."

This lifting of the old-fashioned psalm-singing and psalm-book selling "Convention" into an Oratorio Festival was, we understand, purely the enterprise of Mr. Davenport, and initiates a movement in a right direction. It is high time that the great musical gatherings in the large towns should use their powers and opportunities in studying and bringing out real masterworks of Art, instead of longer taking their turn at the old machines for grinding out trashy psalm-tunes by the thousand every year. Voices they have, and zeal; and even with imperfect instrumental means they may do much to bring the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn home to the people.

New London, Conn. Mr. Ralph Beecher Doane, organist of St. James Church, had a benefit concert on the 30th ult. at Lawrence Hall, which seems to have been a considerable event for that region. Two hundred persons went to it from Norwich on a special train. The Norwich *Bulletin* says:

The great feature of the concert was Mr. Petersilea's playing. In the first part of the programme he performed Thalberg's variations on a favorite air from "Elisir d'Amour," and subsequently an elaborate and brilliant composition by Chopin. These selections afforded a fine opportunity for the display of the strength, firmness and delicacy which are so happily combined in his style. He plays with great ease of manner, and with little apparent effort, and with a reserve of force which is equal to any demand of the score. Mr. Suck, violinist, gave to the "Ballads and Polonaise" by Vieuxtemps—a beautiful composition—an enthusiastic and graceful rendering, being well sustained in the accompaniment by Mr. Petersilea. He afterwards played the popular "Sounds from Home," and received an encore. Miss Loring appeared in an aria from "Wm. Tell," and in "Spring Time," a song by Fesca. She has a pure soprano voice and rendered her selections in good style. Miss Addie S. Ryan sang a cavatina from "Tancredi," and a song composed for her entitled "Many a Time and Oft." She is a contralto, has a highly cultivated voice, and a finished style. She was warmly received.

Mr. Doane sustained, with the exception above mentioned, the thankless and often unappreciated duty of accompanist. He however performed a solo, and took the second part in a duo with Mr. Petersilea. The fact that the concert was undertaken for his benefit, and the intense enthusiasm with which he entered into and arranged all the preliminary details, enlisted the interest of the audience in his behalf. He certainly labored most ambitiously to gain the public approval and he deserved it. His solo was an Andante and a Presto movement from Mendelssohn. His touch is not as crisp and vigorous as that of Mr. Petersilea, neither has his style that character, and in playing upon the same stage with that gentleman he exposed himself to a comparison which would not have been risked by anybody with less artistic enthusiasm and determination than himself. His touch is marked rather by delicacy and sprightliness than by precision and energy, by tenderness and expression rather than brilliancy—at least that was the impression gained from the not altogether favorable test of last evening. He is an artist of great promise, and we hope he will give us another hearing. It will be a friendly one. . . . We understand concerts are to be given by the same company in this city, Hartford, Saratoga, etc.

More Works of Mendelssohn. The long controversy between Mendelssohn's musical executors and his wholesale London admirers, who claim that all he ever wrote should see the light (even in spite of his own wishes while he lived), seems to be at last settled in favor of the latter. The London *Daily News* has the following:

"Our musical readers will learn with pleasure that the house of Messrs. Ewer will shortly publish some important works of Mendelssohn, which his executors have only just decided on allowing to appear. The first composition to be brought out will be the concert overture in C, known as the 'trumpet overture,' from the frequent recurrence of a characteristic passage for that instrument. This work was written in 1825, and was performed at the Dusseldorf musical festival in 1833, and two or three times by our Philharmonic Society, but was withheld from publication by Mendelssohn himself. The most important promise, however, is that of the production of Mendelssohn's great *Reformation Symphony*, in D minor, a work composed in 1830, in celebration of the German Reformation Festival. Mendelssohn wrote the *Reformation Symphony* during his stay in Rome, probably incited to the composition, as Mr. Benedict says in his memoir of the composer, 'by the sight of the monastery in which Martin Luther, whilst still an Augustine monk, had been resident.' As the work was the result of the same period that produced the materials for his Italian symphony, as Mendelssohn has said to have been much pleased with it at the time, and as he frequently played a transcript of it on the piano-forte to admiring hearers, among whom were some of the most eminent musicians of the day, it is fair to assume that this symphony, so long withheld, will prove a rich addition to the already published works of its composer. Others of his posthumous works are also promised for publication, comprising an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, besides some detached songs and piano-forte studies. In the present comparative dearth of creative musical genius, the prospect of the appearance of such art treasures is most welcome and gratifying, and it is to be hoped that their publication will lead the way to that of others of the many works of their composer which still remain in manuscript."

On Miss C. Laura Harris's appearance at the Italiens in Paris, in place of Mlle. Patti, ill, M. Escudier makes the following remarks in *La France Musicale*: "It is a deplorable system, that of producing on the stage of the Theatre Italien artists unknown or untried, whom the provinces could hardly support. Thus we had, a few days ago, the pain of hearing, in the "Sonnambula," in the stead of Mlle. Patti, who at two o'clock only in the day announced herself ill—probably on account of the unsatisfactory state of the treasury—an American Mlle. Harris, worthy at the most of figuring on the stage of the Bouffes-Parisiennes. Imagine a wee little girl of eighteen years, with a thread of thin voice, which rises, rises, like the continuous chirp of a grasshopper, without cause and without aim; a slight figure; a childish mien; and all this devoid of study, method, intelligence, or spirit; and you will have something of an idea of the new *Amina*."

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Thinking, ah! I'm fondly thinking. *C. A. White.* 30
A pleasing reminiscence of boyhood's years. Good music.

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Heart broken child. " " 30
Well written. The last a temperance song.

I'll forgive thee, "bye and bye." S'g. *Musgrave.* 30
Very well turned is the phrase, and nicely accompanied by the music.

Meet me early. Ballad. *Gugliemo.* 30
Either early or late, he was pleased to see her.

The Brook. (Wohin). "Maid of the Mill." *Schubert.* 40
One of the songs included in Schubert's "Cyclus," wherein the pretty maid figures in almost every one of about 20 songs. Very taking.

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Carousal. Paraphrase of "We won't go home till morning." *S. G. Pratt.* 60
A clever piece, in which the jovial songs of the topers, the groans from the "dead men" under the table, and the subsequent head-aches, are skilfully rendered into music.

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Very sweet. Moderately easy. Key of E flat

Don Juan. Fantasie brillante. *Leybach.* 1.00
Favorite melodies from the great opera, well arranged.

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Fine for learners.

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Brilliant arrangement of a Hungarian Mazurka.

Keller's Am. hymn. Trans. By *Grobe.* 50
In Grobe's well-known and useful style,

L' Jet d'Eau. (Drops of Water). *S. Smith.* 75
Arpeggios and runs in profusion, like diamond drops from the fountain.

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Shows Spindler's usual exquisite taste.

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Beautiful melody, finely arranged.

Alice Galop. *A. Jannotta.* 30
Alice's fingers may galop over this with great satisfaction.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 682. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 5.

Music in Vienna in the Year 1793.

Translated from Thayer's Life of Beethoven.

We begin with the musical Drama. The enthusiasm of Joseph II. for a German national Opera (to which we are indebted for Mozart's *Seraglio*), did not prove of long duration, and the Italian *opera buffa* regained its place in his affections. The newly engaged company were in a condition however to perform Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Juan*, as well as Salieri's *Axur*.

On the evening of the 13th of March, 1790, Leopold II. arrived in Vienna, to ascend the throne of his deceased brother; but for a while no change occurred in the court theatres. Before the 5th of July he had not entered any theatre, and the first opera which he attended was Salieri's *Axur* (Dec. 21), in the company of his guest, King Ferdinand of Naples. But when he had become sufficiently well settled on the Imperial throne, had succeeded in setting aside Joseph's numerous reforms, had brought the Turkish war to a close and happily got through with his various coronations, he turned his thoughts also to the theatre. "The Emperor had it in his mind," writes the actor Lange (Biography, p. 167) "to raise the stage to the highest pitch both in regard to the variety of plays and the splendor of each individually, and for that end he spared no expense. Singers of both sexes were enrolled for serious Italian Opera; and a company of dancers for a Ballet under the ballet master Mazarelli, was engaged." Salieri, although then but 41 years old, and enriched by the observation and experience of 20 years in the conducting of the opera, received gracious leave, according to Mosel, but, according to other and better authorities, directions, to withdraw from the Opera orchestra and confine himself to his duties as director of the sacred music in the court chapel, besides the composition of one opera yearly, should it be required. The Vienna *Zeitung* of Jan. 28, 1792, mentions the appointment of Joseph Weigl, Salieri's pupil and assistant, then 25 years old, as "Kapellmeister and Kompositeur at the Royal Imperial National Court Theatre, with 1000 florins salary." The title "Kompositeur" was an empty one; although already favorably known to the public, he was forbidden to write new operas for the court stage; for this end "famous masters" were to be drawn to Vienna. A first fruit of this new order of things was the performance of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* (Feb. 7, 1792), with which, and with good reason, Leopold was so enraptured, that he gave the performers a supper and ordered them back into the theatre to do the opera over again. It was one of the Emperor's last theatrical enjoyments; on the 1st of March he died, and his wife likewise on the 15th of May following. Accordingly the court theatres were closed for the greater part of the time from March 1 to May 24; and yet during the thirteen months, which ended with the 15th of December, Italian Opera had been given 180 times (134 times in the palace and 46 times in the Kärnthnerthor-theatre), the Ballet 163 times; so that, inasmuch as no innovations entered for the time being, there was an abundance for a young composer like Beethoven to hear and see in these branches of Art. All accounts agree, that the opera company at that time was of uncommon excellence, and their performance, with that of the distinguished orchestra, proved the value of the long experience, the refined taste, the indefatigable zeal and the profound knowledge of their last leader, Salieri. As Beethoven found the opera in the first week of November, 1792, so it remained during the next two years; exclusively Italian, but of the first rank.

Just at that time, by a special stroke of uncommonly good fortune, a smaller, private theatrical enterprise had been so successful, that after ten years it was able to build and occupy the best playhouse in Vienna, and for some time to surpass the royal theatre in the excellence and splendor of its operatic performances; we mean Schikaneder's *Theater auf der Wieden*. In the year 1793, to be sure, the company was weak, its house small, its performances bad enough.

* * * * *

Of Schikaneder and his company a writer of that time says: "The two theatres of any note (beside the court theatres) are that of Schikaneder on the Wieden, and that of Marinelli, or the so-called Casperl, in the Leopoldstadt. In both were given German plays and German operas. As regards decoration, costume and execution of the orchestra, there is plenty to see and hear in both theatres; so much the worse the sing-song and the acting there. As the Italian operas are performed so excellently in the court theatre, neither of the German theatres perhaps dares to translate and serve them up; on the contrary everything in these theatres is enchanted, full of magic; thus for example we have the Magic Flute, the Magic Ring, the Enchanted Arrow, the Magic Mirror, the Magic Crown, and more such wretched necromancy, the sight and hearing of which is enough to turn one inside out. Text and music dance their pitiful measures side by side—except the *Zauberflöte*—so that one does not know whether the poet sought to surpass the composer, or the composer the poet, in mere nonsense scribbling. To which add, that these miserable productions are still more miserably represented. Mozart's excellent music to the *Zauberflöte* is so murdered upon Schikaneder's stage, that you would fain run away for pity. Not a single singer, male or female, is to be heard there, who is above mediocrity in singing or in action. The same is the case with the German Opera in Marinelli's theatre; only he has two or three singing persons who are tolerable."

Schikaneder's Capellmester and composer was J. B. Henneberg; Marinelli's was Wenzel Müller, who had already opened the long series of his 227 light and popular compositions to texts of magic and broad farce.

Some two weeks after Beethoven's arrival in Vienna (Nov. 23), Schikaneder (falsely) announced the one hundredth performance of the "Magic Flute," an opera, whose success a few years later put his theatre upon an entirely new footing and brought Beethoven into a different relation to him than that of an ordinary visitor indulging his fondness for the comic, and (according to Seyfried) heartily enjoying the bad music that went with it.

The best dramatic composers of Vienna, not already named, must here have passing mention. Besides Cimarosa, who left Vienna a few months later, Beethoven found there Peter Dutillieu, a Frenchman by birth, but an Italian musician in culture and position; he was engaged as composer for the court theatre. His opera, *Il Trionfo d'amore*, had been performed there on the 14th of November, 1791, and his *Nannerina e Paldfino* had come upon the stage quite recently. Ignaz Umlauf, composer of *Die schöne Schusterin* and other once not unpopular operas, had the title of a Capellmeister and composer of the *German* court opera, and was Salieri's substitute as capellmeister in the church music of the court chapel. Franz Xaver Sussmayr, well known by his connection with Mozart, was just then writing for Schikaneder's stage; Schenk, for Marinelli's theatre, or for the private theatres of the nobility; and Paul Wranitzky, the first violinist and so-called music-director in the German court theatre, composer of the then famous *Oberon*, composed for the *Theater auf der Wieden*, exercised his very respectable talent both for Marinelli and for Schikaneder.

The Church Music of Vienna seems to have held a very low stand in the years 1792 3. Yet there were then in Vienna two composers, whose names are still important in the history of music, and who devoted themselves almost exclusively to this branch of the art: the court organist Albrechtsberger, who some months later, through the death of Leopold Hoffmann (March 17, 1793), became musical director at St. Stephen's church, and Joseph Eybler, some five years older than Beethoven, who had just become *Regens chori* in the Carmelite church, from which he was called two years later to a similar but better situation in the Scottish church.

Public concerts, in our present sense of the word, can scarcely be said to have existed at that time, and regular subscription concerts were rare. Mozart gave a series of them; but after his death there seems to have been no one in the musical world of great name enough to engage successfully in such a speculation. Single subscription concerts, given by virtuosos, and annual ones arranged by some of the best resident musicians in Vienna, of course occurred then, as they have done before and since. The only actual public concerts, properly so called, were the four annual performances in the Burg-theatre, two at Christmas time and two at Easter, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians. These concerts, principally arranged by Gassmann and Salieri, were never exclusive in their pro-

grammes: Oratorios, Symphonies, Cantatas, Concertos, everything that could increase their attraction, found acceptance. The stage was filled with the best musicians and singers of the capital, and the excellent orchestra was equally ready to accompany the playing of a Mozart or that of any infant phenomenon of the moment. Risbeck heard, ten years before, that the number of participants in orchestra and chorus upon some occasions reached 400; a statement which looks rather like exaggeration.

A very unusual, half private concert, also, was arranged in the year 1793. The reader of the biography of Mozart will remember, that he connected himself in 1782 with a certain Martin, to give a series of concerts during the morning hours in the hall of the Augarten, in which most of the performers were dilettanti, and for which the music was furnished from the library of the Vice-president von Kees. These concerts found such response, that they were renewed for several years; there were commonly twelve of them. "Even ladies of the highest nobility let themselves be heard. The auditorium was very brilliant, and all went on with such order and decorum, that every one according to his powers gladly contributed to the support of the institution. The entire proceeds of the small subscription went to defray expenses. Afterwards Hr. Rudolph undertook the direction." This man, then still young, and a good violin player, was director when Beethoven came to Vienna; and one could still see the unusual spectacle of princes and nobles putting themselves under his lead in the performance of orchestral music, before an audience of their own rank, at the unusual hours of from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning.

From the above it is clear, that Vienna promised no particular advantages to the young musician either in opera and church music or in public concerts. Other cities equalled Vienna in the first two regards, and London was at that time ahead in all, in the number, the variety and the magnificence of its concerts, as it is to-day. It was another field in which Vienna surpassed all competitors. As Gluck, twenty years before, following the impulse given by the French Rameau and the English Dr. Arne, had begun the great revolution in Opera music, which Mozart completed, so Haydn, building on the foundation of the Bachs and supported by Mozart, effected a new development of pure instrumental music, which was destined to reach its highest point through the genius and the boldness of the young man who was now his scholar. And as before, with Gluck, so now again Vienna was the arena of the contest and the victory; for a contest preceded, ere the victory was complete.

(To be continued).

Bach's Works.

(From "JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH; his Life and Writings. Adapted from the German of C. L. HILGENFELDT, with additions from other sources," as published in the London *Choir*).

(Continued from page 26).

Before proceeding in our specification of Bach's extant works, we shall take a survey of the various species of composition in use in his time, of which some are obsolete, or have received new appelations in more recent times.

We commence with the "Prelude," also called *Præambulum*, which in the time of Bach meant the introduction to a chorale or fugue, played on the organ or clavier, its chief aim being to enable the singers to pitch their note, and the instrumentalists to tune without creating disturbance. According to old Erhard Niedt, in his "Musical Guide," "the organist may regulate its length at his pleasure." "But," adds Mattheson, in his edition of the work, "I would rather have it as short as possible, especially when the master is not at home."

By the name of "Ouverture," was understood a somewhat longer composition for instruments. It was used as an introduction to a secular work, of a certain prescribed form, invented by the French. It usually commenced with a short, slow movement, which led into a quicker one. The latter was often treated like a fugue.

The "Sinfonia" commenced with an introductory movement of "short and powerful phrases of some twenty or twenty-four bars." This was followed by a movement of quicker tempo of some fifty or sixty bars, which, however, contained "Reprises." The conclusion was a still quicker movement.

The "Sonata," according to Niedt, was a sort of prelude played before the voices commenced. It consisted of an adagio, followed by an allegro, to which, at the beginning of the last century, some other movements were added *ad libitum*. It continued an independent piece until it was displaced by "Suites," and "Concerts," but remained on the organ and clavier.

The "Toccata," always for the organ or clavier, was of a larger form than the "Prelude," and intended to display brilliant execution. It was plentifully provided with shakes and imitative figures occupying the attention of both hands. It belongs to the now so-called "Concert Pieces."

We have next the "Fantasia," which was, in the first place, undoubtedly an extempore performance. The player was neither bound to the tempo nor the key, but roamed away according to his genius or whim, giving his ideas free course.

The "Capriccio," or, as it was called in the time of Bach, the "Caprice," was much akin to the fantasia. It chiefly required a little more ornament of figured or fugued passages.

The "Fugue," at first, was only a sort of prelude. It served chiefly as an introduction to a choral song, where it had to work out the two first "strophes" of the *canto fermo*. In Bach's time the fugue was a test of the ability of an artist as to his skill in counterpoint. To do this required technical knowledge, but little else. Bach, however, besides rendering his fugue with perfect technical skill, treated it æsthetically. A characteristic theme; a melody uninterrupted, and growing out of this theme; freedom, ease, and fluency, combined with inexhaustible richness of modulation; unity, and yet variety of style, and such life spread over the whole, that to the performer and hearer the tones appear to be those of spirits;—these are only a few of the qualities of Bach's art in this style.

The term "Invention," given to some of Bach's works, is an abbreviation of a title which runs thus—"A Sincere Guide, in which, to the amateurs of the Piano, is shown a clear way to perform in a pure style in two parts, and at the same time to receive good *Inventions*," &c. The contents of this work consist of short cantabile phrases, that by imitation or transposition may be worked out into whole pieces, so that the young composer is shown how to treat a musical idea, and is guided by the study of these phrases to musical *invention*.

We now arrive at the "Suite," an invention of the French for the clavier and other instruments. It consists of a succession of pieces in the style of the then usual dance melodies, namely, the Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, and in conclusion, a Gigue." This is the most useful grouping of the "Suite." Sometimes it is preceded by a prelude, and often it contained minuets, passepieds, burlesques, &c.

The "Allemande" is a kind of air in which the time is beaten in four, and slowly. It is said to have originated in Germany, but this is not certain.

The "Courante" is an antiquated French dance, written in three-two, or three-four time, and consisting of many running passages.

The "Sarabande," as the name indicates, originated in Spain. Its melody is in three-four time, of a slow and serious expression. It consists of sixteen bars, divided into two parts.

The "Gigue," at one time a favorite dance with the English and Spanish, is of a cheerful character, in six-eight, twelve-eight, and sometimes in three-eight time. It was used in the suite in the place of our modern scherzo.

The "Minuet," still in use, was originally a slow dance of two parts, each of eight or sixteen bars. It was so much liked during the last century, that it made its way into the modern sonata and symphony. Haydn has left us the best specimens of the modern minuet.

The "Passe-pied" is an antiquated French dance. It has been replaced by the more modern minuet, which is based upon the same rhythmical principles.

Of the peculiar dance movements of this period we must still mention two others—the "Ciaconna," or "Chaconne," and the "Passacaille," or "Passagaglia."

The first is a moderately quick movement in three-four time, of a pleasing and highly rhythmical character. It was a great favorite in Spain and Italy. Handel wrote a Ciaconna in G major, with sixty-two variations.

The "Passecaille" is like the former, but slower, and with a longing, tender melody. It is usually in the minor mode.

Towards the period of Bach's death the "Suites," in addition to the above-mentioned characteristic melodies, contained an allegro, an andante, and sometimes a presto movement. With this arrangement the "Suites" were called "Parthien." Afterwards these characteristic pieces were lost sight of, and from the "Parthien" came compositions of a series of melodious movements loosely combined, called "Divertissements." Next arose a new and important composition in a grander style and more strict character—the modern "Clavier Sonata."*

Apart from the "Parthien" are the "Partites," which arose about the middle of the seventeenth century. At first a short cantabile melody was chosen, and the "variations" were called "doubles." The harmony of the air remained unchanged, and the variation was limited to the melody, which was worked out and ornamented with all sorts of graces and bravura passages.

From the "Choral Partite" came the figured choral composition, of which we have so many specimens from the mighty hand of Bach.

(To be continued.)

Robert Franz.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE BY LISZT.

(Concluded from page 26).

After his return to his father's house, Franz was in a great dilemma. He had not as yet acquired any of those faculties which make a man pass current in the world. He could not and he would not any longer court a civic position, which would have made him the respectable five-hundredth wheel in the social machine of his country. He was determined, come what would, to remain a musician, since he already looked upon himself as such, and indeed as completely such. Meanwhile his best labors betrayed too much the groping scholar, and reached not that degree of clearness and effectiveness which the public requires. His shy, retiring nature was not fitted to seek satisfaction in the successes of salons and coteries, in affairs of love or business. He suffered without resistance under the calumnies to which such organizations are exposed, which, in their want of brilliant outward qualities, become shy of men, and often feel themselves robbed of their resources in the very moment when there is the most pressing necessity for making them apparent. Like Rousseau and Schiller, his thoughts came just as he left the house; or, as we heard him say himself, he usually thawed out when it was too late. His state of mind was aggravated by bitter remarks, which his friends and relations did not spare him when it was demonstrable that his musical studies so far had produced only neg-

* The first attempt at a "Clavier Sonata" was by Johann Kuhnau, Bach's predecessor at the St. Thomas' School, in 1695. It consists of three movements—an allegro, changing into a fugato; a simple adagio; and an allegro; after which the first movement is repeated. Kuhnau wrote seven more sonatas in the same year. Bach did not imitate them, preferring the freer form of the "Suite."

ative results, and that his career might, in the common way of viewing things, be called a failure. This situation became the more painful, since in Dessau he was affected by one of the most dangerous evils of every conservatoire: to wit, self-sufficiency. Too often any expressed distrust in his talent, in his future, only increased the inward reserve of his nature. Instead of growing more expansive in his family circle, he returned more and more back into himself, became more and more strengthened in his striving after independence of the opinions of others, more and more determined to rely solely on himself. It was for him a period full of conflict, suffering and doubt, full of toil and renunciation. It might have operated destructively upon him, for how hard it is to hold one's ground against so many opposing influences! But here it was a mother's tender sympathy, the womanly gift of intuition, lending such a sacred charm to the pure instinct of her love, that held him up and saved him—he who only needed some stay in a loving heart to raise the lever of his energy, his outward power.

About this time he first learned to know and to admire Sebastian Bach and Franz Schubert. While he became penetrated with the genius of these two, he gradually lost that self-sufficiency which he had brought with him from Dessau, and not much time passed before all the Dessau compositions were put aside. A close acquaintance with these masters, a continual reference to what they had done, and a comparison of it with his own sketches, operated depressingly upon his artistic consciousness, and nourished disheartening doubts in his own productive faculty. But he received them all the more deeply into his enthusiastic soul, into his ripening understanding. Singular example of sincere love for Art! By this means he escaped the petrifaction which might have ensued from an indefinite prolonging of the conflict between unappreciating friends and morbid self-reliance, which so easily degenerates into empty conceit.

Moreover, he now found in Halle that intellectual movement, that constant coming and going of ideas, that ebb and flow of the most various views, which he had lacked in Dessau. Even if the public musical life there was of slight importance, yet the university offered mighty elements of spiritual nourishment, such as one would have sought in vain at that time in any other part of Germany. One remembers the activity developed in the thinking youth of Halle then, which found its most remarkable expression in a periodical review, whose philosophical opinions made an epoch. Ruge and his followers had called forth a great activity in cultivated circles, which naturally began to pervade every sphere of intellectual life. If Franz did not immediately attach himself to the new ideas just germinating, if he did not disseminate them by speaking and by writing, still he exercised his analytic and sympathetic reflection upon all that there was noble and fruitful in these investigations of philosophic freedom. He quickly perceived that the artist must not limit his survey to the objects which he has to treat; that it must be injurious to him to remain a stranger to the atmosphere of ideas which surround him, and not consider his art as a part of the great whole, in the midst of which we live, identifying himself with the universal interests, newly quickened by the new inquiries.

The favorable influence which his participation in this intellectual struggle exercised upon him cannot be mistaken, and this moment thus became of such paramount importance for his life-purposes thereafter, as to regulate his whole relation to the world and to Art by a fixed rule. It may also be maintained that Franz became the musician whom we now admire, not through his studies in Dessau, but through the solitary period which he passed in Halle. Not that we would question the necessity and usefulness of the elementary notions acquired in the school of Schneider. They were as indispensible to him as his first gymnasium studies, without which he would not have been capable of following the philosophical debates, of which he was a dumb but eager witness. But Franz himself has told us that, had the stiffness, immoveableness, and narrowness of the Dessau principles remained unmodified and unexpanded in him, he would never have been Franz, would never have acquired the courage to assert his individuality, to hold himself not pledged to do as others had done, and let himself be taken in tow by famous authorities. He would have yielded to the cheap counsels which rained from the lips of would be patrons; for it is not always necessary to lie upon Job's dunghill to be like him surrounded by the empty speeches of friends. He would perhaps have lent an ear to those well-meant but ruinous insinuations, which continually point us to the success of others, urge us upon others' ways, without knowing whether we are able to walk upon them; for if the animal kingdom is divided into different classes, which live in different elements, much more so is it with independent talents; the organization of each one is too peculiarly constituted not to forfeit its own inborn originality and excellencies in the atmosphere of another. Franz became convinced of this truth, while he reflected upon Art in all its broad relations. Then, summoning up again the courage which he had lost through being long buried in Bach and Schubert, shaking off the yoke of old formulas, unlearning the false importance which attaches to certain secrets of the trade, when we take them for the highest initiation, he resolved to *seek his way*, and before all things to perfect his intellectual self. He saw that the form is a soft wax, in which the business is to impress our relief, and that the more finely the relief is cut, the better will the impress show itself. The form, which he had been told to look upon as the essential thing in Art, now lost forever in his eyes its unalterable character. He recognized all the idolatry of taking the image for the god, the means for the end, and of attaching more consequence to the quality of the wax than to the beauty of the object it should set before us. Thus he found himself in that right frame of mind, at once bold and modest, which hope incites and true self-knowledge keeps in bounds. From the moment when the form appeared to him only as the indispensable medium of the idea, he formulated to himself the impregnable position of the necessity of maintaining a beautiful equilibrium between form and thought, and of only giving expression to such thoughts as are worthy of a fair form.

Whoever has labored for long years to penetrate the close web of philosophical systems, in order to apply their consequences to the domain of Art, and whoever has succeeded in formulating the ideas thence derived in such high hearted, comprehensive, fruitful principles, must naturally feel a desire not only to communicate them, but to spread them, and in the consciousness that they contribute to the ennobling of Art, to win proselytes to his opinions. Franz sought them the more zealously, inasmuch as he had not yet wholly lifted himself out of that despondency into which he had been plunged by the conviction that he was incapable of production and not possessed of the necessary qualities for a composer. But this propagandist spirit drove him out of his retirement, and he saw himself all at once surrounded by a circle of young people, who to a certain artistic culture brought a lively enthusiasm for Art; and he formed the focus of a group which occupied itself especially with music, with its task in social life, its ethical mission and title. They were not content with making music, and decidedly good music; they busied themselves with drawing an æsthetic profit from it. Franz found more and more pleasure in these abstract intellectual exercises, which in the sequel he exerted himself to apply to his own works, in which he attained to a self criticism, such as is quite too seldom met among our artists, who either satisfy themselves with the expression of their feelings, without having tried them and refined them, or else take delight in rounded forms, forgetting to lend them a significance through feelings.

For six long years Franz felt no impulse to take pen in hand; he was occupied upon one task which the elders so often erroneously suppose completed at the gymnasium, and which in our time especially every creative artist must fulfil with love and conscientiousness. He strove for the enlargement of his circle of ideas, for the attainment of a higher standpoint, from which the whole relation of Art to the past and present of society may be surveyed: from which one may see how far Art has already fulfilled its mission, and what will be its problem for the future; from which one may learn to seize its starting point and to anticipate its goal. So long as a thinking artist is not clear in his own mind upon all these points, the wish to produce upon his own account must slumber in him. Above all there reigns in him a kind of insatiable curiosity, an incessant thirst, which study does not quench, but only the more violently kindle. The musical culture of our composer had nothing more to suffer during this period, while his mind was more occupied by generalizing thoughts than with special labors. He did not come to a stand-still in the admiration of Bach and Schubert, but he followed attentively the unfolding of the school which was at that time called the Romantic. In Leipzig the practical and literary efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann formed a circle full of life and motion round themselves, and the influence of their neighborhood extended soon to Halle. Frequent echoes carried there the tone of the capital and were eagerly caught up. Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Henselt, and other names at that time perhaps less highly placed, though often mentioned, excited sympathy and respect in Franz. He took up into himself all that he found in them that corresponded to him. To this work of assimilation with the works of his contemporaries, whose spirit answered to his own, and whose form bore the stamp of their time, he was especially indebted for the restoration to himself, for a less inexorable process of comparison, of judgment, as also for the need of burying himself again entirely in his own way of feeling, so as to let it appear freely in a work of Art; for the impulse to express himself, instead of tracing out in others' works what came near to his own moods of mind, as he had done in the last years.

But was this result due only to the various phases of the intellectual life? Must we not also recognize the influence of personal experiences in these conspicuous moments of his artistic career, by which we measure his direction? Can we realize the whole impression of his works without thinking of the colorings which were cast upon his soul, upon his imagination, by the prismatic light of golden hopes, of shining fortune, or the dark clouds of sad disenchantment, bitter gloom? The moment in which Franz felt himself newly urged to composition was not merely of importance in the history of the unfolding of his talent; it coincided with a moment of deep passion, which, seizing upon every fibre of his soul, excited the poetic chords to new vibrations. He loved, with all devotion, such as could germinate in his pure, noble nature. He dreamed of a happiness; softly its wings touched him, and then it flew away! This catastrophe of his inner fate determined his complete maturity. He broke away from all the inveiglements of uncertain wishes and uncertain hopes; pain steeled and concentrated his mind, and gave him that sacred fervor, that energy which leaves the soul all its freedom, so that it may confirm this freedom with its every power. With these newly awakened powers he felt himself called to take his place among the men of action, and to speak his own language in the name of his own inward inspiration. An impulse, whose authority he could not mistake, drew him to the lyrical, and particularly to the song form; for what he felt and thought most powerfully took this form involuntarily. Far from stopping to make choice of a kind, from weighing its external advantages and disadvantages, he began without once thinking of publicity, and only wrote to make an outlet to his overpowering feelings—*per sèipsi*. His close, uncommunicative habit made this mode of expressing himself doubly necessary to him. And now it was found that these long years of voluntary abstinence from all production had not only been no injury to him, but had helped to preserve all the freshness of his verve. His constant musical occupation had not allowed him to forget the secrets of the trade learned at school, while his persistent inward toil had been sufficient to free him from all chains of prejudice.

This time, too, as in so many other instances, it was the self-love of his friends, more active than his own, that determined him to publish his first works. Schumann, to whom he then stood nearest, led him before the musical world with that friendly recognition which affects us so pleasantly in his writings. Franz perceived that from this moment his relation to Art had entered upon a new stadium. It was no longer exclusively the point with him to satisfy himself in his compositions; his artistic productions must now learn to find limit and proportion in the views and feelings of others. Personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann and others, paved the way for him upon the side of self-examination and self-esteem. He entered deeper into reflection on himself and his relation to the public. The result of this reflection was the firm adherence to the path which he had entered, the clear conviction that only in this path could he become of use to Art, and, what is the same thing, to the world. With this resolution was coupled as a natural consequence a second: namely, never to write for the mere sake of writing, and still less from any motive of gain or vanity; but only when the inner voice, the longing after the ideal, the holy stimulus, which urges us to seek in Art the transfiguration of our noblest impulses, compelled him to it and made him sure of the inspiration, without which we can neither feel love for the beautiful nor find its fitting forms. And who will say that he has not been faithful to this noble vow? Who can find among his creations a single one which betrays other motives? So far from violating his vow, he exposed himself much more to another danger—that of a too great intensity of feeling, a too constant self-absorption, a too exclusive meditating upon his own inner consciousness. The alterations which he afterwards made, from sure and well-weighed reasons, in his compositions, are abundant proof that he soon saw and avoided this fault.

Now that he had fairly begun his career as a composer with merit and with honor, his outward life offered but little variety. He made a happy marriage, and found in the domestic hearth, adorned with gentle virtues, that clear, equal atmosphere which is

most favorable to intellectual labors. True, he found no lack of manifold local opposition and antipathy, which only serve to remind one of the proverb: "No one is a prophet in his own country." Every one who knows the narrow circle of ideas in a small city, will readily imagine that few understood the interest and the use which a musician found in occupations which had no connection with his speciality; for even in this year of grace 1855 there still exist good people who believe that artist and mechanic are one and the same thing, and that to become a good painter, sculptor, or musician, one has no need to seek for himself a wider horizon than that of the workshop, like the tailor and the shoemaker. Franz was accounted odd, original; nay, they went so far (and this is a characteristic trait, which we may find in many an artist's life, and may serve as one useless hint the more for pedantic blockheads in the age to come,) as to whisper into one another's ears that such an eccentricity of character could only proceed from a tendency to insanity! Certainly his greatest hindrance was the fact that he resided in the city where he had been born and brought up. The multitude will not forgive genius, that it unfolds itself with the chasteness of the plant, whose blossoming is slowly prepared, which opens its calyx to the lap of night, and then to the clear day, to our astonished eyes, displays the splendor of its full bloom. It vexes them that they have passed by a flower with closed petals, without divining its worth, its beauty, and they deny the same, in order to evade the painful feeling that they did not forsee it.

Thus years passed on. Franz found abroad the sympathy which he deserved, while his native land disputed note by note his merit. Only very slowly did another view break out a path for itself in the criticism of the men of Halle, so hard was it for them to treat with more respect this single man, so sparing of his words, whom they had been accustomed to regard as one of those fantastical, harmless, useless, visionary characters, upon whom the merchant, the bureaucrat, the industrial, the scholar, the soldier look down with an infinite *hauteur*, because they cannot comprehend why he is there, and still less why he looks down still more haughtily on them. The efforts of our master to expend his intellectual activity in his own little circle for the good of Art, won for him gradually the respect of his townsmen, as fast as his praises and his growing popularity abroad imposed silence on their prejudices. They even appointed him organist in one of the parochial churches, music director to the *Gesangverein*, music teacher at the University, and gave him the direction of the society concerts. In time, however, Franz may hardly be contented with the sphere of action offered in his native city. But however much is left for him to desire he must look with real confidence upon the musical nucleus collected around him, which has learned to distinguish commonplace products, manufactured in the routine of trade, from higher works of art inspired by true enthusiasm. This circle will expand from year to year, and form for him an intelligent, sympathetic, admiring and devoted public, such as seldom any one can claim with greater right than ROBERT FRANZ.

German Singing Clubs in New York.

(From the Evening Post).

THE LIEDERKRANZ.

The Deutsche Liederkranz, one of the most prosperous German clubs of the city, whose annual masked ball at the Academy of Music is one of the important events of the season to ball-goers, has its abiding place on Fourth street, two large dwellings having been turned into one building for its occupancy. On the basement floor are refreshment tables, billiard tables, a bowling alley, &c., and above are a reading room, parlors, reception rooms, ladies' parlors, and a hall of rehearsal eighty feet long, fifty feet wide and thirty-five feet high. At the front of the room is a banner about ten by fifteen feet, emblematic of the society.

The name Liederkranz signifies "a wreath of song," and the device painted on the banner is a large crown of laurels with ends united, and a Grecian lyre in the centre. A broad ribbon is twined round the wreath, on which are inscribed the names of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Weber, Handel, and other famous composers. On the right side is a banner on which is painted the figure of a woman, life size, representing the Spirit of Song, and on the left another representing the Spirit of Pleasure strewing flowers. Each banner is ornamented with appropriate inscriptions.

The Liederkranz has about nine hundred members, among whom are included ladies. Only a small part of this number, however, are active members. The chorus consists of sixty members, who rehearse in the large hall mentioned, and a chorus of forty ladies rehearse in a room on the second floor, and often take part in the musical exercises of the Liederkranz. The rehearsals in the large rooms are varied by dancing. The society has also an orchestra of amateur players numbering forty pieces. Tuesday and Thursday evenings are the regular occasions for rehearsal. The club is the soul of hospitality. No waiter is allowed to take an order from a guest. With its masquerade, its mid-summer-night festivals, which are held once or twice a year at some one of the larger gardens in Yorkville or Harlem, and which are exceedingly brilliant and select; its summer excursion to some pleasant country place; its regular concerts and private hops, it manages to furnish its members a comfortable amount of entertainment during the year. Its officers are: President, William Steinway; Secretary, F. Koch; Treasurer, George Nembach.

THE ARION.

The Arion is younger than the Liederkranz, and is thought to partake somewhat more of the energy of youth. There is between them a generous rivalry, which has the effect of rendering each club more vigorous and attractive. The Arion was organized in 1854 by thirteen gentlemen, who seceded from the Liederkranz, and immediately proceeded to establish a singing society on their own responsibility.

They have prospered greatly, and have now a fine chorus of forty-five voices, and about four hundred non-active members. Unlike the Liederkranz, the club has no female chorus. It has its quarters at the Germania Assembly Rooms, using the large ballroom for all special occasions.

The Arion gave its first annual masquerade in 1855 at the Chinese Assembly Rooms. The ball was given yearly at the same rooms until Irving Hall was built, when in 1861 and 1862 it was given at that place. In 1863 it was given at Niblo's. Since then the masquerade has been given at the Academy of Music, and from the first has never failed to be an immense success. From the first of January till the time of the ball, the Arion holds weekly or fortnightly carnival meetings at the Germania Assembly Rooms, which are exceedingly unique and entertaining. Each gentleman attending wears a fool's cap, and from among them a council of fools is chosen. A band furnishes music, and the ladies and gentlemen sip their wine as the exercises proceed. The walls are hung with grotesque pictures bearing sarcastic reference to public men and public events, and every odd design for amusement and surprise is adopted. The council of fools direct the exercises.

The platform for speakers last year represented an old woman holding a tub, and the speakers stood in the tub; this year it represented a huge meerschaum, the speaker standing in the pipe. From these extraordinary forums they fulminate jokes against all peoples and things under the sun, from the President to the Chief of Police. For, though the greater number of the members of the Arion are ardent Republicans, they are, as might be surmised, not at all in favor of the Excise law; and, therefore, not only democratic politicians and Congressmen, but also the Board of Excise and the Chief of Police receive their due share in this inoffensive bombardment of witticisms. The paintings of the club are mostly done by Nichola Meister.

Some time after the occurrence of the annual ball a masquerade sociable is given, which also swells to the dimensions of a ball, though no tickets are sold, and the whole expense is paid by the club. In the summer there are two summer night's festivals, and also fortnightly entertainments on Saturday nights at some of the up-town gardens, at which there are singing and dancing. There are also gatherings on Christmas and on other holidays. The Arion also takes cognizance of public events. It had a very solemn and impressive ceremony on the occasion of the funeral of President Lincoln in this city. There are generally two grand concerts in the fall. The regular rehearsal evenings are on Tuesday and Friday. At the Sängerfest in Buffalo in 1860, in the contest with other singing clubs, the Arion received the first prize. The dues are the same as those of the Liederkranz: initiation, $25; annual fees, $12. The following are the officers: President, C. F. Triacca; first vice-president, J. O. Hundt; second vice-president, A. Rueckel; treasurer, F. A. Mensing; finance secretary, A. Reickelt; corresponding secretary, R. Schindler; recording secretary, L. Grill; librarian, L. Herder; musical director, Carl Anschütz.

THE HARMONIE.

The finest house owned by any German club, if not indeed by any club in the country, is that recently built and furnished by the Harmonie Club on Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, fronting the Reservoir Park.

The Harmonie Club was organized in 1852, and had formerly a house in Eighth street, opposite the Mercantile Library building. The new building was begun in September, 1865, and was finished at the end of January, 1867. Its cost, not including the land, has been a quarter of a million of dollars. The architect was Mr. Henry Fernbach. The lot is one hundred and four feet front and one hundred feet deep; the building eighty feet front and one hundred feet deep. Twenty feet are reserved on the Fifth avenue side for a summer garden and arbor, to be planted with vines and flowers; with refreshment tables at the sides and a fountain in the centre.

On the basement floor is the library, the room for the board of management, a kitchen, and a fine and spacious bowling-alley. The library comprises about five thousand volumes in German, French and English, and members may take the books to their homes the same as in the Mercantile Library. The entrance hall on the main floor is twelve feet wide and eighty feet deep, with doors opening on each side to the gentlemen's reception rooms, parlor, dressing rooms, reading room, and private dining rooms for small social parties. The hall leads at the end to the billiard room, which extends the whole width of the house, eighty-four feet, and is about twenty feet wide.

On the second floor is the large hall and concert room, about 60 feet by 84, with high ceiling and a gallery. It is the most splendidly finished room of the kind in America, and the members claim that it is not surpassed in Europe. No expense has been spared in frescoing, in immense mirrors, in chandeliers, and in every sort of decoration, to add to its brilliancy. The frescoing alone cost $5,000. There are five chandeliers, with two hundred lights, one in the centre and one near each corner of the room. Connecting with the hall room are ladies' parlors and dressing rooms. On the same floor also is the everyday dining room or restaurant. One pair of stairs above, on the floor which communicates with the gallery of the great hall, is a large dining room running along the whole front of the house, capable of seating about five hundred persons, and on the floor above another dining room of the same size. These are intended for use on the occasion of grand balls or concerts. Many of the floors of the rooms are of beautiful inlaid work, and have no carpets. All the rooms are elegantly furnished.

The club numbers about three hundred and twenty-five members, and is limited to four hundred. The German language is principally spoken. The affairs of the club are under the control of a board of management. During the winter season there is usually a reception, ball or concert, about once every fortnight. It does not occur on a regular day, but is appointed by the board of management, and notice is sent to the members. During the winter there are generally four or five grand balls, attended by perhaps five hundred or more persons. The concerts are given by the best artists who can be procured. At the last which was given, Thomas, Wolfsohn and other distinguished artists were engaged. Sometimes a little dancing occurs after the concert. There is a glee club of ladies and gentlemen also formed among the members. The officers are: President, M. Siegmann; Vice-President, L. Wackenheim; Treasurer, Julius Binge; Secretaries, L. Cahn and M. Bayer.

THE ALLEMANIA.

The Allemania is a very thriving German club which has been in existence about ten years. Its last abiding place was in Lafayette Place, whence it removed to the fine building now occupied by it on the south side of Sixteenth street, near Union Square. It is about thirty-seven feet front; and, with the extension, one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep.

The building is owned by the club, and has been bought and fitted up at an expense of over a hundred thousand dollars, subscribed by the members. The most noticeable room of the house is the exceedingly handsome and convenient hall, about thirty-five feet by eighty feet, with a neat stage—about twenty by twenty-five feet—for various performances by the members. Saturday evening, April 13th, two very entertaining pieces were played by members. Short operas are also performed occasionally.

The Allemania is the only large club which has a stage for theatrical entertainments. The Progress, a German club in Twenty-third street, however, gives occasional private performances. This hall is also used for concerts, orations and soirées. The first soiree since the completion of the hall was given March 5th. Regular receptions are given every Saturday evening, and, as with all the German clubs, the members share the enjoyments of the club with their families or lady friends. There is a billiard room, a bowling alley, and a fine dining room. The rooms are open every day. The officers are: President, I. Hamburger; vice-president, Wm. Demuth; secretary, E. H. Wimpfheimer; treasurer, L. Illfelver

THE GERMANIA.

The Germania Club is composed of a large number of our German citizens, and is conducted in a manner somewhat similar to the American social clubs. It has a large house at No. 104 Fourth avenue, at which it has a reading room, restaurant, billiard room, &c. The officers are: President, C. Holzapfel; secretary, W. Vogel; treasurer, F. Hoffbauer.

THE PROGRESS.

The Progress is a pleasant club of two hundred and fifteen members, having the house No. 193 Twenty-third street, between the Sixth and Seventh avenues. It is social, and gives dramatic and musical entertainments and summer picnics and excursions. The club has its own restaurant and other conveniences for social enjoyments. It is mostly composed of young men in business. The officers are—President, Otto Wolfsohn; Vice President, Mr. Forsch; Secretaries, Philip Frank and Mr. Maas; Treasurer, Mr. Bronner.

THE ASCHENBROEDEL.

The Aschenbroedel is a club composed exclusively of musicians, many of them belonging to some of the orchestras of the theatres. Whenever musicians are wanted for any large orchestra they can also be obtained at this club. The club has occupied for nearly two years a pleasant house, No. 74 East Fourth street, near Second avenue. There is a restaurant, billiard room, library, &c., and the members number about three hundred. Most of all the principal German artists of the city belong to this club. The president is Francis X. Diller; secretary, W. Gebhardt.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

From the London Review.

... MM. Barbier and Carré, the composer's librettists, have followed Shakspeare's version of *Romeo and Juliet*, and even his diction, very closely. The opera is laid out in five acts, with pretty nearly the same persons in the drama as in Shakspeare. Act I. is in one set scene, representing the masque at Capulet's house, the stolen march of Romeo and his friends, the first meeting of the lovers, and the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt. Act II. is also in one set, representing the famous balcony scene, and is devoted entirely to the meeting of the lovers. Act III. is divided into two scenes: first, a front scene, representing Friar Laurence's cell. Here takes place the celebration of a matin service by the holy father and his friars, then the marriage of Romeo and Juliet. The second scene, a set, is in the street outside Capulet's house, and the business transacted in it comprises the double duel between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo, the arrival of the Grand Duke, and the banishment of Romeo amidst the mutual recriminations of adherents of the Montagues and Capulets. Act IV. is a set, representing Juliet's room. The action includes a grand love scene for Romeo and his wife, the swallowing of the potion by Juliet, and the despair of the household in finding the hope of the Capulets dead. Act V. comprises a front and a set scene. In the former Father Laurence learns that his instructions to Romeo have miscarried; in the latter, the "tomb of all the Capulets" is seen, Romeo poisons himself, Juliet awakes only to find her lover dying, and the opera ends, as does the drama, with their death.

M. Gounod prefaces his opera with a slight introduction in his usual manner, to which the standard overture is utterly repugnant. In this particular instance, however, its musical interest is heightened by the introduction of a chorus narrating, exactly as Shakspeare excites it in his prologue, the legend of the unfortunate lovers of Verona. This chorus is unaccompanied; and it will always be found difficult, from its extreme length, to get it sustained in tune, recited as it is nearly on a monotone, the orchestra coming in with an occasional chord. The first act is full of a charming musical and dramatic interest. The valse—or rather mazurka—strain to which the curtain rises is one of those catching *motifs* so plentifully scattered through *Faust*, serving as symphony to a joyous dancing chorus for mixed voices in the composer's happiest vein. The entrance of Juliet with her father is marked by a beautiful exclamation for the tenors and basses, expressive of their admiration of the young girl. This is echoed by the soprano, and Juliet is introduced in a few words by Capulet. The childish delight of the *debutante* (for such she is) is delightfully expressed in a short aria in 3-4 time, and then Capulet, rallying Paris, his intended son-in law, for not dancing, sings a jovial strain to the guests, "Allons! jeunes gens; allons! belles dames," the refrain of which is repeated in chorus. The music of Capulet, we may here remark at once, is admirably characteristic—full of *bonhommie*, hospitable intention, and yet not lacking a certain tenderness where Juliet is the subject. The dance is resumed, and by-and-bye, Romeo, Mercutio, and a small band of friends, to act as semi-chorus, enter on their prank. Romeo is rather disturbed by a presage of misfortunes induced by a dream, which gives occasion—the stage being free—for the ballad of "Queen Mab," sung by Mercutio, *sotto voce*, to a wonderfully descriptive accompaniment of full orchestra *pianissimo*. Of the many quaint and clever things Gounod has done, this is one of the quaintest and cleverest. Juliet and the other guests re-enter—Romeo is struck by her beauty, manages to crave an interview, which by-and-bye gives rise to a charming duettino, in the shape of a madrigal, "Ange adorable." This simple little number will, we can safely prophecy, enjoy an extended popularity both on the stage and off. The remainder of the act is taken up by the recognition of Romeo by Tybalt, the despair of Juliet at finding who the stranger is she already loves and the *réprise* of the refrain of Capulet's song, to which the act-drop descends. This act is admirable in every respect. There is not a redundant note, and the stage business is full of excitement.

In the second act, M. Gounod approaches more closely to the crucial test in which so many have failed. Here Romeo evades his friends, and seeks his mistress. The *entr'acte* to which the curtain rises in the Balcony scene is a species of reverie, or rather cradle-song (to speak descriptively), in 6-8 rhythm, orchestrated with the most voluptuous softness, in perfect keeping with "moonlight on a lady's bower." Romeo's serenade, which naturally occurs here, is exceedingly effective. One phrase is full of passion, and will have an immense effect, sung with the requisite voice. Juliet appears at the balcony, and soliloquizes exactly as in the play. Romeo announces his presence, but scarcely has he done so, when a noise off is heard, and the lovers retire only in time to escape discovery by a number of the servants, who suspect that Romeo is lurking about. The Nurse is brought on (she has previously appeared in the first act), and after a few comic insinuations that it is her beauty which allures young scapegraces thither, and a choral invocation of wrath on the heads of the Montagues, the intruders go off. Romeo re-appears, meets Juliet, and the anticipated duet begins in earnest. It is an attempt—both on the part of the librettist and the composer—to realize, passage by passage, the exquisite picture limned by Shakspeare, and we believe that the effort is entirely successful. Gounod has managed to portray a young girl's heart in this opera, most marvellously. In the first act Juliet's music is that of an *ingénue*; in the second it is still *naïve*, but a thought more tender; in the latter portion of the work it rises to dignity which the catastrophe demands. The ensemble of the Balcony duet, "De cet adieu si douce est la tristesse," is upon an exceedingly simple theme in A, 3-4 time, and is worked out in a long *decrescendo* on the words "jusqu'à demain"—sinking to a mere whisper, the effect of which is simply beautiful. It has all the poetry of the duet in *Faust* with more delicate manipulation. After the long good night, the instrumental reverie which began the act is resumed *piano*, and Romeo recites a prayer in monotone for his love as she retires, and the curtain descends.

Act III opens with ecclesiastical music. A cavatina, with chorus, for Frère Laurent, in the severest Church manner, is followed by the entrance of Romeo, and subsequently the marriage of the lovers. The invocation for the father (*primo basso cantante*) is exceedingly fine, and is followed by a trio and quartet for Romeo, Juliet, the Nurse, and Friar Laurence, in *canto fermo*, which is very effective. The second scene of this act begins with a page's song—the page in question being invented for Romeo, to bear the burden of the mezzo-soprano music (of contralto music there is none). This song, in 2-4 time, and in the orthodox two verses, is a pretty fable, extemporized by MM. Barbier and Carré, on the amours of two doves—and in a sparkling refrain, "Gardez bien la belle," the page (rather imprudently, we think), warns the Capulets to look after their dove, who will otherwise escape them. On this follows what M. Gounod calls his *finale*, but which will be more easily understood if we describe it as consisting of several long recitative scenes, and finishing with a chorus. The scenes in point describe the duels between Mercutio and Tybalt, and Tybalt and Romeo. Here, no doubt, the composer felt that he was treading on delicate ground, after the duel trio in *Faust*; at all events in *Romeo and Juliet* the quarrels are rapidly accomplished in recitative, and the fighting is as rapidly done to *allegro* passages for orchestra. No great point is made of Mercutio's death. The inhabitants throng in—the women, and then all the chorus, invoking imprecations on the feud that costs them so much blood; the rival houses also expressing, by the voices of their respective retainers, their undying hatred towards each other. A brilliant *cortège*, quite worthy to be a companion march to the famous procession music of the *Reine de Saba*, is now heard off, and the Duke and Court appear. The Duke censures the rioters, banishes Romeo, and, with the *réprise* of the double quartet and chorus, the act ends. On the whole, we recognize less of Gounod in this part of the opera than in any other, and trace a strong resemblance to certain portions of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* in the *ensemble* at the close of the act.

Act the fourth is full of beauties. The prevailing tone is sadness—for Romeo has to leave his mistress—she has to counterfeit death and seek the tomb to meet him again—and the climax of the act is the despair of Capulet over the supposed dead body of his child. The grand duo is written more in what may be called *form*, than anything of this nature Gounod has yet penned. The first *ensemble*, in 12-8, is exceedingly elaborate, and worked out patiently and consistently. It expresses their mutual passion for each other, and is followed by some of the composer's loveliest descriptive writing, on the charming episode of the lark and the nightingale. All this is done exquisitely, and the last *ensemble*, a farewell, is written, 4-4 time, largely and powerfully. Of its effect on the stage there can be no doubt whatever. Juliet's grand air occurs in this act, and is in fact a drinking song, prefaced by a long recitative description of the horrors she may encounter in the vault after drinking the potion. Love, however, prevails, and animates her aria—"Je bois à toi!" This number is not, in our opinion, effective, vocally considered, and is written in an exceedingly difficult manner. The despair of Capulet—the dirge music in the orchestra—are all perfect, and fitly wind up an act full of rare beauties, both musical and dramatic.

The tomb scene in the last act consists entirely of a duet. Here Gounod has narrowly considered the exigencies of the situation, and has, to our thinking most judiciously, thrown this fourth and last duo into purely dialogue form. There are only a few bars of *ensemble*, when, in the delirium of love in death, they recall a passage of the marriage hymn of the third act. This is most artistically done, along with a strain of the lark from the duo of the fourth act. In this manner, and by eschewing every temptation to delay the march of the plot by concerted effects, M. Gounod hurries on the tragic end of the opera. It had been supposed that an apotheosis of the lovers would follow; but it does not appear in the score we have seen. Probably the master feared that after *Faust*, *La Reine de Saba*, and *Mireille*, even the sound of angelic harps would be tame and conventional. If this was his view we entirely agree with him.

Such is a brief and necessarily imperfect account of the new opera, the production of which has been awaited so long and so anxiously by the musical world. We may remark on it, in conclusion, that it is by far the most concatenated and elaborate work written by its gifted author. His eccentricities are toned down in such a manner that they are entitled to be considered as an inseparable part of a style thoroughly and boldly original. In *Romeo and Juliet* will be found the old distaste for elaborate *finales*, without which it has hitherto been thought no great operatic reputation could be gained. But no man can be equally great in all directions; and if Meyerbeer or Verdi would have written a stronger third act than we find in the new work, we question if either of them could have written the gracious love-music which, after all, is the one great condition of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the instrumentation Gounod has surpassed himself—and what that means every student of orchestration will know. That the work as a whole will greatly enhance its composer's reputation, we do not for a moment doubt; and we have equally little hesitation in predicting for it an honorable abiding place in the lyrical theatres of this country.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Correspondent of the London *Orchestra* (April 24) begins his letter thus:

"I am thoroughly sick of the Exhibition and the Pianos-Chickering—especially the latter. You hear nothing now but of Chickering pianos; you read nothing now but Chickering-pianos; and I believe some enthusiasts would eat Chickering pianos, if they were digestible. You know how insufferable an American is, when he gets upon his "institutions." Well, the Chickering piano is an American institution, and Paris is full of Americans; so you can im-

agine how we are worried with the unending praises of that instrument. The papers too—the French papers—are shameful toadies, and fill their columns with Chickering. I believe the Messieurs Chickering are over here from New York, and carry about a portable piano with them into society, for the purpose of impressing everybody with its superiority to all other instruments from the days of David downwards. I only hope I shall not come across them: that's all!

The same writer chronicles the success of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* (described on another page):

The execution was first-rate; Mme. Carvalho is the ideal *Juliette*, graceful, impassioned, tender, and full of fire; nor has her voice ever sounded to better advantage. Her part was a round of ovations. Michot delivered himself of some *effets de force* which were not expected of him; in fact he was too eager; his voice will never stand against such a strain if he do not curb his impetuousness. Cazaux, Puget, Troy, Barré, and the rest worked arduously and well. Decorations, costumes and the general *mise-en-scène* first-rate, for no expense has been spared by the Lyrique directorate.

At the Opera, the "*Africaine*" has been resumed, for the purpose, as it was said, of giving some repose to the artists who perform in "*Don Carlos*"—the greater part of the said artists, however, being heard both in the one opera and the other. Mlle. Battu played *Sélika* with much talent. When "*Don Carlos*" was resumed, there was a thin house, and a considerable diminution of the ordinary receipts. The Opera Comique is still playing "*Mignon*" and the "*Fils du Brigadier*," and occasionally the "*Voyage en Chine*;" but as these are beginning to be somewhat *usés*, we are told to look for the coming "*Etoile du Nord*" and "*Robinson Crusoe*" by way of a refresher to the *habitués* of this house. At the Italiens "*Columella*" is frequently given; and there are good houses when Adelina Patti sings with the famous tenor Fraschini, but on other occasions the attendance is comparatively small. The Bouffes is closed, and it is not yet precisely known under whose auspices the theatre will re-open. Report says that Offenbach is likely to connect himself with it, in which case there might be some hope of a revival of prosperity for this place of amusement.

The competition opened by the Imperial Commission of the Exhibition, in order to obtain a Cantata and a Hymn of Peace worthy of France and the great events of the summer of 1867, closed on the 15th. The productions of the successful candidates are to be sung at the grand international festival to take place in the month of July next. The poets—if we are to call the competitors poets—have responded to the call of the Imperial Commission with an excessive *empressement*. They have sent in the words of no fewer than 3,500 cantatas, and taking the average length of these at 100 verses, we have 350,000 verses. Then, of the hymns of peace there are 2,500. The extent of the poetry of the latter having been limited, the authors have been obliged to restrict their inspirations to three strophes of eight verses each—that is, for the 2,500 hymns 60,000 verses—in all 6,000 productions and 410,000 verses. The special literary and musical committee have not shrunk from the enormous magnitude of the task imposed upon them in having to decide upon the merits of so vast an accumulation of manuscripts. Under the presidency of M. Auber they set bravely to work, and are incessantly engaged in their laborious investigations, being actuated with the strongest desire to arrive at a just decision. The successful candidates will each receive a price of 5,000 fr. and a gold medal.

London.

The *Choir*, of May 4, gives us the following brief summary of a fortnight's music.

Royal Italian Opera.—*Fra Diavolo, L'Africaine, Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Masaniello* have been the operas of the past fortnight. In the first two Mlle. Lucca sustained the chief *role*. In *Un Ballo* Mlle. Naü made her *debut* as Oscar. Her figure is very small—almost childish, in fact—but her voice and style of singing enabled her to do ample justice to the music, and she promises to be a useful addition to the company. Signor Graziani was the Renato.

Her Majesty's Theatre was opened for the season last Saturday with Mozart's *Nozze de Figaro*, one of the most potent attractions in last year's programme. The "cast" is nearly the same as before, with Mlle. Titiens as the Countess, Mlle. Sinico as Susanna, and Mr. Santley as the Count. How Mlle. Titiens sang "Dove sono" we need hardly state; her voice is as fine as ever, and her remarkable power of vocalization still magnificent. The same must be said of Mlle. Sinico and Mr. Santley, who were loudly encored in the duet "Crudel perche," and in other places. Mr. Charles Lyall, whose agreable though light tenor voice we have frequently mentioned in our concert notices, made his first appearance as Basilio, one of the smaller parts of the opera. He sang and acted well, though he hardly had a fair opportunity of showing his powers. The band and chorus, under Signor Arditi, were as excellent as ever.

Crystal Palace. On the 20th ult. Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* was performed at the first of the two extra concerts, the orchestral portions of the *Sinfonia-Cantata* being splendidly played under Mr. Manns's direction. The choruses were not so satisfactory. Last Saturday the winter concerts were brought to a definite conclusion by a magnificent performance of Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7. . . The concert-room was densely packed, anxious listeners stretching their necks into the doors to catch a note. A novelty was introduced in the programme in the shape of a new Pianoforte Concerto from the pen of Mr Benedict, who conducted his work in person, and received a hearty welcome from the audience and the band. Mme. Arabella Goddard gave a fine interpretation of the Concerto, which consists of three movements—*allegro moderato, andante*, and *rondo allegretto*. It abounds in brilliant passages for the pianoforte, and it is well suited to Mme. Goddard's splendid powers of execution. We shall hope to renew our acquaintance with it on a future occasion. The vocalists, on Saturday, were Miss Edith Wynne, whose very fine singing of the famous *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, with the lovely air well known in its English version as "Softly sighs the voice of evening," received a well-deserved encore; Miss Bramer, who choose two songs by Mozart, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, the new tenor, who was more successful in Molique's serenade than in the "Slumber song" from *Masaniello*. The overture to *William Tell* closed, what was, in our opinion, rather too long a programme, although we could hardly have wished to lose a number from it. The 1st of May is the signal for the directors to put forth their programme for the coming season, which, so far as music is concerned, will contain the usual features—opera concerts, choral festivals of the Metropolitan schools, and in addition a grand festival concert on the 26th of June, under Mr. Costa's direction, at which the artists from the two opera houses, and all the musical celebrities of London will appear. The proceeds are to be devoted to the fund for restoring the portion of the Palace recently destroyed by fire. The directors' policy has always been *pro bono publico*.

Berlin. The Symphony Soirée of the Royal Orchestra, on the 29 ult., celebrated the 25th year of these concerts. Besides various classical works, there was a Prologue spoken by Johanna Wagner, and 25 new Variations composed expressly by Taubert. Of the 238 Symphony Soirées thus far given, Capellmeister Taubert alone has conducted 209.—In the preceding Soirée were given Cherubini's *Abencerages* Overture, Beethoven's *Egmont* music, and his Septet with all the strings of the orchestra (14 first violins), and wind instruments. The execution is said to have been a marvel of virtuosity.—The second Cecilia concert, under Radecke, gave Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens;" Schumann's piano Concerto, played by Ehrlich; the *Loreley* finale and the 42nd Psalm of Mendelssohn.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1867.

Music in Boston.—Review of the Season, 1866--7.

That the past season has been richer than we ever before experienced, both in the number of concerts, the quality of programmes, and the general excellence of performance, our columns have continually shown. Equally remarkable is the short, decided manner in which this rich season has come to a close; earlier than usual, for very naturally there was a simultaneous surcease of appetite after such continuous high living. The end was noble, worthy of the whole—the Ninth Symphony and the Oratorios—well could we be content to leave it there, with the best last. And so the musical season, as we look back upon it, has a certain wholeness; we see it round and ripen and like a ripe fruit drop at once. With more than usual satisfaction we may count up the works of master composers, in all forms, which these months have given us. The list of fine works which have been heard in Boston will compare not meanly this time with that of any European city.

I. Orchestral Music.

From Nov. 23 to April 12, the Harvard Musical Association have given *ten* "Symphony Concerts," eight in the regular subscription series (only *six* last year), beside the benefits for the Cretans and for the Orchestra. This orchestra numbered 52 instruments. The popular Wednesday Afternoon concerts of the Orchestral Union (about 30 instruments) began later than usual, last week in February, and were *eight* in number; they might have gone on a month longer to advantage, had not other engagements of the Music Hall prevented. Every one of these 18 concerts has given us a good Symphony, as well as other good things. Here is the list:

a). Symphonies. (*Symphony Concerts*): Beethoven, Nos. 3 (*Eroica*), 5, 7, 8, and 9 (Choral);—Mozart, in E flat, and the smaller of the two without Minuet, in D;—Schumann, No. 2 (C major), and 4 (D minor);—Gade, No 1 (C minor).—*Orchestral Union*: Beethoven, Nos. 1, 5 and 8;—Mozart, in E flat, and in D major;—Mendelssohn, in A minor;—Gade, in C minor (*twice*).—Beethoven's No. 7 was heard again in Mrs. Cary's benefit concert.

b). Concertos. *Symphony Concerts*: Beethoven, for Piano, No. 2, in B flat (B. J. Lang), No. 4, in G, (H. Leonhard); for Violin, in D, 1st movement (Carl Rosa);—Mendelssohn, Violin, (*twice*, C. Rosa and Camilla Urso);—Schumann, in A minor (O. Dresel);—Henselt, in F minor, op. 14 (C. Petersilea);—Norbert Burgmüller, in F-sharp minor (E. Perabo);—Hummel, in A minor (J. C. D. Parker).—*Orchestral Union*: Mendelssohn, for Piano, in G minor (Petersilea);—Weber, do, in E flat (H. Daum), and Concertstück (Alice Dutton).—The Mendelssohn Violin Concerto was also played once more by Mme. Urso, in a miscellaneous concert given for her benefit. The second Concerto of Beethoven, and those by Schumann (in the complete form), Henselt and Burgmüller were new to Boston.

Besides these the Parepa concerts (very miscellaneous in their programmes) brought us: Spohr's Violin Concerto in G (Rosa); single movements of Schumann's piano Concerto (played by Mills); do. of Chopin's in E minor; Military Concerto by Lipinski (Rosa); part of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto (Rosa), &c. And a concert of the "N. E. Conservatoire" had for a novelty Mr. Goldbeck's Concerto in D (piano), played by himself.

c). Overtures. The Symphony Concerts have given: Gluck: *Iphigenia*; Mozart: *Zauberflöte, Idomeneo*; Weber: *Euryanthe*; Beethoven: *Leonora* (No. 3), *Egmont*; Mendelssohn: *Hebrides, Melusina, Ruy Blas, Meeresstille* (twice); Schubert: *Fierabras*; Schumann: *Genovera*; Cherubini: *Anacreon, Les Abencerages, Wasserträger*.—The Orchestral Union: Mendelssohn: "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Hebrides, Meeres-*

stille; Cherubini: *Abencerages*, *Anacreon*: Beethoven: *Egmont*: Weber: *Freyschütz*, *Oberon*.—The Bateman, Gilmore, and other miscellaneous concerts swell the list by the Overtures to *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* (Mendelssohn), *Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Semiramide*, "Merry Wives" (Nicolai), and more not readily recalled. Of course there are always a plenty of the lighter sort.

d). MISCELLANEOUS. *Piano with Orchestra*: Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15, as arranged by Liszt (B. J. Lang); Mendelssohn, Rondo, op. 29 (Perabo); Andante spianato and Polonaise, op. 22, Chopin, (H. Leonhard); Weber's Polonaise in E, transcribed by Liszt, (Lang). These were in the Symphony Concerts. In the Orchestral Union: Perabo played Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, and Miss Joy (pupil of Lang) the *Andante Spianato*, &c., of Chopin.—Under this head, too, we may mention the Toccata in F by Bach, orchestrated by Esser; Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante*, piano with orch.

II. CHAMBER MUSIC.

Concerts of this character, mostly in Chickering's hall, have been very numerous. We have missed to be sure the hoped for series by Mr. Dresel, and by Messrs. Leonhard and Kreissmann. But we have had *four* concerts by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—a smaller allowance than we have been wont to, to be sure, of string Quartets, &c.,—but never more choice; *eight* piano concerts by Ernst Perabo, seven of which were called "Schubert Matinées; *five* "Schumann Soirées" by Carlyle Petersilea; *three* "Beethoven Matinées" by Hermann Daum: a Chamber concert, by Mme. Parepa-Rosa and her husband, with Otto Dresel; and other occasional ones, —that in honor of Robert Franz, for instance. Among them all, as well as in the larger concerts, we have heard for the first time many solo or concerted pieces by great composers, particularly Schubert and Schumann. Thus of

J. S. BACH: The Chaconne, for Violin; Violin Fugue in G minor; Air and Gavotte, violin and piano; Preludium in A minor, piano; Gavotte, violin; Concerto in C, for three pianos, (accompaniments on a fourth piano); Prelude and Fugue in E major, and do. in A minor, from "Well-tempered Clavichord;" Partita, No. 6, in E minor (7 movements).

HANDEL: Suite in D minor, piano.

HAYDN: String Quartet in B flat, op. 69; 1st Trio (in G), piano, violin and 'cello (3 times).

MOZART: Quintet (strings) in G minor.

BEETHOVEN: Quintet in E flat, op. 4; Quartet, No. 10, in E flat, op. 74 (twice); Sonata in C minor, violin and piano; Sonata, op. 47, ("Kreutzer"), 3 times; Sonata in A, 'cello and piano; Sonata in F, horn and piano; 15 Variations, with Fugue, piano, op. 35, E flat (twice); Grand Sonata, op. 106, in B flat; Sonata for piano and 'cello, op. 102, No. 1; Sonata, piano and 'cello, in F, op. 5, No. 1; Sonata for piano, op. 31, No. 2, D minor; Trio, op. 70, No. 2, E flat; Sonata, piano and 'cello, op. 5, No. 2, G minor; Sonata, piano, op. 10, No. 3, in D; Trio in B flat, op. 97 (twice); Sonata, piano and violin, op. 24, in F; Sonata, piano, op. 26, A flat; Quartet in B flat, op. 18; Sonata, piano and violin, op. 30, No. 1.

HUMMEL: Grand Septuor, D minor, piano, viola, horn, &c. (twice).

MENDELSSOHN: Piano Trio, D minor, op. 49; String Quartet in D, op. 44; Piano Trio, C minor, op. 66; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, piano, from "Notre Temps"; Prelude and Fugue, in D major; *Melusina* Overture, arr. for 4 hands.

MOSCHELES: "Les Contrastes," for two pianos, with 8 hands.

SCHUBERT: Piano Trio in E flat, op. 100 (twice); Do. in B flat, op. 99 (twice); Rondo for piano and violin, in B minor; Fantasia, op. 15, piano; Sonata, op. 122, E flat; Sonata, B major, op. 147; Sonata, op. 120, A major; Sonata in C minor (dedicated to Schumann); Rondo in E minor, op. 84, No. 2, (four hands); Fantasia in F minor, op. 103 (4 hands); Fantasia in Sonata form, in G, op. 78; Variations (4 hands) on an original theme, in A flat, op. 35; Sonata, F minor, op. 142 ("Four Impromptus"), twice; Sonata in B flat (posthumous); String Quartet (posthumous) in D minor.

SCHUMANN: Toccata for piano, in C, op. 7; String Quartet, in A, op. 41, No. 3; Fantaisie, piano, op. 17 (in three movements); Sonata, F sharp minor, op. 11; Sonata in G minor, op. 22; Concerto in A minor, op. 54 (with piano accompaniment); Variations for two pianos; *Fantasie-Bilder*, op. 26 (5 pieces); Quintet in E flat, op. 44 (piano and strings): three Romanzas, for oboe and piano; Adagio and Allegro, op. 70, for horn and piano; Canon, in B minor; *Etudes Symphoniques*, in form of Variations, op. 13; *Abendlied*, arr. for violin and piano by Joachim.

CHOPIN: Rondo; Fantasie-Impromptu, C-sharp minor, op. 66; Concerto in E minor, with piano accomp.; Concerto in F minor, with quintet accomp.; Prelude, No. 15, op. 28; Etude, No. 5, op. 10; Scherzo in B minor (twice); Polonaise, C-sharp minor; *Andante spianato* and Polonaise; *Berceuse*, Waltz, &c., &c.

HENSELT: Piano Trio, in A minor, op. 24.

WIENIAWSKI: "Legend" for violin.

DESSEK: Sonata for piano and violin, in B flat.

RUBINSTEIN: String Quartet in F, op. 59.

RICHTER (of Leipzig): Sonata, piano, op. 27.

BERGER: Sonata, op. 7.

NORBERT BURGMUELLER: Duet for piano and clarinet, in E flat, op. 15.

This was the instrumental music, although we are not able to make the list entirely complete. We have yet to enumerate the Oratorios, &c.

ORGAN CONCERTS in the Boston Music Hall are still kept up every Wednesday and Saturday noon. The crowd of other musical engagements has prevented our giving much attention to them for some months past, and the slight additions to the familiar repertoire have rendered it unnecessary. The performers for the most part have been Mrs. FROHOCK, Mr. LANG, Mr. THAYER, Mr WILCOX, or Mr. WHITING. The programmes show frequently a single piece of Bach, frequently one of the six Mendelssohn Sonatas, now and then an organ Concerto of Handel (Mr. Thayer), but oftener extracts from his Oratorios, and those of other masters, French *Offertoires*, variations, transcriptions of Overtures, Symphony movements, choruses, songs, &c., &c. Naturally, in so many concerts (it has gone on now for three years and a half), and with so many organists, the greater part of what is fairly available for such use has been used over and over. To the real lover of organ music it is a comfort to feel that he can drop in now and then and hear a good Fugue or Toccata of Bach, or something else that is edifying.

Last Wednesday the routine was somewhat varied by the return to the Organ, after long absence (mostly in Germany), of Mr. JOHN K. PAINE, who played with all his rare mastery the great *Passacaglia*, with its wonderful variations, in C minor, and a lovely Choral Variation (*Choral Vorspiel*) of his master, Bach; a Theme with Variations by Thiele; as well as an elaborate and very effective *Fantasia and Fugue*, and a sweet and tranquil *Larghetto* of his own composition, besides improvising to the great satisfaction of the little audience who had come out on one of the stormiest of days to hear him.

MR. A. P. PECK has his Annual Benefit Concert this evening at the Music Hall. All our concert goers know who Mr. Peck is, and have reason to feel obliged to him. The duties of Superintendent of that Hall are not light, demanding a clear head and unruffled temper, and Mr. P. has done *his* part in the manifold catering for our musical enjoyments to the satisfaction of all parties. He should be remembered; the more especially now, because he was a loser to a considerable amount, by robbery, during the recent fire in the ticket office. He announces a very attractive list of artists: Miss KELLOGG, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Miss NETTIE STERLING, the new New York Contralto, Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Mrs. J. S. CARY, Miss C. F. JOY, the young pianist, pupil of Mr. Lang; Mr. GUSTAVUS HALL, the fine baritone lately returned from Europe; Messrs. M. W. WHITNEY (basso), and JAMES WHITNEY (tenor), Mr. E M HEINDL, Mr. WILCOX, for the Organ, and Mr. HOWARD M. DOW, accompanist.

SALEM, MASS. Last Monday evening this old town rejoiced in its first "Symphony Concert," given by Mr. M. S. DOWNS, with the aid of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS and "the Boston Symphony Orchestra," under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG. The object was to raise funds towards the erection of a new music hall, which Salem surely ought to have, for it is now a city, and has some very musical people, sending quite a delegation always to our Oratorios and Symphony Concerts in Boston. The occasion is said to have been in every sense most successful This was the programme:

Symphony No 5 Op. 67 . . . . . Beethoven
"Oh mio Fernando," from "Favorita" . . . . Donizetti.
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn
Cuban Song . . . . . Gradyer
Concert Waltz "The Village Swallows" . . . . J. Strauss
Bridal "Gabathee." . . . . . Mozart
Wedding March . . . . . Mendelssohn.

THE CHICKERING PIANOS are evidently attracting the chief attention in the musical instrument department at the French Exposition. Witness the reluctant confession of an Englishman—an English—under "Music Abroad." Our own correspondent (in our last), though he gives no names, must mean the Chickerings; for by "the American system" in pianos we take it we are to understand the complete iron frame, first invented and patented by Jonas Chickering thirty years ago, and used by other makers since the patent run out.

The *Transcript* publishes the following:

The Great Organ in the Plymouth Church Brooklyn, N. Y., is the largest instrument ever built in the United States. Its success must be very gratifying to its builders, who have received the following letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of the church:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 7, 1867.

Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, Boston, Mass.:

Gentlemen—In reply to your request, it gives me great pleasure to express my admiration for the noble organ which you last year placed in Plymouth Church. It has given the utmost satisfaction, and even the criticisms that have been made upon it were complimentary: for it assumed that it belonged among the very first of remarkable organs, and it was criticized from that high point of view. I have yet to hear one member of Plymouth congregation speak of it but with delight and enthusiasm.

For myself, though I was well pleased from the first, yet every week my pleasure is renewed, and my appreciation of its noble qualities deepens. I owe you an unpayable debt of gratitude, and it ought to afford you great satisfaction to know that you have built an instrument so admirable and grand, that, hereafter, it must be mentioned in every history of the organ, and continue, for generations, to be quoted as among the triumphs of skill.

Some of the best effects, particularly in the bass, are much curtailed by the position in which it stands. If this seem to some faults of the organ, *we* know them to be faults of the place where it is constrained to stand.

I shall always be grateful to you for this labor of love, as I am sure it was, as well as of great skill, and shall count that church happy that secures your instruments. I am, truly, yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, APRIL 22.—We are just now deluged with concerts: concerts in the open air, ditto within doors, at all hours and at all sorts of places. Last Sunday M. Alard gave his 5th Séance of Chamber Music at the Salle Pleyel. The programme included Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in C minor; Beethoven's Quartet in D major, op. 18, No. 3; a Theme from the "Magic Flute" arranged for piano and 'cello by Beethoven; and, lastly, Mozart's Quintet in G minor, with the lovely Finale. M. Diemer was the pianist.

On Thursday evening Joachim gave his 1st Séance of Chamber Music at the Salle Pleyel. The programme was very fine, and I give it in due form:—

Quartet, E moll, op. 59, (strings).....Beethoven.
Trio, B dur, op. 97, (Piano) ..... "
Jaell, Joachim, Jacquard.
2 Lieder, { "Wonne der Wehmuth,"..... "
{ "Mignon."..... "
Mme. Joachim.
Romance, Violin solo, G dur..... "
Quintet, C dur, op. 29, (strings)..... "

All Beethoven, as you see, and a rare treat it certainly was. The Trio—in particular—was very admirably done, and the lovely Adagio is a masterpiece of elaborate treatment. Mme. Joachim has a superb contralto voice, full and rich in quality, and sang the *Mignon* with a passion and *abandon* which are—haply—rare.

On Friday afternoon the reign of out-door musical entertainments was fairly inaugurated by a concert in the Champs Elysées, at which were given the following selections:

1st movement, 5th Symphony.....Beethoven.
2nd movement, 5th Symphony ..... "
Clarinet Concerto.....Von Weber,
Movement ..... Haydn.
2nd movement 1st Symphony.....Beethoven.
1st movement 2nd Symphony..... "

Certainly not dear at one franc, which was the admission fee.

In the evening Pasdeloup gave an orchestral concert at the Cirque Napoleon, and here are the attractions:

Portions of Lobgesang, with Chorus, Soli, &c.
Mendelssohn.
Adagio, Quintet, op. 108.....Mozart.
(Clarinet and string orchestra).
Violin Concerto, E minor .....Mendelssohn.
M. Joachim.
1st Part of "The Creation."..... Haydn.
Suite for Violin .....Bach.
Minuet.—Gavotte.—Presto.
Inflammatus, (Stabat)..... .....Rossini.

The immense building was crammed and packed with people an hour before the commencement of the Concert, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The attractions of the evening were the solos of Joachim. Never have I heard such a marvellous thing as his rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto. The vast audience of more than 4000 persons was breathlessly quiet, and every note was perfectly distinct even in the more remote portions of the auditorium.

When he *had* finished, I was fairly appalled by the *earthquake* of applause which greeted him. The tumult lasted three or four minutes. These enthusiastic Gauls cheered, waved their hats, their handkerchiefs, and acted like a parcel of madmen. The Bach Suite was wonderfully quaint and beautiful, and it was an interesting study to see how *lovingly* the artist played, as if in tender reverence for the dead master. F.

Music in the Moravian Villages.

NAZARETH, PA., MAY 6.—You will probably be pleased to learn that a musical enthusiasm survives all the mutations of time in this ancient village of Nazareth, a Moravian settlement that began in 1740, and that the love for the fine art of tone is cultivated by both young and old.

The musical history of our place dates back as far as 1785, when the Principal of Nazareth Hall instituted a "Collegium Musicum," which had its weekly reunions, and soon gathered around it all those who had a fondness for hymns of joy and gladness, the bassoon, flute, clarionet and all stringed instruments. Since those early and simple days many changes have taken place in these homes of the Zinzendorfian people. The appreciation of the beautiful in the forms of a purely aesthetic religious culture has, in some degree, waned into more sensuous shapes, and the most fascinating creed, the most child-like, yet purest faith, is mingling with the dross of a gaudy and commonplace worship.

But amidst all this decline music yet lives. Although it has passed through numerous pauses of neglect and indifference—when the works of the great masters were laid on the shelf, and the violin, violoncello and flute were discarded and forgotten,—ever and anon some new genius springs up, and inspires all around him with the love of tone.

At this time we are fortunate in having an excellent Sextet of brass wind instruments under Mr. Beitel, who to the ease and self enjoyment of a practical musician, adds the most admirable skill and precision. In addition to the wind instruments of our Sextet and military band, the Männerchor of Nazareth Hall, consisting chiefly of the tutors of that aged institution, can vie in point of classical selections and perfect training with most of the German clubs of the adopted Vaterland.

Then we have some reputable pianists, violinists, flautists, who delight our little musical public. When a concert of both vocal and instrumental music is given, the young ladies graciously lend a helping hand, and thus the *tout-ensemble* becomes attractive, and frequently challenges the attention of a veteran critic who may chance to lose his way by wandering into these retired precincts.

Last, but not least, is the youthful Männerchor, consisting of the boys of the Hall, under the guidance of their teachers, who act their part to the general satisfaction of the audiences attending the Entertainments, as they are called, which are invariably given at the close of a session.

A few evenings since we had a pleasant soirée offered us in aid of the Southern Relief Fund, the programme of which was as follows:

Chorus, "Schäfer Abend".....Müller.
Orchestra, "Träume auf dem Ocean".....Gung'l.
Männerchor, "Frosch Cantate.....Henning.
Trio, Le Chalet..... A. Miné.
Vocal Duet, "Theorie and Praxis".....Schafer.
Orchestra, Pot Pourri from "Norma.".....Bellini.
Violins, Flute and Piano. Quartet.
Dialogue by 3 pupils. "Hob and Nob."
Chorus. March.....Salle.
Orchestra, Pot Pourri from "Ernani".....Verdi.
Quartet, "Der Kranke Peter".....Kuntz.
Trio, "From "La Fille du Regiment.....Donizetti.
Orchestra, Pot Pouri from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.

In our sister village, Bethlehem, music constitutes a large portion of recreative thought, and, in addition to the respectable body of dilettanti to be found there, schools of musical instruction are numerous, and great facilities offered to those who seek proficiency in the art. Many celebrities repair to Bethlehem to hear and be heard, and the whole intellectual atmosphere is redolent of harmony.

During the past winter the Philharmonists produced, and afterwards repeated twice, Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," which they claim to have introduced to the notice of an American public. How true the claim may be, I cannot say, having no data on the subject.

Here, as well as at Nazareth, the struggle is with the onward moving spirit of the age, with the "as the world goes," and in consequence, the "Star Spangled Banner" draws a larger audience than Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." J. H.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

If I were a voice. Song. *R. King.* 35
A beautiful poem, happily united to music.

Liebhart Polka. "Come, come." *R. Mulder.* 60
A fine polka, in the first place, and the words which are set to it are elegant.

Douglas, tender and true. Song. *Lady John Scott.* 30
Author of words unknown. The song likely to be widely known. One of the best of its kind.

Withered flowers. Song. *Schubert.* 35
Shower of tears. " " 35
Both belong to the series of "The Maid of the Mill." and are fine specimens of delicate sentiment.

Italy. Bright are the plains. Song. *Mendelssohn.* 30
The Husband's song. " " 25
The Homespell. " " 25
The first gives vent to the young composer's enthusiasm on his visit to Italy. The second and third are good "home songs," the homely title of the second hardly indicating its sweet musical character.

Bear him forth through the night. Song. "*Irene.*" 30
O handmaids of Irene. Song and Chorus. " 30
The first full of deep pathos, and the second very lively. May be sung as a "dialogue chorus" in which form it is used in the "Queen of Seba," or "Irene."

Passing my door. Song. *H. Abank.* 30
Come and meet me darling. Song. *F. Berger.* 30
Watching. " *W. G. Westbrook.* 30
Alike in this, that they are in that peculiar style which is most likely to be popular.

Sing me to sleep, mother. Song. *Anna Burchard.* 30
Come back to Kathleen. " " " 30
The heart can ne'er grow cold. " " 30
The same commendation may be given to these as to the last, and they are by one composer.

Instrumental.

Wedding March from Mendelssohn. *Jaell.* 90
The well-known march, made into a sort of fantasia.

The Onset. Galop militiare. *Alphonso.* 30
En Avant. Pas redouble. *Favarger.* 50
Bright stirring pieces of medium difficulty.

Hilda waltz, simplified. 4 hds. *Bellak.* 35
Bolero. "Festival and Birth-day." " *W. Iucho.* 40
Useful for practice, and, of course, well arranged. Neither are difficult.

Quinsigamond March. *J. C. Murdock.* 35
Gen. Shaler's March. *E. C. B. Holder.* 30
Both are quite bright and pretty, and not hard.

Ladies' reception March. *Nathnagle.* 50
Sounds from Panama. *Anna Burchard.* 30
Anita Waltz.
Birth-day Polka.
Panama Schottisch.
Three pieces of very graceful character, by a lady composer.

Night-breezes. Nocturne. *G. D. Wilson.* 35
By a good musician and teacher; pleasing and useful.

Le Souvenir Waltz. *C. De Janon.* 50
A "sentimental" waltz, but, although carrying a simple, graceful melody along, is quite brilliant. Of medium difficulty.

Tarentelle. *W. Kuhe*, op. 117. 60
To be played very swiftly, and a good specimen of the kind of piece. Fine for practice.

Books.

THE MUSICAL SCALE. By *Horace P. Biddle.* $1.25
A theoretical work of great interest and value. The theories advanced are quite original, and forcibly presented.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 683. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 6.

G. L. S.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He has done the work of a true man,—
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him!

O dusky mothers and daughters,
Vigils of mourning keep for him!
Up in the mountains, and down by the waters,
Lift up your voices and weep for him!

Take up the burden, O Cretan,
Mourn for thy free provider!
At thy feet by the war-storm beaten,
Drop thy tears of snow, O Ida!

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
Whence he saw the doors wide swung
Against whose bolted iron
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
And knew while his ear yet hearkened
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well!—The world is discreet;
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate,—

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Music in Vienna in the Year 1793.

Translated from Thayer's Life of Beethoven.

(Continued from page 34).

The example given by the Imperial family of Austria through so many years had produced its natural effect, and musical knowledge and taste were generally diffused among the princes and nobles of the empire. Some of the wealthier princes, like Esterhazy, maintained complete musical institutions, even to an Italian Opera; others were content if they could have in their family chapel a musical Mass with orchestral accompaniment; where that was impossible, there was at least a small orchestra organized, frequently composed of household officers and servants, who were selected with regard to their musical abilities; and so on down to a band of wind instruments, a string Quartet, and even to a single organist, piano-player or violinist. What was said in an earlier chapter about music as a necessity for the courts of the ecclesiastical princes, applies in a great measure likewise to the secular nobility. At their palaces and country seats in summer some entertainment had to be provided for many otherwise tedious hours; and in their city residences during the winter they and their guests could not eat, dance and play cards all the time; here music got to be a universal and a favorite resource; at any rate it was the fashion. Besides persons of high birth, those also who occupied a high social position by their talent, culture or wealth, followed that example, and opened their saloons to musicians and music-lovers, mostly moved thereto by a real, sometimes by an affected taste for the art, at all events supporting it and furthering its progress. Hence arose an uncommonly great demand for chamber music, vocal and instrumental, but especially the latter. The demand brought with it the supply, by encouraging genius and talent to work in this direction; and so the Austrian school of instrumental music soon attained the first rank in the world.

During some months of the year Vienna was filled with the high nobility, not merely of Austria, but from other parts of the German empire. Those who spent the most of their time at their own little courts came for a short time to the capital; others reversed the habit, making the capital their usual residence and visiting their estates only in the summer. Many a noted composer, who stood in the service of the former class, was in this way brought occasionally for a short time to the metropolis, as Mozart by the archbishop of Salzburg, Haydn by prince Esterhazy; by the latter class distinguished composers or virtuosos, who lived in the city, were frequently taken into the country for the summer, and then they were treated as equals and lived like high gentlemen. Thus Salieri was the guest of prince Schwarzenberg, Schenk of Auersperg; Mozart travelled with Lichnowsky to Berlin, Dittersdorf with Count Lemberg to Troppau; Gyrowetz visited Count Fünfkirchen, and many others in a similar manner.

A further means of furthering the Art was the ordering and purchasing of compositions, and not merely from composers of established fame, like Haydn, Mozart, C. P. E. Bach, but also from young men yet unknown, who thus received the double benefit of pecuniary support and the opportunity to show their ability. Thus prince Kraczalkowitz and Count Batthyani bought of the young Gyrowetz his six Symphonies; Esterhazy ordered of him three Masses, a Vesper and a *Te Deum*; Auersperg employed Schenk's talent for his private theatre; and as for chamber music, the catalogues of private collections of those days contain long lists of manuscript works, which had been ordered or purchased of composers now entirely forgotten.

Instrumental virtuosos, who were not permanently engaged in the service of a prince or a theatre, sought as a rule the reward for their studies and exertions in the private concerts of the nobility. If they were composers at the same time, they brought their compositions to a hearing in such concerts. The reader of the life of Mozart will remember how directly he depended upon this resource, to earn a living for himself and family. One may say that, except in London a musical public, as we now understand the expression, did not exist in the year 1793; in Vienna at least, with its 200,000 inhabitants, a virtuoso seldom ventured to announce a concert, for which he had not already obtained a subscription, sufficient to secure him against loss, on the part of those in whose residences he had already produced his talent with success. Thus Mozart, in a letter to his father (1783) announcing his three subscription concerts, mentions 5 engagements to play at prince Galitzin's between Feb. 26 and March 25, and 9 at Count Johann Esterhazy's for March; and in the following year Leopold Mozart writes to his daughter, that her brother's piano between the 10th of February and the 12th of March had been carried at least 12 times to the theatre, or to prince Kaunitz's, or to Count Zichy's. BEETHOVEN, "remaining without salary in Vienna until he be recalled," found in these opportunities and in his lessons a rich income.

But this circumstance requires some further observations.

About 12 years before Beethoven came to Vienna, Risbeck, where he speaks of Art in that capital, had written: "Music is the only thing in which the nobility show taste. Many houses have a special band of musicians to themselves, and all public musical occasions show, that this department of Art stands in distinguished estimation here. Here four or five great orchestras can be brought together, all of them incomparable. The number of virtuosos proper is small; but as regards orchestral performances, one can scarcely hear anything finer in the world. I have already heard from 30 to 40 instruments play together, and they all give such a correct, pure and distinct tone, that you would think you heard a single supernaturally powerful instrument. One stroke animates all violins, and one breath all wind instruments. . . . There are about 400 musicians here, who are divided into certain companies and often work together many years unseparated." (I. 279.)

How many such orchestras were still kept up in 1792–93, it is now perhaps impossible to determine; those of prince Lobkowitz, Schwarzenberg and Auersperg may be named with certainty. Count Heinrich von Haugwitz and no doubt also Count Batthyani brought their musicians with them, when they came to the city for the season. The Esterhazy *Kapelle*, which had been dismissed after the death of Haydn's former master,

cems to have been not yet renewed. Prince Grassalkowitz (or Kraczalkowitz) had limited his to a "*Harmonie-Musik*," a union of eight wind instruments (oboes, clarinets, bassoons and horns), as was then very customary. Baron Braun had such a band, which had to play during dinner time, as during supper in *Don Juan*; this accessory to the scene Mozart had added from frequent personal experience. Prince Carl Lichnowsky and others had also their own string Quartets.

The grandees of the Bohemian and Moravian capitals, Kinsky, Clamm, Nostiz, Thun, Buquoi, Hartig, Salm-Pachta, Spork, Fünfkirchen, Troyer, &c., vied with the Austrian and Hungarian nobility. Many of them had also palaces in Vienna, and as the majority, if not all, of them passed a part of the year there, and took with them some of the more skilful members of their orchestra, to render chamber music, and to form the nucleus of a company when Symphonies, Concertos or large vocal works were to be performed, they contributed their part as well to the musical, as to the political and social life in the metropolis.

In one respect no change had taken place since the visit of Kapellmeister Reichardt, ten years before (1783). "The nobility [he says] was perhaps the most musical that ever was; the whole gay people took part in the joyful art, and its light, easy disposition, its sensual, pleasure-loving character demanded alternation and an enlivening music everywhere. Owing to the generosity of the court and nobility, the general prosperity of the public, and the incredible cheapness of the means of living, a multitude of artists from abroad could visit Vienna, and support themselves for life there without any fixed engagement: a thing possible in Berlin at the most only for music teachers and especially for teachers of the piano, all of whom at that time, and certainly with reason, were bound to the school of Bach."

In another respect a change *had* occurred: in the character of the music performed. "Vienna was certainly at that time," he says, "next to Paris, the first city in Europe for practical music, and it lacked nothing but a greater variety in the works presented. The works of foreign masters penetrated there with very great difficulty,—as it is everywhere the case, where people imagine they possess the only true Art and the best taste and in fond self-complacency limit themselves to a single kind. Until then it had been so also with Berlin; or where the composers, as in Vienna and Paris, lived by their productions."

The following ten years, after this judgment was pronounced, had produced a great change, and alternation was no longer a desideratum. Those astonishingly fruitful last eight years of Mozart fell within this period; his own compositions were uncommonly various in their character, and had set up models, which compelled other composers to follow in the way which he had opened. Haydn had just come back, enriched with the experiences which he had gathered during his first stay in London. Van Swieten had during his stay in Berlin learned to appreciate the works of Bach and Handel and their schools, and exercised since his return to Vienna (about 1778) a decided and powerful influence on the musical taste there.

Thus were all the conditions precedent for the full bloom of Art in Vienna fulfilled at that time; and in one field, that of instrumental music, in a degree unknown in other cities. The extraordinary results in point of quantity produced in those years may be measured from the trade catalogue (1799) of a single music-dealer, Johann Traeg, which in Symphonies, Symphony-Concertos and Overtures (the last in a minority) contains the uncommon number of 512. Whoever is disposed to regard the so-called "Programme Music" of our time as something new, need only read the announcements in the newspapers of those days, to see superscriptions of Symphonies in almost endless variety, as: *La Tempesta*, *La Bataille*, *Siege in Vienne*, *Portrait musicale de la nature*, *King Lear*, "Ovid's Metamorphoses" (12 Symphonies by Dittersdorf), and so on.

Perhaps it was only the pressing fancy of the young man from Bonn, which had dreamed once of the possibility of carrying instrumental music still beyond the limits reached by Haydn and Mozart; perhaps these dreams had been but vague and indeterminate impressions of a something unknown which must yet be reached, and that by paths thus far concealed. Admitting such a possibility, then was the time and Vienna was the place for the arrival of a great creative genius in this field, as London had been 50 years before in Oratorio for Handel.

(To be continued).

Theatres in Germany.

Our neighbor, the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, has excellent letters from Leipsic, signed "E. L. S." Here, for instance, is one, which we commend to the attention alike of our theatre-goers and our puritans:

Leipsic, April 10th, 1867.

If a person would see the drama in its best dress, and learn to what a state of perfection the theatre can be brought by wise management and a correct appreciation by the people whom it should instruct and amuse, he must come to Germany. With us there is such a tendency to wholesale denunciation of rational amusements and such a general horror of the stage and its connections, that the theatre rarely attempts to suit the tastes of the higher classes, but contents itself with accepting the situation in which New England straight-jacket-morality would place it, in dealing out third class comedies and pantomimic spectacles. There are a few noble exceptions, but I think I have not exaggerated the general standard of our American play-houses. In England it is much the same, though there are very many better playwriters in England than with us, and two theatres at least in London, the Haymarket and St. James, whose managers have succeeded in keeping the stage clear of the trash at which full fifty thousand Londoners in other theatres nightly shake their sides with laughter. That there is a great deal of licentiousness connected with the French stage, I do not deny, but it is of the licentiousness that Americans chiefly hear. It is easier for a correspondent to exercise his wit in a description of Cora Pearl than in criticizing a good comedy. France thinks as a rule more of her literary men, and honors them more than any other country, and while the plays of Scribe, Girardin and Sardou are extant, good comedy will not go begging in the chief theatres. Moreover, the immorality of which we hear so much springs from the people, not from the stage. The stage is not a leader, but a mirror which faithfully reflects the society of the day. If it is supported by lovers of sensation and pantomime, why it must alternate Mlles. Zoe and Western with "The Black Crook" and "Naiad Queen." Those who denounce it so perseveringly as a sure path to destruction and a snare and pitfall in the way of the virtuous, might employ some of their wasted breath in reclaiming the people who force it to the position which it now dishonorably occupies.

As soon as one enters Germany he perceives a change. He is surprised at finding an opera company in every town which boasts fifteen thousand people. He will find great actors very rare, but the stock companies most excellent. Throughout the year the drama and opera alternate, both companies occupying the same stage, each playing three or four times a week. Let us commence with the opera. In Berlin and Vienna one can hear one hundred and thirty to forty operas a year by the finest singers in the world and unequalled orchestras; operas never sung and rarely heard of in America are found in the repertory, and the companies are so immense that an opera is rarely repeated so often as in our little representation of two weeks or a month's duration. The two finest tenors in the world are now engaged in Berlin, Wachtel and Niemann, and, for Germany, receive tremendous salaries. Niemann is bound by contract to sing four months during each year, for which he receives six thousand dollars (this is in Deutschland, please remember), and is allowed to pass the remaining eight months in singing as "gastspieler," or as we term it, in "starring."

A most admirable system prevails in Germany of pensioning aged actors and opera singers, provided they keep to their contracts and remain as supports of single theatres. For example, Niemann, when no longer fit for singing, will receive a pension varying with his length of service, but amply sufficient to support him and enable him to end his life in comfort. Nearly every theatre throughout Germany has this provision, and it obviates in a great measure the necessity of paying enormous salaries, as an actor, if faithful, will never be left a beggar when the public is satiated with him. The condition of their remaining by one theatre is of course necessary, but the tediousness of such an arrangement is relieved by the months (three or more each year) when the actor or singer travels about as "gastspieler." Thus some of the principal singers in London, during the season there, are members of German companies, who, nevertheless, are very willing to pocket two or three hundred English sovereigns an evening during their vacation.

It would at first seem impossible that enough first class singers could be found to supply the theatres of Germany, so numerous are they, but music is so extensively cultivated and the twelve musical conservatories so rich in pupils of talent that the demand is supplied, and in no meagre way. The orchestra, chorus and ballet are almost certain to be well trained and efficient in any German opera, and this is something to be proud of when a repertory of thirty different operas is given in five months, as is the case in this city. Also, if you are in some insignificant city where permanent singers cannot be obtained, you will be sure of hearing some of the finest talent in the country once at least during the year by means of this propensity to "star" it, and such towns are always on the look out for singers of promise from the conservatories, whom they can keep to themselves a little while, until their fame spreads and they leave for glory and a large salary.

There is the same variety in the theatrical department as in that of the opera. A great part of German play-houses are taken by subscribers, and the plays therefore must be constantly changed. These subscriptions are in the highest degree convenient, as one can pay for one, two or four representations a week as he pleases, and obtain his ticket at the same rate as if he subscribed for each night of the year. For example, I bought a ticket last fall which entitles me to a seat every *third* representation, whatever it may be. I have gone very regularly for five months for the sake of learning the language quickly as well as for amusement, and during five months have heard only *two* operas and *three* theatrical representations a second time. I admit that in remaining another year I should notice a great deal of repetition; but if the pieces are good, which is the case here, this is to be desired. As I said before, there are few actors who can compare with Booth or Wallack or Davenport, but usually one of these actors is supported at home with a company so miserable that it requires all their genius to prevent the play from falling lifeless upon the stage. Here, when "Hamlet" is acted, the hero is not first class, but his supporters, even *Rosencrantz* and the second grave digger, are perfect, and there is consequently a consistency and solidity about the play which more than makes up for the deficiency of *Hamlet* himself. The Germans require this; the journalist thinks it his duty to correct in his daily critique the humble members no less than the chief performers.

The plays themselves are remarkably good, most of them native; but once a week one hears a translation from the English or French. I have only seen four broad farces during my stay in this city or in Dresden, and the only thing approaching a spectacle was a magic fountain upon the stage, upon which parti-colored light was thrown from an electric lamp. The prices are very low and the accommodations excellent. The audiences as a rule are dressed as with us, neither more or less, and seated as in our theatres, with but few private boxes. A stranger would

doubtless think them very stingy of their applause, and indeed that enthusiasm which takes our theatres by storm is hardly ever seen here. No singer when encored repeats the aria as with us, but bows merely, and often when an actor receives an encore after fainting or killing himself, the curtain on rising discovers him in the same position in which he was last seen, and the audience is relieved from seeing a dead hero jump up and bow.

This observance of common sense rules, the excellence of the plays and actors in Germany, is owing to the interest taken in such matters by the people. The theatre is either the property of the city or partly endowed by the Duke or King in whose dominions it is. As the actors are paid from the State or city, it behooves the people to see that they are good, and that the theatres themselves are as perfect as possible. As they support them they deserve to find therein good entertainment, and gentlemen of talent and experience are always appointed to the management; those having direction of the Dresden and Leipsic theatres are noblemen. Though of course there are exceptions to this, yet as a rule Germans go to the opera and theatre, as to a musical concert, or gallery of paintings, to gratify a refined and educated taste.

(From the Daily Advertiser).

Othello.

AT THE BOSTON THEATRE, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1867.*

Upon the shore, it seemed to me,
I watched the invisible air
Stir up a luminous tropic sea
To a vast storm of agony,
And anger and despair;
With dashing of the waves upon the shoals,
And shrieks of tortured pines upon the height,
And cries for help of perishing wrecked souls,
And lines of lightning in the night.

O, Shakespeare, King-magician,
Because truest to the heart of man!
Thou didst live again, one hour,
No longer a dead page:
But vital with the utmost power
Of tenderness and rage.
The simple and the complex that we are,
Alike are simple unto thee;
And that which lies most near or lies most far,
Within thy grasp is equally;
The foot-worn pebble and the proudest star
Preserving due degree.

What unpaid debt of gratitude
To thee, reality of classic dreams;
Thee, antique grace of attitude;
Apollo, young, and bright with all his beams;
Divine of mould and stature;
A genuine artist, being a pure man;
Showing such perfect pictures of base nature,
As only noble natures can!

Thee, also, passionate volcano, peut,
But overflowing into dreadful mirth,
Or wrath so human that it seems divine;
And we gaze on in aching wonderment,
As passion after passion has its birth,
And moulds the plastic features to its sign—
Cry of the tiger, murmur of the dove,
Jealousy, forgiveness, murder, love!

'Tis vengeance coiling snake-like round his foe,
Or burning like an arrow to his mark;
The spark through crafty channels eating slow,
The blasting mine ignited by the spark.
The stifling nurture of Italian palaces,
The growth of climes, barbaric, large and pure,—
The one, the subtle intellect of Venice is,
And one, the dusky grandeur of the Moor.

E. J. C.

* When the great German actor, Bogumil Dawison, played Othello to Edwin Booth's Iago.

Music in the Boston Public Schools.

In School Committee, Sept. 11, 1866.

The Committee on Music ask leave to submit the following as their Report:

In reviewing the operations of the school-year which has just closed, your Committee find cause for encouragement and satisfaction in the general progress which has taken place in this department of instruction. They believe that some real and solid advantages have been gained,—first and foremost among which has been the adoption by a large and hearty vote of the School Board, of the order appended to the preceding Report of the Committee, making it the duty of every teacher in the Primary Schools to devote at least ten minutes in each session to regular instruction in Music. The further introduction of the music charts into both Primary and Grammar Schools has been accomplished as rapidly as circumstances would permit. More unity, method and uniformity of teaching has prevailed; and a greater interest and appreciation of this branch of their work is beginning to be perceptible, on the part of the teachers especially.

In the *Primary Schools*, under the faithful and intelligent supervision of Mr. Mason, the plan of a more thorough and comprehensive instruction in music is now for the most part permanently established, and is already showing forth its beautiful results. The Chairman of the Committee on the Annual School Report gave, last year, in the body of his Report a *resumé* of the programme of instruction in singing in the Boston Primary Schools, as adopted in the sixth, fifth, fourth and third classes. This programme, with some present modifications, and as now carried out more fully in the plan of instruction through the second and first classes, may very properly be re-inserted here.

It is as follows:

PROGRAMME OF ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN SINGING IN THE BOSTON PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Requirements for the First Year (Sixth and Fifth Classes).

(1). Pupils should be taught to sing *by rote* all the exercises and songs with words of the first seventeen pages of "Hohmann's Practical Course in Singing," Part I.; also to sing the scale, ascending and descending, by the scale names, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, and by the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

(2). They shall be taught musical notation from the black-board,—the pupils to copy the notes and other signs upon their slates to the following extent, viz:—

(a) Notes, short and long,

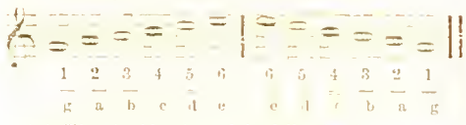
(b) Measures, Bar and Double bar,

(c) Rests, short and long,

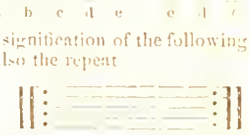
(d) The Staff, Degrees (Lines and Spaces).

(e) The G clef,

(f) The first six sounds of the scale, in the key of G, written upon the staff with the g clef.



(g) The signification of the following letters *p, pp, f, ff, mf*: also the repeat



(3). Music charts for daily practice.

(4). Other songs and exercises at the discretion of the teacher.

Second Year (Fourth and Third Classes).

(1). Continuation of Songs through Hohmann's Part I., *by rote*, with a view to the pupils' learning the same *by note*: also the following additional characters in musical notation:

(a)

(b)

(c)

(2). Double, triple, quadruple, and sextuple time, including Accentuation and manner of beating the time.

(3). Music charts for daily practice; also miscellaneous songs and exercises at the discretion of the teachers.

Third Year (Second and First Classes).

Pupils for transfer to the Grammar Schools should be able

(1). To sing all the songs and exercises in Hohmann's Practical Course, Part I., *by note*.

(2). To describe, by its intervals, the Major-Diatonic Scale.

(3). On hearing a musical phrase, to tell in what kind of time it is; also to describe double, triple, quadruple and sextuple time, including accentuation and manner of beating the same.

(4). To write, at dictation, the whole, quarter, and eighth notes, and their corresponding rests.

(5). To write the staff, and the g clef in its proper place upon the staff.

(6). To write, at dictation, upon the staff with the g clef the notes representing the following sounds or pitches, g, a, b, e, d, e, f, g, a, b, c, d, e, f and g; also f, f, c and b.

(7). Music charts (second course).

(8). To sing, at sight, simple melodies in the keys of C, G, and F, Major.

(9). To write the scales of C, G, and F, Major, upon the staff with g clef, and their proper signatures; also to name the pitches of the sounds composing these scales, in their order.

(10). To explain the use of the , , and .

Book, Hohmann's Practical Course, Part I.

Of course it has not been possible for the music teacher to give his personal attendance every day of every week, in each of the two hundred and fifty schools of this grade. Nor indeed, has it been practicable or expedient for him to visit some of the remotest of them more than once or twice during the year, if at all. During the greater part of his time his efforts have been concentrated mainly upon certain groups of schools—four, five, or six, or more in the different districts, dividing his time as nearly as possible equally and impartially among the various portions of the city,—and, as fast as the teachers of the schools visited become interested themselves in the subject and their capacity for this teaching demonstrated, leaving them to carry on their work, with an occasional visit for inspection or counsel,—himself passing on to other groups of schools to set in motion the same train. In many instances the regular teachers have caught up, with remarkable aptitude and facility, the method of the master, and his genius for teaching and for interesting children—and this by no means among those teachers exclusively who are what is called *musical* themselves,—the aptitude to teach, successfully and intelligently, the first rudiments of the art, being found among those who are most conscientious and apt in communicating a knowledge of all the other branches of school instruction committed to their care. We feel greatly inclined to point out and mention by name those schools wherein the greatest success has been achieved in this speciality, were it only to show how invariably they would prove to be the *best schools* in all respects, and also to call by name some in which the least interest and care has been manifested in carrying out the instructions of the Board in this regard; but we must defer this part of our duty to a future Report.....

Among the most important of the immediate results of such teaching, in those schools where the regular teachers have absolutely and faithfully given the due quota of time and attention to the programme of musical instruction,—a result not unlooked for, and one to which the attention of the Board has been called in anticipation in the previous Reports of this Committee,—is the gradual but sure eradication of the prevailing sing song "*primrose-leaf tone*," as it has been called. The extent to which such habits of listless and unmeaning sing-song utterance prevails in some of our own schools of this grade, even at the present day, pervading every performance in reading, in spelling, and in recitation, may be exemplified in the following illustrations, taken at random and noted down on the spot in certain schools which shall be for the present nameless. In spelling, take for example the word *thunder*. It is given out by the teacher: the pupils pronounce it after her and proceed to spell it after the following fashion:

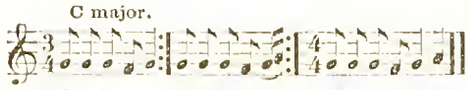
The *tempo* depends upon the peculiar temperament

of the teacher; it is generally rather dragging and heavy, and the strain being in the minor-key, the most energetic teacher, without the aid of musical training, cannot long resist its influence. Of measure, there is none.

In the recitation of arithmetical tables, the *tune* is of a rather livelier cast, usually in the major-key, and the rhythm is more marked, thus:

(a) Addition tables:

C major.



1 & 1 are 2, 4 & 1 are 5. 12 & 1 are 13, etc.
2 & 1 are 3, 5 & 1 are 6.
3 & 1 are 4,

(b) Subtraction tables:

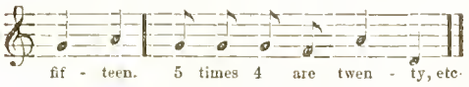
G major.

2 from 3 leaves 1, 2 from 6 leaves 4, etc.
2 from 4 leaves 2,
2 from 5 leaves 3.

(c) Multiplication tables:

C major.

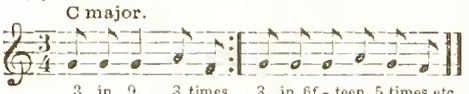
5 times 1 are 5, 5 times 3 are
5 times 2 are 10.



fif - teen. 5 times 4 are twen - ty, etc.

(d) Division tables:

C major.



3 in 9, 3 times, 3 in fif - teen, 5 times, etc.
3 in 12, 4 times.

These faults are not confined to the Primary Schools; but, if not eradicated, will creep up among the lower grades of the Grammar classes, adding vexatiously to the disturbing elements that are to be dealt with, as best they can be, in the earlier stages of Grammar-school instruction. It is but justice to state in this connection, that wherever the co-operation of Mr. Munroe—the accomplished teacher of Vocal Culture and Physical Training—has been practicable, and his admirable exercises in the formation of the voice and the development of tone put in daily practice by the teacher, this vicious habit has proved vastly more amenable to cure.

A word in this place as to the mistaken notion, on the part of some, that it requires a good deal of practical knowledge of music in order to be able to teach it successfully. The Committee have already expressed their dissent from this dogma in the present and in former reports. Of course, the possession of a fine musical culture on the part of the teacher is a great aid in this branch of instruction, and gives interest and zest to the work. But such accomplishment, to more than a very moderate extent, as we have seen, is not essential to success; and the neglect to carry out the Rules of the Board as to daily attention to this subject can find no valid excuse upon such ground. The capacity to teach the elements of Vocal Music (as this Committee have often mentioned in their Reports) is now required of all new candidates for the office of teacher in our Public Schools. Nor is it a very difficult matter for any one to acquire the knowledge and capacity sufficient to enable them to impart instruction to children in this interesting art intelligently and with pleasure to themselves. "Granting," says Currie, "that a thorough familiarity with singing is best acquired when it has been practised from infancy upwards so as to become a habit, nature does not withdraw the gift permanently from those who have set no value on it on emerging from infancy, or who have not had the habit formed by their early instructors. It is a matter of experience that children of whatever age, almost without exception, and without much difficulty, attain to the perception of 'tune.' And the adult, *the teacher for instance*, who may wish to acquire it may acquire it if he will; all may do so except those who have some organic defect. The difficulty will be considerable, more or less, according to the completeness or length of time he has allowed his capacity to remain dormant,—just as it would be if he had to acquire his power of language at a mature age. But he may acquire it, and, what is more, he can judge for himself whether he may or not; if he can distinguish that one note differs from another in pitch and length, he has musical capacity sufficient, to say the least, for all his purposes."

In some of the school districts, the Music Teacher has, at the request of the Chairman of the District Committee, met the teachers as a body on some half-day in each month for the purpose of normal instruction in his speciality; and some such plan, if generally adopted throughout the city, would, in the minds of your Committee, prove of great service. To the same end the teachers have been encouraged to visit such schools as have shown the greatest proficiency in their musical exercises, in order to observe and acquire the method of instruction. All this is well, and it might, perhaps, be better if some still more efficient general plan of normal teaching should be devised, a conscientious attendance upon which should be required of all teachers.

If we have dwelt somewhat at length on the manner and method of musical instruction, as now established in the Primary Schools of Boston, it is because we attach to it such essential importance, and because of our earnest desire that the masters and subordinate teachers may co-operate with us in our efforts to carry the system thoroughly and efficiently into operation in ALL the classes belonging to this division of our school system. It is here, as we have so often said, that instruction in music, if we ever expect it to attain to anything like a satisfactory result as a part of our Common School teaching, ought to begin, and its foundations to be laid broad, deep and sure. Thus, and not otherwise, can be ensured such useful and practical knowledge of the art as we aim to furnish to every graduate of the Grammar and High departments of our Schools.

In the *Intermediate Schools*, of which there are at present only eleven in number, the same plan of instruction is now in operation—as far as possible—with, in some instances, most remarkable and gratifying results.

In the *Grammar Department*, in accordance with the recommendation of the Committee in a previous Report, the charge and responsibility of the musical instruction now rests upon Mr. Sharland, who divides his time equally among all the schools of this grade, himself personally instructing the first and second classes. Under the energetic and efficient direction of this gentleman, instruction in music, in addition to the usual lessons of two half-hours each week with the upper rooms, is being extended as rapidly as possible to all the lower classes of this department. In seventeen of the twenty-one schools comprised in this division, namely, the Adams, Bigelow, Bowditch, Bowdoin, Boylston, Brimmer, Chapman, Dwight, Eliot, Everett, Hancock, Lawrence, Lincoln, Mayhew, Prescott, Quincy and Winthrop schools, some attention to music is thus given during a portion of every week by the regular teachers, with such assistance from the music teacher as can be spared from his arduous duties with the upper classes. This is certainly a gain upon what has hitherto been accomplished; for, although the Rules and Regulations explicitly require such attention to the musical instruction of their pupils on the part of the assistant teachers, very little, if any regard has been paid to this requirement.*

The Committee are aware that serious difficulties have hitherto existed in the proper carrying out of this rule. These difficulties, they believe, will hereafter be in great measure removed, since, with the close of the present year, the progressive plan of musical instruction in the Primary Schools will have reached up through all the grades of those schools, and will be felt in the promotions to the Grammar Schools. But, to insure a proper and systematic attention to this branch of study, it should have in all the classes its fixed and appointed time in some portion of each day's programme of study, as has already been many times urged by the Committee in their previous Reports. Ten minutes in each session faithfully given to such instruction in this speciality by the regular teachers in every room, following, indeed, the same plan that has already been fulfilled in the case of the Primary Schools, would be sufficient; and this would seem to us a very moderate demand for a subject of such general interest and importance, as will appear when contrasted (in connection with the time given to some other school studies) with several of the best of the European Schools of a grade corresponding to our Grammar department, as given below.

* Sect. 12, Chap. X of the Regulations [of Grammar Schools] reads as follows:

"Two half-hours each week in the Grammar Schools shall be devoted to the study and practice of vocal music. Instruction shall be given to the first and second classes by the music teachers. Musical notation, the singing of the scale and exercises in reading simple music, shall be practised twice a week by the lower classes under the direction of the assistant teachers; and the pupils shall undergo examinations and receive credits for proficiency in music as in the other studies pursued in the schools."

Table showing the relative proportion of time devoted to Arithmetic, Geography and Music, in the Public Schools of Berlin, Potsdam, Leipzig and Weissenfels.

Subjects of Study.	Berlin. Hours per week.					Potsdam. Hours per week.					Leipzig. Hours per week.					Weissenfels. Hours per week.				
	2d [illegible]	3d Class.	4th Class.	5th Class.		1st Class.	2d Class.	3d C.	4th Class.		1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	4th Class.		1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Cla.	4th Class.	
Arithmetic	3	3	3	4		3	3	4	4		4	4	4	4		4	4	4	4	
Geography	2	2	2	1		2	2	2	1		2	2	2	2		3	2		1	
Music	2	2	2	2		2	2	2	2		2	2	2	2		3	2		3	

In comparison with the above we give below the time now devoted to these studies in the various classes of three of our own schools of this grade. These schools are taken by the Committee from among the seventeen in which, as we have said, some attention is given to music in all the classes. They are up to the average standard of excellence.

Table showing the relative proportion of time given to Arithmetic, Geography and Music in three of the Grammar Schools of Boston.

Subjects of Study.	School A. Hours per week.				School B. Hours per week.				School C. Hours per week.			
	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	4th Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	4th Class.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	4th Class.
Arithmetic	6	6	6.30	8	8.30	5.45	6	7	4	5	3	2
Geography	3	4	4	4.30	6.45	4.30	4	3.30	3	3	1.30	1.30
Music	1	1	1	1.10	1	1		.45	1	1	.30	.30

To test the operation of this plan, in connection with the curriculum of studies required in our own schools of this grade, the experiment has been faithfully tried in one or two instances, and the results, as affecting the general interests of the school, have been carefully regarded. The testimony of Mr. Sheldon, master of the Hancock Grammar School, under whose hearty co-operation such instruction has been daily carried out in every room in his school during the past year, is interesting and to the point.

Says Mr. Sheldon, in a letter to the Committee, in reply to their inquiries on this subject, "It affords me gratification to give my testimony in favor of the practicability and value of your efforts to inaugurate and carry forward a thorough and scientific system of instruction in vocal music, as an element of popular education in the public schools of Boston. I am confident that a strictly scientific course of instruction in vocal music *is* not only practicable, but imperatively demanded, in view of the high mission the schools of Boston ought to fulfil in the work of practical and refined culture. The advantage of such a system would be almost universal, since, in a school of about one thousand girls, less than a dozen pupils were unfitted, from all causes, for attaining to a fair degree of success in this department of culture. This number would have been reduced, provided musical instruction had been begun at the age fixed for the admission of pupils to the Primary Schools by the Rules and Regulations of the School Board. My experience and observation lead me to conclude that the time devoted to the *study of vocal music tends to advance and further the progress of the pupils in the other branches of study*, rather than retard. Especially is this true in regard to speaking and reading, which consists of essentially the same elements as singing and should be taught in conjunction with it. Vocal music is one of the most useful agencies in the *discipline* of a school. The 'music chart' is, in my judgment, a far better appliance, generally, than 'the rod,' in securing that harmony between teacher and pupils, and a happy spirit and temper of mind, which would prevent most of the petty cases of wrong-doing, for which punishment is so often inflicted in our schools. The influence of vocal music we find to be toward the formation of a cheerful and amiable character, and the development of that strength and moral power which is necessary to a life of usefulness. . . . .

"Our plan is to assign eight or ten minutes of each day of the school-year, to be devoted exclusively by all the teachers of the school to instruction in vocal music. We found that it employed muscles and intellect profitably, developed a taste for the artistic and beautiful, and called out the perceptive and constructive faculties of the soul more than any other single study taught for the same length of time. . .

"Within a very few years, should this system, recently so auspiciously introduced into the Boston Schools, be faithfully and persistently carried forward by the School Board, teachers and people of the city, I feel confident in predicting that the pupils, generally, of the same age and advancement, would read and express in singing tones written music *at sight*, as readily and more correctly than they would the text of their School Readers in speaking tones. And my earnest hope is that the work so well commenced here may be pushed forward until the children of the humblest citizen of America, as they graduate from our schools, may be found trained in all respects so as to be able to compete with and rival the pupils of the best schools of the Old World."

After such practical confirmation of their views, your Committee give notice of their intention, at an early day, to bring before the Board an order requiring that a definite and specified time—at least ten minutes in each session—be devoted daily to instruction in music in all the schools of the Grammar department, being substantially the same order, in spirit and form, as that recently passed in reference to the Primary Schools. In the nature of the case, without such specified and allotted time no well-arranged programme for musical study could be marked out for the Grammar Schools, and none such now exists. At present, as far as is practicable, the music teacher, as has been before said, is endeavoring, by devoting a portion of his own time to the work, to give a proper direction to such instruction throughout the lower rooms. By the present requirements of the Rules, two half-hours a week must be devoted by the music teacher to personal instruction in his specialty in the first and second classes of each school of this division. All below these classes are divided, for the purpose of musical instruction, into two parts, to each of which the music teacher devotes a half-hour, at such time as his engagements with the upper classes will allow, in inspecting and giving direction to the teaching,—the regular teachers in all the lower rooms being expected to devote some portion of each day to this branch of study.

The want of a proper text-book in the Grammar Schools is beginning to be severely felt. In the lower classes, as in the Primary Schools, the music charts furnished by Mr. Mason, with illustrations and exercises from Hohmann, Mainzer, Wilhelm and Hullah, in some degree supply this want. Not so in the two upper classes. There, as has been previously stated in our Reports, it has been a permitted custom for the music teacher to use such book in illustration of his method of teaching as in his judgment was thought best,—the pupils supplying themselves with the books whenever required. The text-book now so used in the upper classes is an adaptation of the excellent system of Wilhelm, by John Hullah,—which follows admirably upon the plan of Hohmann now in use in all the Primary and the lower grades of the Grammar classes. Connected with these progressive exercises of Wilhelm and Hullah is a variety of well-adapted pieces of music selected and most of them arranged by Mr. Sharland,—the whole forming a comprehensive and handsome volume for the pupil. This book the Committee have recommended through the Committee on Text-Books for adoption by the Board as a necessary and important aid in the existing stage of musical education in our schools. And while on this point the Committee would again refer to the views expressed by them in a former Report (see printed volume of the School Report for 1861), in which they express their hope that before long they may possess a manual of music adapted expressly to our system of Public School instruction. Such manual, in three parts, adapted to Primary, Grammar and High School instruction, they believe must sooner or later grow out of the present efforts to adopt and carry out a thorough and progressive plan of musical tuition in the schools of Boston—which, when completed, should be recognized and adopted as the uniform text-books of the school, and be furnished to them at the cheapest rate, free from any trammels of copyright, or the interests or emoluments of any individual, author, compiler, or publisher.

In the Girls' High and Normal School, as heretofore, this department of instruction is under the charge of Mr. Zerrahn. Here the Committee have observed, with pleasure, a growing interest and appreciation, on the part of the pupils, in their musical tuition from year to year. This is only the natural result of the more thorough attention to this subject in the Primary and Grammar departments. Under the hands of an accomplished master and musician, the pupils now acquire by practice a fulness and rotundity of tone, style and method of delivery, a good degree of facility in the reading of more difficult music in two and three parts, and some knowledge of musical form and composition. Two lessons a week, of an hour and a half each, are apportioned equally among the three classes of this school.

In the Training Department of this school, for the present located in Somerset Street, normal instruction in the art of teaching music, illustrated by lessons to Primary pupils, is given by Mr. Mason.

J. BAXTER UPHAM,
JOHN P. ORDWAY, R. C. WATERSTON,
FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, W. H. CUDWORTH.
Committee on Music.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The annual examinations at the Conservatorium took place as usual in April; concerning the first of which we have received the following translation from the *Leipziger Tageblatt* of April 12.

"On the ninth of April, the first of the annual public examinations of the *Conservatorium der Musik* took place in the Gewandhaus Hall. The programme comprised five pieces for the piano, two for the violin, and one for the violoncello. In the first named Messrs. Ernst Eulenberg, of Berlin, (A minor Concerto by Hummel, 1st movement); Max Wogritsch, of Hermannstadt, (Concert-Polonaise, Op. 56, Moscheles); James Wilson, of Newport, Rhode Island, (Rondo Brillant in E flat, by Mendelssohn); George Hodorowski of Poltawa (A flat Concerto by Field, I. movement); Gustav Kogel of Leipzig, (E-flat Concerto, Beethoven, I movement); and Charles Heap, of Birmingham (II. and III. movements of the same Concerto). The violin was represented by Messrs. Lehr of Bukarest, and Dawydow of St. Petersburg; the violoncello by Mr. Julius Hegar, third, of Basel.

"The large audience of invited listeners (generally only seen here on similar occasions) signified their approval of all the performances, but especially (very naturally) those of the two youngest and smallest (Dawydow and Hodorowski, the former of whom is fourteen, the latter thirteen years old) by enthusiastic applause. With this simple notice our report might perhaps be considered, by many, quite sufficient. A reporter, however, who has always deemed it his duty to take not so much the opinion of the more or less select Gewandhaus public(to whom still, in equity and fairness, a certain knowledge of art, developed by long and steady attendance upon good musical entertainments, cannot be denied), as to receive for his guide the principles of the art itself, judges it to be in the interest as well of this art and the music school, as also of the young artists themselves to enter into a more searching and discriminating discussion upon the efforts of the latter.

"The Examination at the Institution, which is indebted for its high renown to Mendelssohn Bartholdy, as chief founder and first leader, in whose present list of teachers, such celebrated names as Moscheles, Moritz, Hauptmann, Ferd. David and E. F. Richter, are found, requires indeed a closer and more attentive observance than other schools, which cannot boast so distinguished a position. For we may rightly here expect and claim that such an Institution correspond with its world-wide fame, and the solution of this question we are enabled, for the most part, to find in these Examinations.

"Above all, every criticism must have a firm basis; it is accordingly our duty to define our position well, before we examine more closely this, as well as later, following Exhibitions. In our day it is no more allowed the creating, nor the executing musician to content himself with mere outward appearances, without clearly and precisely showing the inner motive of the same. From the artists of the present, not simply the mere technical skill is required, but also intelligence and an appreciative interpretation of the music. Even in the study of technic, indispensable to such interpretation, we claim that he must try to investigate and master the spirit of the tone-art through its materials. Without this intellectual element the technic sinks to a mere handicraft. The dexterity of the hands alone, when not sustained by the inspiration of the soul, even if the written marks of expression be ever so carefully and precisely given, are far from forming an artistic representation. The "How" of the performance is almost of secondary importance. Does the scholar feel it to be in consequence of genial intuition (which unknowingly is often manifested in children), or in consequence of the explanations of a master, himself deeply imbued with the true meaning and spirit of the tone language—if the schollar, we say, feels himself inspired by the "Why"—i.e., by the intellectual necessity of those shades of expression, so these will certainly influence his innermost understanding, and involuntarily impart themselves to his fingers. Thus following the inspired impulse he will find the correct manner of expression. Mere technical general directions and precepts alone can never assist here. This much to our readers in advance, as preparing the way for a correct appreciation of the following: Among the pianists mentioned above, Messrs. Heap, Hodorowski, Wilson and Wogritsch distinguished themselves by a more or less intellectual comprehension of the "Why." With Mr. Heap (a young man of 20--21 years) it appears already as the result of inner feeling and soul; with young Hodorowski (the boy) apparently only from the intuition of hereditary and unusual talent; with Mr. Wogritsch, the natural talent may yet also prevail, although the inner sense is already distinguishable, while in Mr. Wilson (a young man of more matured years) we see the full result of reflective intellect. In the case of the four above named gentlemen, the fruit of the school—the purely technical power—is only to be regarded as commendable in connection with the touch, the influence which the inspired impulse involuntarily exercises upon the fingers, and which as it stands in the closest relationship with the individual character of each artist, appears accordingly variously modified. The playing of Messrs. Eulenberg and Kogel, on the

contrary, displayed only the result of severe technical school and commendable industry, and perhaps from this point may claim corresponding recognition. Only we could have wished from Mr. Kogel a somewhat soberer appreciation of the situation, of which, among other things, his occasional glances toward the audience could not well be considered as an exact indication.

"Of the violinists, Mr. Lehr represented the respectable technic gained through industrious study. Young Dawydow, however (in spite of his youth), possesses in addition to fine technical skill, the intuition of indwelling talent, with indications of an early, ripe and acute intelligence. Mr. Hegar, finally, —whose control of his instrument gave token of excellent school—appeared, with reference to inspired interpretation, to stand upon the same ground wtth Mr. Heap."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1867.

Music in the Public Schools.

We copy to-day in full the Annual Report (written by Dr. Upham) of the Committee on Music, embodied in the very elaborate Annual Report of the School Committee, a formidable document of 350 pages. It must surely be read with interest by all who believe in Music as an important element in popular education; and if well read and pondered, it must go far to convert some who are still unbelievers. It shows what hopeful, and indeed remarkable, progress has been made, not only in our High and Grammar schools, but in nearly every one of our 250 Primary schools, in teaching nearly every child to sing simple music both by rote and by note, by that rare teacher, Mr. L. W. Mason, who seems to have been sent into the world on just this mission, to show how to win the children, and their teachers too, to music; what wonders are wrought at the same time by another equally gifted teacher, Mr. Munroe, in building up the voices, together with the health, of the young; how happy the children are made by this exercise, and how much more cheerfully, with willing hearts and clear minds, they go from it to their other studies; how it promotes the love of order, by giving them the taste of rhythmical experience; how one by one the doubting members of the School Committee and the heads of Schools have come to see and own the good of it, and how, pleased and inspired by what they saw, the teachers in the several rooms of nearly all the schools, have made themselves scholars of the gentlemen alluded to, and have qualified themselves to carry on the exercises in the same spirit in their several class rooms. So that vocal Music —of course in its very simple, rudimentary stages, not in the higher sense of Art—has at length become a vital part of our whole common school system, and the Committee, testing their ideas by abundant practical experiment, have gained courage to establish the Rule that among the indispensable qualifications for the office of a teacher in whatever grade of schools must be a certain power of teaching music,—a rule which is fast becoming efficacious throughout.

The time asked for this exercise is so little in a week, that the loss would be but trifling even if it did no good. No one pretends that it does harm, and the general testimony of teachers and competent witnesses is, that it is doing incalculable good. By the tables in the Report it will be seen that we do not yet give more than half as much time to music relatively to other studies, as they do in the schools in Germany, to which our foremost educators have long pointed as the best models. But it is wonderful how much may be done in half hours, in ten minutes, if done daily, with live energy, and on a sound and natural system. We have now a School Committee with whom it is a conviction and a thing of conscience; we have found the two men (and we should name a third, Mr. Sharland, who follows up Mr. Mason's good work in the Grammar Schools), who in themselves impersonate the art of teaching children music; we have got the children interested, glowing with the sense of daily progress, and hundreds of their teachers heartily participating in the work; the idea, the faith is fast taking possession of the community, becoming a part of public opinion, leavening the whole mass. Shall there be any falling back? The moment just before complete success is always an anxious one. The School Committee do well, therefore, in their annual Reports to still reiterate their plea, re-state their arguments, fortified by new experiences, that a good work so well begun, so full of promise, shall be protected to the end; that no neglect, no cavils of doubting Thomases or partisan opponents, shall be allowed to arrest the plant midway in its growth.

This Report is the more significant in view of a recent agitation in the School Board of the question of abolishing that Musical School Festival, which has proved so inspiring now for years. Happily it was but a small minority of discontented ones. Such restless spirits there are always to raise doubts and opposition to all æsthetic schemes of culture, and to whatever does not square with the most literal and hard utilitarianism. Are they not providential stings sent lest we fall asleep in good works that require faith and persistent labor!

It is one of the incidental, but not final, fatal, difficulties of a popular government, where all claim a voice, and nothing ever gets entirely beyond discussion, that there will be agitators who, perhaps for the mere sake of self-assertion, would delight in pulling down anything at all fine and ideal, looking to the moral and spiritual elevation of the race, which it has cost zeal and toil and sacrifice and years to build up. No doubt, there could be found thriving and influential people in this city, who would like to have the Public Garden, or even the Common, dear to every child, cut into building lots and sold, because in *one* (very narrow) sense they *can* be looked upon as superfluities. For this very reason, to soothe this acrid restlessness of a competitive democracy, to harmonize tastes, feelings, hearts, where interests divide, to round off the sharp corners of the Yankee character and manners, to pervade the social mass with that instinctive reverence which goes with the sense and culture of the Beautiful, do we need Music in our schools.

Music in Boston.—Review of the Season, 1866--7.

(Concluded).

Having counted up our wealth in instrumental music, under the two heads of Orchestral and Chamber Music,—to which we might have added a long list of Organ compositions, of Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, &c., as well as the French Offertoires of Batiste Wely and the like, but that it would be essentially a repetition of the list we printed for the year before,—we come now to the larger and the smaller forms of vocal music; limiting ourselves, as before, to such works and authors as may be considered classical, and whose performance marks the progress of taste and culture in a sound direction. For it would be an endless and an idle task to count up all the sentimental songs and ballads, the hacknied commonplaces from Italian operas, *tours de forces* merely written to show off a singer, which figure in no end of miscellaneous "popular" concerts, and which always, everywhere, have their audience, just as the sensational and shallow melodramas flourish even in communities where Shakspeare is well known and felt. We begin with the noblest.

III. Oratorio.

Boston still looks to a single source for all its opportunities in this kind. The old Handel and Haydn Society, in spite of its chronic infirmities, has grown in earnestness and power as well as numbers. It now musters a chorus of 500 voices for its ordinary performances,—a number which a few years since came only at the call of a great Festival—and it has already had two Festivals greater than that now going on in New York,—higher in character, of course, than any individual speculation like the latter (catering to heterogeneous crowds by announcing military bands and "Drum Corps" side by side with the *Messiah* and *Elijah*!). Our old Society is not yet all that it should be, as none know better than its own directors, who have been doing all they can, and with encouraging success, to better it. The quality of voices and the choral discipline certainly improve from year to year; while in the choice of music the standard has been kept very high.

This year, (there being no Festival—that will come next Spring), the number of public Oratorio performances has been six. The works produced have been: Handel's *Messiah* (our annual Christmas custom) and *Jephtha*, which, though given here many years ago, may be counted the novelty of this season; Haydn's *Creation*; Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, *Elijah*, and *Hymn of Praise*: this last with Rossini's *Stabat Mater* made up a single concert, as they often do in England. In *Jephtha*, the *Creation*, *Elijah*, the *Stabat* and the *Hymn of Praise*, we had the benefit of Mme. Parepa-Rosa's noble voice and style; in *Elijah* we had also the superb contralto of Miss Phillipps; in *St. Paul* and *Jephtha*, a tenor, Mr. Simpson, was borrowed from New York; for the rest we have been served, not greatly, but for the most part faithfully and well, by relying on our own resources ("home talent"): Miss Houston and Mrs. H. M. Smith for soprani; Mrs. J. S. Cary and Miss Kate Rametti, for contralti; Mr. James Whitney and Mr. W. J. Winch, for tenors; and Messrs. Rudolphsen, M. W. Whitney and J. F. Winch, for basses.

Jephtha was the only new accession to the repertoire. *St. Paul* was the new thing of last year. The *Creation* and *Messiah*, great and never to be forgotten, are very old stories with us,—so much so that it would cost a miracle, at least a new inspiration, to lift the chorus out of the old unconscious habits, faults and all, in singing them. Even *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* are getting to be as familiar as household words with all our music lovers. Two great obstacles there always are to widening the field of our acquaintance with great works of this kind, to studying and bringing out other great works which by their intrinsic worth have quite as great a claim on us as any in our list. First, the mass of a chorus are too lazy to set to work with mastering energy upon a difficult new work, even by Handel's contemporary and at least his equal. Then, the material economy of such a Society, the eye to outward and immediate success, so easily forgets the real excellent first purpose, of learning things and doing things for Art's sake, being tempted by some splendid opportunity, as the chance presence of a famous prima donna,

into doing the easy old thing over again for the hundredth time just for the sake of presenting *her*; the people pay and crowd the hall so to hear the singer, the singer being the first question, the music subordinate; the prosperity is so intoxicating, so easily won, that the same round of Oratorios bids fair to repeat itself indefinitely; indeed have not these few, which we all know by heart, proved just the right sort of background on which to display the Nightingales and Divas whom we are all so crazy about, that we do not care whether we ever know Sebastian Bach or not? Perhaps for that we need a new Society, some smaller, earnest club of singers, who would devote themselves to this speciality of learning the *Passionsmusik*, the *Magnificat*, the Christmas Oratorio, or some few of his three hundred sacred Cantatas. We confess we sometimes wish that the Handel and Haydn Society would either become a great deal better, made up entirely of earnest spirits, or so much worse, that we might without ceremony dispense with it and build up another on a new foundation. We have rejoiced more than once of late years at the infusion of new wine into it; but perhaps, after all, new wine needs new bottles.

IV. Opera.

Here the account is beggarly. The German Opera, which promised so well, fell to pieces, and though many of its elements have several times been drawn together again in New York and Philadelphia, our Theatre has not been open to them. We have had no *Fidelio* again; no *William Tell*; no Mozart opera, except one bad performance of *Don Giovanni*; no Weber, no Cherubini, none of the sterling good things which we have waited long in vain to know.

Italian Opera, making its headquarters in New York, still visits us for a few weeks at a time, playing every night in the week, and two afternoons besides; the repertoire about the same as usual, with now and then one of the latest fashions from Paris, such as *L'Africaine*. We have had two visitations, each for a fortnight, of

Maretzek's Troupe, consisting of Miss Kellogg, Mme. Carmen Poch, Miss Amalia Hauck, Mlles. Ronconi, Stella Bonheur, Stockton and Mme. Natalie-Testa; *tenori*, Signors Mazzoleni, Baragli and Testa; *baritoni*, Ronconi and Bellini; *bassi*, Antonucci, Dubreuil, &c. They gave the following operas:

Bellini's *Somnambula*; Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia*, *Elisir d'Amore*, *Favorita*; Verdi's *Trovatore* and *Ernani*; Rossini's *Il Barbiere*; Gounod's *Faust*; Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; Herold's *Zampa* (first time in Boston); Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* and "Star of the North" (twice); Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*.—The prima donna in *opera seria*, as *Lucrezia*, the Verdi roles, &c., was Mlle. Poch, new to our public, who made a good mark. In such roles as the Somnambula, Prascovia in "Star of the North," &c., it was the young and beautiful Amalia Hauck, who instantly became a favorite and is a singer of rare promise. Miss Kellogg took the lead as usual in all light and playful pieces. Mme. Testa did the Azucenas, Maffeo Orsinis and other contralto parts. Sig. Ronconi was the great card, inimitable of course in the Barber, Dr. Dulcamara and Crispino. As conductors, Herr Bergmann and Sig. Torriani alternated; now and then Maretzek in person.

Then for a single week came the Max Strakosch troupe, consisting of Mme. Parepa-Rosa, with her quondam associates of the Bateman Concerts, Brignoli, Ferranti and Fortuna, strengthened by Miss Phillipps and Sig. Susini. They performed the *Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere*, *Lucia*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Norma* twice.

We have only to add the nice little experiment of "Parlor Opera" in the Music Hall, when *Don Pasquale* and *Lucia* were each given twice (in English), and the "Bohemian Girl" once, by Miss Riddell, Mr. J. Whitney and Mr. Farley, tenors, Mr. Rudolphsen, Dr. Guilmette and Mr. M. W. Whitney, basses,—and our record is complete.

V. Other Vocal Music.

J. S. Bach: Alto Aria: "Erbarme dich,' from the *Passionsmusik* (Mrs. Cary with orchestra.)
Cradle Song, from *Weihnachts-Cantata* (Do.)
Quartet (with orch. parts by 4 pianos): "Liebster Gott, wann werd 'ich sterben," 1st movement of Cantata.
Aria: "Wohl euch, ihr ausgewählten Seelen," (Mrs. Cary).
Aria (with violin obbligato): "Frohlocke, mein Herz," (Mme. Rosa).

Handel: "Lascia ch' io pianga," Air from *Rinaldo* (Miss Phillipps), twice.
"From mighty kings," from *Judas*, (Mme. Rosa).
"So shall the lute," " " " "
Other solos from Oratorios.

Stradella: "Pietà, Signore." (Sig. Fortuna).

Gluck: Aria: "Che farò," from *Orpheus*.

Mozart: Priest's Chorus: "O Isis."
Concert Aria: "Non temer," (Miss Houston with orchestra).
Bass Air from *Figaro*: "Solche hergelaufnen Laffen," (Mr. Rudolphsen).
"Deh vieni" do. (Mrs. Cary, Mme. Frederici).
"Non più andrai," (Rudolphsen, Ferranti).
Duet: "Crudel, perché," (Mme. Parepa and Fortuna).
Catalogue Song: "Madamina," (Ferranti, 2).
Duet: "La ci darem," (")
Air: "Batti, batti," (Parepa).
" "Non mi dir," (").
" "Il mio tesoro," (Brignoli).
Song: "The Violet," (Miss C. Loring).
Air: "Porgi amor," (Miss Barton)
" "Voi chi sapete" (Miss Phillipps).
" "Non più di fiori," from *Tito*, (Miss Ryan).
Tenor Air. "Costanza," from the *Serraglio*, (Mr. Kreissmann)
Duet from *Così fan Tutte*, (Misses Loring & Ryan.

Beethoven. "Hymn to Joy," in 9th Symphony.
Quartet (Canon), from *Fidelio*.
Dervish Chorus in "Ruins of Athens."
Duet, (Soprano and Bass), " "
Scena: "Ah! perfido, (Mme. Rosa, Mrs. Smith).
"Adelaida," (Brignoli, Rudolphsen).
Pizarro's Air in *Fidelio*, (Rudolphsen).
"Gott, deine Güte," "Busslied," &c., from 6 Sacred Songs, (Rudolphsen).
"Mignon," op. 75, No. 1 "
"Opferlied," "
Song of the Quail. (Miss Houston).

Cimarosa: Duet: "Se fiato," (Ferranti & Fortuna).

Cherubini: Ave Maria, (Miss Farwell).

Weber: Scena from *Freischütz*, (Miss Fisher).
"Und ob die Wolke," do. Mme. Rosa).
Elfin Chorus from *Oberon*.

Rossini: Prayer from *Moses*.
Trio: "Zitti, zitti"
Duet: "Quis est homo," from *Stabat*.
" "D'un bell 'uso," from *Turco in Italia*.
" "Dunque io son," from *Il Barbiere*.
" "Un segreto," from *Cenerentola*.
Romanza from "William Tell."
Tarantella: "Già la Luna," (Ferranti).
Cavatina: "Don magnifico," (").
Aria: "Bell' raggio," (Parepa-Rosa).
"Pro peccatis," from *Stabat*.
"Largo al factotum," (*Il Barbiere*).

Mendelssohn. "Walpurgis Night," (Parker's club).
114th Psalm: "When Israel out of Egypt came," double chorus, (do.)
Schiller's Ode "An die Kunstler," (Orpheus).
Double Chorus from *Œdipus*: Praise of Athens.
Angel Trio from *Elijah*.
Part-Songs: "The Nightingale," "Forest Birds," "Hunting Song."
Two-part Song: "May bells," &c.
Songs: "Zuleika," "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," "Morgengruss," "First Violet," "Spring Song," "How oft the young have wandered."

Schubert: Chorus, 23d Psalm, (Orpheus).
"Et incarnatus," Trio and Chor. from Mass in E flat, (Parker's Club).
Barcarolle, (Miss Abell, Miss Loring).
Thekla's Lament, (Miss Ryan).
"Thine is my heart," (").
"Aufenthalt," (Rudolphsen).
"Ye faded flowers," (").
"Du bist die Ruh," (Miss Bennett).
"Every Soul at rest is sleeping," (Miss Loring).
"Shakespeare's "Hark, the Lark," (").
Serenade, (Miss Farwell).
The Wanderer, (Mme. Frederici).
The Erl King, (Mr. Kreissmann).

Schumann: Part Song: "Good Night."
Slumber Song, solo and chor. from "Paradise and the Peri," (Parker's club).
Duet: "Liebesgarten," (Miss Ryan and Mr. Kreissmann).
Dedication (*Widmung*): (Mrs. Smith, Frederici, Miss Abell, Mr. Kreissmann).
Spring Night, (3 times).
"Night Song," (Miss Loring).
"The Nut Tree," (").
"Up from my Tears," (Miss Ryan).
"Sonnenschein," (").
"One Look, one Word," (Rudolphsen).

Robert Franz: *Kyrie à capella* (soli and chorus).
Slumber Song, words by Tieck.
"Now the shades are falling."
"Zwischen Weizen und Korn," (Goethe).
"Wind er wohl noch meiner gedenken."
"Er ist gekommen," (Rückert), sung often.
"Willkommen mein Wald," do.
"In Wald, in Wald," do.
"Im Rhein, im heiligen Strom," (Heine).
"Nun holt mir eine Kanne Wein," (Burns).
"Wie sehr ich dein."
"Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube."
"Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge."
"Die Lotosblume."
"Auf auch."
"Abends."
"Im Sommer."

Gade. Spring Fantasia, piano solo and quartet. (Parker's Club).
"Reiter-lieder," (part-songs).

Ferd. Hiller. Chorus of Warriors, from Oratorio "Jerusalem."
Aberdeen, for 2 soprani.

Hauptmann. *Salve Regina*, for choir.

Sacred Concert. On Sunday evening, June 16, a concert of classical sacred music will be given at the Church of the Unity (Dr. Hepworth's), complimentary to Mr. J. E. Perkins, who will leave for Europe in September to pursue his musical studies. Several of our best artists will assist.

Handel and Haydn Society. The *Advertiser* has the following report of the annual meeting, Monday evening, May 27, in Bumstead Hall:

The president, Dr. J. B. Upham, presided. After the records of the last meeting had been read, the treasurer, Mr. George W. Palmer, presented his report, which exhibited receipts the past year amounting to $12,475 50; expenditures $9,627 63; leaving a balance of $2 867 87.

The report of the librarian, Mr. George H. Chickering, was next presented. The report stated that the additions to the library during the year were not quite as large as in most years, while the subtractions, or "abstractions," had been larger than they should be. Among the additions were 225 copies of *Stabat Mater*, and 160 copies of *Jephtha*, all in hand-book form, containing the music of the complete works in vocal and piano forte score. The *Jephtha* was imported from London, and generously presented to the society, with the necessary orchestral parts, by the president, Dr. Upham.

The president next submitted his report, giving an abstract of the doings of the society during the year.

Nine regular meetings of the government had been held during the year, and the society had been called together five times. At all these meetings a gratifying harmony had prevailed. Thirteen members had been admitted, eight discharged, and four resigned. There had been thirty-two rehearsals with good attendance; and six public performances in the Music Hall, participated in by choruses of five hundred voices, and orchestras of fifty aided by celebrated singers, and attended with good success. In speaking of the proposition which had been mooted in the board of government, to publish the annals of the society, the president expressed the opinion that that work should not be much longer delayed, since none of the original members of the society were now living, and it would every year become difficult to preserve the records. The president spoke of the evil of absenteeism at some length, saying that although it had been considerably lessened, it still prevailed to such an extent as to be a great obstacle to further achievements by the society. After speaking of some other matters of minor importance, in which improvement might be made, the report alluded to the triennial festival of the society, to take place during the coming year; and expressed a hope that while the ordinary work of the season might not be neglected, the festival might be made successful in all respects.

After several members had spoken in high commendation of the suggestions of the president's report, it was voted to print it in pamphlet form for distribution.

The report of the trustees of the permanent fund—Judge Putnam, Nathaniel Harris and the president of the society—stated the value of the fund $2,208 21.

The meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:—

President, J. Baxter Upham; *Vice President*, O. J. Faxon; *Secretary*, Loring B. Barnes; *Treasurer*, Geo. W. Palmer; *Librarian*, George H. Chickering.

The above were re-elected. For *Directors*, instead of the old Board, as given by the *Advertiser*, the following were chosen:

O. Frank Clark, Theophilus Stover, Charles H. Webb, D. L. Laws, E. C. Daniell, R. M. Lowell, Stephen Somes, Oliver B. Lothrop.

Philadelphia. The German Opera troupe (from the Stadt Theater, New York) closed last Saturday a series of performances at the Chestnut Street Theatre, which appear to have given great delight. Certainly the repertoire of those two weeks is worth all that the Italian Opera gives us in five years. It included *William Tell*, *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, *Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Dame Blanche*, as well as the *Huguenots*, the *Jewess*, *Robert le Diable*, *Faust*, *Masaniello*, *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Stradella*. In *Don Juan*, Mme. Johannsen was Donna Anna; Frederici, Elvira; Rotter, Zerlina; Habelmann, Ottavio; Wilhelm Formes, Don Juan; Hermanns, Leporello. *Faust* had the old cast: Frederici, Himmer and Hermanns, with Johannsen as Siebel and W. Formes as Valentine. In the *Jewess*, a new prima donna, Mme. Seelig made a successful debut. A new tenor, Bernard, sang the music of Raimbaud acceptably. There was a chorus of 40 voices, and a good orchestra, conducted by Herr Neuendorf. The *Bulletin* says of the performance of Rossini's masterpiece:

Herr Himmer acted and sang in the part of "Arnold" in the most effective manner; and Wilhelm Formes, as "Tell," was also good, though his voice is scarcely strong enough for the music. Weinlich was excellent as "Walter," and Mr. Chandon, a new arrival, was equally good as "Gesler." The graceful music of the fisherman was well sung also by Mr. Bernard. Mme. Johannsen as "Matilda," sang the exquisite romance which alone gives interest to the role, very well. Mme. Frederici sang and acted nicely as "Hedwig." Mme. Rotter's excellent, energetic manner made the part of "Jemmy" one of the most important of the opera, and her strong, resonant voice told with fine effect in the concerted pieces. The chorus and orchestra were good, and every real lover of music that was there confessed to have enjoyed a rare treat. Strange to say, the audience was not large, the Academy habitués apparently ignoring all operatic performances that do not take place in their own building.

Great Reed Organ. Messrs. Mason and Hamlin are constantly adding to the attractiveness of their elegant warerooms, at 154 Tremont street, and one may pass a very agreeable hour or two in examining and admiring their superb Cabinet Organs, which have now attained such world-wide fame. The enterprising firm have just completed the largest reed Organ ever made, which is truly a magnificent instrument, whether we consider its tone, power, or the completeness of the entire work.

It consists of sixteen complete sets of reeds or vibrators, twenty-two stops, two manuals, and complete pedal key-board. The following detailed description of each will afford an idea of its compass, its peculiarities of tone, and the mechanical devices employed.

The stops are arranged as follows:

UPPER MANUAL.

Viol d'Amour,	Fifteenth,
Hautboy,	Vox Humana,
Flute.	

LOWER MANUAL.

Diapason 16-ft.,	Cornet Anglais,
Diapason 8 ft.,	Bassoon,
Bourdon,	Euphone,
Gamba,	Principal.

PEDALS.

8-feet.	16-feet.	32-feet.

MECHANICAL STOPS.

Full Organ,	Pedal Coupler,
Tremulant,	Forte Upper Manual,
Manual Coupler,	Forte Lower Manual.

The compass of each manual is five octaves, each stop in the same comprising sixty-one vibrators, and having its own peculiar tone. Many of the above stops closely resemble those of the same nomenclature in pipe organs, and the variety and beauty of the combinations of which they are susceptible, is really surprising. The Viol d'Amour is an 8 ft. tone from CC to ce in alt. It is the softest in the organ, very smooth, and equals in effect the corresponding stop in a pipe organ. The Hautboy, as a solo stop, is of a very rich quality of tone, quite clear, and resembles the Italian Oboe. It is an 8-ft. tone. The Flute is a 4-ft. tone, from C to cee in alt. It has a silvery and flute-like quality, and is very fine, either as a solo stop, or combined with others. The Fifteenth draws a 2-ft tone, from c to ccce in alt. It has the clear, shrill quality of the piccolo, and, when combined with an 8-ft. or 16-ft. stop, the effect is striking. It is rarely used as a solo stop, but is intended for effect in the full organ, or combination with one or more stops. The tongue of the smallest reed of this register is but 1-32 of an inch long. The Vox Humana is an 8-ft. tone from CC to ce in alt. Its effect is quite indescribable, designed, as its name indicates, to resemble the human voice.

The 16-ft. Diapason is a rich, sonorous tone, of great depth and power, giving body to the full organ, and is necessary as a foundation stop. It is a 16-ft. tone, from CCC to c in alt.

The Bourdon, also a 16-ft. tone, possesses the qualities of the preceding stop, with the exception of its having less of its depth and fullness, but like it, adds body and richness to combinations in which it is used.

The 8-ft Diapason and Gamba are 8-ft stops. The tone of each is quite sweet and mellow, possessing the rich, diapason quality so indispensable in all organs.

The Cornet Anglais and Bassoon answer for one set of reeds of 8-ft. tone, the latter drawing the lower octave and a half. This is the only set of reeds in the organ that is divided.

The Euphone is a remarkable stop, its tone being very peculiar, entirely different from that produced heretofore by any free reed. It is quite penetrating and crisp, though not sharp, and adds greatly to the brilliancy of the full organ. It is an 8-ft tone. The Principal is a 4-ft. tone, an octave above the Diapason, and is mainly used in combination with other stops, to produce a sparkling effect.

The Pedal Key-board has a compass of twenty-seven notes, which is as complete as that of the largest pipe-organ. It operates three sets of reeds, 8-ft., 16-ft., and 32 ft. tone respectively. The lowest tone of the 32-ft. is CCCC.

The names of the mechanical stops clearly indicate their use, and require but a brief notice. The "Full-Organ" draws the complete power of the two manuals independent of the various stops. The "Tremulant" acts on the Cornet Anglais alone. The "Forte Upper Manual" and "Forte Lower Manual" are separate swells, one for each manual, while the two combined can be operated by the foot. Each stop works on the pneumatic principle, a new feature in reed instruments.

The case of this organ is an elaborate affair, richly ornamented with walnut carvings, and gilt pipes in front. It stands 12 ft. 3 in. high, is 6 ft. 9 in. wide, and 3 ft. 3 in. deep. An elegant carving representing the various instruments from which the stops are named surmounts the top, the whole presenting a very beautiful appearance.—*N. Y. Mus. Gazette.*

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 684. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

June Roses.

O roses rare, that year by year
  Unfold your buds of tender hue,
You know not that you bring me near
  To all my heart holds true.

Long ago a lady fair,
  Gentle, sweet and unassuming,
Star among the maidens rare,
  Set my soul to watch your blooming.

Spiders, weave your wizard spells;
  Spirit odors, faint and fail;
Lilies, swing your silver bells;
  Sing your sweetest, nightingale.

Moon and stars, O swifter move,
  While I watch my roses growing,
Nearer, nearer bring my love
  With your coming and your going.

O my white rose, so dear—so dear!
  For whom my pulses come and go,
Close in my heart from year to year
  Forever bud and blow!

June 5th, 1867.

Music in Vienna in the Year 1793.

Translated from Thayer's Life of Beethoven

(Concluded from page 42)

The music performed in private concerts embraced all kinds, from the Oratorio, the Opera, the Symphony, to piano-forte variations and the simple song. Such concerts during Beethoven's second winter in Vienna (if not, as some relate, during his first) were arranged by princes Lobkowitz, Lichnowsky, Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Auersperg, Kinsky, Trautmannsdorf and Sinsendorf; by Counts Appony, Browne, Ballassa, Franz and Johann Esterhazy, Czernin, Hoyos, Erdödy, Fries, Strassaldo and Zichy; by the Countesses Hatzfeld and Thun; the barons Lang, Partenstein, van Swieten and von Kees; the Hofraths Meyer, Greiner, Paradies; by Fräulein Martinez, the banker Henikstein and others. Those among the best musicians and composers, too, whose circumstances allowed it, gave private concerts, in which they made themselves and their works known, and to which their colleagues were invited. O'Kelly, the Irish singer, who was the first Basilio in the "Mariage of Figaro," met Mozart for the first time in an assembly of this kind at Kozeluch's, where the then favorite composers Vanhall and Dittersdorf were also present.

Franz Joseph Max, prince Lobkowitz, was, at the time when Beethoven came to Vienna, a young man (born Dec. 7, 1772), and had just married a daughter of prince Schwarzenberg. He was a violin-player of considerable facility and such a devoted lover of music and the drama, that he squandered his whole income on them and in 20 years became completely bankrupt. Being just of Beethoven's supposed age he entered into extraordinarily intimate relations with him; occasionally they had disputes and differences with one another, as if born of equal rank.

The reigning prince Esterhazy was that Paul Anton, who after the death of his father (Feb. 25, 1790) broke up the musical establishment at Esterhazy and dismissed Joseph Haydn after 20 years of service. He died on the 22nd of January, 1794, and was succeeded by his son Nicolas, a young man, just five years older than Beethoven. Prince Nicolas inherited his grandfather's taste for music, engaged an orchestra again, and was soon known as one of the most zealous furtherers of Catholic Church music. The best composers of Vienna, Beethoven included, wrote Masses for the Chapel at Esterhazy, where they were performed with great splendor.

Count Johann Nepomuk Esterhazy, "of the middle line at Frakno," was a man of 45 years; he played the oboe well, and, what redounds to his honor, he had been a true friend and protector of Mozart.

Of Count Franz Esterhazy, a man of 35 years, Schonfeld in his "Annals of Music" says: "This great friend of music gives in certain parts of the year very great and splendid *Academies*, in which for the most part great and sublime works are performed, especially the Handel choruses, the *Sanctus* of Emanuel Bach, the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese, and the like. These occasions always bring together a select company of the best virtuosos."

It was not the then reigning prince Joseph Kinsky (who died 1798, in his 48th year), who at a later period became a distinguished patron of Beethoven, but his son Ferdinand Joh. Nep., then a blooming boy of 11 years (born Dec. 4, 1781), upon whose youthful taste the power, beauty and novelty of the works of that master made a deep impression.

Prince Carl Lichnowsky, the scholar and friend of Mozart, had every Friday morning a Quartet performance in his house. Schuppanzigh, son of a professor at the Royal School and then a young man of 16 years (if the musical lexicons are to be trusted), played the first violin; Louis Sina, a pupil of Forster and also still a very young man, the second; Franz Weiss, (who on the 18th January 1793 completed his 15th year), the viola; and Anton Kraft, or his son Nicolas, a boy of 14 years (born Dec. 18, 1778), the violoncello. It was in fact a Quartet of boy virtuosos, of which Beethoven, who was some years older, could make what he pleased. The wife of the prince was Marie Christine (28 years old), one of the "three Graces," as George Forster calls the daughters of that Countess Thun, in whose house Mozart found such high appreciation and warm friendship, and whose noble qualities are so much praised by Burney, Reichardt and Forster. The princess, as well as her husband, belonged to the best dilettanti in piano playing.

Hofrath von Kees, vice president of the Court of Appeal of Lower Austria, was still alive. "He," says Gyrowetz, speaking of a somewhat earlier period, "was considered the first friend of music and first dilettante in Vienna, and gave social concerts twice a week in his house, where the first virtuosos who then chanced to be in Vienna, and the first composers, like Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Hoffmeister, Albrechtsberger, Giarnovichi, &c., were assembled; there Haydn's Symphonies were performed." In Haydn's letters to Madame Genzinger (*Haydn in London*, by Karajan), von Kees's name frequently occurs, the last time in a note of Aug. 4, 1792, in which the writer mentions that on that day he was to dine at the Hofrath's. This distinguished man left behind him at his death (in January, 1795) a very rich collection of music, consisting, according to the auction advertisement, "of Symphonies, Concertos, Arias, Choruses, Church pieces, and whole Operas, which had been collected with great pains from various owners or sought out for him by masters, and part of which were only to be found in his possession." The list of authors numbers in all 138 names, among which scarcely one of the important instrumental composers down to that time is wanting.

Gottfried, Baron van Swieten, son of the famous Dutch physician of Maria Theresa, "is to be regarded," says Schonfeld, "as a patriarch in music. His taste is purely for the grand and sublime. He has himself, many years ago, written 12 fine Symphonies. ["as still as himself," said Joseph Haydn]. When he is present at an *Academy*, our half-connoisseurs never lose sight of him, trying to read from his looks (not intelligible enough perhaps to everybody) what sort of an opinion they should pass on what they have been hearing. He gives every year some very grand and splendid musical occasions, where only pieces by old masters are performed. He is especially fond of Handel's style, of whom he for the most part gives great choruses. At the last Christmas festival (1794) he gave such an *Academy* at prince von Paar's, where an Oratorio by this master was performed." Neukomm told Professor Jahn (*Life of Mozart*, III. 370), that in concerts, the moment that any whispering began, his Excellence, who used to sit in the front rows, stood up full length, turned with solemn dignity to the delinquent, measured him a long while with severe look and slowly sat himself down again. That always had the desired effect. Van Swieten had some peculiar ideas of composition: he had, for instance, a partiality for the imitation of the sounds of nature in music, and compelled Haydn to imitate the frogs in his *Seasons*. Haydn himself confirms it, when he says: "This whole passage, regarded as an imitation of a frog, did not flow from my pen; I was forced to write down this French rubbish. With the whole orchestra this wretched thought soon disappears indeed, but as a piano-forte arrangement it cannot stand. I trust the reviewers will not deal too severely with it; I am an old man and cannot look that all through again." But at any

rate van Swieten must have the glory of founding in Vienna the taste for Handel's Oratorios and Bach's organ and piano music, and thereby adding a new element to the music of that capital. The expenses which such oratorio performances involved, however, were not, as Schonfeld seems to intimate, disputed by him, but by a society, which had been called into life through him and of which he was permanent secretary. Among its members were princes Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Auersperg, Kinsky, Trautmannsdorf, Sinsendorf, Counts Czernin, Harrach, Erdödy and Fries; in their palaces as well as in van Swieten's house (next to the hotel *zum Römischen Kaiser*, then called "zu den drei Hacken," in the Renngasse), and sometimes in the great halls of the Imperial Library, the performances took place at midday before an audience of invited guests.

Fräulein Martinez, who occupies so prominent a place in Burney's description of his visit in Vienna, a pupil of Porpora, in whose music lessons, forty years before, the young Joseph Haydn was employed as accompanist, was still living in the *Michaels-hause* and gave musical parties every Saturday evening during the season.

"Herr Hofrath and Kammerzahlmeister von Meyer," says Schönfeld, is so distinguished an amateur of music, that everybody about him in the chancery is musical, and among the artists may be found even a Raphael and a Hauschka. It can easily be conceived therefore, that a great deal of music is made both here in the city and at his place in the country. His Imperial Majesty himself has been present at such entertainments."

These sketches will suffice to illustrate and confirm the remarks which have been made above about Vienna as the central point of instrumental music. We must now name some of the more important among the great number of composers in this branch of the art, whom Beethoven found there.

Of course HAYDN stood at the head. The next in rank, but at a wide remove, was Mozart's successor in the office of an Imperial chamber composer, LEOPOLD KOZELUCH, a Bohemian, then just 40 years old. Although now forgotten, and, as Beethoven expressed it, "*miscrabilis*," he was at that time famous in Europe through his Quartets and his chamber music. How great his fame in England was, we shall see below.

A man of less celebrity with the multitude, but of solid talent, whose knowledge far exceeded that of Kozeluch, whom Beethoven prized in a high degree, calling him twenty years afterward his old teacher, was EMANUEL ALOYS FOERSTER, a Silesian, then 45 years old. His Quintets, Quartets and similar works were highly valued, but at that time known for the most part only in manuscript.

ANTON EBERL, five years older than Beethoven, a Viennese by birth, had in his sixteenth year composed two Operettas, which had been performed in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and one of which had won for the composer the applause of Gluck. He appears to have been a favorite of Mozart, and strove so hard to write in the style and spirit of this master that some of his works were printed by dishonorable publishers under Mozart's name and circulated through Europe. In 1796 he accompanied Mozart's widow and her sister, Madame Lange, on their journey through Europe, and won for himself in other cities the renown as a pianist and composer which he possessed in Vienna; His strength was instrumental composition, and we shall presently behold him, for a moment, as a Symphonist snatching the palm away from Beethoven!

JOHN VANHALL, whose name was so well known in Paris and London, that Burney 20 years before this sought him out in his attic chamber in a suburb of Vienna, was as inexhaustible as ever in production. Gerber in his older Lexicon (1792) says, that Breitkopf and Härtel at that time possessed 50 of his Symphonies in manuscript. His fecundity was like that of Haydn; his talent of such a kind that—all his works are now forgotten.

It would be useless to continue the list further. But one more fact, significant as to the musical taste and culture of the higher classes in the capital, may be added. During the winter 1792–3 there were 10 private theatres of amateur companies in operation there, of which the most important were in the houses of Edlen von Stockhammer, Kinsky, Sinsendorf, Strassaldo, and the bookseller Schrambl. Most of these companies produced Operas and Operettas.

Translations from Schumann.

(By M. E. von G. for the London Musical World.)

MEYERBEER AND MENDELSSOHN.

To-day I feel like a bold young warrior drawing his sword for the first time in a real quarrel! It seems as if this little Leipsic, where already some few great questions have already been discussed, were to be the umpire in music also, for it came to pass that the two most important compositions of our day have been performed here, probably for the first time in the world together—namely, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. On such a subject where can one begin or end? Of competition between them, or preference of the one to the other, there can be no question. Our readers know too well the tendency of these pages, and that when we speak of Mendelssohn we have no thought for Meyerbeer, so diametrically opposed are the paths of the two. They know also that to characterize the two it is only necessary to attribute to the one that which is wanting in the other—talent alone excepted, which they possess in common. It is enough to make one think there must be something wrong in one's upper story to see the success of Meyerbeer in our sound, musical Germany, and to hear people, otherwise estimable enough, and even musicians, who can take delight in the quiet triumphs of Mendelssohn and yet can say of this music—"There is something in it.

It was with my mind full of the lofty art of Schröder Devrient in *Fidelio* that I saw the *Huguenots* for the first time. Who so dull as not to rejoice in a new thing, and to know the pleasures of hope? Had not Ries written with his own hand that there was much in the *Huguenots* which might rank with Beethoven? And what said others? And what said I? Well, I fully agreed with Florestan when he clenched his fist at the stage, and let fall the words that "in the *Crociato* Meyerbeer might be reckoned a musician, in *Robert the Devil* he had begun to stagger, but that since the *Huguenots* he has become a mere mountebank." It's impossible to express the disgust with which we were filled by the whole thing, though we always tried to overcome it—we were quite worn and wearied with the worry. And, although after hearing it oftener, many happier and more excusable things discovered themselves, yet my final judgment remains the same; and I must continue to say to those who venture to place the *Huguenots* by the side of *Fidelio* or the like music, even though far below it, that they know nothing of the matter, nothing, nothing! I should never think of attempting to convert them. That would be out of the question.

A witty writer has said that music is equally in its place in a church or a gambling house. Now, I am no Puritan, but is there any good Protestant who would not be shocked hearing his most precious hymn shouted out on the stage, or at seeing the bloodiest tragedy in the history of his faith degraded to a mountebank farce for the mere sake of getting cash and applause? In fact, the whole opera is revolting, from the overture with its ridiculous, common-place, mock sanctity, to the finale, after which we ought all to be burned alive on the spot!* After the *Huguenots*, nothing is left but to have executions of criminals, and exhibitions of loose women on the stage.

We have only to go through it all to see its drift. The first act is an orgy of dissolute men with (mark the charming taste!) one, and only one, woman, but veiled amongst them. The second act is another revel, but this time women bathing, and (for the sake of the Parisians) a man blindfold in the middle of them. The third act is a farrago of profligacy and religion; in the fourth the massacre is arranged, and in the fifth it takes place in a church. Debauchery, murder, and praying make up the whole of the *Huguenots*. It is vain to look for one permanently pure idea, or one true Christian emotion. Meyerbeer nails up the hearts of his characters for all the world to see, and says—"Look, there they are, pray come and handle them!" Throughout, all is artifice, outside show and hypocrisy.

And the heroes and heroines of the piece!—cell and St. Bris alone excepted, who are not sunk quite so low as the rest—what are they? First, there is Nevers, a thorough French libertine,* who makes love to Valentine, then jilts her, and at last marries her: then Valentine herself, in love with Raoul and marrying Nevers, swearing† to be true to the latter, and yet allowing herself to be betrothed to Raoul; next, Raoul, in love with Valentine, rejecting her, and making love to the Queen, and after all taking Valentine to wife; and lastly, the Queen herself, Queen of all these puppets! And people put up with all this just because it's pretty to look at and comes from Paris—though, surely, our modest German women won't look at it! And all the while the most knowing of composers rubs his hands for joy.

To describe the music itself no amount of books would be enough; every bar is overdone, and something might be said about each. To startle or tickle his hearers is Meyerbeer's highest aim, and with the mob he succeeds perfectly. As to the *choral*, which is interwoven into the opera, and about which the French are so mad, I declare that, if one of my pupils had brought me such counterpoint, I would have entreated him with all my might never to do it worse. Even the common-people are saying how deliberately stale, and studiously superficial it is, and how Marcel's continual roaring "Eine feste Burg," smells of the blacksmith's shop.

A great deal has been said about the "Benediction des poignards" in the fourth act. I grant that it has much dramatic power, some striking and spirited changes, and the chorus especially produces a great external effect; situation, scenery, and instrumentation all conspire, and, the horrible being Meyerbeer's element, he has written with real fire and love of his subject. But examine the melody from a musical point of view, and what is it but the "Marseillaise" a little dressed up? Again, what art is there in making an effect in such a situation with such means? I am not blaming the employment of all means in their proper places; but it is absurd to talk about a "grand effect" when a dozen trombones, trum-

* See the concluding lines of the opera:—

Par le fer et l'incendie
Exterminons la race impie!
Frappons, poursuivons l'hérétique!
Dieu le veut, Dieu veut le sang,
Oui! Dieu veut le sang!

* Words such as "Je ris du Dieu de l'univers" are mere trifles in the libretto.

† D'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous, etc.

pets and ophicleids, and a hundred men's voices in unison are all doing their loudest close by. I must mention one truly Meyerbeerish piece of calculation. He knows the public too well not to be aware that too much noise at last becomes tiresome, and see how cleverly he counteracts it. Directly after every great crash he has whole arias accompanied by a single instrument, as much as to say—"See how much I can do with a little. Look, you Germans, look!" Unfortunately we cannot deny that he has some wit.

But we should never have time to go through it all in detail. Meyerbeer's very sensuous tendency, his extreme *un*originality and want of style, are as well known as his ability in dexterous arrangement, brilliant display in dramatic treatment and command of the orchestra, and great fertility in form. It is not difficult to point out in him Rossini, Mozart, Herold, Weber, Bellini, even Spohr,—in short every possible music. But his special property is that notorious, fatal, bleating, offensive rhythm, which runs through almost all the airs in this opera; I had begun to mark the pages where it occurred, but at last grew tired. However, that the piece contains better things and even occasional grand and lofty passages it would be mere spite to deny; Marcell's battle-song is effective, and the page's air is lovely; the greater part of the third act is interesting from its lively scenes among the people, so is the first part of the duet between Marcell and Valentine from its strong character, also the sextet, and the mocking chorus from its comic treatment: in the fourth act the "Benediction des poignards" has great individuality, and above all, the duet which follows it between Raoul and Valentine is admirably constructed, and abounds with ideas. But what do all these avail against the vulgarity, exaggeration, want of nature, immodesty, and *un*-music of the whole? Thank God, we have at last reached the limit, there can be nothing worse behind, unless the stage is turned into a gallows: and this terrible cry of a great talent tormented by the spirit of the time, awakes a hope that things will now mend.

II.

And now a few words on something nobler—a thing to bring a man into tune again with faith, and hope, and love of his kind—under the shadow of which, the weary soul may rest as under a palm-grove, and see the glowing landscape spread at his feet; I mean the St. Paul of Mendelssohn, a work of the greatest purity, the offspring of peace and love. It would be a mistake, besides being unfair to the composer, to compare it, even remotely, to the oratorios of Handel or Bach. They are alike just as much as all kinds of sacred music, all churches, all pictures of the Madonna are alike; but Bach and Handel had reached maturity when they began to write, whereas Mendelssohn was still a mere youth. The work of a young artist whose imagination is overflowing with graceful images, and to whom life and the future are still full of charm, cannot fairly be compared with a work of an earlier and severer period, by one of those divine masters who, from their seats among the stars, looked back over a long and hallowed life.

I have already spoken at length of the general treatment of the subject, of the adoption of the *choral* from the old oratorios, of the distribution of the choruses and solos among the actors and spectators, and of the characters of the several personages. It has been rightly remarked that the chief drawbacks to the general effect of the work are to be found in the first half; that the subordinate part of St. Stephen, if not absolutely throwing St. Paul into the background, diminishes his importance; that Saul is presented more in the character of a convert than of a converter; also that the oratorio is too long and might with advantage be divided into two. A most inviting subject for the critics is the poetical manner in which the appearances of our Lord are treated (by a chorus of trebles and altos); but surely such speculations only spoil the idea, while it would be impossible to wound the composer's feelings more easily than in this, one of his most beautiful inspirations. To my mind nothing can be more appropriate than to represent God as speaking with many voices, and revealing His will through a choir of angels; just as in painting, His presence is indicated more poetically by cherubs hovering in the upper part of the picture than by the representation of an old man, or by the so-called sign of the Trinity, &c. Where the reality is unattainable, it is surely allowable to use the most beautiful symbol within reach. It has also been objected that some of the chorales in *St. Paul* lose their simple character by the ornaments with which Mendelssohn has adorned them. As if chorales were not just as well adapted to express joy and confidence as earnest supplication! as if there were not every difference between such a *choral* as "Sleepers, wake," and such another as "In deep distress;" or as if a work of art had no purpose to fulfil beyond those of a parish choir! Then, again, people wanted to make out that *St. Paul* was not even a "Protestant Oratorio," but only a "Concert Oratorio," which suggested to some wag the happy middle course of calling it "a Protestant-concert-Oratorio."

It is always possible to make objections, and even plausible ones, and the industry of the critics deserves every respect. But granting all that can be said, how much there is in the oratorio with which the most captious can find no fault! Besides its ruling spirit, the deeply religious feeling which pervades it, consider the masterly way in which, from a musical point of view, every situation is brought out, the uninterrupted flow of noble melody, the intimate connection of words and sounds, speech and music, so that the whole thing seems actually embodied before you: think of the grace which it breathes throughout, the admirable grouping of the characters, the endless variety of color in the instrumentation: realize its perfectly mature style and playful mastery over all forms of composition, and then say if there is any cause to be discontented.

I have only one thing to add. The music of *St. Paul* is, on an average, so easy to understand, so popular and so effective, that it almost seems as if the main idea of its composer throughout had been to interest the public. Now, noble as this aim undoubtedly is, it may, if indulged in, rob his future compositions of that power and inspiration which is found in the works of those who, regardless of either aim or limits, gave themselves up singly to their great subject. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that Beethoven wrote a *Mount of Olives* as well as a *Missa Solemnis*; and bearing this in mind, we may well believe that as Mendelssohn the youth has written a fine oratorio, Mendelssohn the man will write another that shall be still nobler.* Till then let us be content with what we have, and profit from it, and enjoy it.

* A prophecy since fulfilled in the *Elijah*.

Fifty-Second Annual Meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, May 27, 1867.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, J. BAXTER UPHAM, M.D.

Gentlemen, Members of the Handel and Haydn Society:

By the recent revision of the By-laws, it is now made the duty of the President of this society to present, at its annual meeting, a written report, giving an abstract of the doings of the society for the year, and offering any suggestions and recommendations which the occasion may seem to demand. In compliance with the letter and spirit of this requirement, I beg leave to submit the following:—

There have been nine regular meetings of the Government during the year, to attend to business, and to consult in various ways for the interests of the corporation. The society has been five times called together for the admission of members and the transaction of other business. At all these meetings a gratifying degree of unanimity and good feeling has prevailed. Thirty-one gentlemen have been admitted to membership during the year, eight have been discharged, and four resigned.

The rehearsals—thirty-two in number—were commenced in Bumstead Hall on the 30th day of September, and have continued weekly without interruption, and with the addition of the usual extra meetings for practice prior to a public performance, until Easter. These rehearsals have been, on the whole, more punctually and more fully attended than at any previous season within my recollection,—a certain and sure augury of good for the future.

Six public performances in the Music Hall have taken place, of which the following was the programme for the season, viz.:

Nov. 25.—Mendelssohn's St. Paul.
Dec. 23.—Handel's Messiah.
Feb. 17.—Handel's Jephtha.
Feb. 24.—Haydn's Creation.
April 20.—{ Rossini's Stabat Mater, and
} Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise.
April 21.—Mendelssohn's Elijah.

These great works have been presented after much and careful preparation, with a liberal expenditure of means, under an experienced and accomplished conductor, in a manner worthy of the highest praise, and and which I do not hesitate to say would reflect honor upon any city in the world. They have been participated in by a chorus numbering now nearly five hundred efficient voices, an orchestra of fifty instruments, and with the accompaniment of an organ in the very first rank of excellence, under a master's hand. Among the solo artists, in addition to those resident with us, and whom we at all times honor and respect, a Patepa and a Phillips have delighted to lend their aid. The audiences have been commensurate with the occasions; they have been drawn, not alone from our own appreciative community, but largely also from distant towns and cities; and I am happy to add, as you have learned from your Treasurer's report, that, for once, the season has resulted in a satisfactory pecuniary success.

In the list of oratorios above given, it will be seen that an addition has been made to our yet too limited *repertory*. The Jephtha of Handel was performed by us, in the season now just passed, for the first time. It is to be hoped that in future our musical horizon will be extended, till all of the acknowledged master-works of Handel at least shall be comprised within its scope; and I think, the time is not far distant when we may venture beyond, upon some of the great choral achievements of Sebastian Bach.

The library, as appears by the report of our excellent Librarian, is in good condition, and, notwithstanding some mysterious losses, which are greatly to be deplored, is still in the way of growth and improvement. * * * *

It may be proper to speak, in this connection, of a proposition which has more than once been mooted in the meetings of the government, and which I earnestly hope may soon be carried into effect. It is the preparation of the annals of the society for publication. Such a history would, I doubt not, be a most acceptable possession to all the present and past members of our venerable association, and would not be without interest to others who have at heart the welfare of the cause we are endeavoring to support and to advance. The time for such a work, if it is ever to be accomplished, ought not to be much longer delayed. Our earliest associates are rapidly passing away. All the original members are now dead. In a brief while, it will be impossible to find among the living any in whose memory lingers a picture of the early trials and struggles through which our now sturdy and vigorous manhood has been attained. I would recommend this subject, therefore, to the serious consideration of the future board.

Suffer from me now a few words of comment, bearing upon the present condition and future prospects of the society. It has been my custom in these reports both to praise and commend where commendation was just, and freely to point out any faults and defects that seemed to exist, with a view, if possible, to suggest their remedy. Such criticisms and comments have always been received in the same spirit of kindness and good-will with which they have been offered.

One of the crying evils upon which I have many times animadverted, is that of *absenteeism at rehearsals*. In this, as I have said, I have observed the past season a manifest change for the better. Still the fault exists, and is now as ever (I say it unhesitatingly) the chief obstacle in the way of our rapid advance towards a more perfect interpretation of the great works we have, for so many years, been endeavoring to understand and to appreciate.

I am aware of the difficulties which, in an association like ours, stands in the way of an absolute attendance, on the part of every member, upon the meetings required, during the seven or eight months of the year, for practice and rehearsal, nor are such delinquencies confined, by any means, to our body. They are recognized and felt in every association of the kind where the members voluntarily band them-

selves together for a kindred object. And, as a consequence, the most rigid rules have often been adopted, to anticipate and to obviate, if possible, the difficulty. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, for this reason, found it expedient to have printed and sent to every member a circular, from which I quote the following:—

"It is quite obvious" (say the Committee) "that the efficiency of the public performances must, in a great degree, depend upon the attention previously bestowed at the rehearsals; and that the reputation of the society and its claims for public support are liable to be materially affected by the neglect of those means which rehearsals alone afford, for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the music which is there practised, and a facility in executing it with becoming accuracy and expression. However much reason there may be for congratulation upon the general character of the society's performances, and for considering them as at least equal to any others of the same kind in this country, it cannot be denied that there is still room for further improvement, and that occasions do happen in which many of the peculiar features of a composition are not properly developed, through want of that *regular* and *combined* attention at rehearsals, which is absolutely essential to a correct and effective performance. The Committee feel it their imperative duty, not only to urge the importance of this subject upon the notice of the members and assistants, but to endeavor, also, to check the inconveniences which have resulted from a neglect of it." And the Committee, in commenting upon this appeal, say further, that "inasmuch as punctual attendance at rehearsals can alone secure efficiency of performance, they feel that they would not be acting up to their duty to the society, if they should hesitate to dispense with the assistance of any members who did not comply with such reasonable and essential requirements." And they subsequently went so far as to require their candidates for admission to pledge themselves beforehand to the conscientious observance of these obligations; this in a society similarly constituted with our own, but by some twenty years our junior,—a society, too, whose meetings for practice were, at that time, held on some evening in every week throughout the year.

I have hitherto felt an embarrassment in urging this subject upon the attention of members at our meetings, arising from the fact that those who most needed such admonition were the ones most likely to be then absent; and the same remark will apply at the present time. It might be well, therefore, if we were to imitate the example of our London associate in this respect, and send a similar appeal to every individual member of our society. Did we but *insist* with equal pertinacity upon such constant and punctual attendance at our evenings for practice, who knows to what a summit of excellence it might be possible for us to attain?

I have heretofore alluded to the disposition manifested on the part of some members to leave their places in the choir, at a public performance, before the end of the oratorio; and I am glad to be able to record a marked improvement in this respect, for the season just closed. I wish I could say as much for those on whom has devolved the duty of rendering the more prominent roles in our oratorios. Such indecorous haste in leaving the platform, as is sometimes seen on their part, ill comports with the dignity and sincerity of a true artist. Aside from the bad example it sets to the house, it cannot be looked upon with indifference by either the orchestra or chorus. It is to be hoped that, hereafter, in their engagements with artists of whatever standing or renown, the government will stipulate for their *presence*, at all events, till the close of the performance. Let me heartily commend you for better remembering your part of this duty. Be assured it is known and recognized by that appreciative few in every audience who would not willingly have the closing periods, which a great composer has patiently added to his immortal works, shorn of a single ray of their glory.

One or two more points of minor consideration, perhaps, but which are yet, in my estimation of sufficient importance to be mentioned here, and I have done with this part of my subject.

The number of our active and associate members—of those, I mean, who occasionally, at least, participate in the rehearsals and public performances of the society at the present time—is not far from six hundred. Counting, in addition, the names which are enrolled upon the Secretary's list, but who rarely appear at any of our meetings, the aggregate far exceeds this number. In such large masses, unless the utmost order and system is observed, there must needs be some hurrying and crowding in the formation of the choir at a public performance. Some instances of discomfort have arisen from this source, during the past season, which have come to my notice. It was, in part, to obviate difficulties of this nature, that, a few years since, the staff of Superintendents, so called, was organized, having charge of the several departments of the chorus. As our numbers increase, the duties of these gentlemen become more important and more arduous. It becomes a question, even now, whether it will not further subserve the comfort and convenience of every member of the chorus, if the plan of numbering the seats of the choir, in both the upper and lower halls, be adopted, so that each member shall henceforth occupy, at all times, at rehearsals and in public performances, his own appropriate place. This is the plan pursued in London, and elsewhere, in associations of similar extent with our own, and serves the double purpose of a more just and orderly disposition of the members in taking their seats, and in some sort registering their presence or absence whenever required.

And while upon the subject of the duties of superintendents, I would again suggest that they acquaint themselves with the name of every one belonging to the department under their especial charge, so as to be able to report the attendance or non-attendance of every member at the meetings of the society. A very little exercise of observation and memory will enable them to do this without difficulty.

I would call the attention of the examining committee to the fact that, in order to the proper balancing of the chorus, there is still room for a considerable increase among the tenors; while, at the same time, the other parts might be rendered more efficient by the judicious addition of a limited number of really good and telling voices.

I cannot forbear a word of commendation, in this place, upon the liberal policy adopted by the government, during the past season, in furnishing, at all our public performances, the fullest and best orchestral force at their command. For their ability to do this, we are largely indebted to the enterprise and liberality of the Harvard Musical Association, in the education of the orchestra, and the encouragement they have given to orchestral performances of the highest order, by their admirable series of symphony concerts, established within the last two years.

And we see good reason to hope, in the thorough musical education which is now being given to the pupils of our public schools, and the further opportunities for musical study and practice, in the conservatories which have lately sprung into being, that, for the future, our elements of growth, both choral and orchestral, will be abundantly increased.

A new edition of the Act of Incorporation and By-Laws of the society, containing the amendments recently adopted, together with such as may be added at the present or a future meeting, will soon be published, and placed in the hands of every member; and it is hoped that a more familiar acquaintance with the rules and regulations of our association, as thus set forth, will have its beneficial results.

It is a matter of congratulation for us, that, this year, the income from our special fund is left intact. An important consideration will be brought to your notice this evening, having reference to the prospective increase of the fund from the society's surplus receipts. I will not discuss this question in advance; but will venture the hope that a way may be found to add to the investment, from time to time, from the moneys not needed for the current operations of the year, with the belief that our example may, sooner or later, be followed by others outside our immediate circle.

In conclusion, I would call your attention to the fact that the coming year will furnish opportunity for the first in the regular series of triennial festivals, which, I believe, is to be the policy and purpose of the society to adopt—and of which the great festival of 1864, in commemoration of the birth of the second half-century of our existence, may, perhaps, with propriety, be considered the auspicious beginning. To that occasion we still look back with pride, as to a new starting-point in our own life, and an acknowledged era in the musical history of our country. I would advise that the main features of the programme should be early marked out and determined upon by the incoming Board, and the preliminary steps be taken in season to insure for it a success, artistically, at any rate, equal, if not superior to that of any former achievement. At the same time, I hope that the ordinary work of the year may not be materially interfered with, and that the regular concert season be not shorn of its goodly proportions, but that all things appertaining thereto be provided for, decently and in order, with unabated zeal and in its proper time.

With these words, gentlemen, again congratulating you upon the auspicious circumstances under which we have met together this evening, thanking you one and all for the part you have taken in the labors of the year now brought to a close, and with an earnest wish for your continued prosperity and success, I respectfully submit my report.

Music Abroad.

London.

Philharmonic Concerts. The *Pall Mall Gazette* prefaces its review of the season (to the 1st of June,) with a brief history of the old society, as follows:

The Philharmonic Society is now in its fifty-fifth year—the oldest existing musical institution of the kind in England. Its first concert was held in the late Argyll Rooms, in 1813. The origin of the society was very much like that of the Paris Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire. The best musicians clubbed together for the love of their art, moved principally by a desire to hear the symphonies and overtures of the great masters efficiently performed. It was agreed, in order to avert professional jealousies, that each concert should be conducted by a different professor. Conducting them was not what it is now. The conductor sat at the pianoforte, and occasionally played from the score of the work in hand. The duty of beating time devolved not upon him, but upon the leader, or first violin (*chef d' attaque*, as the French style it), and this was accomplished, of course, with his fiddle-stick. The baton was not then known. Here, then, were at once two absurdities—the fact of having two conductors, which was virtually the case, and the change both of leader and conductor at each successive concert. Nevertheless, the first union in a single body of the most expert orchestral players the country could boast produced so great effect that there was little inclination to pick holes in the general scheme. The concert of Monday, March 8, 1813, was a triumphant success. It began with Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, included a string quartet, a serenade for wind instruments by Mozart, a *chaconne* by Jomelli, a march by Haydn, a string quintet by Boccherini, a vocal quartet by Sacchini, a chorus from Mozart's opera, *Idomeneo*, and symphonies by Beethoven (the first of the "Nine") and Haydn. So long a concert would not be tolerated now; but it put every one in raptures at the time, and the Philharmonic was established from that night. Its history since has often been told. There were eight concerts in the first season (Mr. Salomon—Haydn's Salomon—presided at the first); and, with the exception of a brief period, some few years ago, when the number of concerts were reduced to six, there have been eight annually ever since. There are eight now; and it is to be hoped there may be eight every year, so long as the Philharmonic Society (not long, many think) is destined to endure. It has done a world of good for music, although its influence has been exercised chiefly upon a limited circle of amateurs. But this very limited circle has exercised an influence outside; and so the time has come that the Philharmonic Society is rather a venerated institution than a necessity. It has got rid of its old habits; but, unfortunately, it has not maintained its position as the foremost society in England for the performance of orchestral music.

Spohr was among the first illustrious foreigners who animadverted upon the strange method of conducting adopted at the Philharmonic. In a letter, dated "*London*, 1821," he says:—"The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous that can be imagined."—(*Selbst-Biographie*). And he was quite right. Spohr, however did much to improve the state of things; as did Weber after Spohr; and most of all, Mendelssohn after Weber. Experiments were successively tried with Herr Moscheles and the late Sir Henry Bishop, each of whom in turn was appointed conductor of a series of concerts; but neither answered the purpose. The Gordian knot was ultimately severed by Mr. Costa, who accepted the post of Philharmonic conductor in 1846, and held it from that year till 1854—when, for reasons that they have never made public, he resigned it. Mr. Costa was succeeded, in 1855, by Herr Richard Wagner, the Musician of the "*Zukunft*," the prime favorite of his Majesty of Bavaria, and one of the greatest musical charlatans that ever existed. All Mr. Costa had done for the Philharmonic orchestra was undone by Herr Wagner, who conducted the symphonies of Beethoven without book, and had "readings" of his own which no one else could understand. One season of Wagner was enough; a second would have virtually swamped the Philharmonic, and that distinguished adventurer was not re-engaged. The place was now offered to, and accepted by, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, afterwards Pro-

fessor Sterndale Bennett (Cambridge Professor of Music), and subsequently Dr. Sterndale Bennett. Professor Bennett held the position for eleven years, brought the Philharmonic back to its old state of discipline (which had been sadly disturbed by Herr Wagner), and when deprived of the flower of his orchestra through an imperious edict of Mr. Gye—who just then, having instituted his Monday performances at the Royal Italian Opera, would no longer concede the privilege accorded time out of mind to these classical concerts no matter by what manager of no matter what institution—made a new orchestra for himself, which is at present, it can hardly be denied, a formidable rival to the old one.

Professor Bennett held the baton of the Philharmonic for eleven years—till the end of the season 1866, in short—and then resigned it. Why Mr. W. G. Cusins should have been appointed to fill the place left vacant by so eminent a man it is impossible for any one uninitiated in the arcana of the Philharmonic to guess. Had the question of choice been put to those of the outside world who take an interest in the proceedings of the society, it is more than probable that the name of Mr. Cusins would not have occurred to a single person. Mr. Costa out of the arena, there was the late Mr. Alfred Mellon; there were also Mr. Benedict, Mr. Halle, Signor Arditi; and last, not least, Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace, under whose direction the finest orchestral performances in England, if not in Europe, are to be heard. But the Philharmonic directors selected Mr. Cusins. . . Unless Mr. Cusins turns out to be another Mendelssohn, or at least another Mellon, as conductor, this step will be likely to hurry, rather than to arrest, the catastrophe which so many believe to be impending. One would have thought that the best chance of averting it lay in the appointment of a first-rate conductor on the retirement of Dr. Bennett. This chance, however, the directors have thrown away.

What we have said is by no means, be it understood, intended in disparagement of Mr. Cusins. He may turn out—who knows?—as good a conductor as any we have named. He is known in the musical world as a thorough musician, accomplished in many ways; and all who wish well to the society will hope that he may prove equal to the responsible task he has undertaken. Five concerts have been given; but it will require as many seasons to show whether Mr. Cusins is absolutely the right man in the right place. He has to go through the principal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, and to persuade the subscribers not only that he is well acquainted with them, but that he is able, with one rehearsal (all that the Philharmonic laws provide for), to ensure a sufficient performance of whatever happens to be set down for him by the directors. Up to the present moment the new conductor may be congratulated on a fair success. Symphonies by four of the masters just named have been played, as well as one by Schumann (in D minor), for the most part vigorously enough, but without a shadow of refinement. Among these symphonies was the No. 9 of Beethoven, the Choral Symphony, a more generally satisfactory performance of which has certainly been heard. At the same time it is only just to state that the fifth concert (on Monday week) exhibited a marked improvement. As this was a good average specimen of the entertainment to which for more than half a century the Philharmonic Society has accustomed its subscribers, what remains to be said may as well apply to it as to any of its predecessors. The programme comprised the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, and the two movements (*Allegro moderato* and *Andante con moto*) from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. The symphony of Beethoven was given in a manner less open to criticism than any other work of the kind that has been heard at the Philharmonic Concerts this season; parts, indeed, were admirably played. Still better, in some respects, were the movements from Schubert's symphony—a work which, had it been happily completed in the same strain, would indubitably have ranked among the masterpieces of instrumental music. The *Allegro* was taken too slow, and the *Andante* too fast; but beyond this we have not one objection to offer. The *chiar' oscuro* of orchestral performance seems now be confined exclusively to the Crystal Palace, where, not long since, under Herr Manns, these delicious fragments of Schubert were first introduced to an English public. At the same time we have not lately heard so near an approach to it at the Philharmonic Concerts, which, when *chiar' oscuro* was not dreamt of, were regarded in England as the *ne plus ultra*. For this we have to thank Mr. Cusins. There were two concertos at the fifth concert. The first, the driest if not the least ingenious, of all concertos—that in D for violoncello, composed by Herr Molique expressly for Signor Piatti—was played by Herr Grützmacher (violoncellist to the "King" of Saxony) in such a manner as could have left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that Signor Piatti was the greatest violoncellist in the world. Herr Grutzmacher is clever, beyond a question; but he is not a Piatti—far from it. The other concerto was the very familiar No. 1 (in G minor) of Mendelssohn, which has seldom been dashed off with easier assurance, and as seldom with less absolute refinement, than by Herr Alfred Jaell, one of those pianists from abroad of whom it would not be very difficult to find a more or less favorable specimen in almost any considerable German town as far as the uttermost frontier of "*Vaterland*" may now be presumed to extend. Herr Jaell played the first movement best. The *Andante* was heavy in touch and exaggerated in expression. The *Finale* was begun with great fire and brilliancy, but towards the end became so much too quick that Abbé Liszt himself would have failed to make the passages distinct; and Abbé Liszt's fingers are even more lissom than the fingers of Herr Jaell. The vocal music was contributed by Mlle. Sinico, Mme. Demeric-Lablache, and Mr. Tom Hohler. Mme. Lablache sang "Vedrai carino" a minor third too low. The effect of such a transposition, from bright to sombre, may be imagined. Mr. Hohler gave "La mia Letizia" (*I Lombardi*) in the lachrymose manner to which he has accustomed us at Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mlle. Sinico received a well-merited encore for her animated and charming delivery of the "polacca" in the second act of *Der Freischütz*. About the lengthy duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, it is charitable, at least, to say nothing.

. The concert terminated with a very fine performance of Cherubini's brilliant overture to *Anacreon*—a prodigy in its day, and a pleasant thing to listen to even now.

The *Times* says:—

Mr. W. G. Cusins, the new conductor, shows progress at each successive performance, and may fairly be said to have established his position.

At the sixth concert (on Monday next), besides Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), and the overture to *Oberon*, the programme contains a new MS. overture called *Marmion*, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, and Mr. Benedict's new pianoforte concerto in E flat, to be played by Mme. Arabella Goddard. The singers are Mlle. Ubrich, Mme. Trebelli Bettini, and Signor Gardoni.

Mr. Charles Halle has resumed his Pianoforte Recitals at St. James's Hall, in London. This time Beethoven does not exclusively absorb the programmes, though at every Recital, as a matter of course, the name of the greatest of all composers for the piano, as for the orchestra and string quartet, will appear at least once or twice. A most interesting feature in the plan of the series just commenced is the introduction of one of Schubert's solo Sonatas at each Recital. As Schumann wrote ten grand Sonatas, besides the so-called "Fantaisie Sonata," op. 78, which is finer, perhaps, than any of them, it may be presumed that Mr. Hallé intends to introduce on certain occasions two, instead of only one of these original and captivating works. Another distinguishing and attractive trait is that at each Recital there will be given one of the Sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello of Beethoven, or one of those by Mendelssohn. But, as Beethoven composed only five such Sonatas, and Mendelssohn only two, we may presume that at the eighth Recital Mr. Hallé will favor his hearers with the air and variations in D of Mendelssohn, or at any rate with one of the three airs with variations, for the same combination of instruments, which Beethoven has left. Either will be good. No surer proof of Mr. Halle's intention to render the execution of these duet Sonatas as perfect as possible could be adduced than the fact of his having engaged as his co-operator, during the eight Recitals, the incomparable violoncellist, Signor Piatti. The programme of the first Recital was extremely attractive. There was a Sonata of Beethoven, No. 3, op. 10 (in D), which Mr. Hallé has frequently played at the Monday Popular Concerts. This was followed by three numbers from John Sebastian Bach's renowned "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," in all the keys, major and minor—known to Germany as "Das wohltemperirte Clavier (The well-tempered Clavier), and in its way the most precious gift bequeathed to the art of music. The specimen of Schubert was the Sonata in A minor, one of those which Robert Schumann pronounced "glorious," published as No. 1, though by no means "No. 1" in order of composition, seeing that it was written in 1825, three years before Schubert died (in his 32d year!). This Sonata is original and beautiful from the opening to the termination; but, if one movement could be singled out from the rest as indubitably Schubert's own, it is the second—a lovely air with variations, which, though no one variation resembles another, are each as lovely as the air itself. The violoncello Sonata of Beethoven, included in this programme, was naturally the first of the five—No. 1, op. 5 (in F), composed in 1797, when Beethoven was 27 years old, for the celebrated French violoncellist, Duport, and dedicated to King Frederick William II., grandfather of the present King of Prussia. The last piece in the programme was a Polonaise in E flat, by Herr Stephen Heller, a composer about whom Schumann prognosticated favorably some thirty years ago. There were no songs at this Recital. At his second Mr. Hallé gave, among other things, another Sonata by Schubert (in D, from the same set); the delicious Sonata in F major, of Mozart (No. 3, beginning in three-four time, and consisting of three movements); and the second of Beethoven's violoncello Sonatas—op. 3, in G minor.—*Times*.

The Opera. This season has hitherto been as bare of novelty as the patronage given to musical entertainments generally has been deficient in pecuniary results. A severe depression influences the world of entertainment; everything is as flat as it well can be. The scarceness of money resulting from the financial calamities of last year is doubtless the reason of this; but be the cause what it may, the complaint of managers at the badness of the times is general. At neither opera house have we novelty to chronicle: the production of "*Don Carlos*" is expected next week at Covent Garden, and some amount of interest derivable from the new work may possibly increase the attendance, which has hitherto been poor. This week we have had the return of Mlle. Patti, after an indisposition of a week. She reappeared in the "*Barbiere*," and sang with her usual brilliancy, which has lost nothing from her late illness. Nothing important has occurred: "*Faust*," "*Norma*," and "*Fra Diavolo*," continuing the stock pieces. On Thursday, an extra night, "*Don Giovanni*" was given with the following cast:—*Donna Anna*, Mlle. Fricci; *Donna Elvira*, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; *Zerlina*, Mlle. Adelina Patti; *Don Giovanni*, Signor Cotogni; *Leporello*, Signor Crampi; and *Don Ottavio*, Signor Mario. At Her Majesty's Theatre "*Il Trovatore*" has been performed, and on Saturday "*Otello*" is to be done; *Sir Hugh*, Signor Mongini; *Otello*, Signor Gardoni; *Jagoo*, Mr. Santley; *Rodrigo*, Signor Gassier; *Desdemona*, Signor Bossi; *Emilia*, Mme. Trebelli Bettini; *Puck*, Mme. Demeric-Lablache; *Mermaid*, Mlle. Baumeister; and *Fezia*, Mlle. Titiens.—*Orch. June 1*.

Paris

The Commission for organizing the Historical Concerts at the Universal Exposition, have judged it useful to initiate the public into the history of musical art, from the thirteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, in the various departments of religious music, opera, symphony, chamber music, and that of the dance. With this view they have decreed at the outset, that the pieces destined to figure in the programmes of the historical concerts shall be principally chosen from the works of the following authors:

13th Century. Josquin Desprès.

16th Century. Nicolas Gombert.—Clemens, *non papa*.—Jennequin.—Roland de Lassus (Orlando Lasso).—Palestrina.

17 Century. Cavalli.—Monteverde.—Carissimi.—Legranzi.—A. Scarlatti.—Lulli.—Lalande.

18th Century. Keiser.—Campra.—Marcello.—Rameau.—Handel.—J. S. Bach.—Vinci.—Leo.—Galuppi.—Pergolese.—Gluck.—Philidor.—Piccini.—Monsigny.—Haydn.—Sacchini.—Boccherini.—Paisiello.—Grétry.—Cimarosa.—Viotti.—Dalayrac.—Mozart.—Méhul.

These concerts are to begin in June, and will comprise twelve sessions. Six of them will be devoted, under the form of concerts, to the hearing of the most important works in all kinds. These concerts will embrace the musical periods, century by century, from the end of the 15th to the 19th exclusive. Six others will be given to the most genuine works of religious music, of the liturgical drama, the opera, popular music, chamber and dance music, and may, if necessary, take the form of musical and literary conferences. These pieces will go back to the 13th and come down to the present century, as follows:

Vocal Section. Chants for two and three voices; Christmas Chants, Chorals, *Lieder*, French and Spanish songs; melodies with or without accompaniment of lutes, violas, &c.; religious and dramatic music.

Instrumental Section. Dance Music: Pavanes, Sarabandes, Gigues, Gavottes, Minuets.—Chamber Music: Pieces for the clavichord, Duos, Trios, Quatuors, and all the compositions commonly classed under this category.

The Committee consists of MM. Fétis, President; Delsarte, V. President; Felix Clément, Gevaërt, Reyer, Vervoitte, Wekerlin and Léon Gastinel, Secretary.

Meanwhile the great Exposition rings, and Paris and all Europe rings, and all America, with the Piano-forte rivalry, in which our American exhibitors, the Chickerings and the Steinways, appear to be ahead; but which ahead of which it doth not yet appear, so point-blank contradictory are the newspaper reports; nor will it probably appear before the first of July, when we hope to announce our Boston manufacturers the winners. At all events the Chickering pianos *have* won fame and admiration there such as is worth many golden medals. Of course the music played there on these noble instruments is seldom of the noblest kind; the atmosphere of an Exhibition, with its competitive crowd, is about as favorable to true Art as a race course or a ring. It is the flash pianists who do the execution upon such occasions,—human extensions of the instrument, they might be called,—and not (for the most part) artists, in the high, human sense, who have music in their souls and want an instrument to express it. The great end here is, not to make music, but to display the instrument and make it famous; which is done quite as much by *blowing* as by playing with the fingers.

The first of the Conservatoire Concerts, specially arranged on the occasion of the Exposition, took place on the 2nd June, and consisted of: Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Chorus from "*Castor et Pollux*," by Rameau; portions of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; a Motet by Bach for double chorus, unaccompanied; and Weber's *Oberon* overture.

A bust of Liszt, modelled recently in Rome by our esteemed Boston sculptor, Thomas Ball, and placed in the midst of the Chickering pianos at the Exhibition, was uncovered there with musical ceremonies, in the presence of an admiring crowd.

Fanny Tacchinardi Persiani. This great singer is dead, one of the last of the vocalists; not to be compared with the Garcia sisters in point of fire and fervor, neither with Sontag and Cinti-Damoreau in charm. She was plain as a woman, insignificant as an actress, yet one of those who vindicate and recommend their art in spite of Nature. Her age is given in the *Gazette Musicale* as forty-nine. She might have been fancied older, but she can never have looked young. Her voice (to condense a character offered in a recent book on opera-matters) was an acute *soprano* mounting to E flat *altissimo*, acrid and piercing rather than sweet, penetrating rather than full, and always liable to rise in pitch; one, too, which never willingly blended with other voices. Her father, Tacchinardi the tenor, knew every secret of his art, and the most, if not the all, that he knew, he imparted to his daughter. Her voice was developed to its utmost capacities. Every fibre of her frame seemed to have a part in her singing. There was nothing left out, nothing kept back. She was never careless, never unfinished, always sedulous, sometimes to the edge of strain, occasionally in the employment of her vast and varied resources rising to an animation which amounted to that display of conscious power which is resistless. The perfection with which she wrought up certain songs, such as the "Sonnambula" *finale*, or the mad scene in "Lucia," has been very rarely approached. She had the finest possible sense of accent. She had taste, extraordinary variety and facility in ornament, and always managed to throw some expression into her embroideries and flourishes. Her first appearance, if the notice of M. Fétis be correct, was at Leghorn in 1832. She crossed the Alps and appeared in Paris in 1837, and in 1838 came to London as the other *prima donna* to Mme. Grisi. For many years she alternated duty with that lady, till compelled to leave the stage by loss of voice.—*Athenæum, May* 11.

All the historical violins seem coming into the market. On Tuesday, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson had to dispose of, among other noticeable instruments, the Amati, given by King George the Fourth to M. François Cramer,—Mr. Goding's Guarnerius violin, christened by Paganini "the Giant,"—another Guarnerius, which belonged successively to Tartini, Paganini and Dragonetti (no mean pedigree this!),—another Guarnerius, described as Mori's favorite instrument,—a fine old tenor (known as the Digby tenor. Is it wise on the part of those desirous of getting their real value for these costly instruments, to allow so many of them to come into the market at the same moment?

Dresden.—Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* has been revived with great success. The Committee of the Tonkünstlerverein has published its report of the doings of the Society from April, 1866, to Easter, 1867. The report is highly gratifying. At the four public performances, no less than nine very important works were performed by the members for the first time: "Sonata for Piano and Violin" (Op. 35), Kiel; a "Concerto Grosso," Handel; a Symphony, Wilhelm Friedrich Bach: "Suite in Canon form," J. Otto Grimm; "Ciaconne for Violin and Pianoforte," Vitali (arranged by Herr David); Sonata, Rust (1795); Concerto for two Violins, Handel; Quintet, Hoffmann; and Suite for Violoncello Solo, Bach. Besides the above four performances there were seventeen meetings for practice. The total number of works performed were 61, 33 being performed for the first time. Including 15 honorary and 9 foreign members, the Society numbers 164 ordinary, and 76 extraordinary members.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1867.

"Individual Speculation."—The New York Festival.

Music to-day, in every country more or less, especially in ours, is in constant danger of falling into the hands of the Philistines. Trade is the reigning interest of this century, the real master behind all governments and all religions; and Money, Fortune, is its God. Art was hitherto held sacred; in Art one could be disinterested, could work from pure and generous motives; the artist at least is a freeman, we supposed. But no; the shrewd eye of the tradesman, seeing that Art, that Music has attractions for the crowd, that money can be made by it, forthwith presents himself, unmusical, unartistlike, all worldly as he is, and undertakes to "run" this fine "machine" as he would any other, upon speculation, for his own ends, not for ends of Art. If he can seduce artists to sing or play chiefly such things, in such ways, amid such surroundings, as shall pay him best, of course he will do it, and it lies in his policy to pay *them* so well that their artist conscience shall soon learn to wink at what would once have shocked them.

Art has its business side, like everything else. The artist often needs his man of business, as he may need a housekeeper, a steward or a coachman. Public musical performances, concerts, oratorios, festivals, require business management, financial economy, much running about, and outside preparation. But it is a question of vital consequence to the very existence and idea of Art, whether the artist or the business man be principal; whether Art employ business, or business employ Art. The end, the passion of all Art is Beauty, the Ideal, the Divine in form or language, the end of Art performances is to present the Ideal to the world, to inspire the love of it in the hearts of the people, to lift men out of their fatal commonplace and teach them the perennial joys of the Imagination. The end of the *impresario* and the professional concert manager and speculator is no such thing. He is glad to borrow whatever halo of the ideal and the sacred there may be, in the vague popular regard, about art and artists; of course he counts this into his capital; but the end for which he would use them is anything but sacred or ideal; little recks he what sort of music he gets up, whether he give negro minstrelsy or Jenny Lind, whether the opera be by Balfe or Mozart, provided it will bring most money into the house; and the nearer he can tempt the Diva towards the minstrel level in her programmes, thus trading at once upon two opposite elements, the low taste of the many and the ideal halo which surrounds a great artistic name, with the more glee does he rub his hands and chuckle. No doubt artists sometimes fail of due recognition or success, in their unworldliness, trusting solely to their own merits and good programmes; and when the bland, seductive "agent" comes along and tells them what a great mistake they make, that Art for Art's sake "never pays," they lend a willing ear and commit their cause entirely to his management, finding that this means "success," and that by reconciling their consciences to all his arts of trumpeting, inflated advertising, procured puffs, his cunning ways of getting up an excitement wholly out of proportion to the occasion, they actually make money. To a certain extent this may be well, and they may owe him a fair debt of gratitude. But here comes in the danger. The manager, or impresario, is commonly a person who makes success, outward success, the all in all; the artist soon finds that the manager, the speculator, and not himself, is virtually the maker of the programmes; that only so much of his art is called for as will help to keep up this "success"; and that the easiest way to do it is to repeat hacknied things, lower his taste and striving to the popular demand, study mere "effect," for which trickery is often more available than true art, and how to entrap applause at any rate by any sort of claptrap.

We must confess we deprecate this tendency to let the control of musical matters pass more and more into the hands of speculating managers. These carry too much stir and bustle with them for the calm and true enjoyment of music. They raise too much wind; the *spirit* of Art is of too modest and sincere a character to bear the excitement of their always "grand" occasions. Art loves quiet occasions, wholesome, temperate excitements, and hates false display. But business, using art and artists for its ends, will hear of nothing quiet, nothing not on an outwardly grand scale and dazzling to the crowd; it trades upon factitious enthusiasms, fevers. It matters not how many great names are strung together in an announcement; how many famous artists, even worthy of their fame, are put into a concert; if the *spirit* in which it is given be not an artistic one, it will be a bad concert. Good artists there may be and good pieces by good masters; but the cloven foot of the unbelieving business Mephisto will peep out somewhere, and betray the unreality of the whole affair; perhaps a piece of irrelevant virtuosity worked in here; or

some stale sentiment sandwiched between two good things there, so as to spoil the savor of them both; perhaps merely the false way in which things good in themselves, that is, good in their places, are put together, a forced jumble showing no singleness of purpose, but a desire to be all things to all men; perhaps a pervading egotism, the interpreter claiming more notice than the author; perhaps more affectation than sincerity in the homage paid to noble authors in the selection; and then the traps set for *encores*, to be used, when caught, as advertisements!

All these things, too often present as exceptions in concerts planned for Art's sake mainly, are always present, are the rule, in what we may call managers', or business, concerts. The sincerity of Art is sacrificed; the tone of an artist is sooner or later lowered, his artistic principle tacitly foresworn, his faith in the Ideal damned, or benumbed into indifference; the very fibre of his nature, once so fine, grows coarser, after he has joined one of these concert-giving caravanseries, which travel up and down the land, "doing a splendid business," led by the wand of some great managerial magician. They help their artists ("*their* artists!") to get rich; they draw crowds of people into concert rooms who otherwise would never stir for music—such is their plea; and there is some truth in it. But do they try on the whole to raise the taste for music? do they encourage, strengthen the purer aspirations of the artist? Do quiet, pure artistic enterprises, concerts given with disinterested aim by institutions, or by uncompromising artists, flourish better in the fields where they have been and—not sown, but reaped? To the artists, under these auspices, their very successes are demoralizing: (noble exceptions only prove the rule) how must it be then with the easily seduced and ignorant public? Your Barnum, Ullmann, Bateman, makes of music a fashion and a fever for the moment, and would fain, like Joshua, have the sun stand still, that he may longer reap the golden harvest: the next who follows in his footsteps finds it harder work, and must resort to means and proclamations still more extraordinary; and so through this succession of brave speculators, each out-vying the last, music, in its public manifestations, gets to be nothing if not extraordinary, like rope-dancing and jugglery. Call you that a proper school of Art? Is that the way a nation is to get its musical education?

Nor is the inroad of the speculator limited to musical performances; he takes hold also of the work of musical education, perceiving that so many have a wish to learn, and to learn easily and cheaply. And forthwith he proceeds to organize and engineer it on a "big scale," after the tendency of trade: great music schools are started; more "Conservatories" (so-called) have sprung up in New York and Boston within a year or two, than have grown to consequence in Europe in as many centuries; nothing quiet, modest, small will answer; we must do a big business; and, as in business every big dealer cannot be content with moderate prosperity, but must still strive to swallow up all rivals, so in the matter of music schools we see the same *entrepreneurs* establishing their branches and their name in many cities far apart, as if greedy to monopolize this sort of jobbing for the whole vast country. We do not wish to prejudge experiments or motives; we wait to see what time will bring forth. The fruits will be of mixed character; they cannot be all evil; but we cannot help mistrusting educational movements in which the business element is so particularly prominent. At least it becomes one to be cautious, and before praising, wait till he can satisfy himself whether it is education as the end employing business as a means, or whether it is business for its own private ends exploiting education.

But we have been drawn further into this discussion than we intended; and it would take several papers to treat it upon all sides fairly, and make all the qualifications and exceptions, and those disavowals of personal imputations, which we hope will be understood. Having, in our last, used the phrase "individual speculation" in brief allusion to Mr. Harrison's Great Musical Festival of the first week of this month in New York, we felt bound to explain our meaning, and to give reasons why, without (of course) impugning the character or motives, or questioning the musical enthusiasm of a gentleman whom we never knew, we were led to mistrust the pompous announcements of the said Festival, partly because they were pompous; partly because the style in which the press (musical and daily) proclaimed the thing as the *first* attempt at a real Festival in America, pleasing to ignore the fact that two have been held in Boston, of greater magnitude and with something nearer to artistic purity of programme; and still more because it was, at any rate purported to be, purely the enterprise and in the interest of an individual concert manager or impresario; so that the fair inference was, that the whole thing was undertaken primarily in the interests of business, and only incidentally in the interests of Art. We have since learned, that while Mr. Harrison generously risked his capital, the idea itself, the artistic conception had sprung up before that in the brain and heart of Mr. Ritter, the accomplished, earnest musician who conducted all the Oratorios, in his capacity as conductor of the Harmonic Society, and who contributed a couple of large compositions of his own to the occasion. It was doubtless generous in the man of means and business experience to help the man of ideas to realize them; but none the less do we consider the example dangerous,—the more so in proportion to its (outward) success. If great Festivals of Art, whole weeks of Oratorio and Symphony, are to pass into the hands of speculators, and to be exploited, traded upon for private purposes, like other concerts, operas and shows, who shall undertake to reconcile the conflicting claims of Art and business? If these things are to be managed by men who only seek success, and who are as glad to get it in the mere name of Art, as by the fact of Art, what guaranty will there be of high, sincere artistic character in programme or performance?

As to the New York Festival, all accounts agree that it was a great financial success; Steinway Hall was crowded night and morning for a week. As to the artistic success reports differ greatly. Certain it is that careful and repeated counting of the chorus, in *Elijah*, made out not over 170 voices, and in the orchestra but 50 instruments (In the Boston Festival of 1864 the chorus numbered 500, sometimes more, and the orchestra exceeded 100) There was but one concert with grand Symphony (the *Pastoral*); here we had three; while the several miscellaneous concerts or matinées were of too medley and commonplace an order to distinguish them from ordinary Bateman, Gilmore or McGlenen concerts. Many speak in high praise of the conducting of Mr. Ritter, and one critic loudly asserts (claiming the credit of adviser, teacher, for himself!) that for the first time the *tempi* of the *Messiah* were rightly taken; while others found the times so absurdly slow that the great choruses seemed scarcely to acquire momentum. But as we did not hear, it is not for us to judge. We have no doubt there was a great deal of sincere enjoyment of great music, and that Mr. Ritter and Mr. Harrison, and the artists (Mme. Rosa, Mme. Ritter, &c.) who assisted them with zeal, have done a real service in inspiring New York audiences with a respect and love for noble oratorios which they hardly knew before.

We should be glad to get trustworthy and more intelligible estimates of Mr. Ritter's compositions. The press, as usual, is non committal. He is an artistic character, a man laboring for Art in earnest. Whether he have creative genius we need not be in haste to judge. His efforts are entitled to respect. From several good private sources we have heard his Overture, "Othello," pronounced original and strong; while his "Forty-sixth Psalm" seems to have called forth more timid compliments. It is called "scholastic," "musician-like," "according to rule," a "very creditable effort," and all that. We fain would, but we dare not, print a letter from an admirer which we have received about these two works, because after much plausible, intelligent praise, the writer even seems to put the Ritter Psalm upon a level with the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which followed it. We will quote what he says, however, of the "Othello" overture:

"It is a worthy composition, well conceived, and carefully and artistically wrought out. There are fine dramatic points in it and an orchestration modern and very effective. The introduction is interesting. Almost recitative-like it begins, engrossing your attention from the first, until it brings in the two leading motives. They are in fine contrast. While the first is a nucleus, mighty and strong, the second is an exposition, exceedingly lovely and tender These are interwoven, growing in the working of that vehement passion, higher and higher, and more and more intense, until that fearful climax is reached, the deed is done. Nothing is left—a close, sombre, deep and hallow (?) brings the work to its end.

"True to its prototype, the whole work grows naturally, develoes itself in logical consistency, in unity and with vigor."

On the whole, we are inclined to put more faith in a correspondent who wishes we had heard the 'Othello' overture, calls it a noble work and is proud of it, but thinks the Psalm, "although solid, pleasing and effective, less original, and more like a work of Brahms, or Raff, or others of that ilk."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 13.—During the past season the *Messiah* has been brought out once, and the *Creation* twice by a large and very effective chorus and an orchestra of twenty five performers, which in the two performances of the *Creation* was increased by reinforcements from your city to the number of thirty eight. The choruses were rendered in a manner creditable to the singers and their Conductor, and showed unmistakably that although our city has hitherto been behind her neighbors in musical culture, she is by no means destitute of native talent, which if properly directed and developed will soon give her an equal position among her sisters as a fosterer of the Art.

The solos were well sustained by Misses Houston and Ryan, and Messrs. Hazelwood, Guilmette and Whitney. These Oratorios have been given under the direction of Mr. Eben Tourjée, Director of the Providence Conservatory of Music, which gentleman has also given us a series of classical Chamber concerts, in which the favorite Mendelssohn Quintette Club have borne a very important part, assisted by Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Petersilea and Goldbeck as Pianists; and Misses Smith, Barton, Ryan, and Mr. Hazelwood as vocalists. Among the many good things given at these concerts were the Quartet in A, No 6, op. 18; the Quintet in C, op 29, and the Sonata in F sharp major, op. 78, by Beethoven; the Quintet for piano and strings in E flat, op. 44; and the Quartet in A, No. 3, op. 41, by R. Schumann; the Quintet in G minor, by Mozart; Piano Trio in D minor, op. 47, by Mendelssohn, and the Grand Septet in D minor by Hummel.

S.

There is matter for reflection in the following article, which we take from the London *Orchestra* of June 1.

£300 For a Song.

During this and the past week the baton of the auctioneer has been monotoning, in irregular beats, the money value of Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine's stock in trade. The ninety thousand plates have been put up for competition and knocked down —one half thereof at the value of the metal, the other at sums varying from 1s. 6d. to £76 per plate. The superb edition of Dr. Arnold's cathedral music was disposed of for one penny per plate over its price in the scales of the pewterer; the beautiful edition of Haydn's "*Creation*" arranged by Bishop at the same tariff; whilst Alexander Lee's song, "He wipes the tear," produced the sum of £348; and Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen," the larger amount of £532. Indeed, this song, with its arrangements, realized more than £800. Bishop's ballad, "My pretty Jane," or "The bloom is on the rye," ran up to £262, and the "Dermot astore," by the late Mr. Crouch, proved to be worth £168.

The great house in Soho-square, during its eighty years' reign, must have produced many thousands of songs and ballads, and if only one in five hundred be the average of a great success, this house most assuredly has had more than ordinary luck. It did not rely on advertisement, and certainly not on royalties to singers—for the vocalists of the past days were but too glad to appear with the favorites of the Soho-square catalogue. Some of the popular melodies had the advantage of being heard from the boards of Covent Garden and Old Drury; but the most valued, by Sir Henry Bishop, "My pretty Jane," is a Vauxhall ditty, and one but little prized by its composer, and at first heard with the utmost indifference. Lee's ballad, "He wipes the tear," has never been a public singer's song, and has had no introduction beyond the energy of the traveller and the ordinary outlets of trade. It is a religious song—a style of song held until recently by publishers in great contempt; so much so that a great house, when offered the "*Chemin du Paradis*," by Blumenthal, rejected it, giving, as a reason, that there was something about "heaven" in the poetry, a place in that particular emporium but little thought of, as there was no business to be carried on there.

To read the reviews of the new songs of the season in these days, one must imagine there is no such thing as a failure, and that every composer is a Schubert or a Bishop. It is not one song in five hundred that is to succeed; but almost every song is recorded as a tolerably sized nugget. The popular song of the past generation is an illustration of the great power of inferiority—good sense exercised on art in a low estate, as a normal condition befitting the public taste. There has been no zeal, and but little, if any, invention. Poet and composer have both sympathized with the thousands that surround them, and have gone in for a little bit of every-day life. There has been a demonstration of a generous mediocrity—nothing unusual above, nothing absurd below. Enough has been done to excite expectation, nothing to excite surprise. The poet has proved himself amiable and well-behaved; the composer, natural and rational. There was no attempt to offer "the husks that the swine did eat," or "apple pie made all of quinces." Mr. Fitzball was not fettered in trying to excell Tom Moore, nor was Henry Bishop paralyzed by the thought of surpassing a Weber or Mozart. These skilled workmen well knew that a little practical cement was worth all the vital passion of the country. Common sense in ordinary coin was a certain currency; more weighty bullion, however more really valuable, was only fit for bank deposit. Most people are fond of music, but most people are neither remarkable nor distinguished for their knowledge or appreciation of it. The gift is common, but there is no noise made about it. Moderate power, and models within reach suit the general mind, and a form of feebleness amalgamates with notions of feebleness. The greatest composers are not the most wise of men; they are always looking up to mountains, or upon deserts, or into caverns, for kindred spirits to recognize their inspirations. The successful ballad composer is content to look into himself, and a little experience of the "know thyself" leads him to the conclusion that he is very much like most other people, and so he composes something like himself, and which most other people find they can like. He acts with the many as one of the many, and takes no thought of doing more or doing better than others of his craft. He may be harmlessly somnolent, but he was not aware of it; he may put forth much strength, but not as obedience or obligation, for it simply came in its turn, and cost him no labor. He is surprised to find there is an everlasting murmur about his song—a deep consent of its suitability to the wants of the public—and he accepts his position like a sensible man and a man of taste, thankful that he is not a bold innovator, a man of genius, or a learned composer. Gluck said, "what people call 'making songs,' generally costs me a year's preparation and a severe illness;" but Gluck thought his brother composers barbarous and ignorant, and the public corrupted and capricious. He put himself into a fever in his endeavor to restore the rights of the divine science (which, by the way, is now said to be no science at all), and was only made convalescent by the short dresses of his ballet, and the gorgeous splendor of his *mise-en-scène*. The composer of "He wipes the tear" was not so enterprising, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" not so ambitious or so ingenious. They had nothing to combat, nothing to mend; they appeased the publishers, pleased the public, smiled upon the heroes of the great school who looked down upon them and disowned them, whilst they acknowledged the truth of the adage—

"Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia."

There is no royal road to learning, but it appears Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine had discovered something of the way in regard to playing the piano, and the supposed novelty produced no less a sum than £502. Altogether based upon the Tutor of J. B. Cramer, and not suggesting any new or shorter cut to power over the instrument, the Soho Royal Road is much the same as the old road, and may be therefore worth the purchase money.

There was no competition for the cathedral music, and the course of Novello cancels it off at the tariff of the melting pot. The edition of Arnold is a fellow companion to that of Boyce, published by the house of Robert Cocks. The beautiful volumes of Arnold costing upwards of £1,000, realized about £92, for it appeared no one would buy them. The work was utterly unsaleable, and that of Boyce does not yield the interest of its dormant metal. As the sale of church music has most wonderfully increased since the issue of those splendid editions of Boyce and Arnold, those books are either too high in price for church choirs or their contents are not such as are now agreeable to church congregations. Doubtless there are anthems in the cathedral which the general parochial mind will never care much about, and there are those which at present most parish choirs cannot successfully attack. But the entire repertoire of the Cathedral must eventually abide the judgment of the popular mind, and the parochial congregation will settle the permanence of any Cathedral anthem. The half of Boyce is of no real mercantile value, and certainly not more than a third of Arnold. We should much deplore the disappearance of such a noble reprint as that of the Arnold. Cathedral music at a penny a page, and Crouch at seventy-six pounds per page, is no encouragement to Messrs. Cocks and Messrs. Novello, and truly a weighty discouragement to composers of anthems. There is something rotten in this department of musical literature and we shall be delighted to find a musician ready to undertake a revolution. A good solo anthem of five plates ought to be as valuable mercantile property as the six hundred pound ballad of Mr. Crouch. Mendelssohn's cavatina, "O rest in the Lord" would overtop the ballad, and from this beautiful composition our composers may take both example and encouragement. The old forms of the Cathedral solo will neither bring money nor credit, but the new form will bring both.

The same journal informs us:

Frl. Lucca has concluded a brilliant engagement for America, a country which henceforth will lie as completely and naturally in the "round" of professional artists as have Prussia and England hitherto. The Americans have shown themselves warm supporters of musical talent; and the success of Mme. Parepa only affords the initiative of an example which will be generally followed. The professional tour must include New York as profitably as London and Berlin.

Brussels. M. van der Straaten, of Brussels, is about to publish a book, entitled *Music in the Netherlands before the 19th Century*. It will contain many documents hitherto unknown, together with biographies and notices of all Netherland composers, virtuosos, theoreticians and instrument makers—of Netherland operas, motets, national songs, Academies, Guilds, books, portraits, and, in a word, all subjects in any way connected with music. M. van der Straaten has searched every accessible collection and library, and so arranged the various subjects, according to their respective dates, that they form a kind of chronological table. He has, also, collected a large amount of highly remarkable and trustworthy information regarding the rise and progress of French and Italian opera during the 17th and 18th cent[illegible]

Special Notices.

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Short, but pretty.

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Quite different in character and arrangement, of course, but both good in their way. Not difficult.

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A glorification of an excellent grape, by a "berry." Brilliant and tasteful

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A sweet melody, with light arpeggios. Moderately difficult.

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Has a curious and pleasing swinging motion.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 685. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Lake of the Lilies.

At the shadowy heart of the ancient forest
A jewel-like lakelet lies concealed,
Deep, pellucid, azure, tremulous,
Clear to the smile of the sky revealed
As the splendid eye of a fair enchantress
Flashes wildly through tangled hair,
So this lakelet, from leafy tresses,
Bright with wonderful light doth glare.
And under the coolness of sylvan shadow,
Its marge with lilies is sprinkled o'er;
Fairy flotillas, slow rocking at anchor,
Perfect pearls on a sapphire floor.
Blossoms pure and pale?
Water elves are they!
Lilies on the lake,
Floating day by day;
But when shades grow long,
Moved by magic change,
Each becomes an elf,
Sweet, and fair, and strange.
Wave-dewed woman forms,
From the lake they glide,
Springing each to each,
Clinging side by side;
Through the long moonrays,
In and out they play,
Elfin pelting elf
With the sparkling spray;
Cloudlike, on the wind
Floating, laughing low,
Whirling round and round,
Light as drifts of snow.
Though by day they lie
Rooted and resigned
Unto each caprice
Of the wave or wind
All the warm night long,
Rounds of wayward grace,
Undulations wild,
Airy paths they trace.
Not low-bending corn,
Grass-grown, wind-blown lea,
Arrowy flight of bird,
Spring of chamois free,
Not the wave that swells
Over ocean's breast,
Not the cloud that floats
Down the sunset west,
Not the white-sailed lark,
Flocking summer seas,
Willow boughs that rock
In a wanton breeze,——
Nothing moves on earth
With so wild a grace,
As those dancing forms;
Lovely water-fays!
Naught so perfect-fair,
Save in dreams, we see;
Charmèd motion rare,
Sweet as melody!
When o'er the glimmering lake of the lilies
The silver lamp of the moon grows pale,
Slowly, slowly, the gray mist gathers,
And folds the elves in a shadowy veil
And when, in the warmth of the morning sunlight,
Vapor floats from the lake away,
Fringing its margin, the water-lilies
Dreamily, placidly, softly sway;
Censers brimming with exquisite incense,
Cool, and dewy, and spotless white;
Fresh and blooming as innocent children,
Newly awakened from slumbers light.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER

Quartet Playing.

THE QUARTETS OF THE BROTHERS MUELLER AND THE FLORENTINES.

[We translate the following article, by LOUIS KOEHLER, from the *Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik* Leipzig, May 31, 1867].

The so-called Florentine Quartet of Messrs. JEAN BECKER, MASI, CHIOSTRI and HILPERT just now attracts the most intense interest of the musical world, and in social circles occasions lively controversies in comparison with the Quartets of the older and the younger Brothers MUELLER. * * * *

JEAN BECKER is a native of Mannheim and is settled with his family at Strassburg. HILPERT, a Nuremberger and pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, was living as a violoncellist in Zurich, when, at the instigation of Becker, who was then in Florence, he removed to that city; here Becker ha found suitable Quartet comrades in Signor Masi, a violinist from the Roman territory, and Signor Chiostri, a violinist of Florence. Thus of two Italians and two Germans in Florence was formed the Quartet which is named after that city: Becker and Masi the two violins, Chiostri the viola, and Hilpert the violoncello.

Becker, the founder, a world-renowned concert violinist of the noblest culture, remained still the soul of the Quartet. The two Italians stood somewhat remote from the German Quartet literature; the ripe Beethoven, Schumann, were rather foreign to them, and the *later* Beethoven for a long time wholly unintelligible. If Hilpert was at first incomparably beyond them, yet he too first received through Becker the key to the understanding, conception and mode of treatment of Beethoven's last as well as of Schumann's Quartets. I give these data as I remember them from oral communications.

And here we will introduce some remarks about the Brothers MUELLER, which may also serve comparatively for *other* Quartets of importance which performed in public in their time, and to which certainly belongs a share of the merit of furthering the art of Quartet playing.

The *older* Brothers Mueller were four sons of one pair of parents in Brunswick. I know this positively, for I, myself a Brunswicker, still knew the grey-haired father (the musician Egy'as Mueller) of the four older brothers; and with me the whole city knew, that they were "actual" brothers. This fact has been doubted, and there has been talk of a "supposititious brother."

The *younger* brothers, again, are all four sons of one couple. The father, Concertmeister Carl Mueller, was first violinist of the older Quartet. That this is equally true, and that here too there exists no supposititious brother, "cousin" or what not (as has been variously asserted), I know with not less certainty; for, as a youth of sixteen (who now, after 30 years, remembers that time with pleasure) I was in and out at Concertmeister Mueller's, and, in the Quartet practice of the boys Bernhard (now viola player) and Carl (now first violin of the younger Quartet), their excellent teacher, the violinist *Kammermusikus* Mewes, used to employ me to help out the affair at the tenor or the second violin desk, while he himself officiated as violoncellist. The other brothers, Hugo (now second violinist) and Wilhelm (now violoncellist of the younger Quartet) were still very little fellows, who "played" to be sure, but had as yet no seat or part in the Quartet. At any rate all the famous Muellers are genuine blood relations.

This little genealogy was necessary here, not only to authenticate historically the family of the eight illustrious "fellows,"* but also as a text for a few artistic observations.

We may call the older brothers the fathers of the more modern Quartet playing. The most interior, thorough culture of every part (voice), in accordance with the spirit of the whole, such as is only possible through perfect uniformity of a sound *technique*, made the players brothers in an artistic sense also; a harmonious understanding blended them into a perfect unity, amounting to a sort of *individuality*.

The older brothers had much to find out for themselves, in regard to the conception and rendering of the Beethoven Quartets, from op. 59 onward, which were still but little practised or understood at their time; of models they had really none; they were their own *original*. The latest Beethoven Quartets they had to try to fathom in their own way; for Schumann they had no inward affinity. In those Beethoven Quartets, those revelations of the locked up inner world of a personality, which can now be regarded as the vital centre, the germ of a future which he already ruled ideally beforehand—in those Quartets the older brothers gave the keynote of the common mood and understanding; the technical realization of the idea was to them a difficult labor, brilliantly successful to be sure, but still evermore a "labor." They had done enough, and more than merely satisfied the best demand of their time. It is easy to perceive now, how the *younger* Brothers Mueller could study fine Quartet-playing, attain to an intellectual, deep conception, and strive after the ideal, since they were constant listeners to the older four. The style of rendering the earlier and middle Beethoven had entered, unconsciously, into their very flesh and blood: here, as well as in the Haydn and Mozart Quartets, they were p[illegible] receptive. But both in the Schumann and in the later Beethoven Quartets there was in reserve for them much work of their own in the way of *living themselves into* and reproducing those compositions; they mastered Schumann in the course of time, and continued to enter more and more deeply into the spirit of Beethoven; with wonderful art they disclosed the moody secrets (partly discovered by themselves) of works so long looked upon as riddles. They had to a good degree increased the collective Art-capital of the older brothers, had discovered new territory and successfully improved it.

In coming back now to the Florentines, we have first of all to consider Herr BECKER, as the representative of the Quartet.

What the eight Muellers had disseminated in their wide travels, what they had directly or indirectly introduced into wider string Quartet

* Goethe said, that his countrymen, instead of disputing whether he or Schiller were the greatest, ought to rejoice in having two "such fellows."

circles, thus establishing a common understanding and indeed a settled normal style, was for Becker an element already found. He had essentially nothing to think out and to fathom for the first time; his problem only was: how to dispose of the inheritance in the sense of his own individuality. He did this, as only a genial virtuoso can, who, in the possession of a not only perfectly formed, but even a *peculiar* technique, is able to reproduce something *received* so that it shall come out fresh and in a certain sense his own.

Becker sets mere euphony, or *beauty of sound*, very high; he agrees therein with the principle handed down by the Italian school, which, we know, cultivates the charm of sensuous effect even beyond the utmost limits. Thus Becker was a proper magnet for his two Italians. Hilpert, for a German, seems in point of sonority to have assimilated well with his colleagues; here and there, to be sure, he has to hold back with his stronger strokes,—and yet the violoncello, even with its greater strength, is just the instrument to harmonize with softer sounding Quartet voices: indeed the Bass is for the most part the supporting ground, the firm foot for the rest, and even in *obbligato* playing it has always voices *above* itself.

Now if the Florentine Quartet, in its quality of sound, has decidedly the paramount and purposely cultivated character of the *tender*, the *lovely*—not however to the entire exclusion of the powerful: we must characterize the tone of the Mueller brothers Quartet, with all its beauty, rather as a *nervous* one; they cultivate beauty of sound as such less, than they direct their aim to characteristic expression. The Florentines are never inclined to sacrifice aught of tone-beauty to characteristic expression; sharp outline, strong contrasts are not the point with them. The Muellers on the contrary go boldly right into the matter, and make it a point to express hard, rugged, downright passionate parts with a corresponding mode of bowing, taking no especial thought of the fine sensuous effect.

With the Florentines, a sensuous beauty of form, a soft and tender kind of tone, is the material in which they clothe the thought, according to their personal feeling of truth; with the Muellers on the contrary, a firmer tone-material and characteristic delineation are the prominent peculiarity. Moreover the Muellers are the creators of the modern Quartet playing, whereas the Florentines are the receivers and continuators. Accordingly the two modes of playing are related to one another somewhat as the *masculine* and the *feminine*. The hard (major) energy there, and the soft (minor) tenderness here, are characteristic fundamental moods, proceeding from which, however, each of the groups draws to itself the peculiarities of the other. To pursue the comparison yet further, one might say, for example: the Muellers and the Florentines stand contrasted to each other like Schumann and Mendelssohn, like Beethoven and Schubert, like Joachim and Jean Becker, and so on,—but, be it borne in mind again, only in respect to their intrinsic natural disposition, apart from other more external peculiarities. Shall we mention these? Well then, to Becker we must attribute unconditionally a peculiar power of specific violin virtuosity; the first violinists of both the Mueller Quartets, formerly excellent solo players, have fallen off in that, while they have given themselves up almost exclusively to Quartet culture. You remark, so far as virtuosity is concerned, in the exceedingly fine and easy execution of so many technical difficulties on Becker's part a *plus*, which however is easily missed.—A comparison of the other players, the second violin of the Muellers with that of the Florentines, &c., would lead into small details in the weighing of opposite peculiarities. We may sum it all up in the remark, that with the Mueller Quartet, the nature of the men, their deep and earnest absorption into the very heart and vital meaning of *the works*, is an original and positive power; while, on the contrary, the Florentine Quartet has received into itself this already fathomed meaning and so is free for more convenient handing of the form.

This last remark I would apply especially to the later Quartets of Beethoven, in the rendering of which the Florentines excel in a peculiar manner. They play them as easily as Haydn's music. As the Florentines render them, a hearer who is at all musical finds no difficulty in understanding the meaning, entering into the mood, or seeing through the intricate complexities of form. With them the playing of these works is indeed play; whereas in the rendering of the Muellers, with all the high enjoyment, we always feel the earnestness of an *original reproduction* of the difficult music; we the hearers, in a certain sense, *help* in this reproduction—we have a harder time of it, but we also feel ourselves more deeply interested. The Muellers belonged to those whom we cannot highly enough honor, who had at first hand to find a true blending of substance and form, a true dedeciphering of just what Beethoven meant, and to realize it to the ear. The technical exercise of playing together with a beautiful precision, immensely as it weighs in the scale, was rather a mere external, secondary thing with them, compared with bringing out the spirit and poetic meaning. But the Florentines, after such genial pioneering in this last respect, found their chief difficulty in just the technical practice, moderated however by the fact, that their first violinist could play over every phrase to the uninitiated ones with the most beautiful and masterly understanding. Yet in spite of that, the Florentines, in point of execution, have had more peculiar difficulties than the Muellers; for the latter from their youth up had been imbued with the spirit of German, and especially of German Quartet, music, while the Italians (as members of an Opera orchestra) stood at a distance from it.

Here then is the place where I must shake hands, in spirit, with Signors Masi and Chiostri, those good honorable men, in the name of German musicianship, with admiring recognition and with joy over the German sympathies of their true artist nature. What must not these gentlemen have lived through, inwardly, during the gradual mastering of that most difficult of tasks—to render beautifully clear to others that which was unknown, unintelligible to themselves! For of all nations the Italians, compared with the French for example, stand the farthest away from German music, and especially from the difficult music of Schumann and the last period of Beethoven! In fact it did cost Signors Masi and Chiostri a long, long time to feel themselves at home in the Schumann and especially the latter Beethoven Quartets; they were *au fait* of all the other Quartet works and had been making successful concert tours in Switzerland for months long, during which time the later Beethoven Quartets, particularly those in A minor and C-sharp minor, were still not quite ripe for performance and were continually studied together even at the rate of six hours in a day. What a pure love for Art, what a deep-rooted tendency to the Ideal, Jean Becker must have had, to educate his friends up to that seldom reached height at which they now stand! He, properly, has made the Florentine Quartet, whereas the Mueller Quartets made themselves. Composed of men of different lands and different tendencies in Art, and therefore more universal and sympathetic in its style, the Florentine Quartet has decidedly a *cosmopolitan* character—in contrast to the brothers Mueller, who are of right *old German*, *national* nature, and who accordingly (as representatives of all the Quartet clubs of the Germanic stock) had given the tone in the most German of all Art.

We fancy we have indulged in as much comparison as our theme requires. And what is the result? How far does it serve to answer the question put in many ways: "Which party play the best, the Muellers or the Florentines?" In the first place I think, that they both *must* play, otherwise there would be something essential wanting. Each has something different, and each delights us. Which is the finer: a beautiful, ideal man, or a beautiful, ideal woman? Apollo, or Diana? Whichever of the two statues you may see (leaving sexual sympathy out of the account), that is the most beautiful; and if you see them both together you would not willingly miss either!

So it is also with our Quartets. It would afford an exquisite satisfaction to hear the Florentines and the Muellers play a Quartet piece by piece alternately. And if there could be added still a third set purely Italian, as the Quartet of Messrs. Chevillard-Maurice is specifically French, then we should have before us, in visible and audible sequence, the whole logical historical development of the Quartet-playing art, as it naturally sprang from German stock and grew perforce up to this cosmopolitan summit.

So here I close my observations, heartily greeting all my dear Quartet friends!

Translations from Schumann.

(By M. E. von G. for the London Musical World.)

Concertos for the Pianoforte.—Pianoforte music fills an important place in the modern history of the art, for in that branch the dawnings of a new musical era first appeared. The most remarkable musical talent of the day is to be found among piano-forte players; a fact which has been noticed of former times also. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, grew up at the piano, and, like the sculptors who first model their statues in miniature in soft clay, they must often have sketched at the piano what they afterwards worked out in full for the orchestra. Since that time the instrument itself has attained great perfection. With the ever increasing mechanical tendencies of pianoforte playing, and with the tremendous impulse which Beethoven gave to this branch of composition, the instrument has also grown in compass and importance, and when it comes to have pedals added to it like the organ, which I believe it will, new prospects will open for composers, they will gradual-

ly free themselves from the support of the orchestra, and thus acquire greater independence, and more fullness and richness of tone. This separation from the orchestra has for some time been impending; in defiance of the symphony, modern pianoforte music intends to make its way by its own resources alone; and this may be the reason why so few pianoforte concertos and, in fact, so few original compositions with accompaniment have appeared lately. The *Zeitschrift* has since its commencement noticed almost all the pianoforte concertos; and in the past six years they scarcely amount to sixteen or seventeen, a small number compared to what they formerly were. Times change, and what was once considered an addition to the forms of instrumentation, as a great discovery, is now set aside without hesitation. It would certainly be a great loss if the concerto for pianoforte and orchestra were to fall into disuse; but on the other hand, we can scarcely contradict pianoforte players when they say that they do not need external help, and that their instrument produces its most complete effect alone. And so we must rest content till some genius shall discover a new and splendid way of combining the orchestra with the piano, so that the player may disclose all the riches of his instrument and his art, whilst at the same time the orchestra may not act as a mere spectator, but may enrich the scene with its various characters. One thing, however, we may fairly ask of our young composers—that if they abandon the solid, dignified form of the concerto, they should give us in exchange pieces equally solid and dignified; no caprices, or variations, but thoroughly finished and characteristic allegros, such as, at any rate, might serve for the opening of a concerto.

Till they do this we shall often have to resort to those older compositions which are so perfectly adapted at once for opening a concert, and for testing to the utmost the abilities of the player; such as the splendid concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, or, to admit into the select circle another great name still too little honored, one of Sebastian Bach's, or, to bring forward something new, some of those in which the footsteps of Beethoven have been happily and ably followed.

Amongst these latter we would place with due restriction two concertos which have lately appeared by J. Moscheles, and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Both composers have so often been spoken of in the *Zeitschrift*, that they need no further introduction. In Moscheles we have the rare example of a musician who, though advanced in life and incessantly occupied with the study of the old masters, has taken note of each novelty as it appeared, and profited by the progress of events. His own innate peculiarities act as a check upon these influences, and thus, from a combination of the old, the new, and the individual, proceeds a work such as this concerto, clear and sharp in its outlines, approaching the romantic school in character, and yet original, and the very reflection of its author. Putting aside such fine distinctions, the concerto betrays its master at every turn; but everything has its time of blossom, and he is no longer the same as when he wrote the G-minor Concerto, though still the industrious, eminent artist, sparing no pains to make his work equal to the best. At the very outset he renounces all claims to popularity: the concerto is styled "Pathetic"—and is so; but what is that to ninety-nine among a hundred virtuosos? Its difference in form from other concertos and Moscheles' own earlier ones will strike everybody at once. The first movement never flags for a moment, the "tuttis" are shorter than usual, but the pianoforte is accompanied by the orchestra almost throughout. The second movement, with its slower interludes, seems to me rather labored; it is followed by the last movement which is of the same pathetic character as the first, but more passionate. In comparison to other new concertos this is not difficult of execution; the passages are carefully elaborated, but a little practice will enable even moderately good players to master them; when played with the orchestra the greatest attention is necessary on both sides, and an intimate knowledge of the score; such a performance, by displaying its artistic construction, will make the work interesting in the highest degree—as we remember with pleasure when we heard Moscheles play it at Leipsic.

The modern concerto writers deserve a special vote of thanks for not wearying us with finales made up of shakes and arpeggios. The old *cadenza* which formerly gave so much scope for the *bravura* of the player rests on a far sounder idea, and might still perhaps be made use of with success. And why should not the *scherzo*, so familiar to us in the symphony and sonata, be used with effect in the concerto. It might introduce a sort of contest between the different solo instruments in the orchestra, at the same time that the form of the whole would undergo a slight change. No one could do this better than Mendelssohn, of whose second concerto we have now to speak.

Here, as everywhere, he is always the same, moving along with his own joyous step, and the sweetest smile in the world on his lips. The players will find it hard to display their wonderful powers of execution here; he gives them scarcely anything to do that they have not already done a hundred times before. It is their favorite complaint,—and to a certain extent they are right. The opportunity for allowing the player to display his powers in new and brilliant passages should not be lost sight of in concertos. But *music* should go before everything else, and the highest praise is due to one who always gives us this so richly. Music is the expression of a lovely nature; no matter whether it is expressed before hundreds or in the stillness of solitude, so long as it is indeed the utterance of a lovely nature. This is why Mendelssohn's compositions have such an irresistible effect when he plays them himself; the fingers might just as well be concealed, for they are only instruments by which the sounds are carried to the ear and thence make their appeal to the heart. It often seems to me that Mozart must have played like him. But though Mendelssohn deserves the praise that he always gives such music, we must not therefore deny that some of his works are slighter and less serious than others. This concerto belongs to that class, and I am much mistaken if it was not written in a few days, perhaps a few hours: just as when one shakes a tree, the ripe, sweet fruit at once drops off. People will ask in what relation it stands to his first concerto. It is like, and yet unlike; like, because written by a finished master; unlike, because written ten years later. Here and there, Sebastian Bach peeps out in the harmonies, but the melody, the form, and the instrumentation are all Mendelssohn's own. This joyous inspiration, though slight, is sure to please. It puts me in mind of those works which the older masters used to throw off when resting after their more serious creations. But our young composer must not forget how these old masters would then suddenly come forward with some splendid production,—of which we have full proof in Mozart's D-minor and Beethoven's G-major concertos.

Pygmalion's Statue.

O that story of the statue!
  Statue, shaped with art so rare
That your sculptor gazing at you
  Loved in spite of the despair,
Till sweet Art took Nature's breath,
  Lent you life, and gave you death!

While he sighed, "Ah, fond beginner,
  If indeed your hands wrought well,
Beauty should catch life within her,
  Bird like break its ivory shell!"
One more touch—her breast behold!
Tremulous in the garment's fold.

But while fear and rapture mingled,
  And the swift surprise of seeing
How those shuddering pulses tingled
  With the first faint flush of being,
Out he bursts with sudden cry—
  "She will change, grow old, and die!"

So to gain her was to lose her,
  So to quicken was to kill—
Love sleeps heart-enshrined; but, use her,
  She will wake to perish still.
Yet would I—who would not?—choose
  So to gain and so to lose.

—*Spectator.* J. R.

Verdi's "Don Carlos" in London.

It would not be easy to name more than two composers of distinction who have essentially changed their manner of thinking during their lives of labor. Gluck was one; Beethoven another, though less so than has been imagined. The fire and audacity and feeling for beauty which held out to the last—however in his later works obscured and shut up—are as clearly to be traced in his early pianoforte Trio in C minor, and throughout the second Sonata in A major of the first set of three Sonatas, as in his "Missa Solennis" or "Choral Symphony." At all events, if Gluck and Beethoven changed, Signor Verdi has not. He is more careful in his instrumentation than when he began—more ambitious in combination; but a certain original harshness and coarseness of nature remains, at variance with every principal of the "fatal gift of beauty" which adorns Italian Art, even when taking its sublimest forms, as in Dante's Divine Comedy and Michael Angelo's Sistine ceiling. That he has tried for truth in expression we concede, but it has been on stilts; and truth often comes the most truly to those who are simple at heart, and will not (so to say) knit their brows and exaggerate their voices, whether that which requires display demands the expression of simple emotion or deep passion. To have resort to comparison, he is among Italian opera composers what Nat Lee was among English dramatists.

And this is illustrated in no small degree by his preference of the frenzied, the morbid, or the melancholy, in his choice of subjects. Look at the list of his operas, above a score in number; and, "Il Finto Stanislao" excepted, a work which died and made no sign, there is hardly a pretext of gaiety, beyond that of the courtesans' revel, in the first act of "La Traviata"—a hectic, vulgar piece of business at best. The artist who prefers to deal with battle, murder, sudden death, torture, tyranny, conspiracy, intrigue, gloomy grandeur, and hypocrisy, thereby exhibits the web and woof of his own predilections. Shakespeare could write "Lear," but could he not also write "The Comedy of Errors" and "As You Like It?" Handel could set Milton's "L'Allegro" as well as the immortal "Messiah;" Rossini the last act of "Otello" as well as his "Barbiere" (joyous as the beams of a fountain sparkling in the sun); but Signor Verdi has never been able to get beyond, in music, the style of "Tamburlaine."

Of this the published score of "Don Carlos" gives new proof, if proof were wanted. There was a certain vulgar dash in Signor Verdi's earlier operas—as in "I Lombardi," "Ernani," "Nabucco"—which carried the town, under the idea that a "second Daniel" was "come to judgment." But the young blood which moved this has apparently chilled; and what we have in its place (to judge from its writer's late operas) is a pretence to accomplishments which he has not yet thoroughly acquired, not relieved by that coarse, spontaneous crudity, or by those occasional glimpses of a more delicate spirit, which, in a period of great, yet not unprecedented decadence (opera having always had its ebbs and flows), seduced the play-going public into the conviction that another great composer had risen above the horizon. There has been no transformation of Signor Verdi's humor—merely a change from one to another form of it: nothing in any respect analogous to what was done by Rossini when, after being the most Italian of opera composers, he wrote his Swiss "Guillaume Tell" for the Grand Opera of Paris.

We may return to "Don Carlos" and follow the score (Paris, Escudier), number by number, in illustration of what has been here said, and of our judgment now to be expressed, that it is a stale, dismal, and inflated work, as compared with "Ernani," "La Traviata," and "Il Trovatore" (Signor Verdi's best opera).

In performance the opera proved dull and noisy. It was on the whole well executed, thanks to Mr. Costa's care. Mlle. Lucca did not look the part of the *Queen*, but she sang the music exceedingly well. Signori Naudin and Graziani performed their graceless parts fairly well, but both are wanting in charm. M. Petit was suffering from hoarseness, but got

through his work like an artist. The *mise-en-scène* was magnificent throughout, and a special call was raised for Mr Harris, after the noisy and coarse Finale to the third act. The *whole of the first act* was cut out, also the ballet and several other portions; but, as matters stand, the performance lasted until half past twelve. The *encores* were awarded to Mlle. Fricci in the "Canzone del Velo," to the Trio, "Trema per te, falso figliuolo," and again to Mlle. Fricci, in the Aria "O mia regina."—*London Athenæum.*

Boston Music Hall.

At the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders, June 12, the President, Dr. Upham, read the following Report:

Gentlemen,—Stockholders of the Boston Music Hall Association:—

I have thought proper, on this occasion, to depart from my usual reticence and to present to you, in writing, a brief Report, in which I shall endeavor, as concisely as possible, to pass in review some of the main incidents and facts in the history of the Association.

The Act of Incorporation of the "Boston Musical Hall Association," as it was somewhat quaintly styled in the original document which emanated from the State House, bears date May 2nd, 1851. This Act or Charter was accepted by the Stockholders at a regular meeting called for the purpose, on the 12th of June of the same year. Early in the Autumn work upon the building was commenced by the laying of its foundations, so deep and so broad and massive as to excite ridicule in some quarters, and in others a half expressed doubt that its projectors would never live to see their work completed.

But in a little more than a year from the time of breaking ground, the structure was finished and ready for occupany;—and, on the evening of the 20th November, 1852, it was formerly opened with appropriate ceremonies, to public use, at a total cost of $152,992.47. Since then some important additions and alterations have been made; some vexed questions as to the right of way and occupancy of the various passageways to the Hall have been settled; a covered corridor has been constructed from Tremont St., along what was formerly known as Bumstead Place; a permanent frame work of iron, adapted for a canvas covering, has been thrown over the entrance from Winter St., and suitable lanterns affixed at the outlets of both these passage ways.

In its interior, alterations have also been made from time to time. Gas pendants have been affixed to the balconies; the platform of the stage has been enlarged and strengthened, while the opposite end of the Hall has been materially changed by the taking away of the curtain wall in rear of the deep gallery, sinking the floor of this gallery, and supporting the balcony above by suitable iron columns, corresponding with those which uphold the structure below. Two choral stages, of amphitheatrical form, have been constructed at a large expense, and in such manner as to allow of their being put up and taken down and stowed away at pleasure. The largest of these will accommodate with comfort and safety the great chor of 1,200 pupils on the occasion of the Annual Festival of the Public School in July. Proper stagings for the stowage of these structures are made to depend from the ceiling in the cellar beneath the Hall. Moreover, machinery, with gearing work, has been put into the cellar to be used as occasion requires, in hoisting and lowering the seats:—all which additions and improvements have, from time to time, been carried in to the account of the current expenses of the Hall.

The Organ, with the necessary preparations for its reception, and the motive power in the cellar, stands charged at ths present time with a cost of very nearly $60,000, of which sum $12,042.67 was obtained from outside contributions, the balance from our own funds.

I need only refer in a word to the gifts which have, from time to time, been made to us by our friends. The earliest contribution of this kind was made by Jonathan Phillips, who presented to the Association the sum of $1,000. This was placed to the credit of the *Organ Fund*, the nucleus of which, as you are aware, was formed from the net proceeds of the Opening Concert in November, 1852. The clock in the gallery opposite, was presented by our fellow citizen, Mr. Leeds. The beautiful cast of Apollo in yonder niche has, through the exertions of Mr. Edward N. Perkins, been permanently loaned to us by the Boston Athenæum. And for this peerless statue, in Munich bronze, one of the last and best works of the lamented Crawford, we are indebted, as you all know, to the princely munificence of Mr. Chas. C. Perkins. To these should be added a gift, yet in store, from that true and earnest Art-friend of ours, Miss Charlotte Cushman, now in Rome,—four richly wrought brackets, with devices symbolizing the lives and genius of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and which will suggestingly call, in the future, from other friends, for their appropriate statues in marble.

During the past winter a new use of the Hall has been found in the occupancy of its accessory rooms by the New England Conservatory of Music. Their accommodations have, however, been found too limited for their growing wants, and they have called upon the Directors for additional rooms, with the expectation that, if such can be furnished, the Conservatory may find its permanent abode beneath our roof. Your Directors have therefore, through their Executive Committee, had plans and estimates made by Mr. Snell, the accomplished Architect of the Hall, which plans have been examined by the Directors of the Conservatory, and deemed by them appropriate and abundantly ample for their accommodation.

In order to furnish such additional apartments, no interference with the occupancy of the present Hall is required. They may be built up upon and over the Ladies' Reception Room, across the large corridor, and would comprise a suite of six small rooms and two halls, with adjoining ante-rooms, to be approached by appropriate stairways—and so as not to interrupt by their occupancy the ordinary uses of the Hall.

All this can be done in accordance with the Architect's plans and estimates, based upon actual written offers from contractors for every portion of the work, for a comparatively moderate sum; for which the Conservatory are willing to pay a reasonable rent, exclusive of the cost of lighting and warming; and the Directors unanimously recommend that the Stockholders grant them the requisite authority to make such proposed improvements of their property. The financial aspects of the Association may be briefly stated as follows:

The average annual net income of the Hall for the 11 years prior to the construction of the Organ was $1,718 73. For the four years since it was placed in position, the annual net income has been $6,725 43. There are at present 1,000 Shares of Stock outstanding of the par value $100 each. There is a debt, with mortgage on Estate, falling due in July of this year, of $50,000, and there remained in hand on the first of June, as appears by the Treasurer's Report, the sum of $4,575.57.

The Organ has nobly stood the test of four years almost constant use, in a climate noted for its changability and extremes of heat and cold; it is kept in tune and in repair by a competent artisan, Mr Sturm, who is retained for this purpose at a fixed salary. Time is only proving the intrinsic and solid worth of the Great Instrument,—the rare excellence of its workmanship, and its right in all respects to claim companionship with the greatest works of its kind in all the world.

The Hall, with all its belongings and possessions, is at the present time in better condition than ever before. In its acoustic properties and its fitness for the various uses for which it is so frequently called into requisition, it has answered the ends for which it was designed, even better than its most sanguine friends could have anticipated. We trust it may long continue to fulfil the noble purposes of its founders,—a source of just pride to our city, and an honor to the Art to whose interests it stands pledged.

Decadence of the Drama.

The *Tribune* presents the following statement, which is worthy of the thoughtful consideration of every friend of the drama. Would that it applied only to New York!

It is, we think, rather a remarkable fact that at the present time in the City of New York, there is not a single dramatic performance given which a person of taste and culture can witness with entire satisfaction. Bits of good acting may, indeed, be noticed occasionally, here and there; and there is abundance of bright scenery for those who admire it. But no dramatic performance is given which depends for its attractiveness upon either the intrinsic merit of the drama or the art of acting. And yet we have upward of eight prominent theatres in active operation.

On the leading theatrical attractions of the city, due comment has been made, in these columns, from time to time. We have tried to do full justice to merits without being blind to defects. In the present instance, as heretofore, we do not overstate the truth. Thoughtful observers of the plays that are "running" must be unanimous in opinion that they contain but very little dramatic merit. The most popular of them is "The Black Crook," which it were a ludicrous pretense to characterize as a drama. A few odds and ends of incident, from "Faust," "Manfred," "Der Freischütz," etc., loosely knit together, afford occasions for the display of ballet dancers and scenery. In "Treasure Trove," at the Olympic, we see a less dazzling spectacle than "The Black Crook," and a play that is good as a comedy of the day, but not a standard work. Mr. Barnum has presented to his public, at the Museum, an actress whose sole claim to consideration appears to consist in her ability to ride a horse. Miss Western may be seen, also, at the Broadway Theatre, performing in the drama of "East Lynne"—a composition of the puerile "Stranger" school, and an actress that only a badly cultivated taste can endure. Elsewhere, a few well worn burlesques and extravaganzas, not particularly well acted, vie for patronage with the miscellaneous entertainment of the city.

Rightly used, the drama is a great power. Not only does it afford innocent amusement in hours of relaxation from the cares of life—which many persons appear to consider its sole utility—but it calls into play the finest faculties of the mind and the noblest emotions of the heart. In this way it is a constant and most efficient ally in that great cause of education, upon which the future of civilization depends. A well regulated stage has a significance for every mind, small or large. It portrays character; it illustrates the life of the passions; it revives the memorable periods of history; it recreates the dead and gone heroes of long ago; it inculcates the loftiest sentiments of honor and virtue; it holds up to emulation the highest ideas of character and conduct; it stimulates admiration of nobleness in man and purity in woman; it strengthens, in unsullied natures, an inherent reverence for the sacred idea of home, and for all the sweet domestic virtues; it rebukes in evil natures, the scoff, the sneer, and the self-brutalizing adherence to iniquity; it exalts freedom and the love of freedom; it interprets some of the most brilliant minds that have ever "put on mortality;" it enlarges, broadens, and elevates its votaries; it keeps pace with the progress of the age; and working shoulder to shoulder with the schoolmaster, the liberal clergyman, the philosopher, the poet, and the statesman, it helps to make the world happier and better.

Those who desecrate the drama by treating it as if it were a kind of corner grocery and grog shop, may, indeed, scout this way of considering the stage. They are the parasites who suck the life-blood of the dramatic oak. It is only worth while to consider them, however, when the time draws nigh for lopping them off. That time, we believe, is not far away. In thinking of the sad state of the drama, we must not lose sight of its lights of promise. There are those—laborers in the dramatic vocation—who appreciate the power of the drama, and hold it in due reverence. In them is our present hope. The old celestial spirit, the genius that gave us Shakespeare and the dramatists of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth;"

that glowed in England's dramatists toward the end of the last century; that has inspired a long line of illustrious players, from Betterton to Macready—this fire can never be quenched. It burns as brightly now as it has ever burned in the past; and though it be sadly true that New York, the metropolis of these United States, has not to-day a properly administered stage, yet do we most confidently believe that there is mind and energy enough in the better class of the players to redress this evil and to renew the ancient glories of the art. Our hope is in them. Not in the velvet coated gentry, who make picturesque boobies of themselves, upon the conspicuous street corners; but in the men and women who have adopted the profession of acting, in an intelligent and conscientious spirit; who know that mental culture, purity of life, refinement of manners, a wide range of reading, hard study, and self-sacrificing devotion to the highest aims of a worthy ambition, are necessary to the pursuit of the dramatic art, and must, in the end, crown them with the amplest success. These workers have been somewhat hardly used of late; having seen their places usurped by traders and half-naked women, and buffoons, and stage-carpenter dramas. But that which is good is sure to come uppermost at last. Already signs are not wanting that this fever of licentiousness and folly has nearly run its race. The Press, in various parts of the country, is uttering strong protests against it. The intelligent portion of the dramatic profession is becoming extremely impatient of it. Those protests will certainly continue, and that impatience will certainly increase. For the rest of the summer, our theatrical entertainments are likely to be various and fluctuating; but with the new autumnal season, we that a great and much needed change will be plished. It rests with the players to see that this is done, and we believe that they both can and will redeem their art from the reproach which rests upon it now.

Music Abroad.

Paris

A little opera by Mozart, never before peforme l, called "The Goose of Cairo," was brought out about 1st of June at the Fantaisies Parisiennes. The *Orchestra's* correspondent writes of it:

"*L'Oie du Caire*," otherwise "*L'Oca del Cairo*," is a work not mentioned in the common biographies of Mozart, but not the less authentic for that reason. It was sold by the widow of the great composer with several other manuscripts, was made public some ten years ago, and all Germany recognized in it with gratification the hand of the master. Certain information makes out that it was written about the year 1784—that is to say between the "*Entfuhrung aus dem Serail*" and "*Le Nozze di Figaro*;" and that the success of the last work clipped the "*Oca's*" pinions, and supplanted it at the opera house of Vienna, for which it had been destined. As unlucky a fate befel the book as the music; at all events, only one act out of three has been recovered; and out of these remains the piece of the "*Fantasies Parisiennes*" has been constructed. Of course it is not fair in such a musical *débris* to look for the merits of a finished work: we must accept it rather as a curiosity than as a composition destined to advance the already superlative reputation of the composer. Apparently, too, the last act of "*L'Oca*" was never even finished. "*Le Nozze*," as I said, thrust it aside; and when Mozart wished to return to his "*Goose*," hoping to make it a golden one, the poem of "*Don Giovanni*" was put into his hands. Mozart jumped at the idea, and the "*Goose*" was once more laid on the shelf. The *chef d'œuvre* was written; the "*Oca del Cairo*" temporarily forgotten; and four years afterwards Mozart wrote his "*Requiem*," and died. The unhappy "*Goose of Cairo*" remained unfledged, wanting its last act. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain. *Don Beltram* is "an old moustache," as Longfellow would say, who keeps, like *Bartolo*, his ward under lock and key until he may marry her. This ward, *Signora Isabella*, like *Norma*, has a lover, her guardian's nephew; and the young people, aided by a valet and soubrette, unite their forces to pull down the metaphorical towers and turrets with which the old guardian would imprison true love. The contest, however, is apparently vain until the *Goose of Cairo* arrives, a *Deus ex machinâ*. *Don Beltram*, it would appear, has been married before, and has lost his wife in a shipwreck. Just as he is about to sign the marriage contract with his ward, an eunuch, introduced by his nephew, *Don Fabrice*, arrives to present to the worthy old gentleman a marriage-offering in the shape of a Goose—a magnificent automaton, which, like the celebrated duck of Vaucanson, walks, cries, flaps its wings, eats, and—digests. This Goose is brought in in great state, and when called on to show off its wonderful capacities, exhibits its flanks, and lo! out pop *Donna Beltram*, the shipwrecked, and three children whom she has since her separation from the bosom of *Beltram* imported into the world. This buffoonery is amusing, and being expressed in flowing verse, goes well. As for Mozart's score, it sufficiently evidences, in its fugitive scattered way, the formed hand of the master. It is evidently no youthful work: the date of its creation is attested by the gracefulness of the phrasing, the maturity of form, and the richness of harmony In the second act there is a brilliant finale in the Italian style; and an extremely pretty air for tenor must also be noted. The interpretation was exceedingly happily carried out by MM. Géraizer, Laurent, Masson, Mme. Géraizer and Mlle. Arnaud. The evening before the the operetta had been rehearsed in the salons of M. Emile de Girardin.

"Athalie," with Mendelssohn's choruses, under the careful direction of M. Pasdeloup, is to be revived at the Odéon. It is said that Mlle. Artot will sing at St. Petersburg during the coming autumn season.

The receipts of the Theatre Lyrique hold a mean average of 7000 francs—that is to say, 7,900 with "*Roméo et Juliette*," and about 6,500 with "*La Flûte Enchantée*" or "*Martha*."

Aix La-Chapelle. (*From Corr of Orchestra, June 11.*) This week is a busy one for the ancient city of Aix, owing to the celebration of the Forty-fourth Niederrheinsches Musikfest, which has occupied all our thought and attention for the last three days. The Festival opened on Sunday with the performance of Bach's Suite for orchestra in D major, and Handel's "*Judas Maccabæus*." The principal vocalists were Mme. Harriers-Wippern (soprano), Frl. Bettelheim (contralto), Herr Niemann from Berlin (tenor), and Herr Hill from Frankfort (bass). The conductors were Dr. Julius Rietz of Dresden and Herr. Ferd. Brennung of this city.

Bach's Suite, although originally written for the orchestra, has more the character of a stringed quartet with a sparing introduction of wind instruments. The five movements of a composition with compressed harmonies showed what effect can be produced by a polyphonic style of writing. Handel's Oratorio followed close upon Bach, and again evinced its solidity and power. We may admit that Handel's organ composition cannot be compared with Bach's honest Fugues and Toccatas, but in his choral works who can express sorrow, love and rage like Handel, or who impress the listener with admiration and wonder like him? The solo-singers left much to be desired, with the exception of Mme. Harriers-Wippern who seemed the only artist acquainted with oratorio singing The choruses, excepting perhaps the two first, went well and with remarkable freshness.

The second day, Monday, brought the following programme:

Symphony in C minor	Beethoven
Missa Solemnis, D minor (Kyrie and Gloria)	Cherubini
Overture to Genoveva	Schumann
Scenes from Orpheus	Gluck
The Walpurgisnight	Mendelssohn.

To hear a symphony by Beethoven performed in the proper time and with the proper accentuation is a treat not to be found often out of Germany. The "*Missa Solemnis*," by Cherubini, is a noble work; the greatness of its conception can only be fully appreciated at High Mass. It seems that the remaining parts of the Mass are not so interesting, but the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* are longer than many an entire service. The performance was by no means perfect The overture by Schumann was much appreciated, probably on account of its restless harmonies. This would make a far better illustration of infernal music [Fudge!] than that of Gluck's "*Orpheus*," which by comparison with Schumann is positively angelic. What a subject this would have been for Schumann! Mlle. Bettelheim as *Orpheus* did more justice to her part than the evening before in "*Judas Maccabæus*" Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis Night*" finished this interesting concert in a splendid manner.

On the third day we had:—

Concert Overture	Fétis
Aria from Don Juan	Mozart
Mme Harriers-Wippern	
Concerto in D Violin	Paganini
Herr Wilhelmj.	
Aria from Titus	Mozart
Mlle. Bettelheim	
Overture, Leonora, No 3	Beethoven.
Songs	Schumann
Herr Niemann.	
Songs	Schumann. Schubert.
Herr Hill	
Ungarische Weisen. Violin	Ernst.
Herr Wilhelmj	
Aria from Freischütz	Weber
Songs	Schubert. Schumann
Mlle Bettelheim	
Songs	Taubert.
Mme. Harriers-Wippern	
Chorus	Handel

The Festival closed to-day with a Miscellaneous Concert, consisting mostly of songs by modern composers. Herr Wilhelmj, a violinist of high order, made a great mistake in choosing a concerto by Paganini on such an occasion. His *technique* is faultless. The overtures by Fétis and Beethoven were performed with great precision; and the many celebrities will depart from here invigorated by the hearing of some of the best musical productions of the two last centuries, done in a manner little short of faultless.

London.

Opera. The success of Mlle. Christine Nilsson's *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday, can hardly be exaggerated However high may have been the anticipation formed by our London opera-goers of the merits of the new prima donna, whose career is another exemplification of lowly born talent raising its possessor to a pinnacle of fortune and prosperity, these anticipations never overshot reality. The *début* was a success beyond what our cold audiences are accustomed to grant to operatic artists. In Spain and Italy they measure successes by the yards of "poesies," the scores of recalls, and the pounds of votive crowns and garlands In England we dole out our praise more carefully: a cordial reception means something less than twenty redemands for the artist after the curtain is down, but also something more than a frenzied burst of emotion, as violent as transitory. It means a fair and prosperous career for the artist, so long as his capacities shall last—and even beyond the decay of these, for England is kind to infirm and invalided artists, "for the sake of auld lang syne" A reception, such as that given to Mlle. Nilsson on Saturday, is the signmanuel of position, wealth, and fame. With one step she has secured her footing in the public grace: it will be her own fault if she ever loses it again. It is perhaps unfortunate that "*La Traviata*" was chosen for Mlle Nilsson's first appearance. There has been and will always be a strong feeling against the subject of this opera in England, and this rendered it a matter of comment that the débutante should have chosen so unpopular a character for a first appearance Every available talent at Mr. Mapleson's command was brought forward to strengthen the cast, and even the commissionaire who delivers *Violetta's* note to *Alfredo* in the second act sang the few bars allotted to him with perfect articulation and in strict time. Without dwelling further at present on the other characters in the opera, we may say without fear of contradiction that Mlle. Nilsson achieved a genuine success. Her first entrance convinced every one that she was perfectly at her ease on the stage, and her first few notes created expectations which were fully realized during the progress of the opera. Her voice is a high, clear soprano, ranging from B flat below the lines to D flat above, the lower notes as far as F rather wanting power Her vocalization is charmingly correct, her articulation perfect, and she has the power of holding a high note without any apparent effort Her height is perhaps a little too great but her movements are excessively graceful, her expression most pleasant, and her dresses throughout evidenced great refinement of taste. Her singing of the "*Libiamo*" resulted in a genuine encore which was accepted; while the rendering of "*Ah! forse e lui*" and the brilliant finale of the first act caused her double recall when the curtain descended. In the second act she did not fall in the estimation of her hearers, but for some reason omitted the air "*Non sapete*" in her scene with old *Germont*, possibly feeling how exacting its last twenty-two bars are But in the third act her reading of the delicious "*Addio del passato*" was all that could be desired by the most exacting critic. It was genuine singing without any apparent effort, and each note came from her heart finding a ready echo in those of the audience, as was evident from the moistened eyes. Had she sung this air alone, her reputation would have been established, and Mr. Mapleson might be justly congratulated on his excellent knowledge of what would succeed. The succeeding duets were given with no diminution either in vocal or dramatic energy, and at the fall of the curtain, there could be no doubt whatever of her being able to hold in England the reputation she has acquired in France. We are looking forward to seeing her as *Marguerite* in "*Faust*," a part which she will certainly look to the life, and which wil

certainly be more worthy of her powers and herself than the despised *Dame aux Camélias*.

Monday—an extra night—presented "*Norma*," the title-rôle held by Mlle. Tietjens. On Tuesday, "*La Traviata*" was repeated; on Thursday, "*Fidelio*" was given (a subscription night;) and for Saturday, the third appearance of Mlle. Nilsson is announced, the opera to be Gounod's "*Faust*." The event is anticipated with considerable interest. "*La Forza del Destino*" is underlined; and there is reason to hope that this long-expected production of Verdi's will at length see light in England, and prove attractive to many of the composer's admirers. A single morning performance of the "*Huguenots*" in also announced for Monday.

The appearance of Mlle. Patti as *Amina* on Monday at Covent Garden drew a large audience, as it was announced that the representation this season would be confined to a single evening. In commenting on a performance so well known as this representation it is only necessary again to note that Mlle. Patti's voice and power have rather gained than lost by the wear and tear of an arduous life. She has acquired greater simplicity, has abandoned much of her ornament, to the general advantage of her style. *Amina* is perhaps her most successful *rôle*. Her coquetry, her artifice, her tenderness, and the passion and pathos which supervene on an unjust accusation, are admirably rendered. We could quote no better example of the thorough conception formed of the part than is afforded by her singing of "*Son geloso*," "*Ah, perche non posso odiarti?*" and "*Non credea mirarti*." As to her vocalisation, the rondo finale assures the possession of as full and plastic a voice as ever. The other characters were indifferently filled. The *Elvino* was weakly and insufficiently sung by Sig. Fancelli; and M. Petit sadly displayed his lack of capacity in the *Count*. The part of *Rudolpho* is in itself ungracious, but there is no reason why it should be put into other than efficient keeping.

"*Faust*," on Tuesday, with Mlle. Lucca and Sig. Mario, and "*Le Nozze*" on Thursday followed; on Friday "*Don Carlos*;" on Saturday "*Don Giovanni*." —*Orchestra, June* 15.

Signor Cotogni, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera, for the first time, as *Don Giovanni*, achieved a fair success in a part which is one of the most difficult in the whole range of characters in the lyric drama. Signor Cotogni has a fine baritone voice, and style of vocalization; and, with a little more stage practice of the part, and the acquirement of greater ease and vivacity, he promises to be an acceptable representative of a part which is very seldom satisfactorily filled. Mlle. Adelina Patti, whose indisposition had caused the opera to be twice postponed, again played *Zerlina*, with all that grace and charm of manner, and exquisite vocal finish, which have for several seasons rendered her performance of the part a prominent feature in the opera.

The Charity Children at St. Paul's.—The musical portion of this annual festival service was exactly similar to that of last year. Mr. Henry Buckland, vested in a surplice, took his place as usual in a lofty pulpit under the dome, and conducted the music with considerable energy. Mr. George Cooper presided at the organ, while the trumpeters and drummers rendered their valuable assistance. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were sung to Mr. Goss's unison setting, the children's voices coming out with great precision and power. The juvenile choir also joined in the *Gloria Patri* at the close of each psalm, and in the usual portions of the "Coronation Anthem." They sang Mendelssohn's chorale, "Sleepers wake," before the sermon, which was preached by the Bishop of Carlisle, and after it four verses of the 104th Psalm, and the "Hallelujah Chorus." The *spectacle*, looking at it merely as a "sight," is one of the most affecting which can be witnessed, and few can listen to the singing of the fresh young voices, softened down a little by the accompaniments on Hill's immense organ, without feeling that mysterious sensation which sometimes steals over us in spite of ourselves, and almost overcomes the strongest and hardest nature. The portions of the service given by the Cathedral Choir, who were assisted by the choristers of Westminster Abbey, the Temple, and the Chapels Royal, were anything but satisfactory. There was no precision, and a general hesitation even in the Amens after the prayers which was absolutely discreditable; in fact we can only repeat what we have so often said, that in neatness of style they would be surpassed by many a parish choir.—*Choir*.

A performance of Herr Schachner's Oratorio, "Israel's Return from Babylon," was to be given at Exeter Hall, for a charity. Two of the principal parts will be sung by a Duchess and the wife of a Bishop.

At Mr. Ella's last meeting of the Musical Union, Herr Auer played for the last time this season, with M. Jacquard, the graceful and solid violoncellist from Paris, and Herr Lübeck, the pianist. At the next concert, M. Rubinstein, we read, will appear.

New Philharmonic. At the fourth concert a new Overture, by Mr. Mudie, was performed, of which the *Athenæum* says:

"The piece, which is written in a light and brilliant style, contains much flowing and graceful melody, and some very skilful instrumentation, and is the work of a thoroughly skilled and accomplished musician, who should be better known to the public." The other orchestral pieces were Meyerbeer's "Struensée" Overture and Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, and the programme also included Beethoven's E flat Concerto, splendidly played by Mme. Goddard, and Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for the violin, cleverly executed by Mr. Henry Holmes.

Italy. The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan announces that government has decided on withdrawing all theatrical subsidies. This is tantamount to the death blow of opera. Popular Concerts, under the direction of Signor Mabellini (who is a very fair director), have been given at the Pagliano, Florence, made up of the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Signor Rossini.

Signor Mercadante's "Vestale," which contains some of the composer's best music, has been given at Venice with great success. The singing of a new tenor, Signor Patierno, has been most highly praised.

Mayence. The Stadt Theatre closed on the first inst. During the past season, there were eighty-eight operatic performances given and no fewer than forty-two different operas. There were no new ones among these, but several old ones were revived. The following is a list of those performed:—*Czaar und Zimmermann*, *Undine*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Faust* (Gounod), four times; *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Stradella*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *Templer und Jüdinn*, *Orpheus* (Offenbach), and *Il Trovatore*, three times; *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Der Waffenschmidt*, *Oberon*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Macon*, *La Muette*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Martha*, *Jessonda*, *Johann de Paris*, *Die lustigen Weiber*, *Zampa* and *Les Deux Journées*, twice; *Der Wildschütz*, *Le Prophète*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Gustavus*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Le Philtre*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Fidelio*, *Das Nachtlager*, *Tannhäuser*, *Die Zigeunerin* (*The Bohemian Girl*), *Le Juive*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Die lustigen Schuster* (Paer), and *Norma*, once.

Munich. Herr Richard Wagner returned to this capital a short time since. By order of the King, a small villa has been taken for him on the banks of the Starnberg Lake, and he is now there, employed in the completion of his new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

Augsburg. Dr. Otto Bach is engaged in a three act national opera, entitled *Leonore*. It is founded on the old legend of *The Spectre Horseman*, partially used by Burger in his celebrated ballad.

Sonderhausen. Herr Max Bruch has accepted the post of Court-Conductor.

Lausanne. Schumann's *Paradies und Peri* was performed here last month.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1867.

Robert Franz.

The friends of the great Song composer will rejoice to learn that during the past Spring, in spite of the calamity of increasing deafness, he has been cheered by fresh and frequent visitations of the Muse. He has composed some forty songs since February. They compose themselves, whether he will or no; sitting or walking, or in his bed at night, he says, "new melodies keep humming and singing in my head and heart." Who would not be resigned to deafness, to find himself the medium of such gifts to the world! The publishers of Leipzig and elsewhere are now eager to bring out his songs, which until recently they have thought it a generous favor to accept. The great house of Breitkopf and Hartel have already published the first set of the new ones, six in number, Op. 38, to words by Heine. Five or six more sets are in the hands of these and other publishers. Each *Opus* thus far has contained commonly six, sometimes twelve songs: and all but three or four of his published works are Songs; so that the Songs of Robert Franz now number more than 250!

And what Songs they are! Not one of them falls under the category of mere graceful, clever commonplace, or ever loses its freshness. They do not ring the changes upon the same old sentimental melody which runs through nine-tenths of the German songs so popular with young people of a certain age, and which are almost as much Italian as they are German. He never repeats himself; the little poems of Goethe, the songs of Shakspeare, are not more individual and each essentially a new creation. No wonder that to many his melody is at first so strange; they do not anticipate its turns, and when they would fall by habit into the old cadences it seems to elude and mock them! But let the singer woo it to closer acquaintance, let him enter fully into the spirit of poem, melody and accompaniment, all three, and he will find that this melody was strange only because it was fresh and true and original, that in each case this is the very music of the poem—the soul thereof set free in music. And the test of it is, that, once captivated by a Franz song, you never weary of its charm. With all his peculiarity, you cannot charge him with mannerism. When he brings you a new *Opus* you are as sure of a fresh gift, as if he were a new person, or just come from a new country or a new world. These are real inspirations; these are sincere and genuine products; these fruits *grew*, and not all on the same tree, but scattered over wide fields of rich, deep, various moral and musical experience. And if they are full of poetry, of passion, of imagination, not less remarkable are they for chaste refinement of style, freedom from all empty ornament or rhetoric, and for a mastery of accompaniment which is profoundly learned in the best sense. For no man since Mendelssohn is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit, not the dry letter, of Bach. In his piano accompaniments, romantic, graphic, free as they often are, you very often feel a tendency to the polyphonic style, each part in the harmony moving with an individual significance; it is the blending of Bach, of the old contrapuntal art, with such free imaginative play of thought and feeling (most modern of the modern) as leads some (ignorantly, though not unnaturally) to class him with the so-called musicians of "the Future." But it is through this very quality in his accompaniment, this Bach-like refinement and concise working up of the essential motives, that his melody preserves itself in everlasting freshness, whereas more catching, popular strains, or tunes, haunt the ear to plague the mind at last, and keep singing themselves over and over until custom stales. His songs are at once naive and learned; and in the simplest snatch of melody which he flings forth, simple enough sometimes for a mere *Volkslied*, you feel that it is a thoroughly informed and cultured, as well as a sincere, deep musical nature that has so kept its

freshness. With such a man genius and culture still draw breath together.

From larger forms of composition Franz seems resolutely to abstain, though often urged to it, and doubtless full as capable as any, were he as willing to rush into Symphony or Oratorio with or without call. He must be the judge of his own calling; and is it not a great one to *originate* a whole new race of songs!

As modest as he is earnest, he has felt it in him and a duty to spend a vast share of his most precious hours and energy upon bringing the invaluable Art of Sebastian Bach nearer to an age which but begins to appreciate and understand him. His labors as arranger and editor of many of Bach's sacred works cannot be overestimated. Taking the scores as Bach left them, with much of the harmony but barely indicated or implied, he has written it out so fully in Bach's spirit, so successfully carrying out and thereby demonstrating Bach's intentions, that he has made these works for the first time really practicable for performance. He began with culling Arias for each of the four voices from Cantatas, Masses, &c., and condensing into a piano-forte part all that he found, if only sketched or hinted (or even only understood), in the instrumental parts of the score; in this way he has made accessible to singers who have earnestness enough to study and win their way to the heart of such treasures, nine Arias for each kind of voices. Also a set of arias from the *Passion* Music; and a set of Duets. This led him further into preparing in the same way whole Cantatas, *ten* of which are published; and then came the *Magnificat*, in full, of which he has also published an æsthetical analysis in a pamphlet. From Bach he passed to sterling, obscure, works of other great masters, and has put Astorga's *Stabat Mater*, Durante's *Magnificat*, &c., within easy reach. But his last and greatest service has been the preparation of a full score of the Matthew *Passionsmusik*, in which he has filled out the orchestral and organ parts with such consummate truth and skill, that this greatest of Oratorios is now in a complete state for performance by any Choral Society who have the will and means. Heretofore, wherever it has been performed, in Germany or England, some parts have had to be put to it, some omissions to be supplied, by the Conductor or Kapellmeister; now this work is done, and done perfectly, (so say the experts) once for all.

But it was not our purpose now to speak of Franz as a creator, nor of his great services as an editor and interpreter of Bach. In a third character he has proved the earnestness and soundness of his musicianship, winning respect and love in his quiet, quaint old town of Halle by his labors as a Conductor. In the autumn of 1849 he undertook the charge there of the Sing-Academie, into which he breathed a new life, in spite of seemingly insuperable obstacles, inspiring its members to enthusiastic efforts in the study and performance of the noblest choral works. For 17 years he was their wise and zealous teacher and director, until the physical infirmity of which we have spoken compelled him a few months since to resign. By way of exhortation and example to our own Oratorio and Choral Societies, we call attention to what Franz has done in Halle, drawing our information chiefly from an article in a recent number of the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

It was no easy task to build up a Choral Society after the ideal of Robert Franz. Nothing could content him short of seeing them all work in the same spirit that animated his own musical activity. It would have been hard anywhere, and Halle was not particularly well prepared by previous musical culture, though it was proud of being the birthplace of Handel. The members who poured in in the first excitement of a new hope, soon dwindled away from such high and stern requirements, leaving neither voices nor pecuniary means enough for such performances as they contemplated (for, be it understood, the "Handel and Haydn" and "Harmonie" Societies of Germany are made up of singers who love their work well enough to pay for it themselves!): there were intrigues, too; as may well be supposed; and, worse than all, the male voices were drawn almost exclusively from the students of the University, a constantly changing body, so that it was almost impossible to form the *traditions* essential to such an institution, except with the female voices.

"But these and other difficulties did Franz's perseverance overcome. His steadfast devotion to the cause chained pupils of both sexes to him: and thus was formed the kernel of a faithful band, who followed him believingly on paths of more significance than they had dreamed of. The example was catching: difficulties overcome brought increase of power and zeal: and in a few years there was a choir, with which he could solve the grander problems, before which he could set the highest musical goals: a choir, which had in so peculiar a manner built itself up through him and upon him, which stood in such a personal relation to him, that it not only willingly followed his intentions, rapidly seized his hints, but even sang the most difficult pieces more easily when they harmonized with Franz's own musical peculiarity, and was slower to find itself at home in easier ones when they did not.

"How Franz led his chorus to the solution of such musical problems, no one can doubt who knows him by his own compositions or by the few words which he has occasionally published about works of Bach. True to his lyrical nature, he sought to draw from every musical piece its soul as it were, and to inspire others with what he had finely felt out, keeping the poetic meaning and the personal expression, as well as the musical form, before their eyes. And this he did with equal care even with works more out of the sphere of his musical sympathies, such as Romberg's 'Song of the Bell,' which we had to perform at a Schiller Festival."

The writer goes on to tell how many and what great and difficult works were brought out under Franz's direction by the Singakademie, naming of course only the more important. That he should direct attention almost the very first thing, and by preference, to the master who claimed his highest veneration, is not to be wondered. And so the Halle choir can boast of bringing out, under his lead, more of the Bach treasures than any other musical society. Besides a great many single solos and chorals, three Piano Concertos, six printed Motets, &c., they gradually mastered and performed 16 of the Church Cantatas, of late years naturally with the instrumental accompaniment elaborated by Franz himself. To which add the Funeral Ode (*Trauer-Ode*) the *Magnificat*, twice; the greater part of the great Mass in B minor, twice. The solo forces were not sufficient for the St. Matthew *Passion*, and only the concluding chorus was sung repeatedly.

Of Handel, too, the list is very rich, including the *Messiah*, three times; *Samson*, three times; *Joshua*, twice; *Judas Maccabæus*, three times; *Israel in Egypt*, twice; *Jephtha*, twice; also the Dettingen *Te Deum*, the Hundredth Psalm, and many solo and choruses from *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* and other works.

It has been the practice also of this Society, for a number of years, on the evening before the *Todtenfest* (solemnity in honor of the dead) to sing alternately the *Requiem* of Mozart and that of Cherubini; both have now been given seven times. Moreover the *Kyrie* of Cherubini's Mass in D minor has been given; and from the great Mass (in D) of Beethoven, at least the *Kyrie* has several times been sung. Of Mendelssohn, the *Elijah* and the *St. Paul*, four Psalms, several Hymns, the *Lobgesang* twice, the *Lauda Sion* four times, the choruses to *Antigone*, the choruses to *Œdipus*, songs and other things, have been produced: and by Franz himself, the *Kyrie à Capella*, the Psalm for two choirs, and the choral or part-songs on various occasions. Of older works we may name likewise the *Stabat Mater* of Astorga, the *Magnificat* of Durante, the *De profundis* of Clari, Chorals by Eccard, &c. Nor were Haydn, Gluck and Romberg wanting: while of more modern compositions the list shows Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," given four times, and his last scene from *Faust*, twice; Gade's "Comala;" Miriam's "Song of Triumph" and others things by Schubert. This is by no means all, but it is abundantly enough to disprove the charge of one-sidedness so often brought against Franz, at least in his character of conductor. His love of Bach has only made him the more quick to recognize the good things of the old Italian masters.

Good News! And yet it can be no news to our readers, for all must have seen, and read with joy, in all the newspapers, the short, significant despatch which came over the Atlantic wires this week, and which we print again for the pure pleasure of it:

PARIS, July 1, 1867.

To Chickering & Sons, Boston:

In addition to our Gold Medal, I have today received a decoration of the Legion of Honor which puts us at the head of all Piano Exhibitors.

C. F. CHICKERING.

We had already had the official list of all the prizes awarded at the Paris Exposition to American exhibitors. The gold medal list was headed by the names of our two leading Piano Manufactories; *equal* honors apparently, the name of Steinway & Sons being placed first. But now it appears that there was a new distinction in reserve, a very graceful one, which gives the firm of CHICKERING & SONS their due place at the head. This decoration was presented by the Emperor in person, on the grand day of awards, before 17,000 people. Descriptions of the splendid ceremony, the Emperor's speech, &c., are in all the papers; we have only room to copy this:

After the speech, the exhibitors who were to receive grand prizes, marched to the front of the throne each group separately, the first being fine arts. As each name was called, the recipient ascended the steps of the throne, bowing to the Emperor and Empress, received from Napoleon's hand the gold medals. These were passed one by one to Napoleon by Marshalt Vaillant, until all the medals were given. Many of the recipients were called up again and received the decorations of the Legion of Honor, the same ceremony being gone through with as in the case of delivering the medals. The gold medals only were distributed by the Emperor. Altogether, there will be 18,500 recompenses to sixty thousand exhibitors. There are sixty grand prizes, nine hundred gold, three thousand six hundred silver, and five thousand bronze medals, and nine thousand honorable mention.

We have never entertained a doubt that "les Pianos Chickering" deserved all this, and we heartily congratulate these noble representatives of Boston, (we prefer to say American) ingenuity of art, as well as of such sterling social qualities and graces, on a success so honorably won and so conspicuously certified.

A well-known lady correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* closes a very outspoken letter about the recent New York Festival, as follows:

Sunday evening saw the conclusion of the Festival, when a "Grand Sacred Concert" tolled the knell of departed joys. The concert was hardly "grand," nor was it even "sacred," notwithstanding that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* occupied the first part of it. Rossini is a delightful *Maestro*, and his *Stabat Mater* is a fine composition; but it requires a mental effort to consider it as sacred music, all its effects and *fioriture* being modelled after the Italian operatic school, and the treatment which it generally receives increasing rather than diminishing this inclination toward the secular. Of the seven *morceaux* selected, but two were ably rendered on Sunday night, these two being the duet, *Quis est homo*, which, thanks to Parepa and Madame Testa, went more smoothly than ever before in New York, and the contralto cavatina, *Fac ut portem*, rendered by Madame Testa with an intelligence that surprised more than one. Had Madame Testa a voice, she would be an excellent singer; having none but what she has made, she certainly commands respect for having done so much with so little. Baragli's *Cujus animam* was unsatisfactory; the orchestra drowning the voice, and the voice evidently not conversant with the music. Antonucci was more iron-clad than ever in *Pro peccatis*, while the quartet of *Sancta Mater* could hardly have been worse sung, and Parepa's *Inflammatus* lacked fervor. Whenever enthusiasm is required, Parepa fails to produce any effect upon the critical.

Part second was devoted principally to what the New York *Tribune* aptly calls the "Demon of Gush." Signora Poch ranted and raved through a solo and a duet, in a highly sensational manner, and it is to be hoped all those who a year ago insisted that this lady knew how to sing were present on Sunday night and learned caution by the sad failure of their predictions. Signor Bellini likewise raved, but in a less degree, and showed what a wondrous difference there is between having a voice and being an artist. Then Carl Rosa performed a perfectly delightful concerto of Mendelssohn's, on the violin, executing it well, but somehow or other leaving out Mendelssohn's soul; and Geo. W. Morgan, the clever organist, introduced us to his overture of *John the Baptist*. The fiend within me remarked that it was the first time John the Baptist had ever received an overture, and added that, judging from the lively time, the overture must have been made to him *while on a charger!* I was greatly shocked by this irreverence on the part of my fiend, and strove hard to discover the connection between the music and the subject, but finally gave it up in despair. The fiend insists that it is intended as a "tone poem," descriptive of the *pas seul* executed by the daughter of Herodias. I repudiate the malice of the fiend *in toto*, though perhaps in this matter Mr. Morgan may be caught tripping.

On the whole, the Festival can not be called a musical success, however well it may have been patronized; but it is a beginning, which is something, and from this small beginning a truly great festival may finally be evolved. K. F.

Hartford, Conn. The *Courant* has the following account of "Mr. Buck's New Organ:

The new room which Mr. Buck has had fitted up in his house for the use of his pupils, and for private musical parties, is 32 feet by 18, and 13 feet high. In this he has had placed the new organ from the manufactory of Mr. Johnson, of Westfield, Mass. The organ, though small in comparison with many others in this vicinity, is unquestionably superior in its voicing and general appointments to any organ in this city, not excepting the new Masonic Hall organ by the same builder. The workmanship, arrangement and compass of the instrument fit it for music virtually impossible of performance upon many organs of much larger size. Persons familiar with organs may be interested in the following specifications:—

Compass of manuals, CC to A in alto, 58 notes. Compass of pedals, CCC to tenor F, 30 notes.

Great Organ.—Open Diapason, 58 pipes; Melodia, 58; Sub-bass Flute, 58; Mixture, three ranks, 172; Clarionet, 46.

Swell Organ.—Open diapason, 46 pipes; salicional, 46; stopped diapason, treble and bass, 58; principal, 58; trumpet, treble and bass, 58; pedal bourdon, 30. Total number of pipes, 688.

Mechanical Movements.—Great to swell; swell to pedal; great to pedal; pedal check; engine; ratchet swell pedal; three combination pedals; pedal to leaf turner.

The organ is blown by water power, one of Stiles' water motors being used. This water motor consists of a double cylinder, containing three valves. These are so arranged that they open to receive the force of water, and close after throwing it off. The regulator, patented by William H. Topham can be easily adjusted to work to a heavy or light power, so that with a given stream of water, pipes of different sizes may be used. The bellows shuts off the water, as soon as full, so that there is no waste, and the water-gate is opened gradually or suddenly, according to the amount of wind required. A patent leaf-turner, invented by Mr. Clapp, of the firm of Clapp & Burdick, of this city, and sold by that firm, is used. This is turned by a pedal, and is quite an ingenious contrivance, capable of being applied to a piano, as well as an organ. The exhibition of the instrument was much enjoyed by those present Monday evening.

Milwaukee. The 164th concert of the Musical Society, under the direction of Prof. R. Schmelz, took place on the 7th ult., at the Music Hall, with this programme:—*Part I.* Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.—*Part II.* "The Reapers' lullaby," part-song for mixed voices, Schumann; Duet for Piano, Moscheles; soprano Aria, with orchestra, from Mozart's *Figaro;* Capriccio, for three violins, Hermann; "The Morning," quintet by Lachner; scene from Gound's *Faust*, for violin, piano and organ; Male Chorus, "The Prayer," by Zöllner, with orchestra.

New York. The only concerts of importance lately have been the popular Sunday Concerts (Sunday Popular?) by Mr. Thomas's Orchestra, at Terrace Garden. During the absence of Mr. Thomas in Europe, Mr. Eben has conducted. The first programme embraced:—The Overture to the "Vestals," by Spontini; Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" *Entr' act* from Schubert's "Rosamunde;" Allegretto from Beethoven's eighth Symphony; Fugue from Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony;" and many other pieces of light and pleasant music.

Mr. Thomas has returned and resumed the baton.

Lovers of Mendelssohn, says an English paper, will be sorry to learn that numerous letters from Mendelssohn have been lately destroyed through ignorance of the value they possessed. On the death of a well-known English collector and patron of the fine arts his valuable property was disposed of by his niece. Among proof engravings, sketches in oil, water-color drawings etc., the valuer, who is a musician, discovered a letter from Mendelssohn. The letter was full of interest, and inquiry was made to ascertain if there were no more, when the lady acknowledged that there had been a large collection, but that she, never having heard of the great composer, had destroyed them. She thus inflicted an irreparable loss upon his admirers.

The Great Exposition. The Committee on musical composition have unanimously awarded the only prize for a Cantata to M. Camille St. Saëns. The jury was composed of Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Berlioz, Felicien David, Prince Poniatowski, and many more. They devoted four sessions to examining the "one hundred and two" Cantatas sent in competition. Each session lasted from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Three other Cantatas obtained honorable mention. The same Jury, after examining the *Hymns*, which were 823 in number, declined to award any prize.

On the 16th of June, the Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire gave the second concert in connection with the Exposition. Programme: Beethoven's C minor Symphony; Chorus from the *Deux Avares*, by Grétry; parts of Beethoven's Septuor; *O Filii*, double chorus by Leisring; Overture to *Freyschütz*; Psalm by Marcello.

Rossini has composed a hymn—not that of Peace—to be executed on the 1st of July at the ceremony of the distribution of the Exposition prizes. He has chosen M. Jules Cohen as leader.

Gounod is writing a new opera, of which Francesca di Rimini is the subject.

Victor Massé is just now occupied with an opera on the subject of "Paul and Virginia," the libretto being found by those fertile scribes, MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier. This story, it may be recollected, was effectively treated, some sixty years back by Rodolphe Kreutzer.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music

Musical Form.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A musical work is almost a living creation; it possesses a body, and a soul. No other work of man is so truly *alive*—instinct with life. Indeed, who shall say how much or how little of the Divine enters into the composition of those glorious inspirations which we call *Master-works?*

Music gives us pleasure. A portion of this pleasure is derived from the determinate manner in which the various chapters, or sections, of the work are related, so as to become *one whole*. To the uncultivated ear, a single period of striking and simple melody gives pleasure. A second period of independent melody gives pleasure, but drives out the distinct impression of the one first heard. A second period may, however, be so constituted as to deepen the impression of the first. In order to this, it must bear to the first a certain inner relation of significance, as well as an outer relation of key and general style. The second period must be in *unity* with the first. Almost every musician can look back to the time when every extended composition was unintelligible to him, save in so far as a scrap of melody emerged here and there from the chaos and gave him a rallying point for his scattered thoughts. From beginning to end it was a steady stream of music. At length one perceives that the work, which was before so continuous, begins to manifest points of repose. After repeated hearings it is perceived to possess a certain orderly arrangement of parts. It is first seen to divide quite plainly into two or three chapters, each having, so to speak, its own point of crystallization, and all, again, bearing a determinate relation to each other. Finally, every period in the whole work is seen to bear a necessary or appropriate relalation to every other; the leading and accessory ideas are seen in their appropriate relation; and thus it is that we begin to perceive the propriety and beauty of determinate Musical Form.

What, then, is Musical Form? What are its underlying principles? How are these principles manifested in the completed work? These are the questions which present themselves for our solution.

Several melodic phrases may be conjoined to each other in such a way as to form one whole melody or tune. In order to this, certain technical requirements as to relationship of key, motive, etc., must be complied with. Moreover, several melodic periods, or stanzas, may be conjoined into one piece; so that the listener feels that a unity is attained. And this, again, is possible only when certain technical requirements of form and organization have been complied with. Yet again, several compositions, each in itself complete and measurably satisfactory, may be so consociated as to make one whole work, the several chapters of which visibly complement each other. This is seen in the Sonata, Oratorio, Opera, etc. And this possibility of consociative unity exists only in compliance with certain technical requirements of relationship, as before. The full statement of these several grades of laws, by which alone the several fragments in question can be associated into one whole, constitutes the doctrine of Musical Form. But before proceeding to notice the several musical forms a limitation must be established, viz. The most perfect compliance with all possible definite laws in regard to the relationship of these several fragments—so far as regards their key, tempo, and general similarity or contrast—will not authorize us to associate into one whole melodies which have not a unity of spirit.

Musical Form is determined mainly by two governing principles:—"Unity, the type of the Divine Comprehensiveness," and "Symmetry, the type of the Divine Justice." The first requires that the entire work shall manifest a consistent plan; that the end shall have been seen from the beginning. However unexpected modulations or digressions may occur, we must be made to feel that they are not inconsistent with the fundamental intent of the piece. Symmetry demands that a due relation shall exist between all the several rhythmic divisions of the work; that one chapter shall not overshadow or be overshadowed by any other. Unity is manifested principally by the relationship of the keys in which the different divisions of the work are written, and by the similarity, or *appropriate dissimilarity*, of the motives employed. Symmetry is manifested in the appropriate extent or brevity of each several part, and in the general melodic balance of the work.

In accordance with these laws there have grown up two classes of musical forms—*Determinate* and *Variable*. It is difficult to draw any just line of relative estimate of these two classes of forms. The former are logical. The latter, fanciful and imaginative. Yet who shall say that fancy and imagination are more, or less, noble than a logical pre-determined order?

The *Determinate Forms* begin with the Period. Then follow the Song-forms of two and three periods. These are followed by the song-form with Trio. Next come the Rondos. The Rondo is the beginning of broad forms. The technical structure of these forms was quite fully considered in No. of this Journal, nearly two years ago. The Rondo is followed by the Sonata, a broader form, allowing greater scope for artistic light and shade. (See No. 636, of this Journal.)

The Rondo gives us a picture of a soul in one mood. The Sonata gives us three or four phases of the same artistic nature. It is necessarily in itself nobler than the Rondo. With the Symphony, which is the culmination of Sonata, the determinate forms end.

The *Variable Forms* are as variable in name as form. Most of them conform somewhat to the song-form or the rondo. In fact it is impossible to secure a high degree of artistic unity and symmetry in a composition without falling more or less into the rondo form. Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Wind" is almost a rondo of the second form. Wehli's "Bacchanale" is also a rondo of the second form, without coda.—The theme in this composition,—and also the episode—is a song-form of three periods, of which the first is repeated. To this class of forms belong Overtures, Fantasias, Nocturnes, Ecclesiastical forms, Opera, Cantata, and Oratorio. In the three forms last named are united all the lesser forms. The arias often assume the rondo form. The different numbers belonging to the same act of the opera are in as close sympathy with each other as are the separate chapters of a Sonata. There is yet another *quasi* art-form* which does not belong entirely to either of the classes named. This form is the Fugue. The rank of an art-work is measured by its pathos,—or expression. But the Fugue does not move in the plane of the Emotional; it belongs rather to the Intellectual. Again, as to the correlation of its periods, the Fugue has no determinate form. It is a fantasy; yet in its whole technical structure it is rather a creature of the intellect than of the heart. But the vocal fugue becomes a real art-work—whenever it assists in rendering the text more impressive. This one may feel in the fugue "And He shall reign forever and ever" in Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. But when it is so managed as to become simply the vehicle for the display of contrapuntal skill, it sinks again out of the plane of the Artistic into that of the Intellectual. This one may feel in the fugue "Cum sancto spiritu" in Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and in the "Amen" of the Messiah. In Bach one discerns the understratum of artistic feeling, but how is it overshadowed by the superabundant contrapuntal skill which he everywhere displays! How then, in fine, shall we define the real artistic value of the Fugue? We answer that no doubt a portion of the true artistic delight consists of "ideas of relation." These ideas we derive from the Fugue more than from any other musical creations. But the noblest and truest mission of music is to *express emotion*. When otherwise engaged Music has left the sphere in which she excels every other form of expression and contests on a lower plane a rivalry in communicating *ideas* rather than *feelings*—a contest in which she must ever come off conquered; for there she has adversaries with superior means. "Speech, for ideas; tones, for emotions," says a modern writer. We assign to the Fugue, then, a rank subordinate to that of the nobler forms—the Rondo and Sonata—in so far as it *expresses* less than they.

By universal suffrage of musical artists the Sonata enjoys pre-eminence over all other instrumental forms. It remains to suggest, as briefly as we may, some of the supposed grounds of this pre-eminence. In No. 639 of this JOURNAL—Art. *Good Music*—quite an extended statement of the theory of the elements of musical æsthetics was made. To that we now refer as furnishing materials available for the determination of the

* This view of the Fugue must be taken with a very large grain of salt.—ED.

present question. In brief we may say that the Sonata, and more especially its culmination, the Symphony, exceeds all other instrumental forms in the variety of impressions of beauty it may give us. From the same work we may receive ideas of *unity*, in its various grades, *repose*, *moderation*, *symmetry*, and *purity*. Moreover, it may give us "ideas of power" and "of relation." In no other work is the balance between Symmetry and Unity so well kept; and in the depth and variety of its expression the Sonata excels all other instrumental forms. Is it not, therefore, justly regarded as more noble than the rest?

(Translated for this Journal.)

Extracts from Berlioz.

I.

An admirable singer, the lamented SONTAG, at the end of the trio of masks in "Don Giovanni" invented a phrase which she substituted for the original one. Her example was soon followed;—it was too fine not to be,—and the singers of Europe adopted for the rôle of Donna Anna the intention of Madame Sontag.

One day at a general rehearsal in London, a conductor of my acquaintance, hearing at the end of the trio this audacious substitution, stopped the orchestra and turning to the prima donna, asked:

"Well, well; what is the matter? Have you forgotten your part, madam?"

"No, Sir, I am singing the *Sontag version*."

"Ah! very well: but may I venture to ask why you prefer the Sontag version to the Mozart version, which is the only one that we have anything to do with here?"

"Because it sounds better"!!!

II.

There is a work of Beethoven known as the Sonata in C-sharp minor, the adagio of which is one of those poems which human language cannot characterize. Its means of effect are very simple: the left hand plays softly broad chords of a sad and solemn character, whose length allows the vibrations of the piano to die away gradually in each; above, the first fingers of the right hand play in arpeggio a persistent accompanying figure, the form of which hardly varies from the first measure to the last, while the other fingers sound a sort of lamentation, the melodic flowering of this sombre harmony.

One day thirty years ago, LISZT in playing this adagio before a little circle of which I was one, undertook to travesty it, after a fashion he had then taken up, to catch the applause of the fashionable public. Instead of the long bass chords, the severe uniformity of rhythm and movement of which I have spoken, he inserted trills and tremolos, he hurried and slackened the time, disturbing by his passionate accents the calm of this sadness, and making the thunder roll through this cloudless sky, darkened only by the withdrawing of the sun. I was cruelly annoyed, I confess;—more even than I have been sometimes at hearing our unhappy singers embroider the grand air in "Der Freischütz,"—for to this annoyance was added the distress of seeing such an artist catch the tricks into which usually only commonplace players fall. But what could be done? Liszt was then like a child who gets up without complaining after a tumble, if you pretend not to see him, but falls to crying if you hold out your hand to him. He has raised himself proudly; and so years after, he no longer pursued success, but success was out of breath in following him:—the parts were exchanged.

Let us return to our Sonata. Lately one of those genial and cultivated men whom artists are so happy to meet, had assembled a few friends; I was of the number. * * * * * [Liszt had been playing a piece of Weber's.] As he ended, the lamp which lighted the room seemed on the point of going out; one of us went to relight it.

"Don't touch it," said I, "If he will play Beethoven's Adagio in C-sharp minor, this half-light will not mar it at all."

"Willingly," said Liszt," "But put out the lamp entirely and cover the fire, to make the darkness complete."

Then, out of this darkness, after a moment's pause, the noble elegy, the same which he had once so strangely disfigured, rose in its sublime simplicity; not a note, not an accent was added to the notes and accents of the composer. It was the shade of Beethoven, invoked by an artist, whose grand voice we now heard. Each of us trembled in silence, and after the last chord we still maintained the silence;—we wept.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

(From the Daily Telegraph, June 24.)

"On horror's head horrors accumulate" must surely have been Verdi's recommendation to the librettist when Piave set to work on "La Forza del Destino." Or perhaps the poet has received general instructions which he may have summarized into some such recipe as this: First catch a middle-age romance with plenty of action; boil it down to four acts, allowing all character, poetry, and interest to evaporate, but carefully straining off the assassinations; pour in plenty of Church business; mix the suicides and family murders well up with hymns to the Virgin and priestly benedictions; spice with dancing at frequent intervals; throw in curses and chants with a lavish hand; serve up hot and strong, and you'll have a very fair dish of Italian opera." In speaking of "Don Carlos," on the other hand, we alluded to Verdi's fondness for the horrible. But we must confess that we did not then know the "Force of Destiny." Here he absolutely revels in bloodshed He pours it out with a *desinvoltura* that is perfectly charming. There is a something quite fascinating in the grace with which he sticks a hero, as a matador would a bull, looking round meanwhile for the admiration of bright eyes, and tripping off to the lightest of dance tunes. As to describing "La Forza del Destino" seriously, the story is much too rollicking and bloodthirsty for that. The mixture of homeliness and violent death is worthy of a domestic drama of the good old school. When the curtain rises we see a respectable looking old gentleman seated with a lady, whose powdered hair shows her to be living in the middle of the last century. Father and daughter are on the best of terms, and nothing can exceed the affection with which he speaks the first words o e opera, "Buona notte!" which, by the bye, would be more appropriate as the last. Having said "Good night!" he immediately goes off, in order to allow the lover to come in. Don Alvaro, the tenor, is going to elope with the soprano, whose name of course is Leonora, that being the only appellation which the poverty-stricken Italian tongue can find for a prima donna who has any self-respect. We do not trouble ourselves about the name of the father, for, as he is indiscreet enough to interrupt the lovers just as they are on the point of starting on their honeymoon, we do not see much more of him. But there is originality in the manner of his "taking off." Novices in the dramatic art, like Da Ponte and Mozart have made Don Giovanni, in a similar peculiarly perplexing predicament, fight the Commendatore and stab him. But the hero of Piave and Verdi is made of nobler stuff. He assures the father that Leonora is "Pura siccome un' angelo"—we wonder how many times Verdi has set those highly original words—and, bidding him strike the guilty one, throws his pistol on the ground. But as it falls it goes off and kills the father, who has only just time to curse his daughter before he dies. Alvaro rushes off, crying out, "Unlucky weapon!" Leonora exclaims, "Ciel vieta," and the curtain falls. There is a Spartan simplicity about this act which is inimitable. One character, whose part consists of "Buona notte; ti maledico," being already disposed of, there is plenty of room for other members of the operatic troupe. We are introduced to them in the second act. Here we find a number of people carousing at an inn, among them a gentleman in black, who declares himself to be a student. But Preziosilla, a gipsy, tells us she knows better; and so do the audience, for they know that Verdi would not throw away a fine baritone voice on an untitled student. Sure enough, through a half-opened door, we catch a glimpse of Leonora, in doublet and hose, and she recognizes in the student a brother whom she seems particularly anxious to avoid. He, on the contrary, is, we guess from his inquiries about a certain traveller, "Was she seated on the mule, or rode astride," is just as desirous to find his sister for the purpose of avenging his father's death. Preziosilla, being a gipsy, of course sings a song and leads a dance, while, the ballet and the church always going together in opera, a procession of monks chant a dismal dirge. In the next scene Leonora seeks protection from a holy father. There is, of course, something piquant in the idea of a woman in male attire being received into the society of monks, and the padre assigns to her a hermit's cave in the rocks. The third act transports us from Spain to Italy, for no better reason than to give us a camp scene, with a capital tarantella danced by vivandières. In a battle that takes place behind the scenes, and the progress of which is watched with telescopes from the stage, Alvaro is dangerously wounded, but saved by the care of Don Carlo, the student of the preceding act, who finds that his friend is the murderer of his father. Alvaro, being a tenor, recovers quickly enough to be able to sing a martial song, and finish the act with a high chest C. The fourth opens with a comic scene between Fra Melitone and the poor people, to whom it is his duty, but not his pleasure, to dispense the hospitality of the monastery. Don Carlo, still intent on revenge, appears on the scene and challenges Alvaro, who, having taken the vows of a monk, refuses to fight until he is struck by his implacable antagonist. The duel takes place outside the grotto inhabited by the hermit Leonora, who, emerging from her retreat, is recognized by the combatants after Carlo has been mortally wounded. Calling his sister to him, he stabs her to the heart, and then dies happy. There is now no one to kill Alvaro; but as, of course, he cannot be allowed to live, he throws himself into a torrent, and all the chief *dramatis personæ* being thus made away with, the curtain falls.

The music with which Verdi has enlivened this wild story is so uniform in style that it is not worth while to analyze it in detail, and it may be sufficiently described in conjunction with the singers by whom it is so admirably illustrated. There is no overture, but the opera opens with a decidedly effective prelude. The characteristic theme of the allegro agitato recurs repeatedly, and may be meant to typify the force of fate; while that of the andante, a very graceful and expressive subject, reappears in Leonora's air of the second act, "Madre, pietosa Vergine"—the prayer in which, with the monk's chant of "Venite adoremus" for an accompaniment, she supplicates help from the "Mother of God." In the prelude to the ceremony of her induction as a friar this lovely theme is also heard in inexplicable alternation with full organ chords. This scene is one of the very best in the opera; the large, simple melody of the concluding hymn, "La Vergine degli angeli," well harmonized and effectively supported by a pizzicato accompaniment, proving really impressive. The part of Leonora is finely adapted to Mlle. Tietjens, who, in unusually good voice, gave splended effect to all the very exacting music, and looked as well in her cavalier's costume, as in her feminine garb. Leonora does not appear at all in the third act, while neither her romance in the first, "Me pellegrina ed orfana," nor her air, with harp accompaniment, "Pace mio dio," in the last, offers any remarkable features; but Mlle. Tietjens made the most of every opportunity for display in a part which is probably even better suited to her than to its original representative, Mme. Barbot. Don Alvaro was written expressly for Signor Tamberlik, and as the opera has, we believe, been given nowhere since its first production in St. Petersburg, about four years ago, the character has been sustained by him alone. But the Roman tenor's voice has, in the meantime, lost much of its power, while that of Signor Mongini is as brilliant now as it was six years since. There is certainly no other Italian singer on the stage who could do justice to so terribly trying a part. In the very first act the beauty of his high notes, especially his B flat, and the perfect ease with which he gives them out, de-

lighted his hearers and made them pleased even with the commonplace duet of the lovers, "Ah! seguirti." But his chief effects were in the third act. Alvaro's aria, "Or tu che in seno," a melodious and characteristically Verdi-ish effusion, provided with a recitative and a long prelude, in which there is a pretty clarinet solo, produced a sensation, and the audience would gladly have heard it a second time. The bold melody of the finale with chorus, "S'affronti la morte," a parallel to the similarly placed "Di quella pira" of "Il Trovatore," was given out with such unstinted force, such reckless energy, that the singer could only just reach the C with which the piece and the act conclude. The famous "Ut de poitrine" was however attained, and the audience were in ecstasies, recalling the popular tenor with enthusiasm. Signor Mongini's voice is too noble to be lightly or thoughtlessly imperilled. Mr. Santley is perfectly admirable as Don Carlo. There is not the shadow of a fault to be found with any phrase that he sings in the whole course of the opera, but his most strikingly successful effort is in the scena, "Verno fatale del mio destino," the slow movement of which, on a frank and genuine melody effectively accompanied, is the best solo in the opera. It was splendidly sung by our English baritone, the elaborate cadenza, extending to the high G, being admirably articulated. Equally excellent and equally well fitted is Madame Trebelli in the part of Preziosilla, whose clever and characteristic canzone, "Al suon del tamburo," was deservedly applauded, and who led a rataplan with chorus with such spirit that it was vociferously encored. In this, which would not have been written but for a certain well-known rataplan in "Les Huguenots," as mostly throughout the opera, the fresh-voiced chorus singers proved themselves very efficient. It was largely owing to them that the *preghiera* of the second act, "Padre eterno Signor," a fine concerted piece, in which a double choir and five principal singers—the first soprano soaring high above the rest—participate, won its enthusiastic encore. Not only were the chief singers as excellent as they could be, but the subordinate characters were equally well sustained. Herr Rokitansky, though not in good voice, was an impressive Padre Guardiano; Signor Gassier was excellent as the comic Fra Melitone; no fault could be found with Signor Bossi, who presented Il Marchese, Leonora's father; Signor Foli was a good Alcalde; and Mr. Hohler exhibited some histronic talent by his admirable make-up and demeanor as the pedler Trabuco. The scenery was sufficiently picturesque, the costumes new and appropriate, and more than usual attention had apparently been paid to the details of the *mise-en-scène*.

To all, and they are many, who admire and enjoy Verdi's early operas, "La Forza del Destino" will be a godsend. It abounds with facile and striking melody; it alternates between dashing, feverish brightness and strong, serious interest; is invariably dramatic, and is most admirably performed. Its success with the general public is certain. At the same time, we must confess that we long for something in opera that is spontaneously genial and unaffectedly lovely, after the series of ghastly and lime-light illuminated pictures which Verdi for twenty years has kept constantly before out eyes.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Just twenty years ago a "star from the North" came to throw some rays of consoling light upon the at that time gloomy fortunes of Mr. Lumley. Operagoers thought it was "all over" with the director and proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre, and were about to chant his "Requiescat." But on a certain 4th of May, Jenny Lind appeared, and in an instant matters changed. "One glance"—said Robert Schumann, in 1836, announcing the appearance of an unknown work by Schubert—"one glance.....und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch." With even more propriety might Mr. Lumley have uttered the same words in 1847, after the first few notes had issued from the throat of the "Swedish Nightingale," whose triumph enabled him for a period not only to make head against the formidable opposition instituted that same year at Covent Garden, but to ruin the first speculators and put their successors to many a shift.

Now in the present year, up to this moment, the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre have looked anything but bright. The old operas, even with Mdlle. Tietjens as prima donna, have failed to "draw." One or two new singers, from whom more or less was expected, have afforded scant satisfaction. Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the first with his magnificent voice, the others with their admirable singing, have been unable to stem the tide of ill-luck. The reproduction of Verdi's lugubrious "I Lombardi" only served to show that it had not been shelved without reason. The livelier "Falstaff," which pleased so greatly three years since, and promised to become a stock piece in the repertoty, was scarcely more fruitful. True, the cast of Nicolai's opera was inferior to that of 1864, when Giuglini played *Fenton*, M. Marcello Junca *Falstaff*, and Mdlle. Bettelheim *Mrs. Page*—parts now represented with far less efficiency by Mr. Tom Hohler, Herr Rokitanski, and Madame De Merie-Lablache. No matter what the cause, however, "Falstaff" did little for the theatre. The "Huguenots" itself appeared to have lost its charm; even Mozart's incomparable "Figaro," strongly cast, was powerless for good; nothing, in short, would take. At the moment, too, when Mdlle. Tietjens was about to show (to her honor) how much more at home she is in Beethoven's "Fidelio" than in certain Italian opera parts in which she so curiously delights to exhibit, a temporary loss of voice shut her out from the arena. One gleam of hope was shed by the refulgent glare of Weber's "Oberon," which attracted an immense audience; but, owing it may be presumed to the indisposition of Mdlle. Tietjens, an indisposition possibly aggravated by her zealous exertions on the night of that single performance, "Oberon," was not repeated. There was still a fine company; there was still Signor Arditi, with his orchestra, and still a chorus unmatched in Europe; but all was to little purpose. The old cloud again hung frowningly over Her Majesty's Theatre, shrouding the future in darkness. Nothing could attract the public. Everybody went to hear Patti, or Lucca, at the Royal Italian Opera; while the venerable portals of the elder house were swinging on their hinges, apparently only to let in the wind, like the door of Cenci's sombre castle in Shelley's tragedy—or at all events to admit privileged visitors, which, if not an equivalent for wind, is at best an equivalent for smoke. However, just as the crisis seemed inevitable, the 10th of June arrived, and with the 10th of June a complete reaction. A fair apparition, in the shape of another "Swedish Nightingale," turned everything topsy turvy, as if by magic. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has been announced from the beginning in the prospectus, but very little attention was paid to the fact. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska had also been announced in the prospectus, but no Mdlle. Ilma de Murska made a sign. Tired out, nevertheless, with the old and worn routine, when the name of Mdlle. Nilsson was seen advertised in the bills of the day, operatic London awoke; the habitual frequenters rushed to the box-office; the privileged visitors were scattered like chaff; there was no more wind, no more smoke; the cloud was dispersed, and on the eventful evening the house was crammed to the roof by an audience for all the world like that which, so many years back, under similar circumstances, had assembled to greet the original "Swedish Nightingale." Christine Nilsson appeared, and though the opera was that naughty "Traviata," it was all the same. She came, she sang, she conquered

The history of Mdlle Nilsson, in so far as it concerns the public, may be briefly told. She came out not long since at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, as the heroine in a French version of the same "Traviata," and, as the representative of *Violetta*, obtained an undisputed success, although one of her most enthusiastic partisans (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) was compelled to say that "ce rôle de courtisane est médiocrement en harmonie, ce semble, avec les qualités qui la distinguent." "But"—adds Mdlle. Nilsson's panegyrist—"le naturel et le *comme il faut* percent dans tout." This, it must be admitted, was but equivocal praise, although no one who had witnessed the performance of Mdlle. Nilsson felt disposed to question the truth of it. It is not, however, to the "Traviata," nor to M. Flotow's "Martha," in which she also appeared as *Lady Henriette*, with signal success, that the interesting young Swede owes her Parisian reputation, but to a part, alike in a musical and dramatic sense, of a very different character from either. One of the various undertakings of M. Carvalho, manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who has for some time been in the habit of bringing out French versions of German operas (with which, by the way, no end of liberties are taken by his adapters), was the production of "Die Zauberflöte," under the title of "La Flûte Enchantée." The part of *Astrafiammante* (Queen of Night) was entrusted to Mdlle. Nilsson, and her execution of the two celebrated airs, unexampled for difficulty, showed her to be mistress of an exceptional range and power of voice which, strong as was the impression she had already created, took musical Paris by surprise. That the long run of Mozart's fantastic opera at the Théâtre Lyrique was chiefly due to the singing of Mdlle. Nilsson is undoubted. "Ce fut une révélation"—wrote an influential critic at the time—"cette voix splendide, virginale, juste, flexible, égale en sa rare étendue, *modulant, trillant à des hauteurs inaccessibles*." Indeed French amateurs, almost unanimously, hailed "a phenomenon;" and although we are not quite able to understand what "modulant et trillant à des hauteurs inaccessibles" may precisely signify, inasmuch as we never heard of modulating to a height, or trilling to a height, or reaching by any means to heights that are inaccessible, we are quite prepared to share the enthusiasm of the critic whose flowery sentence we have quoted. Christine Nilsson became the talk of Paris; and the words applied by an Austrian dignitary to the celebrated Madame Lange, for whom Mozart composed the airs in question—"Sie singt Sterne"—which the *feuilletonistes* freely translated "Les étoiles lui sortent de la bouche," were as freely applied to her. The *Queen of Night*, as exhibited under the features of "cette vierge du Nord," became the rage; the Sun of Italy for a time looked pale before the Polar Star, and the singing of Mdlle. Nilsson made even the music of Mozart popular with the pleasure-loving sons and daughters of Lutetia.

It is only natural that a reputation so brilliant, although almost literally achieved in one night, and by a single performance—for it was the second and most difficult of *Astrafiammante's* airs that made the "hit"—should have roused the attention of our English managers; and it was simply a question at which of our Italian opera-houses Mdlle. Nilsson should be offered the opportunity of revealing herself to London. With two young "absolute first ladies" of the highest pretensions, Mr. Gye thought probably he had enough on his hands; and so the chance has fallen to Mr. Mapleson, who, in the uncertainty that seems to attend the proceedings of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, stood greatly in need of something of the kind. And now that she has come forth under his auspices he has as good cause as had Mr. Lumley himself, twenty years ago, to exclaim with Schumann, "Ein Blick.. ...und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch." Mdlle. Nilsson has played to houses crowded to the roof. We wish she had made her début in any part but that of Dumas the younger's phthisically sentimental heroine. She cannot, or at least does not, act the character; and no one will think the worse of her on that account. But to atone for the absence of a dramatic filling up, she sings the music, which here and there contains some of the melodious and touching that Signor Verdi has composed, in a manner very little short of perfection. Mdlle. Nilsson has many qualities to attract. Her appearance is greatly in her favor; and no sooner was she seen and recognized than a murmur, like a foreboding of success, went audibly through the house. Pale, fair-haired, a little above the medium height, slender in frame, composed and graceful in bearing, she had won general sympathy before she opened her lips. The first sentence *Violetta* has to utter, in her part of the drinking duet with *Alfredo* ("Libiamo, libiamo,") confirmed the good impression, and discovered a pure soprano the mere freshness of whose tones would alone have exercised a charm, and at the same time not less bright and penetrating than youthful and unworn. As the opera proceeded, the exceptional attributes of this rare voice, as extended in compass as it is beautiful in quality, were one by one revealed; and the air and quick movement—or, to employ a conventional term, the *cabaletta*—which bring the opening act to an end, the first in a minor key ("Ah, fors' è lui che l' anima,") given with heartful expression, the last ("Sempre libera,") in the more cheerful and animated major, with a finish, brillancy, and characteristic individuality beyond praise, set the seal upon a triumph as genuine as it was undisputed. If music, "*curarum sensuum*," as some philosophers hold, is the best remedy for melancholy—*mentis medicina mœsta*—one would imagine that so accomplished a mistress as *Violetta* here showed herself might be her own doctor and effect her own cure. The impression produced by this display was unequivocal, and Mdlle. Nilsson had already established her position in the opinion of all who heard her as a singer of the first rank.

We shall not attempt to follow the new comer step by step through the entire performance, because we feel convinced that she will find more favorable opportunities for the exhibition, not merely of her great natural gifts, but of her artistic acquirements, than are presented in any part of "La Traviata," which we confess, in spite of the admirably dramatic and well-conducted finale to the second act, and a vast deal of pretty and elegant music, is an opera we should like to see banished now and for ever from the stage. Every character in the drama, with a single exception, is more or less contemptible; while that single exception, the elder *Germont*, *Alfredo's* father, is unhappily an unmitigated bore. Mdlle. Nilsson has been greatly lauded by one or two of our contemporaries for dispensing with all the little bits of byplay which let us into the secret of *Violetta's* incurable melody, and with other virtues of omission; but this only means that she does not play the character

as the author intended it, as Madame Doche used to play it, in the French drama, and Mdlle. Piccolomini, in the Italian operatic version; and that we are half left to believe that consumption has nothing to do with the matter, and that *Violetta* dies purely out of love, like "a maid forsaken and distraught." The wisest resolution, in our opinion, that Mdlle. Nilsson could possibly adopt would be to abandon such parts altogether and confine herself to a healthier repertory.

In conclusion, let us not be over sanguine. Mdlle. Nilsson has been compared with Jenny Lind. They are both Swedes, we are aware; but it is necessary to bear in mind that Jenny Lind's range of characters was varied and extensive—Italian, German, and French opera being equally within her grasp. Should Mdlle. Nilsson prove equally versatile, it will be well for the act she professes, and even now, it must be admitted, adorns. Time, however, alone can show. The high estimate of her capacity entertained abroad may be gathered from the fact that she is engaged at the Grand Opéra in Paris to play the part of *Ophelia* in M. Ambroise Thomas's forthcoming opera of "Hamlet." We can much more readily picture to ourselves an ideal *Ophelia* in Mdlle. Nilsson than a musical "Hamlet" from M. Thomas; but the distinction conferred thus early on the young artist is none the less. On the other hand, one thing is certain—Madame Miolan Carvalho will be glad to see her most formidable rival removed from the Théâtre Lyrique to another establishment.

Meanwhile Mdlle. Nilsson's second part in London is *Margaret*, in "Faust." She, too, was "unfortunate"—but with a difference.—*Saturday Review, June 15th.*

A New Organ.

(From the Chicago Republican.)

The completion of the great organ in the Boston Music Hall was hailed as an event of national interest. It was a novelty, and crowds flocked to see and hear it. There was trace of Old World grandeur in its massive tones, that touched a new chord in American life. Other cities quickly caught the spirit. Brooklyn and Worcester have already their large organ's, and the Young Men's Christian Association now propose to devote fifty or sixty thousand dollars to the purchase of one for Chicago. The Jesuit church is also to have one, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

Even admitting that a spirit of rivalry has much to do with it, these are significant facts in our musical history, and, taken in connection with the rapid revolutions in taste within the last few years, promise much for the future. It has not been very long since negro minstrelsy was the only distinctively American style of music. In the parlor, in the concert-room, in the streets, and even at church, translated into grave and solemn measure, its simple strains were heard. It had its merits. There was an occasional vein of real pathos in it, oddly contrasting with quaint outbursts of rollicking mirth. It pictured the moods of a mercurial race, of which Mr. Gottschalk has best caught the poetic side. But Ethiopian minstrelsy has mostly passed with the social phases that gave it birth, to be unearthed, perhaps, by some antiquarian of the next century, and held up like the lays of the Troubadours and Minnesingers, as a peculiarity of our civilization.

Next followed a deluge of moral ballads. Some one struck a new key. It touched the heart of the people, and forthwith the country was flooded with sentimental outpourings in bad poetry and worse music. Home and the family ties were the burdens of the song. Good subjects, certainly, but they suggested the stereotyped good little boy in the Sunday-school books. He gets to be dreadfully tiresome if he is good, and one cannot help cherishing the naughty wish to read about some bad little boy, if the bad little boy only won't be stupid. It was the first timid venture of Puritanism into the field of secular art, if art it could be called, and it probably was not thought best to make it too attractive. Still, it reflected a pleasant phase in our social life, and developed a few simple and characteristic melodic forms, of which the rest were diluted imitations.

The war brought its train of patriotic songs, modeled mostly after the same forms. These fulfilled their mission, and passed with the occasion. But the war brought also the maturity that ripens fast in great revolutions. Heroic deeds gave birth to heroic thoughts. The current of life deepened. After the storm, the "still small voice" was heard. But it sought more poetic forms. The soil was ripe to receive the seeds of an old art-culture that were cast broadside over the country through the great influx of foreign artists. It remains yet to be seen what shall spring up and bear fruit, and what shall need hot-house nurture.

But one of the most hopeful signs of the development of a solid taste is the demand for organs and organ music. Art, cherished from whatever idle motives of vanity or fashion, becomes a teacher. Love follows knowledge. The influence of the organ as a moral power, finds ample illustration. It is essentially the interpreter of sacred music, and naturally follows in the wake of strong religious convictions. Or is it a cause as well as an effect? It was the chief instrument of Germany in its evangelical era—the era that preceded Klopstock and Lessing, and produced Bach, the great master-spirit of the organ, and the creator of the Protestant type of music. Its influence has moulded the religious musical element, of which Mendelssohn is the best modern exponent, and is the basis of the grand choral music of Germany.

The instincts of France are more dramatic. Its taste is formed from the operatic stage. The organ is too grave for the impulsive French character. The orchestra is better adapted even to the brilliant Catholic service, and their organs are said to differ from the German in the predominance of the effective reed stops. But in England, the influence of the organ can be most clearly traced. English taste is proverbially solid, like her institutions, and verifies the works of the Chinese moralist, Confucius, who has aptly said, "Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if their manners be good or bad, examine the music they perform." England is eminently the home of the oratorio. Handel and Mendelssohn have always found there the largest audience, and the warmest admirers. She has also the finest Protestant cathedral service in the world. Without pretending to discuss the English creative genius in art it is safe to conclude that a taste which has grown out of strong moral convictions is on the whole a better model than that which has grown out of a civilization that always sleeps upon the verge of revolution.

The ultimate direction of American taste is scarcely yet determined, but there is a strong element in our social life which must find its best expression in the style of music of which the organ is the interpreter. A large organ naturally calls for a large choir. This suggests the possibility of a permanent choral society in Chicago in connection with the Musical Conservatory, which, sustained by a large organ, may bring out the great oratorios with suitable power. With such a central impulse, and a broader musical education, other choral societies would naturally spring up through the country, and we might in no great length of time hope for something like the English festivals, where thousands of voices join in the grand old master-pieces with a thrilling effect that can scarcely be conceived, and the hearing of which forms an era in a life-time.

Music Abroad.

London.

Crystal Palace. The beautiful Palace, to help repair the ravages by fire, took a benefit on its own account in the last week of June. An enormous audience filled the middle transept and the galleries adjacent. The orchestra was filled by some 2500 singers and players, the very best that London could bring together. Very seldom has any concert united so many artists of the highest rank. The arrangements, as at the Handel Festivals, were superintended by the Sacred Harmonic Society. "The Crystal Palace," as the *Times* says, "has done a world of good for music, and it is only right that a moment of need musicians should come forward to lend a helping hand to the Crystal Palace;" which they all did freely. The first part consisted of copious selections from *Elijah*, Mr. Costa conducting. According to the *Times*:—

"A finer execution of *Elijah*, or rather of those portions of *Elijah* selected for performance, was never heard in this country. The choruses were superb, from "Help, Lord!" sequel to the inimitable orchestral overture, to "And then shall your light break forth," the natural termination of the oratorio and also of Wednesday's performance—one proof among many of the admirable discernment with which the selection had been made. We might dwell upon more than one of the choral performances—as, for example, "Baal, we cry to thee!" with its two wonderfully characteristic companions, "Hear our cry," and "Hear and answer, Baal," "Blessed are the men," and "He watching over Israel," which in the delicate observance of light and shade we do not remember to have been surpassed; and last and greatest to all, "Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land," which might bear comparison with the most successful achievements at any of the Handel Festivals; but it is enough to extend that general and hearty commendation which is the just due of a performance almost from first to last irreproachable. The times, too, of each chorus were taken to absolute perfection. How the solo vocal parts were sustained by Mlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Santley and Sims Reeves, may easily be imagined. On such an occasion it would be out of place to criticize the performances of these distinguished artists; but, happily, they brought such excellent goodwill to their several tasks that, under any circumstances, they would have afforded the most exacting critic little chance of exercising his functions. Enough that the selection from the two parts of *Elijah*—a very liberal one, including a large majority of the finest pieces—was heard with unqualified satisfaction from beginning to end; and the only regret was that, under such unusual conditions, the whole of the noblest oratorio of modern times could not be presented. The occasional "practices" at Exeter Hall of the "contingent 1,600," representing the quota supplied by London to the Handel Festival Chorus, have borne good fruits.

The second part was miscellaneous. It began with such a performance of Auber's overture to *Masaniello* as would have made its composer twenty years younger could he have heard it. The orchestra, some 450 strong, played as one man, under the energetic beat of a conductor born to sway the movement of vast masses—the orchestral generalissimo of Europe[!] The effect was "electric." The overture was called for again, amid a storm of applause, and repeated with the same precision and effect. Another "sensation" was produced immediately afterwards by Madame Grisi in "The Minstrel Boy." The emphasis and meaning thrown into this, one of the grandest of Irish melodies, by our old and always vividly remembered favorite, impressed itself on every hearer, and an encore as unanimous as it was hearty showed how thoroughly her efforts had been appreciated. Never was public performer received with more marked and significant favor. Then came the familiar duet, "Crudel perchè," from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Graziani, as it has so frequently been sung for the delight of crowded audiences at the Royal Italian Opera; and then Handel's marvellously brilliant "Let the bright Seraphim," executed in perfection by Mlle. Adelina Patti, with Mr. T. Harper as trumpet—a performance which excited the never-failing enthusiasm. The revolutionary duet from *Masaniello*, sung by Signors Naudin and Graziani, and the great scene of Leonora from *Fidelio*, in which the noble voice of Madame Maria Vilda was heard with fine effect, followed next, and were succeeded by Mr. Costa's beautiful *terzetto*, "Vanne a colei che adoro," sung by Mlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario, and Mr. Sims Reeves. This was one of the most genuine treats of the day; and no wonder that it should be unanimously asked for again. To say nothing of Mlle. Patti, whose part it would have been difficult to fill so well, it was a treat to hear the greatest of Italian and the greatest of English tenors join their voices together in a piece of music so admirably calculated to display the best qualities of each. After the trio came Thalberg's brilliant pianoforte *fantasia* on "Home, sweet Home," played by Madame Arabella Goddard, as she had played it over and over again, and received with the favor to which she has always been accustomed since she first helped to make popular this very popular composition. The prayer from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, glorious in its majestic simplicity, was admirably given by the choir and encored as a matter of course. To this succeeded the air, with chorus, "Com è gentil," from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, in which Signor Mario, how it need not be said, sang the solo part; "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, charmingly sung by Madame Sherrington (piccolo, Mr Rockstro;) the magnificent air, with chorus, "Sound an Alarm," from the same composer's *Judas Maccabæus*, splendidly declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves, who has long made it his own; the comic trio from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, with Mesdames Grisi, Rudersdorff, and Sainton-Dolby, as Carolina, Elizabetta, and Fidalma; "O ruddier than the cherry," given with his accustomed spirit and gusto by Mr. Santley (flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten;) and, to conclude, the famous trio, with chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," in which the solo parts were undertaken by Mesdames Sherrington, Rudersdorff, and Sainton, a worthy ending to a concert almost unparalleled in variety of attraction. The only regret was that Mlle. Tietjens, who had delighted everybody present with her singing of "Hear ye, Israel," and "Holy! Holy!" in *Elijah*,

had nothing put down for her in the "miscellaneous" selection.

The Prince of Wales remained through the whole of *Elijah* and until about the middle of the second part. The concert was a brilliant success, and it is hoped may prove of substantial advantage to the Crystal Palace.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD. The London papers are ringing the praises of their favorite pianist, for giving a performance restricted to a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, except that Mme. Sainton-Dolby sang songs *with* words between the four groups of the wordless, each containing four.

OPERA. At Her Majesty's, the Nilsson had appeared in her second rôle, Gounod's Margaret, and with increase of admiration. They say she loses all recollection of herself in the *Gretchen* of Goethe. Mme. Trebelli was the Siebel; Sig. Gardoni, Faust; and Pandolfini, Mephistopheles.—The succeeding pieces were the *Huguenots*, *Faust* again, *Traviata* again, and then the long promised "*Forza del Destino*," followed by *Faust*, *Martha*, *Faust*, &c., &c.

At Covent Garden, meanwhile, they had *Sonnambula*, with Patti; *Don Carlos* again; *La Favorita*, with Lucca, Mario and Graziani; *L'Africaine*; *Don Giovanni*; *Il Barbiere*; *Faust*; *Crispino*, with repetitions of some of these. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* is in rehearsal.

Of Verdi's "*La Forza*" we have already copied one description, strongly condemnatory of the plot. Another critic says:

In ghastly, fierce, and strained combinations like this, Signor Verdi revels, but sometimes without even such inspiration as animates his better music. In "La Forza" all is violence and elaboration. Hardly a trait of pure individual melody is to be found from the first to the last; but in place of it, either reproductions of the most faded form of commonplace Italian *cabaletta*, or passages with some interval affectedly omitted (for the disappointment of the ear.) which have not the excuse of French Opera mannerism, since that belongs to the style of the country. Halevy would have been untrue to his birthplace had it not been mannered. Signor Verdi is untrue to Busseto, his Italian home, because he is so. There is considerable ingenuity in some of the accompaniments, which, after all, are merely (in opera) subsidiary concealments of the meagreness of the melody. Those to *Don Alvaro's* great air are violent, lurid, with a certain originality in them which reminds us of Weber's *spread* pianoforte phrases. But that the matter so elaborately dressed was not worth cooking, we are satisfied, and even in this branch of his labor Signor Verdi is as often audacious and experimental as successful. The best number in the opera—indeed, one of the best pieces which Signor Verdi has ever written—is the Quintet with double chorus, No. 9, Act 2. There is a certain dry humor in the music given to *Fra Melitone*, which, by the way, is exceedingly well wrought out by M. Gassier. The Tarantella, No. 25, is spirited; but we could not easily name anything more commonplace than the gipsy's *rataplan* song and chorus. One or two other concerted pieces, in the writer's peculiar style, should be mentioned, but none equal those in "Nabucco," "Ernani" and "Il Travatore." There is no want of earnestness in him; but blundering in the dark and walking forward in the bright light of day, imply different conditions of culture and progress. We may return to these Verdi operas again, since "be they white, or be they black" (as the nursery rhyme hath it), they are the works of one of the few living men who have the ear of Europe, and, as such, claim deliberate consideration. But return does not imply becoming inured to defects and extravagances belonging to a time of false taste and decay. The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is, in many respects, as good as could possibly be obtained for a work so violent and so complicated. Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini were cut out by Nature to sing Signor Verdi's music, and did their best. Mme. Trebelli Bettini gave the voluble music of *Preciosilla*, the gipsy, very well—as she always does; but the part is written inconsiderately high in more than one passage. Of M. Gassier's excellent performance we have spoken. Mr. Tom Hohler and Herr Rokitansky were out of tune. Due care had been taken to prepare the opera, and the public received it well. Whether the success is to last or not remains to be seen.

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION. The sixth Matinée (June 18) was made famous by the first performance since 1859 of Anton Rubinstein," the greatest of living pianists" (in the opinion of the *Orchestra*), a "composer of a vast collection of important works for the theatre and concert room." Vieuxtemps also took part, with Ries for second violin, Goffrie and Hahn viole, and Jacquard violoncello; and, according to the *Orchestra*, there never was anything so fine as their rendering of the following programme:

Quartet, B flat, No. 69 . . . . . *Haydn.*
Trio, C minor (Op. 66). . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Quintet in C (Op. 29). . . . . *Beethoven*
Nocturne, D flat . . . . . *Chopin*
Capriccio, No. 3 (Op. 16), A minor. . . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Tarantella, B minor. . . . . *A. Rubinstein.*

PHILHARMONIC. The seventh concert of the *Old* Society was one of the most interesting yet given. The selections were: Symphony, No. 1, in E flat, Spohr; Preludium and Benedictus from Beethoven's great Mass in D, sung by Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Morgan and Santley, with violin obligato by Mr. Blagrove; Scenes from *Freyschütz*, by Tietjens; Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, the piano part by Mme. Arabella Goddard; and for Part Second, Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

The third and fourth of Dr. Wylde's excellent New Philharmonic Concerts, in St. George's Hall, were as attractive as either of their predecessors. At the third we had Mendelssohn's earliest published symphony—the one in C minor, a marvellous work, the age at which it was composed taken into consideration. Dr. Wylde had the good taste to perform the original *scherzo* in this symphony, instead of the one arranged from the *Octetto* by Mendelssohn, at the instigation of the Philharmonic Society. The overtures were Cherubini's *Anacreon* and Weber's *Oberon*, both executed with remarkable vigor. Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto was played in his most finished manner by Mr. Hallé, who introduced, in the first and last movements, the composer's own cadences. Vocal music was contributed by the young and promising Miss Abbott and Mlle. Pauline Lucca, the last of whom was compelled to repeat the "Jewel-song" from Gounod's *Faust*.

At the fourth concert the symphony was that of Mendelssohn in A minor (the "Scotch,") very finely played, and the *scherzo* encored unanimously. Mr. Henry Holmes, one of the best of our English violinists, gave Spohr's so-called "Dramatic Concerto" with remarkable neatness and brilliancy of execution, and with well-merited success. There were two concertos in this richly varied programme—the other being Beethoven's fifth and greatest for the pianoforte, which Madame Arabella Goddard has essayed so frequently in public that it is unnecessary to say more than that she played it with her accustomed brilliancy and deep poetic feeling and was unanimously called back into the orchestra at the termination. The overtures were Meyerbeer's elaborate and highly dramatic prelude to his brother, Michael Beer's, tragedy of *Struensee*, and a new "Festal overture," in C, by Mr. T. M. Mudie, an English composer about whom, of late years, we have heard too little. Mr. Mudie is in every sense a distinguished musician, and his overture, though placed at the end of the concert, created a real impression. Its plan is unambitious and its style proportionately light; but it everywhere shows the hand of a master, both in its orchestration and the conduct of its details. Those who are acquainted with the earlier compositions of Mr. Mudie, more especially his symphonies in B flat, F, and D, his quintet in C minor, and his vocal settings of some of Petrarca's sonnets, could hardly have been surprised at this; on the contrary, their only surprise must have been that a musician thus accomplished and endowed should in these times of progress obtain so few opportunities of hearing. Dr. Wylde, however, has proved himself an adventurous explorer, and one of these days perhaps, may favor us with one of Mr. Mudie's symphonies. The vocal music at this concert was contributed by Mlle. Sinico and Signor Gassier—the first of whom was loudly encored after her spirited delivery of the *Polacca* of Aamenen, from Weber's *Der Freischütz*—well known to frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. At the fifth and last concert (on Wednesday night) the symphony was Beethoven's No. 7, the concertos Hummel's in A flat for pianoforte, played by Miss Kate Roberts, one of Dr. Wylde's most promising pupils, and Mendelssohn's for violin, by Herr Auer; the overtures were that of Signor Schira to his opera, *Nicolò dei Lapi*, and Weber's characteristic *Preciosa*. The singers were Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Mongini, from Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Schira's spirited, brilliant, and dramatic overture was finely played, and the composer loudly called forward at the end.—*Musical World.*

MR. HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS, in St. James's Hall, become more and more interesting as they proceed. The introduction at each of one of the sonatas of Schubert has proved a most interesting feature. Next to the sonatas of Beethoven those of Schubert rank indisputably highest for originality and rich variety of invention. Schubert has only left ten such works, but each in its way is a masterpiece. At the fifth recital (yesterday week,) Mr. Hallé played the sonata in A minor, Op. 143, which, like its companions, was not published till after the death of the composer—and which the publishers inscribed to Mendelssohn, who, doubtless, would have preferred that compliment from Schubert himself. This sonata, a strange work in plan, but grand and forcible in expression, was finely played, and thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Hallé's select audience. Another great attraction in the new series of "Recitals" is the introduction at each of a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, the post of violoncello being held by that unrivalled performer Signor Piatti. The five sonatas of Beethoven for those instruments have now been all given, the one on Friday week being the second of Op. 102 (in D,) dedicated by the composer to his constant friend and patron the Countess Erdody. The last movement of this—an elaborately construed fugue—is reckoned among the Beethoven puzzles; but, in the hands of two such players as Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, it comes out with crystalline clearness. The Beethoven sonatas being exhausted, the two by Mendelssohn are included at the sixth and seventh "Recitals" respectively.

Paris.

Nearly all the music of late has centered upon the Great Exposition; for instance: *July 1st*, the Festival of Peace, with solemn distribution of the prizes: Rossini's Hymn of "Peace," with six great bells and firing of cannon.—*July 4th.* Great Exposition Concert, conducted by Haïnl, with 550 orchestra players and 500 Chorus singers: the *Iphigenia* overture with a new conclusion by Halevy (instead of Wagner's;) Hymn "to France," by Berlioz; Choruses from *Judas Maccabæus*; the Prize Cantata, by M. St. Saëns, &c.—On the 5th and 7th, Festival Concerts of the French Orpheonistes (male singing societies.)—On the 8th, international competition of male singing societies; 6000 singers, including 340 French societies, the "Polyhymnia" from Cologne, the "Legia" from Liege, the "Orlando Lasso" from Halle, the "Tonicsol-fa" from England, the "Cecilians" from Geneva, &c.—14th, grand competition of brass instruments, 4000 blowers.—15th and 16th, competition of *Harmonie*-music; and on the 21st, international competition of 12 military corps.

This is the eccentric title given by Rossini to his wonderful Hymn, a childish effort of his old age apparently, and which (by all accounts) was not impressive, and contained nothing to prevent its being forgotten as soon as it was heard.

A NAPOLÉON III
ET
A SON VAILLANT PEUPLE.

HYMNE
AVEC ACCOMPANIMENT A GRAND ORCHESTRE ET MUSIQUE MILITAIRE,
Pour baryton solo, un PONTIFE,
Chœur de Grands Prêtres,
Chœur de Vivandières, de Soldats, et de Peuple.
A la fin
DANSE, CLOCHES, TAMBOURS ET CANONS,
Excusez du peu!!
G. ROSSINI.

Passy. 1867. Paroles d'E. Pacini.

A contemporary states that M. Gounod has undertaken as the subject of his next opera no story less painful than that of "Francesca da Rimini." We cannot but feel concern at this. Convinced as he must be of his rare power in love tragedy, he might wisely recollect that its demands are great, not merely as calling for novelty in the treatment of a subject essentially monotonous, but that these mournful stories claim actors and actresses of a charm and accomplishment which are, to say the least of it, exceptional. What has become of the comic opera which he was to have written for the Opéra Comique? That M. Gounod has a fine vein of humor was clearly

displayed in his "Médecin;" that he is a delicate master of what may be called Shandian pathos (in default of a better epithet) is proved in his settings of Béranger's songs, where the music (this is saying much) adds to the words a beauty equal to their own. The world would rather have a good opera of *mezzo carattere* than the most high flown illustration of any episode in the Divina Commedia.—*Athenæum.*

Germany.

HILDESHEIM. The *Musical World* (London) has the following letter:

J. S Bach's *Matthäus Passion* was lately performed in St Michael's Church, Hildesheim, with the most gratifying success. That such a performance was possible in a town no bigger than ours speaks volumes for the ability and energy of Herr Nick, who, for the last ten years, has devoted himself to the cause of art here, and worked up the Vocal Association under his guidance to a state of great effectiveness. Herr Nick was ably supported by his professional visitors. Mme. Joachim sang the contralto music very finely; her execution of the air in the second part, the *obligato* violin accompaniment being undertaken by no less an artist than Herr Joachim himself, produced more than ordinary effect The other solo parts were given by a fair amateur of this town, Herr Denner, from Cassel Herr Bletzmacher, from Hanover, and Herr R. Greber, formerly of Weimar.—At a party after the concert, Herr Joachim gave as toast: "May the *brook* of the most lofty sacred art, which has at last flowed to Hildesheim, never dry up, but ever continue to extend its vivifying waters!" To understand the above, the non-German scholar must be informed that the German for "brook" is "Bach."

BERLIN.—The opera will open here in the beginning of August with Auber's *Part du Diable.* The principal character will be sustained by Mlle. Grün. —A monumental stone has been erected to the memory of Mlle. de Ahna, whose premature death was so great a loss to the art. The artists of the Royal Theatre organized a musical festival for the occasion.

GOTHA.—Spohr's oratorio of *Die letzten Dinge* was performed under the direction of Herr Wandersleb at the concert for the Freiligrath Fund.

LEIPSIC.—A new opera, *Faustina Hasse*, by Herr Louis Schubert, of Dresden, is to be given here next season.

HALLE.—The Singacademie gave a performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* at the commencement of the present month.

The Coronation Mass of the Abbé Liszt, performed at Buda the other day, says the *Gazette Musicale*, produced a great effect. It is written in a style differing from that of the Gran Mass. In it the orchestra plays the most important part. A singularity is to be noticed in the "Credo," sung in plain song as at the Church of the Dominicans at Rome, and simply accompanied by the organ, which follows the voices almost constantly without harmony.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1867.

About Fugues.

An old contributor gives us to-day another of his very clear and methodical papers on the subject of Musical Form. For the most part he puts things in their right relation, but there is one point on which we think his remarks are likely to mislead. He calls the Fugue a "*quasi* Art-form;" and by his development of the statement it appears that the *quasi* is meant to qualify equally the term Art and the term Form; that is, he denies that a Fugue has form and that it properly falls within the sphere of Art. We respectfully put in a few hints in plea for arrest of judgment.

1. *Is* the rank of a work of Art to be "measured by its *pathos*, or expression," and that only? Can you not with a moment's thought recall a hundred of the choicest pieces of such artists as Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., not characterized at all by pathos? Expression they of course have, but not in that sense. What shall we say of the Mendelssohn Fairy Music? what of the *Zauberflöte* overture? what of a thousand exquisite things in hearing which heart, soul, imagination wander free, float in delicious reverie, forget the emotions of the hour, with all that is simply personal or dramatic, lose the sense of time and seem to realize eternity? Much of the purest, truest music simply sets the soul *free*, and gives play to an inner spiritual life, which is as much deeper than particular emotions, as these are deeper than cold formalism. It would be nearer to the fact to say: the measure of a work of Art, in Music as in other arts, is its *spirit*, its character, meaning, genius,—all summed up in the fullest sense of the word Beauty. Expression of course (if not defined by mere pathos or emotion) is an excellent criterion of genuineness and worth in any Art. But how many persons fail to find expression in that which happens to express something more or other than *they* may have experienced! Bach put his life into his Fugues (inasmuch as he mostly wrote in the fugue style); if you feel no life, no quickening soul there, does it never occur to you that Bach possibly had something deeper to express, some most sincere experience, some finer consciousness, then you in your most tuneful mood have felt the need of tones or words for? Can you not trust the mystical charm of beauty, that which haunts us in many a piece of music of which it would be hard or worse than idle to try to say what it was meant to express? Why not own its power, its charm, as we do that of Nature, of the waves rolling in on the beach (there is fugue for you!) of the broad landscape, the still night air, influences which takes possession of our souls, and yet we cannot analyze or understand them any better than a simple listener understands a Bach fugue, though it stir him to the depths of his soul and lift him above himself into the breath of higher life? To be sure one great secret of the charm of Nature is, that she sympathizes with all our soul's sweetest, grandest, most unalterable secrets, all our best moods and aspirations. Well, just so does a true piece of music, in that form which we maintain to be the most spiritual of all, the Fugue, or at least a piece conceived and wrought out in the *spirit* of the fugue form, a Fugue which has genius in it, like those of Bach, and not a mechanically made one (for mechanical imitations should not count in any kind of art,)—just so does such a Fugue, even though we cannot analyze its technical structure, seem to sympathize with the soul of the listener who is otherwise prepared and open to the influence as he is to that of Nature.

2. Much more so if, besides the spiritual susceptibility or inward *rapport*, one *has* analyzed and studied; has learned to trace the leading theme, the secondary subject, throughout the tangled web, to recognize the imitations, the related thoughts and phrases, the climax of development, the close and rapid gathering in of all the motives at the end, &c. No poetic mind finds Nature loses beauty by any study of which his poor faculties are capable; on the contrary, the nearer we come to her the more we feel. And so it is with a fine Fugue, that has genius in it. The fact that its structure *is* technical, that it is governed by stricter laws than other forms, that the melodic motives are short and few, does not preclude being also a great deal more than that, does not empty it of such live soul and genius as there may be in its author; nay, if he be master of the art as Bach was, it may become second nature to him, he will revel in it as a native language, pliant to his every mood, and the product will be as spontaneous as a snatch of song—to such a master. The first question, after all, is that of *genius*. The next is that of culture, mastery of tools, economy of means; and this leads us to consider

3. The Fugue as an Art *form*. According to Mr. Mathews, "the Fugue, as to its correlation of periods, has no determinate form; it is a fantasy." But a fantasy, as surely as it has genius, *has* form of some kind; if you cannot find it in any code of laws, it is a law unto itself. Strange that what is objected to as being all law (mere contrapuntal skill and patience) should be suddenly so outlawed! The Fugue, we venture to suggest, is the vital principle of musical form; it is the prime secret of all form, the very soul of it. Whatever music does not more or less imply the Fugue principle, though it need not be strict Fugue, is likely to be poor and shallow music. For Fugue is simply development, the logical unfolding of what is latent in a germ, or theme. It is a music what the spiral law of growth is in the plant. It has its correspondences in other arts; in nothing perhaps so strikingly as in those wonderful creations of Architecture, which are the farthest removed from mere mechanics and geometry, which speak most to the soul and the imagination and almost seem alive and growing, yearning, soaring upward as we look at them, the old Gothic Churches. There is the Fugue in visible, solid form; the same precision in detail, the same endless echoing and imitation of motives and parts of motives, phrases, with quaint particulars, a thousand painted arches, clustered columns, spires and ornaments, all aspiring, growing to a climax, yet to the mind still hinting further growth, still seeming in the process of *becoming*, never absolutely;—utmost finish in detail mechanically, actually, but ideally suggesting still the infinite, the unattainable in time. This suggestion of the Infinite is what we would call the *expression* of the Fugue. (But mind, it must be a fugue of genius). So too it has its counter-types, or shall we say its phototypes in Nature; in the waves rolling up the beach, in the waves that run along a field of grain before the wind, in the tongues of flame losing themselves and reappearing as it all soars and seeks the sky.

Yes, in music the Fugue is the perfect type of unity in variety. It is Nature's own law; the true instinct of genius felt it out, obeyed it unconsciously by the inmost necessity of Art and of its own soul. True to nature, genius could not do otherwise; it was simply letting germs, seed-thoughts (motives, themes we call them technically) *grow*. To be bound always strictly to the Fugue form is pedantry; but not to know it, not to feel it, not to imply it even in free composition, is to forsake the real fount of inspiration. All the great composers, the real creators, whose works live forever,—Beethoven for instance, who seldom wrote fugues *as such*—working by a true instinct with Nature and the divine laws of essential form, or unity, still imply the Fugue in whatever form they write; they have its secret in them, its law is in their hearts, the soul of all

their method; only they are so familiar with it that they need not literally present it. It lay at the basis of their culture. No one is fairly master of the free forms until he is master of the Fugue. That it is, wherever there is harmony, wherever there is more than one *part*, it is essential to true art that the parts move individually, that there be some contrapuntal texture; now all counterpoint implies fugue at bottom.

4. And now we see why one never exhausts the interest of a good fugue. There may be mechanical, dry fugues; but there are also live ones; a live one never gets hacknied, never dogs and persecutes the mind like popular melodies when too much ventilated through street organs and the like. For it *treats* its theme, developes, serves it up in such a way, as to make it a perpetual renovation and illustration of itself; and so invests it with perennial youth and freshness; it can no more bore you now, than can the themes, the motives, echoed and repeated throughout the whole upward floating, spirit-like mass of a Strassburg or Cologne Cathedral. All its possibilities of repetition are provided for, anticipated in this structural development, this contrapuntal transfiguration, lifting it beyond reach of the curse of commonplace, so that it cannot spoil. Right healthy music are the fugues of Bach, and hearty too. And this brings us back again to *expression*.

5. If Fugues were merely "intellectual," wholly out of the sphere of feeling, sentiment, expression, they would all affect us very much alike. On the contrary they differ in character, in mood, in sentiment, as widely as songs differ, or rondos, or Sonatas. Take the "Well-tempered Clavichord" alone; it furnishes varieties of many sorts. Some of its fugues are profoundly solemn and religious; some win you to a mood of calm and dreamy reverie: some to a musing melancholy; some bespeak a sad and contrite heart; others leap like a fountain in the sunshine; here and there is one fairy-like enough for Mendelssohn; others are triumphant, bold, full of resolve. Some are impassioned, *agitato* movement; but in the most the soul possesses itself in a serene tranquility. Healthy and strong they are as a rule, and at the same time refined and spiritual. Of course they breathe the *spirit* of their maker,—those which are not made mechanically. These were made poetically; there is tenderness, there is heartfelt piety, there are felicities of fancy, there is imagination in the fugues of Bach. Or take Mozart's Overture to the "Magic Flute: it there no poetry, no romance, more of the genial Mozart temper there? Why multiply examples?

"But "the noblest mission of music," you say, "is to express emotion." Is not *here* emotion? And is the emotion, or rather the sentiment, the feeling, the spirit, any the less real because "intellect" goes with it? Are *intellectual emotions* less pure, less real, less exquisite than simple emotions without intellectuality, which so readily run out into shallow sentimentalism?

6. Here remark an unconscious confusion of ideas in the writer of "Musical Form," misled by his own terms. Because to write or understand a Fugue requires exercise of *thought*, of close technical analysis applied to its elements and form, (and so does a Sonata, or any other complex form), he becomes alarmed with the notion that the Fugue proposes to express *thoughts* "ideas" (other than musical ones), thus entering into vain rivalry with speech! That is quite another thing. We have seen instances of that foolish pretention on the part of free, non-contra-puntal, non-classical composers; but who ever heard of a "programme Fugue"? No, just herein is the Fugue truer than any other form to the purely musical mission of music, less guilty of the sin of stepping down from this "higher plane" of music pure, having no end outside of itself, no end but music, to try to do the work of other arts or languages; except in the case of vocal fugues, like Handel's choruses, or Bach's, where there is a text to be illustrated, and these our essayist approves and counts them "real art-works."

The Orpheus Musical Society had their annual picnic at Fresh Pond on Monday last, and was well represented by its active and passive members and their ladies. The full Germania band furnished dance and promenade music interpersed with part songs by the Society. The pavilion was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mr. Roeth. The festivities were prolonged till about nine in the evening, the full moon illuminating the grove, aided by Chinese lanterns.

Northampton, Mass. A Festival Concert was given in this beautiful old town on the 11th inst., by the Northampton Choral Union, assisted by the East Hampton Musical Society and an Orchestra of 27 instruments, including the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Mr. T. W. Meekins was Director. The first part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night," with a printed symopsis on the bills, apparently condensed from a description in this Journal a few years ago. We are told that the performance was highly successful. Certainly it was a worthy aspiration for a young Society in an inland town to study and bring out a work of such importance. We understand that during the four years of its existence, it has given performances of Beethoven's Mass in C, Weber's Mass in G, the so-called Twelfth of Mozart, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The "Walpurgis Night" is decidedly a step in a higher direction. Mendelssohn's Psalms, &c., will furnish much more good material.

The second part of the Concert was miscellaneous, including "With verdure clad," by Miss Hattie M. Clarke; a flute solo, by Heindl; a Duet from *Martha*, Mrs. Meekins and Miss Shepard; a German ballad with horn obbligato by Mr. Hamann; Cavatina from *Le Prêtre aux Chères*; Male Chorus: "Battle Song of the Ancient Saxons," by Rietz; and Overture to *Martha*.

Farmington, Conn. We ask attention to Mr. Karl Klauser's advertisement for a lady teacher to assist him in the musical department of Miss Porter's School. The musical tone and character of the school stand high; and it must be not a small advantage to a lady rightly qualified to coöperate in the good work, and be within the influence of so sound and true a musician as Mr. Klauser.—There are other good services of his to Art to which we mean to call attention.

Bridgeport, Conn. The Steamer City of Paris, arriving in New York, on the 13th inst., brought back Mr. Charles F. Daniels, of this city.

Mr. Daniels who is well known to our citizens as an accomplished and thorough musician, has for the past four months been pursuing his studies in Europe under the direction of Stephen Heller.

Verdi's opera, *Don Carlos*, produced in England for the first time on the 4th ult., is neither better nor worse than the later productions of this composer. That it is infinitely superior to his early work, *I Lombardi*, is indisputable; but we doubt whether *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, or even *Rigoletto* will be eclipsed by *Don Carlos*. The story of the opera is not pleasing; but Signor Verdi must have strong excitement; and in this production we have not only a most complicated family love affair—in which neither male nor female characters are remarkable either for purity of thought or intention—but political and religious events are firmly woven in with the plot, so that the usual grand operatic "effects," to which the public are now so thoroughly accustomed, are plentifully scattered throughout, and the second act terminates with a great *tableau*, in which citizens, troops, and monks are grouped together, according to the approved modern style (the fashion of which was almost set by Meyerbeer), illumined by the electric light, and sensationally brought to a culminating point by an *auto da fé*, in which a few heretics are supposed to be roasting whilst the curtain falls. In the composition of this opera, Signor Verdi has thought more earnestly, and worked more zealously than in any of his former works; but that he has been as successful as he desired is open to doubt; for although when a great genius throws his whole energy and power into a composition, the result may be safely calculated, with a composer like Verdi, who has gained his fame by a few *cantabile* for catching melodies, interspersed with spasmodic vocal effects and coarse instrumentation, it often happens that his best and most lasting works are precisely those in which he has been least ambitious. The whole of the first act of the opera, as it stood in its original state, is now cut out, so that the curtain rises upon what was the second act, after a brief and exceedingly weak prelude; for, as usual in modern Italian operas, there is no overture. In this act the principal pieces are a dramatic duet between *Rodrigo* and *Don Carlos*, in which the former urges his friend to assist the Flemings in resisting the oppression of the Spanish tyrant (chiefly remarkable for the exquisite singing of Signor Graziani), a "Chanson du voile," said to a "Saracenic" ballad, and sung by Mlle Fricci (so excessively crude, with its pertinacious G natural as a bass, in the key of A major, as to offend all sensitive ears, however the Moors might like it); a love-duet between *Don Carlos* and the Queen, admirably given by Signor Naudin and Mlle. Pauline Lucca (the climax of which is one of the best things in the opera); an exceedingly melodious Romance for the Queen, in F minor (deliciously accompanied by wind instrument), with a second movement in B flat major; and a duet between the King and *Rodrigo*, in which Philip is compelled to listen to the ultra liberal notions of *Rodrigo*, a composition full of effective declamatory passages, and winding up with one of those displays of what may be called the "muscular" school of writing, for which Verdi is so remarkable. The second act contains a very excellent Trio, in which *Don Carlos* makes love to the Princess *Eboli*, in mistake for the Queen, and *Rodrigo*, after the discovery of the error, endeavors to act as peacemaker. This is one of the most effective pieces of writing in the whole work; and is evidently based on models which it has been the ambition of the composer to imitate wherever the construction of the opera will allow him to do so. The *finale* of this act we have already alluded to. It is undoubtedly clever, but noisy and over instrumental to a painful degree. The unisonous passage for the six Deputies has a good effect; but the choral power is one of too purely physical a nature to produce anything but a sensation of relief in the listeners when the curtain descends and leaves the eye and ear once more in repose. The fourth act brought Signor Bagagiolo, as the Grand Inquisitor, before us for the first time at this establishment. A duet with the King gave him an excellent opportunity of displaying a remarkably fine bass voice, which we hope to hear on a future occasion in a part of more pretension. This somewhat long composition is effectively accompanied by the grave instruments, both wind and stringed, the trombones, especially, being very felicitously employed. The act also contains an admirable quartette, and an impassioned solo, declaimed with so much energy by Mlle. Fricci as to be most enthusiastically redemanded. From this point the composer seems to have felt the effect of an over-taxed power; and the music gradually falls off in interest and merit. The *scena* of the Queen in the last act is simply commonplace; the final duet with *Don Carlos*, although containing some beautiful and melodious phrases, is by no means equal to the music of the early portion of the opera; and the fall of the curtain, therefore, produced but little actual demonstration of approval. With the audience, however, the work was thoroughly successful; the singers, as we have said, (including M. Petit, as the King), exerted themselves to the utmost; and although (little as we sympathize with the school of which Verdi may be said to stand at the head (we should ourselves prefer the spontaneous style of writing by which the composer first gained a widely spread popularity, his new opera is at least entitled to respect, as the earnest attempt of a composer to escape from a style which his better nature must have whispered to him was inartistic and unreal.—*London Musical Times*.

The Songs of the Freedmen. Our readers may remember that about five years ago we published a letter from Miss McKim, of Philadelphia, (now the wife of Mr. W. P. Garrison,) describing the songs which she had heard (and partly taken down) among the recently freed people of the Sea Islands. Much larger collections were afterwards made by Prof. Wm. F. Allen, of West Newton, and his cousin, Mr. Chas. P. Ware, of Milton. These three are now united, by common agreement, and have been very largely increased by accessions from all parts of the South. The basis still remains the "spirituals," such as were furnished the *Atlantic* by Mr Higginson, who has kindly turned them over to the persons named above, that they many publish them, words and music, in one volume. The collection will be

edited by Prof. Allen, who has written a preface of some length to illustrate the songs. Messrs. A. Simpson & Co., of the Agathynian Press, 60 Duane street, New York, intend to give the work their imprint (a guaranty of the highest style of typography), provided they meet with sufficient encouragement. The cost per volume will probably not exceed $1.75, and will be much less to those taking several copies. Orders may be sent to the firm with the above address. No one will question the urgency of preserving these transient productions of a highly musical race, and they will commend themselves for actual enjoyment to all lovers of music, as well as to lovers of the curious.

The *Nation*, of May 30th, alludes to the excellent project in these terms:

"The proper folk-songs of this country should be sought, we suppose, among the aborigines; but the capacity of the Indian for music does not appear to be equal to his reputed capacity for eloquence. The negro possesses both these gifts in a high degree, and it is singular that no one up to this time has explored for preservation the wild, beautiful, and pathetic melodies of the Southern slaves. Their secular songs, or what purported to be such, have in times past made their way into all mouths; but their "spirituals"—the genuine expression of their eminently religious nature—have only recently claimed attention. We are able to announce a collection, based on the Port Royal hymnody, and including the songs of as many Southern States as are obtainable, which will be published either in the course of this year or at the beginning of the next. The words and (whenever possible) the music will be carefully reproduced, and it is the aim of the editors to make the volume complete in both respects. Any information relating to this subject will be very acceptable to them, and may be sent to Mr. W. P. Garrison, Box 6732, N. Y. Post-office.

Forty Years Ago. While the memory of our "Cretan Concert" (Boston, Feb. 18, 1867) is yet fresh, it will be curious to read the following programme of music given in New York during the first Greek revolution. It has been fished out of oblivion by the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. But the great singer who took part in it had not then acquired her great name. Thus it reads:

Oratorio for the benefit of the Greeks, by the *New York Music Society*, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, 1827.
Conductors, T. Birch and I. P. Cole.—Leader, W. Taylor.—Organist, W. Blondell.
Principal singers, Signorina Garcia, Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Keene, and Mr. Howard.

PART I.

Overture.....Jomelli.
Chorus, "Arise ye people,".....Marseilles Hymn.
Song—Mr. Howard—"Sound an alarm,".....Handel.
Recitative and air } Mrs. Blake, { Comfort ye. / Every Valley,.....Handel.
Air—Mrs Sharpe—"My song shall be of Mercy,".....Kent.
Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father"—Mt. of Olives.....Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture—Artaxerxes.....Arne.
Chorus, "Awake to sounds of glory,".....Mozart.
Recitative and air—Mrs Hackett—"Sound the Trumpet,".....Himmel.
Air—Mr Howard—"Sin not, O King,".....Handel.
Song—Mr. Keene—"Lord, remember David,".....Handel.
Recitative and air—Signorina Garcia, accompanied on the organ by P. K. Moran—"Angels ever bright and fair,".....Handel.
Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah"—Messiah.....Handel.

The orchestra consisted of 27 instruments, and the chorus of about 60 persons.

It will be seen from the above programme that Signorina Garcia, afterwards the famous Malibran, sang at that concert. She was then residing in New York, whither she had come with the operatic troupe brought to this country by her father in 1825, and was a great favorite with the public.

The Lower Rhenish Festivals. An account of the forty fourth, which occurred last month at Aix-la-Chapelle, was copied in our last. The following historical review of these Festivals is from the *Guardian* (England:)

The originator of these meetings in Germany is said to have been one Bischoff, organist of Grankenhausen and subsequently music director at Hildesheim, who some fifty-seven years ago assembled together the musicians in his province, and instituted a "Thuringian Musical Festival," which was held at Erfurt in the year 1811. In 1817 Johann Schornstein, the music director at Elberfeld, followed the example of Bischoff, collected together the musical forces there and in Dusseldorf, and gave a performance on a large scale in the former town, thus laying the foundation of the Rhenish festivals, the success of the Elberfeld one being so great that several of the most influential persons in the two towns took the matter in hand, and determined to give two grand concerts at Whitsunside, which should take place in biennial alternation at Elberfeld and Dusseldorf. The organization of these concerts exacted so much labor and trouble, that it was resolved to propose to a third neighboring town to take part in them, and an offer of co-operation was made to Cologne, which city at first declined the proposal. It was, therefore, at Elberfeld and at Dusseldorf where the four first festivals were held. In 1818 Burgmüller directed at Dusseldorf; in 1819 Schornstein directed—amongst other works Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's Overture *Leonora* (probably No. 2) and his Second Symphony—at Elberfeld; in 1820 Handel's *Samson* and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, under Burgmüller's direction, were in the Dusseldorf programme, and in 1820 Cologne offered its valuable co-operation, where the festival of 1821 was held, at which Burgmüller directed an oratorio, *The Last Judgement*, by F. Schneider, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony, &c. In the years 1822 and 1823 the same directors conducted respectively at Dusseldorf and Elberfeld. In 1824 Frederick Schneider of Dessau was requested to direct the festival at Cologne, when his oratorio, *The Deluge*, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the overture *Coriolanus*, &c., were given. In the year 1825 the eighth festival was held for the first time at Aix-la-Chapelle, which town then co-operated provisionally with Dusseldorf and Cologne, in consequence, it is said, of some disinclination manifested on the part of Elberfeld to continue its support. The festival of 1826 was at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Spohr and Ries,—the former bringing out his oratorio, *Last Judgment*, and the latter a symphony in D major. In 1827, the year in which Beethoven died, the meeting was once more held at Elberfeld. The C minor Symphony, and parts of the great Mass in D by that mighty master were given, under direction of Schornstein. From the time of the retirement of Elberfeld, Aix-la-Chapelle gave in its definite adhesion, and excepting from 1848 to 1850—the years of political disturbances—these festivals have occurred at Dusseldorf, Aix, or Cologne. In 1828, at Cologne, Ries directed his new overture, *Don Carlos*, and Klein of Berlin his new oratorio, *Jephtha*. At Aix, the next year, Ries conducted his symphony in F, and his oratorio, *Der Sieg des Glaubens*,—the "Eroica" was also given. In 1830 at Dusselhorf, *Judas Maccabæus* (with Clasing's instrumentation), the *Mount of Olives*, &c., were given, Ries conducting. At Cologne in 1832 Handel's *Samson*, Beethoven's symphony in A, and a new "Fest" overture by Ries were performed, Ries again conducting. The festival of 1833 at Dusseldorf was memorable as having been conducted by Mendelssohn, then only in his twenty-fifth year. Handel's *Israel* was given, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, his great overture, *Leonora*, and a new overture by the illustrious conductor. It was on this occasion that a third performance was set on foot by Mendelssohn, who gave, as a supplementary concert, a performance on the third morning of the "Fest" week, at which the two overtures and most of the choruses and solos was repeated, and Weber's Concert-Stück" was played by Mendelssohn. No less than seven of the festivals were directed by the last-named composer, whose energy and genius gave of course great impulse to them. The following festivals were given under his direction:—At Cologne in 1835, at Dusseldorf in 1836, when he produced his oratorio, *St. Paul*, at Cologne in 1838, at Dusseldorf in 1839, when his "42nd Psalm" was given, at Dusseldorf again in 1842, when his *Lobgesang* was given, and lastly (the year before his early death,) at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1846, when Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and a motet by Cherubini were included in the programme. At Aix in 1840 Spohr directed, in 1843 Reissiger, in 1851 Lindpaintner, who conducted also in 1854, in 1857 Liszt, in 1861 Lachner, and in 1864 Rietz, and Wullner of Munich. The other festivals which have been directed by eminent composers are—that at Cologne in 1847, when Onslow and Spontini presided, that at Dusseldorf in 1853, when Schumann conducted his splendid symphony in D minor, and Hiller his "125th Psalm." The latter composer directed also the festivals in 1855 and 1860 at Dusseldorf, and those of 1858, 1862, and 1865 at his own city—Cologne. The two Dusseldorf festivals, in 1863 and in 1866, were conducted by Otto Goldschmidt and Tausch, and have been, together with that in 1855, rendered for ever memorable from the fact that Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt sang at them. The illustrious artist sang also at the twenty-eighth festival—at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1846.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 687. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ristori in Comedy.

So much has been written upon the rival merits of Rachel and Ristori, and so much discriminating criticism has been called forth, that another line in illustration of the comparison would seem unnecessary. There is one view of the subject, however, which has not been taken.

Nothing impressed me more on again seeing Ristori after an interval of eighteen years, than the immense superiority she displayed in melodrama and high comedy over tragedy. The memory of her former self was as unfavorable to her present personations as the memory of Rachel.

It was my good fortune to be in Florence in 1849, before she had acquired her Paris reputation, and night after night to enjoy her renderings of Scribe and Goldoni. The former suffered from translation, though enough of his wit and ingenuity remained to make his plays very acceptable. Goldoni richly deserves such an expositor, and those who only know him as one of the helps to the acquirement of the Italian language can form no idea of his merits. Ristori's arch humor, pathos and ease, added to her natural beauty and high-born air, eminently fitted her for genteel comedy. She did full justice to the beauty of her native tongue, and it was delightful to hear it flowing musically from her lips and observe how every mood and costume became her.

She did not always confine herself to skilful authors, but whatever she attempted was perfectly done. In one play particularly her triumph over a ridiculous plot was remarkable. A young lady of birth and fortune marries clandestinely an adventurer who proves to have been a *confectioner!* I forget the name of the playwright, though he deserves to be remembered for his originality and daring. Brigands have been considered fascinating for many years. Murderers are intensely popular. Music and language masters are dangerous. Exiles only inferior to murderers. Highwaymen and pickpockets have been idealized repeatedly, and Miss Braddon has even stooped to a groom and lifted him up into a hero; but writers have not recruited from the ranks of tailors, dancing masters or pastry cooks. Next to the daring of imagining such a plot was that of representing it, but it proved Ristori's power.

The easy grace and happiness of her appearance when she first entered in riding habit and hat, whip in hand, was bewitching. Then came distrust, anxiety and the gradual awakening to a sense of her folly. Her faithfulness in spite of deceit and treachery and her final throwing herself at the feet of the "*padre nobile*" while pleading for her unworthy husband, were masterly. It was talent and a high order of talent, exerted in a poor cause.

In quitting her own peculiar walk, Ristori has incurred the disadvantage of not being so well supported. The Italians are peculiarly calculated to represent light and evanescent emotions. The calm, sad dignity of tragedy does not suit their mercurial natures. They are usually either stiff or exaggerated; I mean as compared with their comic delineations, for in all imitative arts they are superior to the Anglo Saxon race.

The impression of Ristori's great superiority as an actress was so vivid, that though on seeing Rachel two years after I acknowledged her wonderful powers, I fancied the Italian might rival her in tragedy, at the same time being convinced no one could surpass her. Therefore when the curtain rose last November at the Boston Theatre and we awaited her appearance in Judith, it was with an emotional interest. But the moment she appeared the high wrought expectation sank. The mere fluttering of the drapery, the hurried walk across the stage, the rapid words in which she announced the discovery of a spring to the perishing Israelites proved in a moment beyond doubt the superiority of Rachel. It was fine declamation, but the passion, the power, the classic attitudes of the French woman were not there.

Had we never seen Ristori in comedy nor Rachel in tragedy we should have been entirely delighted. As it was we were haunted by the wish that she had been faithful to high comedy; for what does high comedy demand? Culture, grace, imitativeness, a bright, sympathetic mind, and high powers of understanding. No one can deny her greatness in tragedy, but she was *greater* in comedy.

Had she been faithful to her gift and specialty, she would have been the acknowledged queen of that charming line of acting, and Rachel would have trod the stage some years longer, for there is no doubt her death was hastened by the poisoned shaft of envy.

Ristori can now lay claim to being the first tragic actress in the world, a proud supremacy which we insist could not have been given her while Rachel lived, for there was that in the fiery nature of the Jewess which enabled her to accomplish what no woman with a calmer temperament can do. If she stole the fire from heaven, it consumed her. If her ambition led her to superhuman efforts, it ate her heart away.

There seems to me no more melancholy picture than Rachel forced to witness the innocent triumphs of her rival. We recall Prometheus on his rock, Napoleon at St. Helena; and these pangs must have been aggravated by the injustice of the Parisian verdict. She *knew* she was the greatest in her own line, and the mad grief and jealousy at not being able to make others feel it, broke her proud spirit.

There never were two beings who more perfectly illustrated the difference between talent and genius than Ristori and Rachel.

Musical Letters by Ferdinand Hiller.*

THE FORTY-FOURTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The Festival began for me at the Central Railway Terminus, Cologne, where I met our respected old master, Moscheles, who had braved the night journey from Leipsic, in order that he might arrive the sooner on the harmonic battlefield. I enjoyed the pleasure of chatting away the time with him to Aix-la Chapelle, and deriving fresh satisfaction at his undiminished interest in everything going on in art and life. The entrance into the bustle of our musical festivals has always something intoxicating about it, especially when a man rushes off direct from the railway carriage into the concert room. I was received by an energetical "Ho! Ho!" but it was soon evident that this was not intended for my humble self, but for Orpheus, the beautiful, and I regarded it as no evil omen. In fact, after Mlle. Bettelheim had moved the Furies and the auditors, I quickly found myself surrounded by dear friends and acquaintances. "Ah, Rheinthaler!" Look, there is *Capellmeister* Scholz." "And Wüllner?" "He is due to-day." "*Tiens, voilà ce cher Gouvy!* What, have you been able to leave Paris and the Exposition?" "Yes; everything is to be found there, except such music as is heard here!" Now there rush in a host of enthusiastic Belgians. "*Vous sommes à notre poste, Monsieur; comme tous les ans—Fannie proclaim ce soir à Cologne, n'est-ce pas?*" "I hope so, but a year, now-a-days, is a century. Who can tell what may happen!" I stand upon tiptoe in order to shake hands with the Cherusens, who, under the name of Niemann, is now starring it in Germany. Rietz—*Jupiter tonans*—now leaves his place in the clouds to approach mere mortals, while, with a light step, Brennung winds his way through an Olympus full of Graces, to grasp the sceptre. The good-natured members of the Committee greet us most cordially; they seem in high spirits, and have good reason to be so. The critics, also, make their appearance from Germany and England, and France and Belgium and Leipsic—but from among them we miss one who for forty years attended these pleasant festivals and was, as it were, their historian: Professor Ludwig Bischoff. I once represented him in these columns (the reader will remember the circumstance), while he was on a visit to England. From the bourne which he has now gone to visit he will return no more.

This distinguished man had many enemies; now that he is gone, people appreciate the great loss they have suffered by his death. What stores of acquirements and talent were borne with him to the grave! Where is the pen that could work so effectively as a medium between the highest interests of our art and the public! Of those interests he never lost sight, and it was his unceasing endeavor to make his readers appreciate all that is beautiful and sublime in the works of our great masters. He always possessed the power of doing this in a new, forcible, clever, and universally intelligible style, and of thus exciting an interest for music even in those who originally cared nothing about it. He never sat in a concert room to criticize; he allowed what he heard to work upon him, and in the most advanced age possessed a keen susceptibility for fresh impressions—a susceptibility that is greatly needed by some even of the very youngest among us. Sometimes he may have been mistaken! But let the man who is conscious that this has never happened to himself cast a stone at him! He is reproached with having been now and then exaggerated in his praises, a fault felt with peculiar acuteness in Germany, where the fact of abusing anyone, and the more coarsely the better, is considered the particular office of criticism. But what he thought bad he never praised; what he thought good he never censured. I gladly seize this opportunity of paying a slight tribute of gratitude to the man who, for a long period,

* Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, for the London Musical World.

stood by my side and afforded me the most disinterested aid in my artistic efforts and enterprises, and, if any one observe, with a smaller or larger addition of irony, that I, more than any other man, am especially bound to do so, I most heartily and unreservedly acknowledge the fact. I feel convinced, however, that very many must—and, moreover, will—join me in these too few votive lines, for if the virtue of being just is ever given to us mortals it is towards the Dead.

Let us, however, return to life, full, fresh, and invigorating, such as we but too seldom find it—and nowhere more unclouded than in true cultivation of the truly Beautiful. That which renders our Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine, if they are what they ought to be, and what, fortunately, they mostly have been, such important features in our civilization, is that, without petty aims and considerations, the object for which they exist is to secure the highest possible amount of appreciation for the sublimest kinds of art by representing them in the most effective manner. So many persons, too, from so many quarters, co-operate in them with such self-sacrificing devotion, with such unpretending dedication of their best strength, and with such ingenuous enthusiasm, that they are entitled to our deepest respect. It has often been remarked, but can never be remarked often enough, what great services are rendered to the good cause by the members of the Festival Committee; but of the enormous pains taken by them, of the long-continued and frequently laborious efforts necessary to prepare everything, to get together all the materials for erecting the airy monuments of our art, the uninitiated have not the slightest conception. Moreover I do not know where we shall find the genuine and warm love for art which exists in the hearts of the German people more plainly manifested than in the amateurs and the musicians who constitute the chorus and the orchestra. Such hard labor, lasting the whole day, and accompanied by a continuous silent or loud jubilation, is possible only where real enthusiasm exists. The trifling remuneration which is all that can be offered the members of the orchestra is by no means to be compared with what is expected from them, and most fearlessly do I assert that such a state of things is possible with *German* musicians alone.

The official report returns the number of the chorus at 407, and 123 as the number of the members of the orchestra. As the hall is not extravagantly large, but extraordinarily sonorous, the exhibition of power was very grand. The choruses had been admirably got up (by Herr Breunung, the *Musik-Director* of the Town)—the singers sang with as much spirit as exactness. Our beautiful, high-sounding Rhenish voices were once more heard to the greatest advantage—the sopranos especially exerted all their fascination. Rhenish singers, when in full swing, sometimes overstep a little bit the delicate line of beauty, and their energy then receives a certain touch of impetuosity—a weakness, if superabundance of strength may be so called, which is redeemed a hundred fold by the fulness of sparkling life that it brings to light—but, we should think, a weakness easily to be overcome. The magnificence of the stringed quartet at our Festivals is everywhere acknowledged—the like of such hosts of select *Zündnadel* bows are to be found assembled nowhere else. Anything may be done with them—the softest movements, the most stormy attacks—the more difficult, the better! A combined tone like steel, brilliant, steady, pure, and sterling—and then again gentle and etherial like harmonica-bells. Above all are the first violins, the worthy companions of the crystal clear sopranos. Attached to the *Concertmeister*, Herren Wenigsmann and von Königslöw, of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, as leaders, were a whole host of superior officers fighting in the ranks. The wind instrumentalists, too, were excellent—pure, exact, and possessed of good taste, and it is a remarkable fact that much as the brass was called into requisition, scarcely the slighest mistake occurred in it. But the defect, which, indeed, is to be found in many of the most celebrated orchestras, and which consists in the fact that, from the heights they occupy, trombones, and trumpets bray down their tones rather too obstreperously, was not always avoided here.

The Committee had succeeded in obtaining such a vocal quartet as is seldom to be got together. Madame Harriers-Wippern, the sweet soprano, who unites the mildest and most harmonious voice with the most admirable training; Mlle. Caroline Bettelheim, whose fine, full contralto appears to flow directly from a thoroughly musical soul; Niemann, the hero of heroic tenors, and Hill, with a baritone so soft, and yet so vigorous. The envious Demon whose delight it is to derange somehow or other the best undertakings of us sons of clay, endeavored, on this occasion, to play off his impish tricks, and, in the form of a grateful draught, to deprive the amiable contralto of her voice—but he did not succeed, being in the end compelled to fly before the energetic will and conscientious precautions of the fair young singer.

And Julius Rietz was the director of the Festival. I cannot help fearing that I shall be laughed at by my old, and somewhat sarcastic friend, if I praise him—but I will do so for all that. At least, I will express the pleasure one feels on seeing at the conductor's desk a man with *knowledge* and with *will:* who *knows* what he *wills*, and is able to carry it out. With him we have no anxious attempts; no grand airs to inspire respect; no clever phrases which advance nothing. On the one hand, the confident and necessary consciousness: "I understand what I am about"—on the other, the no less necessary conviction: "He understands what he is about"—and every thing goes off lightly, as though in play, and of its own accord, because it is an organized necessity that it must do so.

The second director of the Festival, my younger friend, Ferdinand Breunung, at any rate, I may congratulate upon the flattering success he achieved, and praise the sterling and varied talent which enabled him to be of such benefit to the Festival. In what a masterly manner he had conducted the preparatory rehearsals was demonstrated by the grand rehearsals. Without the thorough and conscientious preparatory training of the chorus, it would have been impossible even for St. Cecilia herself to have done anything. That Breunung is one of the first organists of Germany is one of the many true things known only to a few. I will return by-and-bye to his execution of the organ part, admirably arranged by himself for *Judas Maccabæus*. The pieces which it fell to his lot to conduct were sometimes extraordinarily difficult—but he swayed the masses with perfect certainty and discretion. During the numerous songs, too, sung on the third day, he sat at the pianoforte, a genuine *maestro al cembalo*, capable of satisfying the most varied demands—genuine and sterling.

The programme was a perfect galaxy of masterworks. Bach and Handel, and Gluck, Beethoven and Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Schumann, followed each other in almost historical order. Aught like criticism must be dumb at such a list—and, with all humility, I, therefore, hold my tongue. I cannot, however, refrain from citing a few lines from a letter which Felix Mendelssohn wrote to me on the 15th July, 1838:

"You will have already heard I was at the Musical Festival in Cologne. Every thing went off well: the organ produced a fine effect in Handel, and still more in Seb. Bach (it was some newly discovered music of his, that you do not yet know, with a pompous double chorus.) But, in my opinion at least, we wanted, also, the interest of something new and untried; I am fond of something uncertain, that affords me and the public the opportunity for an opinion—in Beethoven, Handel, and Bach, we know beforehand what there is: that must remain as it is, but something else must be added to it."

In Mendelssohn, also, himself, we know beforehand what there is—and the more interesting and significant have his words become for us.

The first day brought with it a magnificent performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and, as a kind of prelude, the Orchester-Suite in D major, by J. S. Bach. Of the five movements of which the latter is composed, the second, called an Air, produced, probably, the most pleasing impression. It consists of a broad, gentle strain, which was assigned by the composer to a solo violin. The great Bach, who, when he did not play his music himself, was, in all likelihood, but very seldom favorably impressed by the mode in which it was executed, would have been not a little surprised, had he heard this solo performed by a whole host of fiddlers together, as was the case here. In the other movements, also, the stringed quartet came out in all its fulness and strength, and the trumpets, which have a great part to sustain, carried it through with as much brilliancy as neatness. But it cannot be denied that the public were not particularly moved by the work, and it was impossible to be angry with them for it. When, now-a-days, an orchestra, and more especially, a Musical Festival orchestra, begins to move, people expect something else than what a Gavotte, a Bourrée, and a Gigue, even in their greatest excellence, can contain, and ought to contain—and the comprehension of the marvellous polyphony to be found in almost the smallest composition of Bach, is naturally not given to everyone. We musicians were greatly delighted, but we formed only an inconsiderable minority. It was a very different thing with *Judas Maccabæus*, one of the freshest and most popular works of Handel. *Judas Maccabæus* was written in a few weeks during the summer of 1746, for Handel flung all his greatest oratorios upon paper in a fearfully short time. It was produced for the first time on the 1st April, 1747, in Covent Garden Theatre, London. Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman, was the author of the words. There is a tradition that Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. suggested the subject, to celebrate the victory of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, over the unfortunate Charles Edward, whose army was annihilated at the battle of Culloden (2nd April, 1746). But it is scarcely possible to see any points of resemblance, when the subject is, in the one case, the last combined effort of the poor, small Jewish nation, and, in the other, the final overthrow of her enemy by haughty England. Be that, however, as it may, of all Handel's oratorios, *Judas Maccabæus* is that one which enjoyed the greatest success during the composer's life, and was most frequently performed. English writers attribute a portion of this success to the great partiality shown for the work by the Israelites, who, "zealous admirers of music generally, took a more especial interest in a work that sang in such a manner the heroic courage of their forefathers." The book of *Maccabæus* is nothing more nor less than—what such books usually are. Anything approaching even a material conception of the grandiose pitch of enthusiasm to which the Maccabees had managed to work up their people is altogether out of the question. Songs devoted in turn to lamentation, hope, martial courage, and the intoxication of victory, with a continual reference to the power of Jehovah, follow one another in due order, and the whole range of emotions from despair to the highest pitch of gladness is presented to us twice in succession. Did we not find in the recitatives certain names, such as Antiochus, Gorgias, Lysias, and Nikanor, together with the historically characteristic mention of a prominent elephant, the oratorio might apply quite as well to any warlike enterprise of the Jews as to those undertaken by the Maccabees. But no; at the end there comes Capolemus, the Jewish ambassador at Rome, and offers on the part of the Senate friendship and protection (what was afterwards called a *Rheinbund*), and these suspicious assurances would cast a shadow upon all the joy of victory, supposing we could think of anything in the world but Handel's magnificent music. In this, more than in any other of his oratorios, the choruses outshine the vocal solos. The deep earnestness of lament, the heroic energy of martial ardor, and the elevating feeling of triumph, has Handel glorified in eternal melodies, and it by no means requires a musical education, as it is termed, but simply an open ear and heart, to be carried away by their magnificence. Prominent among the vocal pieces are the duets, which introduce several of the finest

choruses. None of the airs stand on an equal elevation with them. Still Mme. Harriers-Wippern and Mlle. Bettelheim obtained thunders of applause for their masterly rendering of them, as well as of the duets. Hill proved himself to be the same as ever, and when Niemann burst forth with the words "Blast die Trompete, erhebt das Feldgeschrei," we could almost fancy that the roll of music in his hand had changed to a sword. The chorus, by the "schrecklich süssen Schall geweckt," sang in a style full of martial courage, "Wir folgen dir zum Siege," while the trumpets joined in with their blare, as though they would have blown down the walls of Jericho. But the greatest enthusiasm was that evoked by the celebrated choral song, "Sehet, er kommt mit Preis gekrönt" (which is to be found, also, in *Joshua*) —it had to be repeated.

It is well known that none of Handel's oratorios can be produced without omitting some things and supplying others, however strongely we may stand up for historical truth. Even the great composer himself arranged his works differently for the different performances of them, according to the quality and number of the vocalists at his disposal, and employed the organ and the cymbals, though the parts for those instruments are sometimes not found at all, and sometimes are merely suggested, in the scores. There exists great diversity of opinion as to how Handel's oratorios ought to be arranged now-a-days. That certain only of the solo pieces should be selected is a point on which all impartial and competent judges are unanimous, and the blind admirers of Handel will only be injuring their idol and his works, whenever they succeed in producing one of the latter without any curtailment. Leaving out of consideration the fact that very many of the airs are really insignificant, the singers of the present day are placed in a strange position with regard to them, a position in no way to be explained by stating it to be that of the theatrical as opposed to the oratorio style. The relation of the singers to the music is not the original one—for Handel's operatic airs and oratorio-airs are written in precisely the same style. But a very large number of Handel's solo songs are *bravura* pieces, and virtuosity, together with whatever is connected with it, constitutes, speaking strictly, the element of fashion in music. Now, since, at the present day (we may regret the fact, but so it is), we have mostly singers who are unable to master, far less to lend animation and expression to, these long-winded passages, we should compromise them and the performance generally, were we to compel them to sing the passages in question, unless, which is seldom the case, the airs are most closely connected with the pieces near them or with the whole action of the oratorio. In the last case, moreover, if necessary, a simplification or curtailment will always be preferable to the labored execution of what, to achieve its due effect, should appear spontaneously produced. We are compelled to cut out a great deal in the tragedies of Shakspeare and of Schiller, in order to fit them for theatrical representation, and the inward mental connection in one of Handel's oratorios is very far from being such as exists in those works.

At the performance, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, great reserve was manifested both as regards the omission of any of the airs, and the addition of certain wind instruments for the choruses. The recitatives were all accompanied on the piano (a pianino), with which, according to the historical tradition, the violoncello and the double-bass should properly have been united. But these instruments render the performance of the work more difficult than it otherwise would be, and, when thus combined with the piano, have always something perverse about them, and it was well done to set to work less historically. To most of the choruses and solo pieces, if not all, the organ was added—amid the sea of sound created by the large numbers comprised in the chorus and orchestra, it was not particularly prominent in the choruses, though it frequently contributed unnoticed to the beauty of the general effect. With regard to its employment in the airs and duets, there are one or two points to be remarked, and these are of a contrary purport. In this instance a great deal is to be said against its too frequent introduction. Above all else, there is the monotony of its sound, which becomes doubly objectionable when contrasted with the exceedingly delicate effects of light and shade required in vocal solos. Then on the present occasion there was also the great distance at which the organist was placed. This made a perfectly exact accompaniment extremely difficult —I should have said impossible, had not Brennung rendered it possible. But we ought not to feel the difficulty of anything when its perfection is to be sought in the most pliant submission. The soft registers employed by Brennung seemed to come from some higher regions, which they, in fact, did—but there was still something abrupt about them. The greatest difficulty was in adapting the organ accompaniments to the quicker *tempi*—while, from their nature, they were most appropriate and characteristic in calmly devout pieces. Taken all in all, there was, in the opinion of everyone among us, too much of a good thing.

But what course ought to be pursued with Handel's instrumentation, which is so sparse and stands so much in need of something additional? Ought we, as the historic party maintain, to add the piano alone to the airs and the organ only to the choruses? or ought the latter, if only sparingly, to be employed in the vocal solos also? Or are we at liberty to write supplementary parts for the wind instruments, and now and then introduce a few brass strains into the orchestra, when everything in the original score points to strength and power? I think that in every instance we ought to select what is adapted to the work, the separate pieces, and the particular circumstances under which the performance takes place, and, while doing so, to endeavor to avoid the additions of wanton arrogance as much as the pedantic humility of paltry non-interference. The presumptuous levity displayed at an epoch not very remote in getting up the performances of musical master-pieces (not those of Handel alone) may probably be regard as vanquished but let us not fall into the opposite extreme and make the spirit gave way to the letter. Fortunately, however, Handel stands firm in unshakable strength, despite all the various experiments that have been tried on him, from those at Sydenham to those at the smallest German towns—the fact is: nothing can kill him.

(To be continued.)

The First Debut of Henriette Sontag.

Translated from the "Gartenlaube."

With his fragrant coffee on the table before him, his finely-flavored pipe in his mouth, sat Herr Holbein, manager of the Prague Theatre; yet he felt relish for neither of his favorites, and dark clouds rested upon his brow. Indeed, the position of manager is not one calculated always to color with rosetints the humor of its occupant. "A Prima Donna! A kingdom for a Prima Donna!" cried the poor, troubled man; for he had promised to procure one in place of his own who had fallen sick, and he knew not how he could keep his word. The celebrated tenor singer, Gerstacker—the father of the renowned traveler—who was visiting in the city, had so delighted the public with his magnificent voice and exquisite style that, in spite of the heat of summer, he was eagerly called for, to appear in opera. Now, without one to fill the place of the invalid soprano, this of course would be impossible. As it was expected of him to furnish the wanting element, was it wonderful that the manager's Mocha had lost its flavor, and that his brow was clouded? With a gentle knock at the door, his friend, the Capellmeister and Opera director, Herr Friebensee, entered, and the first sound meeting his ear was the almost despairing cry:

"It is well that you have come; help me, stand by me. A kingdom for a soprano singer, were it but for one *role*."

"First give me the kingdom and then I will furnish the singer," was the laughing reply. "But what is the *role*?"

"Gerstacker has declared his willingness to sing 'John of Paris.' It is said to be one of his best parts; everything is ready for the representation, the only thing wanting is the Princess of Navarra."

"Only Donna Clara, Princess of Navarra? Why, I should say everything was wanting then," said Friebensee, playfully, when looking up at the other's sorry face, he continued, still cheerfully, but consolingly, too, "Hold up your head, Holbein! I will see to the wanting trifle. I will provide you with a most serene princess. I have one among my scholars."

"Who, dear, who is this pearl?"

"Fetterl, Sontag's pretty little daughter. She is a little star, full of wisdom and talent—full of understanding and enthusiasm. She is just studying with me the *role* of the Princess of Navarra. So then, in five days—too long? Why, man, you are unreasonable? Well, then, in three days you can give the opera; that is, if Gerstacker will sing with the little one, for she is young—very young, indeed."

"And you think she will succeed—she will not disgrace us?"

"She! Disgrace us? Certainly not."

"Then it is decided. Your word is enough for me. Thank God, there is a load gone from my heart!" And the happy manager sprang joyfully up, while the Capellmeister took a speedy leave, and hastened off to his pupil.

At the house door he was met by the silvery, bell-like tones of Henriette's voice, and the old teacher's heart glowed with pleasure at finding his favorite pupil at her studies so early in the morning, and when she was not expecting him either. Softly he opened her door, and, unseen by the charming girl, who was sitting at the piano, stood eagerly listening, smiling with satisfaction when she sang a passage over and over until she had it perfect. At last, when she had finished a phrase of the most extremely difficult "colorit," with astonishing skill and sureness, he could maintain silence no longer, but heartily clapping his hands, he cried:

"You are a glorious girl, Fetterl, and in three days you shall appear as the 'Princess,' in *John of Paris*.

The young girl, who had sprung quickly up, and, all glowing with the praise and applause, hastened towards her teacher, now fell back in affright at this startling news, unable to speak a word, plainly showing her feeling by her expressive face and clear blue eyes.

"My dear child, keep up your courage," said Friebensee, soothingly, when he saw her standing there, so pale and trembling: "Do you think I would have said you could sing the Princess if I had not been sure of it? And will you not do credit to your old friend and teacher?—shall he not be proud of you?"

A quiver of joy thrilled through the charming form of the young girl. The roses bloomed once more on the cheek that had been so pale—the roses of fresh, early youth, almost childhood; the eyes beamed with courage and enthusiasm; the whole face was illuminated as though transfigured by the pure dedication to art, and with a firm voice, Henriette said:

"You have said, master, that I can do it; your word shall not be brought to shame! I shall be ready in three days to appear as the Princess of Navarra."

"God bless you, my child!"

"Do you know that Gerstacker is going to sing 'John of Paris' to-morrow?" cried one passer-by to another. "I am hurrying off to get tickets. They say there is a large crowd around the box."

"But the first singer is sick; who is going to give the Princess?"

"Little Sontag, the daughter of the actress!"

"She? Why, it is not long since she was playing the *roles* of children—she was always a fine child, but she must be very young."

These and similar expressions might be heard in the streets the day before the representation, and on the following evening, too, when, notwithstanding the intense heat, a large audience eagerly waited the artistic treat of hearing the distinguished guest in "John of Paris." At last Gerstacker appeared, and played and sang so that it was a pleasure to listen to him, and he was met by bursts of enthusiastic applause. Now and then acquaintances would remark to each other: "Poor little Henriette—poor child, how unfortunate that she should make her debut with so great an artist!

And now the approach of the Princess was announced. All eyes were turned towards the door, on the threshold of which there suddenly appeared one of purest and loveliest apparitions that have ever been seen upon the stage. Two years later, when Henriette Sontag again appeared in public, a magic flower had grown out of the lovely bud, that even now combined such grace, loveliness and maidenly dignity, that all hearts were irresistibly drawn towards the being that looked more like an angel than aught else. And when "John," overcome by the sight of the noble donna, sings:

"Lovely is she as a flower,
Tender goodness in her eyes,

And in every feature power
Of reflecting joy there lies."

—the eyes of the assembled audience were bent upon the young girl standing there as the embodiment of these words, and the murmur of satisfaction grew more and more perceptible.

With true womanly modesty, yet with neither awkwardness nor timidity, the princess advanced, and the first tones pealed forth from her rosy lips with a clearness, a sweet, ardent fullness, that possessed the power of spreading throughout the now excited audience the stillness of the grave. In Henriette's great blue eyes, the mirror of her pure soul, there kindled a yet brighter light than before, when the first soft "bravo" fell upon her ear; it had for her more value than a whole storm of applause, for it came from her teacher, the old Capellmeister, who, enraptured not only with the purity of her intonation, but the dignity of her bearing, could no longer repress his delight. The old man had no intention, however, that his softly spoken bravo should be the signal, as it was, for a burst of the most stormy applause that has ever yet been bestowed upon so youthful a candidate. This universal burst of applause at first not only surprised but confused the maiden, so that for one moment her voice trembled; but she bravely conquered her emotion, and then, encouraged by the recognition, the notes rang forth with yet more fullness, clearness and freshness, until a wondrously beautiful trill, of a roundness of tone and remarkable duration—so that the Capellmeister was forced to hold his breath in amaze—ended the exquisite aria, "With what wondrous ardor." From this moment the victory was sure, and with that aria the young novice in art had elevated herself to the rank of an artiste, and the great Gerstacker had to be content to share the triumph of the evening with a young *debutante*.

Henriette was received behind the scenes at the end of the first act by her delighted mother and her deeply moved teacher.

"I knew that my brave girl would not disgrace me, but I scarcely thought she would make her old teacher so proud," said the old man. "That was a trill! I thought it was never coming to an end; it would have terrified me had I not been so completely overwhelmed with joy. Such a little 'Backfisch,' and yet she can sing so that I must take my hat off to her in reverence. Listen, Fetterl, one day you will have a rich harvest of glory and honor, and when they press the laurel wreaths upon your brow, think sometimes of your old teacher, then perhaps resting in the quiet grave!"

Deeply affected, the maiden silently bore the honored hand to her lips. And now both she and Gerstacker must again appear.

In the second act, the favorite Troubadour song caused great furore; John of Paris was obliged to repeat his part, but in case of the Princess once did not suffice. *Da capo*, and again *da capo*—for the third time Henriette must sing hers; the audience grew ever warmer in their enthusiasm—and it was not forced applause, nor feigned ardor, but the pure outburst of intense satisfaction, mingled in regard to Henriette Sontag with a joyful amazement that one so young could accomplish so much. Amid the tumult of rejoicing at the highly artistic treat—for never had Gerstacker been seen to such advantage—the curtain fell.

Thus ended the first, and altogether unpremeditated appearance of the youthful singer. Truly, no singer ever met with greater, better merited triumph; no woman's name ever shone more brightly amid the triple crown of greatest artist, truest, most excellent wife, and most faithful mother.

Now she rests from her labors—from her rich, varied life; but the name of Henriette Sontag still lives. May it long be honored!

Noble Singers at Exeter Hall.

In England Music and Charity have been made twin sisters, and for their lives not to be divided. Bishops and Archbishops come out industriously in the Lent sea-on in sententious discourses on the duty of considering the poor; Prime Ministers take the chair at public dinners given in aid of those who print newspapers, and those who write in them; noble women, and even Royalty itself, condescend to preside over the stalls at the charitable bazaar; and never was there a time more to be remarked than the present for the sympathy manifested by our men and women of blood and race with the indigent and distressed. The "old religion" was essentially one of deeds, and charity was held to be its great act of faith. Its noble examples of churches built, hospitals founded, and schools endowed are not forgotten, and the Bishop of London is in a fair way of getting the million of sovereigns required for the additional churches declared to be necessary for his lordship's diocese. But music is the moving power in this generation, and church choirs, choral celebrations in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the "*Stabat Mater*" and "*Lauda Sion*," at Moorfields and St. George's, the orchestral services at Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, and the great meetings at Birmingham and Norwich—all tend to show that music is the true fulcrum for setting in motion the national sensibility. Music and Charity have drawn out again the ever to be remembered Grisi at the fine concert at the Crystal Palace the other day, and music and charity will send down Jenny Lind as *Ruth* to the ancient fane of Hereford.

We had imagined the days had passed for the singing of Lord Chancellors in parish churches, and should have as little thought of an Archbishop singing in Exeter Hall as another Cardinal Rohan dancing a saraband at one of Her Majesty's court balls. Not that our young Archbishop is unable "to take his part," as old Morley calls it, for his Grace (had he flourished in days gone by) might have sung his madrigal with the Grand Monarque, joined in a six-part mass with Charles VI., and passed a joke with Louis XI. on his choir-part of only three notes. But no Archbishop has yet sung in Exeter Hall, although we have one who sings well in his place in church, and can do so elsewhere whenever the occasion calls for the exercise.

As charity took the gracious and beautiful Empress of our now almost kindred country to the cholera wards, so last night it took one as gracious and beautiful, if not quite so exalted as an Empress, to Exeter Hall, to assist in the performance of a new oratorio, given in aid of a Hospital for the helpless and afflicted children of the poor. Mr. Shaehner's oratorio of "*Israel's Return*" was given on Wednesday evening with her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle as the *prima donna*, the wife of the Bishop of Gloucester, Mrs. Ellicott, taking the second soprano. Her Grace belongs to the leading communion of the National Church, which seeks to cling to and imitate all that in the "old religion" is founded on scriptural truth and early tradition, and with which heroic action and delicate sympathy is both duty and privilege. Mrs. Ellicott—whose fine voice, chaste execution and extensive reading, made her a great favorite at the Cambridge University Concerts, when the Bishop was a Professor there—has long taken the Hospital, so to say, under her protection, and to her indomitable perseverance and (may we say) "pluck," the musical public owe the very fine performance of last night.

Thirty years ago or more, when the Amateur Choral Society of Exeter Hall first commenced its labors, the professional element was hotly antagonistic to the progress of the new institution. "Don't sing for those amateurs," said the late Tom Cooke to John Hobbs, "no good can come of it." The association has outlived Tom Cooke, and were we poets like Old John, we might metricize on St. Cecilia and say of the young elephantine Timotheus, "It drew an angel down."

The orchestra on Wednesday was a very brilliant affair. A numerous choral body—the Chapel Royal boys in their gold and scarlet, the ladies in white robes, and it only wanted the men in surplices, and the band in crimson cassocks and black sash to render it a sight for all London to rejoice over. Things take time—good things especially so; the blue, the red and the yellow are not going to be confined to the Opera House, nor are Meyerbeer, or Verdi or Gounod to be the only composers whose music is to be assisted by the important aid of gorgeousness in color. The old oratorians at St. Philip's were dressed in full costume, the young ladies at St. Cyr also; let Exeter Hall take the initiative, and we should no longer see a platform of black and neutral tints distressing the eye at these great gatherings in town and country. In the days of Arnold and Crotch oratorios entire were thought dull and heavy—Haydn's "*Creation*" was even oppressive—and where there was no festival and no attraction, the negative repose of sable well suited the nature and character of the gathering. It is not so now. "*Elf*" is not brown, "*Naaman*" is not black, "*St. Paul*" is not copper-tone, nor is "*Elijah*" negro-head. There is no necessity to go on blundering in darkness and injustice for the sake of an extinct prejudice

The band on Wednesday was that of Covent Garden-men, all good and true, and who can play. The composer himself conducted. The hall was well filled, some fifteen or sixteen hundred being present, testifying to the zeal of the patrons and patronesses of the Society and great attractions of the evening.

As it is the fashion now to notice the performers and the performance before saying a word of music, we commence our brief remarks with the singing of Her Grace of Newcastle. At the first public night of the Exeter Hall Society, Sir George Smart, conducting, Mrs. Shaw, then Miss Postans, made her first appearance, and so frightened was the débutante that she lost both head and voice; and we well recollect at an oratorio in Covent Garden, a popular soprano getting somewhat confused and wild, and cutting the Gordian knot by throwing her music at the head of the conductor and running off the boards. Her Grace sang in a sweet, sensible, and natural way—with a pure and persuasive tone of voice—at first somewhat veiled by the novelty of position. After the duet with Mr. Hohler, for which the calls of repetition were not to be denied, her voice became settled, and the next recitative was well—thoroughly well given. In the former portion of the oratorio her singing met with the acclamations it was entitled to from peculiar circumstances, but the applause warmed from the real earnestness of the vocalist, and in this recitative the beauty of the scriptural passage, the strength of the composer, and the revelation of true artistic power on the part of the vocalist, excited the audience to enthusiasm, and there was of course an encore.

Mrs. Ellicott's singing is marked by great accuracy and good taste, with here and there a just expression of powerful declamation. Her solo and her quartet parts were given faultlessly.

Mr. Schachner is well known as a great performer on the piano, and successful composer for that instrument. The Oratorio given on Wednesday is written in the true oratorio vein, abounding in counterpoint, and some of the choruses are far beyond the touch of ordinary hands. He has much improved the work since its first production and will no doubt be called upon for fresh and increased exertion.

American Art at the Exposition.

AN ENGLISH CRITIQUE.

The London *Athenæum* speaks slightingly of the paintings sent by American artists to the Paris Exposition. We quote:

The order of the catalogue of this great gathering next compels us to examine the Art of the United States of America, which may be described under two heads; first, that which is French in origin as in nature; secondly, that which is prose. The latter class comprehends much that is valuable, much that is interesting; but as it aims to be topographical in landscape, and merely illustrative in figure-painting, is by no means of the highest importance when we are reckoning up the wealth of the world in art. With this class rank the large topographical and meteorological landscapes of Messrs. Church, "The Falls of Niagara," "The Rainy Season in the Tropics," and, inferiorly to the last, as less effectively achieving a common aim, Mr. Bierstadt's "The Rocky Mountains," and Mr. J. F. Cropsey's "Mount Jefferson, New Hampshire."

There are spectacular pictures of the common sort, or scenes on a smaller scale, and valuable in their way. Better in painting, and finer in sentiment than these, is Mr. J. Hart's *River Tunris, Connecticut*—a bright landscape, showing a gently flowing stream, its meadows and trees. In Mr. Kensett's *Lake George, Autumn*, is the besetting opacity of the United States practice in landscape, such as we find in common French art of the kind, and observe to be dominant in Germany, a defect which, apart from all other considerations, places the result in value far below even ordinary English landscape-paintings. In this way, the productions of Messrs. Hubbard and Gifford, who show us with spirit a grand range of blue hills, and one or two inferior painters, are below par. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that in some of these pictures are to be observed signs of pathetic purpose of their authors, without which all landscape is merely scientific or topographical. Now German-French landscapes, with which may be classed the works of our present subjects, are, when topographical, apt to be wofully dull and heartless. We decline to rank with art-work such things as result from this want of perception of something more than description can supply by brushes and colors. A man has no business to paint a landscape unless he means something by it of the pathetic sort; topography and scientific illustrations are good, but they are not art.

The better skilled painters who are grouped here with those above named are French in grain. As a rule, these men have a truer perception of the aims and value of art than their less fortunate, but, it may be, more original brethren. Mr. Whistler is eminent among these. Of him our readers know enough. It would be difficult to find an artist more intensely French than he. Mr. Lambdin's name we remember in Paris. His *The Last Sleep*, a lover at his mistress's death-bed—the best painted portion a closed balcony, the effect of the excluded sunlight, has many cleverly expressed points. Mr. McEntee is French to the core of his thought, and pathetic beyond the common

in his picture of desolation and merciless ravage, *Virginia* in 1862—two wrecked houses in a wilderness, a river flowing through a waste. Mr. Whittridge's *Coast of Rhode Island* is exceptional to the common here, and in an original manner renders finely, but rather flimsily, the lapse of waves on the shore. *The Pride of the Valley*, by Mr. A. P. Gray, reminds one of the superior pictures of Rippingille in its sentiment, which rightly pertains to a consumptive daughter and distressed parents; it has much better drawing than our countrymen could impart to a picture.

Mr. D. Huntington's *Republican Court in the time of Washington*, a large production, makes the critic respect the simplicity of its author even while he smiles at his primitive ideas of art. This is rather a collection of honestly-studied dresses and portraits without vivacity, although painted well, than a picture in the true sense of the term. Nevertheless, being honest, it is worth a legion of flashy French spectacular pictures, and an acre of its counterparts among ourselves. We look upon this quaint and Quakerish example as the sole valuable specimen of native-born United States figure painting on these walls, and are certain that the severe and unsophisticated principles it illustrates are the tools of genius, hopeful of the best art. Within his means and with his ability, the motto of Mr. Huntington is evidently "thorough." In other hands, here is the secret of power. So far as he goes he is happy. Generally, the defect of his countrymen appears in seeing in art nothing beyond its necessary office of representing nature, and seeing thus much prosaically. M. Mignot shows a sense of more than this in his *Sources of the Susquehanna*; but it would be better to call him a Frenchman than anything else. There is a precious but showy quality in Mr. W. Homer's *Confederate Prisoners to the Front.*

Art Culture in Boston.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, July 30.)

We have the pleasure to announce that the sum of $10,000 has been presented to the Boston Athenæum, by the will of a gentleman recently deceased, for the purpose of enlarging its fine-arts department.

This timely donation furnishes an occasion for considering the wants of the art interest in this city, and the various projects which are already under consideration for supplying the same. During the past twenty years the city and its suburbs have made immense strides in population and wealth; and in taste and expenditure for costly works of art there has been even a more marked increase. Ten valuable pictures are now purchased by our citizens, where one of equal value was bought twenty years ago. Has there been a corresponding increase in the number and the reputation of resident artists; of the means of educating art students, and in the capacity of galleries for the exhibition of the choicest productions of the pencil and the chisel? Most assuredly not. It is notorious that when a Boston artist acquires a national reputation, he removes to New York, and takes a studio at the painters' elysium in Tenth street, or finds his residence in Florence or Rome. There have been no increased facilities for studying art in Boston. Hence accomplished teachers turn their steps to New York, and promising students follow them, or depart for Europe. If we except the exhibition rooms of picture dealers, there has been no enlargement of the space for exhibitions since the present galleries of the Athenæum were opened nearly twenty years ago. Indeed the space is really less, for one of the large exhibition rooms at the Athenæum was taken for books several years ago, and it is understood that the statuary room is soon to be devoted to the same purpose. The whole building will soon be required for books. Something must therefore be done, and without delay, or Boston will lose, if it has not lost already, the prestige it once enjoyed of being the seat of art, as well as of letters.

What is needed in Boston is not simply new exhibition rooms, but a School of Art, which shall provide suitable instruction for students under a corps of professional teachers, to which new galleries shall be an adjunct. Several such schools have recently been established in Philadelphia; and some of the western cities furnish better advantages for art students than can be found here. In New Haven a School of Art has just been opened as one of the departments of the college, and a building, planned expressly for this purpose—rooms for instruction occupying the first story, and exhibition galleries, with top light, the second story—has been erected at an expense of $175,000. The entire cost was paid by one gentleman, Mr. Augustus R. Street, who has since died, but who thus built for himself a monument more enduring than brass. The exhibition rooms are now filled with the choicest specimens of American and foreign art. Where is the solid man of Boston who will do the same thing for his own city?

Some years ago the project was canvassed of establishing a free art gallery; but it met with little encouragement on account of the great outlay of capital required. As the plan did not embrace a school of art, it seems hardly adapted to the requirements of the present day; and it may well be questioned whether the time has yet come for erecting a large free art gallery in this city. The friends of the measure also discovered that the chief patrons of art among us were already interested in the Athenæum, and deemed it desirable to secure the expansion of that institution rather than to found a new enterprise.

The trustees of the Athenæum, it is understood, have under consideration the enlargement of its fine-arts department. At the annual meeting of the proprietors in January last, a special committee was appointed to consider the subject, and this committee reported at a subsequent meeting, submitting a plan for erecting new galleries on an adjacent estate in Tremont place, which the Athenæum owns. This enlargement would supply rooms to replace the apartments already taken, and which it is proposed to take, for library purposes; but it would not meet the future wants of the institution, or the art interests of the city. Such was the feeling on the part of the committee and of the proprietors, and hence the plan was submitted without any recommendation. There seems to be little probability of its being carried out.

The questions therefore return: how shall the objects we have considered be accomplished, and who shall do it? In replying to these inquiries we beg to suggest that a new and spacious structure is needed which shall combine the two features of a School of Art and new exhibition galleries. The building should be an architectural ornament to the city. No site for such a building is available in the immediate vicinity of the Athenæum. The new land on the Back Bay, which is soon to be the centre of population, seems to be an appropriate location. A lot of land on the corner of St. James and Dorchester streets, containing more than two acres, and accessible on all sides by open avenues, has already been given to the city, and is, by the terms of the deed, dedicated expressly to the purposes of art, or as a public square. Upon this lot the city have expended during the past year, in filling, $32,000, as appears from the following extract from the Auditor's Report, page 38:—

> Payments for filling in a lot of land on St. James street, opposite Huntington square, containing 126,991 square feet. This land was given to the city of Boston by the Boston Water Power Company, in accordance with the terms of an agreement between the state of Massachusetts, the Boston Water Power Company and the City of Boston, dated December 31, 1864, said land to be used either for erection thereon of a building dedicated to the fine arts, or as a public square, $32,000.

The money to erect the building and establish the Art School must be the free will offering of our citizens.

We would make one further suggestion, that the new enterprize be carried on through the agency of the Boston Athenæum. This corporation is composed of about eight hundred of our wealthiest and most influential citizens, and has a capital in real estate, securities, library and works of art, of the nominal value of $700,000, but of a real value of near a million dollars. All this property is held sacred to the objects of literature and art. The trustees receive no compensation for their services, and the proprietors no dividends. The finances of no public institution were ever better managed. It has the confidence, such as a new institution could not have, of our wealthiest citizens. The plan proposed is entirely within the scope of the purposes for which the institution was founded, and with which it has maintained the art interests of the city for so many years. Gentlemen of special qualifications and leisure are appointed to serve on its fine arts committee. The finances of this department have always been kept distinct from the general funds, and have never been appropriated for other purposes. Every admission fee, and every dime ever paid for a catalogue, can be accounted for to-day. An art exhibition is not, as many suppose, a money-making enterprise. Four-fifths of the gross receipts of the Athenæum gallery are annually expended in current expenses, and the small balance remaining is invested in new pictures and statuary, or is added to the fine arts fund. If any account was kept for rent, and the use of capital invested, the exhibitions would show a balance on the wrong side of the treasurer's ledger. The public, therefore, for many years have enjoyed the annual exhibitions of the Athenæum at the expense of the capital of the institution.

It may be said that the Athenæum is a private corporation, and that the plan proposed could be better carried out by separate organization. If the Athenæum were a corporation for money-making purposes, like the Boston Gas Light Company or the Fifty Associates, the objection would be a valid one. But is it possible to conceive of a corporation conducted on a more unselfish basis, or where the responsibility is divided among a larger and more influential class of citizens than is the Athenæum?

By carrying out the plan proposed through the agency of the Athenæum, the new galleries would start with the valuable collections it now possesses, and with the sympathy and confidence of its munificent benefactors.

The first object, however, is to secure the funds required, and when this is accomplished, the minor points to which we have alluded will readily adjust themselves to this main fact. Let us hope that the liberal donation we have announced foreshadows the speedy endowment of an art institution which shall maintain the ancient reputation of the city of Boston.

Music Abroad.

Pesth.—According to report, the Abbé Liszt will give a series of nine concerts here in November, when, in addition to a number of his own works, he will include in the programmes Beethoven's *Eroica* and Ninth Symphonies.

Weimar.—On the 28th August will be celebrated the eight-hundredth anniversary of the Wartburg. It is proposed to give a performance under the direction of the composer himself, of the Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *Die heilige Elizabeth*, in the celebrated old fortress of the Thuringian Landgraves, of the "Minnesänger," and, though last not least, of Luther himself.

Baden-Baden.—With the exception of three Quartet *Soirées*, given by the Florentine society, including Herr Jean Becker and colleagues, who have afforded great satisfaction to a small but most select public, there have been as yet no concerts of any importance in the Conversationshaus. Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, however, has long since resumed her Sunday *Matinées*, to which all the leading artists and the principal visitors enjoy free admission. The Queen of Prussia and the Grand Duchess of Baden have been to several of the *Matinées*.—The Theatre was opened a few days since by the company from the Royal Opera-house, Stuttgart, who proposed giving three performances.—The Italian operatic season will commence on the 8th August, and extend up to the 14th September. The artists engaged are: Signore Vitali, Grossi, Signori Nicolini, Delle Sedie, Zucchini and Agnesi. Among the works performed will be *Crispino e la Comare*, *Ernani*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Faust* (by M. Gounod).

English Singers in Paris.—The choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association of London responded to the challenge sent out some six months ago by the Emperor, who offered a prize of £200 to the choir (of any nation) which should gain the highest place in a competition in Paris. The competition came off on Monday the 8th, and the presentation of prizes which took place on the day following, is thus described by *Le Figaro*:—"By two o'clock all the singers had assembled in the Palace of Industry, the two prize choirs being seated in the centre, at the foot of the steps leading to the throne. At three the Emperor arrived, accompanied by the Empress and the Princess Clotilde. As soon as the *Domine Salvum* had been sung, the banners of all the competing choirs were carried in procession before their Majesties, being lowered as they passed the throne, as is done at a review. When the banners had passed, the prizes were given away. The Emperor gave the special prize, which had been decreed to the English Tonic Sol fa Association, to a young English girl, who was much moved and covered with blushes. The two conquerors then sang the pieces which had gained for them the prizes so sharply and ardently contested for. Their Majesties then left." It should be added that the prize was given to a choir from Lille, in the North of France. It seems that the right of the English choir to the prize was disputed on account of there being ladies' voices among them, but their singing was of such a high order (these were the judges' words) that they had a special prize, a prize of "egalement" given them as narrated above. It consisted of a gold Exhibition medal, a silver gilt wreath, and a certificate. Mr. Proudman, the hard working conductor, received also another gold medal, and the Society of Orphéonistes presented him with their decoration of honor.

Dresden.—Herr Ulmann will give three concerts here at the beginning of September. His great star

will be Mlle. Carlotta Patti; his minor constellations, Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Jaell, Papper, and Stockhausen. —The management of the Theatre Royal displayed great activity during the latter half of last month. The following operas figured in the bills: *Le Philtre*, *La Part du Diable*, *L'Eclair*, *Faust* (Gounod's), *Il Trovatore*, *Figaro*, *Martha*, and *Guillaume Tell*.

Darmstadt.—A concert was given here lately for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, the master of Winter, Meyerbeer, Carl M. von Weber, and many others. The members of the Cologne Association for Male Voices, and Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who played several of his own smaller compositions, were the attraction on this occasion. The net receipts amounted to some 3,000 florins.

London.

The *Saturday Review*—like most of the London journals which are or would be wise on the subject of music—does not at all agree with the *Orchestra's* enthusiastic estimate of Rubinstein, the Russian Pianist, and finds fault with the closing concert of the Philharmonic series for introducing "music of the Future," to-wit, the *Tannhäuser* overture and a Concerto by Rubinstein.

If an immoderate amount of boisterous cacophony is music, then the overture to *Tannhäuser* is music; otherwise not. M. Rubinstein's concerto (his fourth) is even worse. The overture of Herr Wagner has at least a certain intelligible form—a beginning, a middle, and an end; but M. Rubinstein's concerto boasts nothing of the kind. There is no apparent reason why any portion of it should be where it is, instead of where it is not. Of the three movements into which it is divided—*moderato*, *moderato assai*, and *allegro*—the most objectionable is decidedly the last; but from beginning to end the concerto at best sounds like an improvisation, by a not very skilful *improvisatore*. M. Rubinstein has paid two visits to this country. The first was in 1843, when he was put forth as a boy-prodigy, but stood little chance against a greater prodigy, who came to London in the same year—the gifted and much regretted Charles Filtsch. For fourteen years afterwards nothing was heard of M. Rubinstein; but in 1858 he undertook a second professional journey to England. The great promise of his boyhood had scarcely been carried out; and his playing, though marked by extraordinary mechanical facility, was by no means noticeable for any of the refinements indispensable to genuine "virtuosity." Now, nine years later, he has honored the country with a third performance; and, if his performance at the last Philharmonic Concert may be accepted as a criterion, he has rather receded than advanced as a pianist. Playing more ferocious (we cannot find an apter phrase) and at the same time more unfinished has seldom been heard. Happily, or unhappily, the concerto was of the same quality as the playing. M. Rubinstein clearly belongs to the school of Abbé Liszt; but he surpasses all the disciples of that gifted though eccentric artist in caricaturing his model. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the symphony in G minor of Professor Sterndale Bennett, now completed by the addition of a movement in D major (*Romanza per le viole*), separating the *minuetto* from the *rondo finale*, were the most important orchestral features at this concert. Graceful as is the new movement of Professor Bennett's symphony, we cannot hail its interpolation as an improvement. Either the work should be left as it originally stood, or a more developed movement—a regular slow movement, in fact—be added. At best the new *romanza* is a pretty conceit. The symphony, however, extremely well played, was admired as before (in 1864 and 1865;) the *minuetto*, which is full of charm and *naïveté*, was encored, and the composer was called on at the end. At the same time Professor Bennett is too gifted a man to treat his art with anything approaching indifference; and we can only look upon the added movement as a *bonne plaisanterie*. The singers on this occasion were Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Hohler. An extraordinary sensation was created by Mlle. Nilsson's really wonderful execution of "Gli angui d'Inferno," from *Die Zauberflöte*, which, though she sang it in C minor and E flat (instead of D minor and F, as Mozart wrote it), was one of those legitimate displays that mark an epoch in an artist's career. She was compelled to repeat the whole; and now the operatic world will be anxiously looking forward to the revival of *Il Flauto Magico* at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mlle. Nilsson as Astrafiammante.

Royal Italian Opera. On Monday His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of all the Turkeys [and crucifier of the Christians in Crete] visited this great establishment in State. For a description of the ceremony the reader may take any of our morning contemporaries (including the *Morning Advertiser*). The entertainment consisted of the first three acts of *Masaniello*, with the usual cast. Signors Naudin and Graziani were encored in the duet of the second act.

On Tuesday and Thursday *Romeo e Giulietta* was given for the third and fourth times.

Last night the opera was *La Favorita*. To-night *Romeo* for the fifth time.

Her Majesty's Theatre. On Monday night the opera was *Faust*. On Tuesday night (owing to the fete in honor of the Sultan at the Crystal Palace), there was no performance.

On Wednesday *Don Giovanni* was repeated, and on Thursday *Oberon*.

To-night *La Traviata*. *Il Flauto Magico* will be given, with Mdlle. Nilsson as the Queen of Night, on Tuesday next, and on Thursday Cherubini's *Medea*, with Tietjens.—*Musical World*, *July* 20.

They have also musically entertained the Sultan at the Crystal Palace; the *Musical World* says:

One of the great events of the day was the gift made by the Sultan to his entertainers of the sum of £1000. The Crystal Palace was opened with a variety of objects; but what it really exists by is music. Thus at every festival, at every entertainment to which it is desired to attract large numbers at high prices, the chief, and in the great majority of cases, the only attraction offered is a concert, or the performance of an oratorio. The Crystal Palace is nothing if not musical. Its artistic claims, such as they are, are entirely in connection with music; and to get a true idea of the munificence of our Eastern visitors we must remember that the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt have, between them, given to the Crystal Palace exactly three times what the British Parliament, after much deliberation and with much grumbling, has agreed to give annually towards the support of a National Musical Academy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1867.

The Annual School Festival.

The Seventy-fourth Annual Festival (ninth of the *Musical* Festivals) of the Boston Public Schools was held, as usual, in the Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, July 23. To describe the beauty of the scene would be to repeat words and images which have in past years only fallen too far short of the occasion. Twelve hundred girls and boys, the former charmingly but simply dressed, all with faces full of youth, intelligence and promise, again rose tier upon tier on both wings of the Great Organ, and these were culled from all the schools as the best specimens of the vocal culture which has become more and more an element in our free school education. The number is necessarily limited by the capacity of the stage, and the whole arrangement of seats, the almost choregraphic unity in variety of movement with which these young companies are quietly and quickly marshalled into their places, the system of rehearsal in separate schools, and finally *en masse*, had been studied out and wrought out so thoroughly and wisely, once for all, by the first author of the idea and his co-workers of the School Committee and the teachers, that the machine moves now almost of itself. It is true there were some discouraging obstacles to contend with this year. An opposition, almost bitter, to the Festival, betraying half concealed hostility to the whole policy of teaching music in the schools, had sprung up in a portion of the Committee, and although the better faith and wisdom of the majority prevailed, it is yet no wonder that, in such a state of suspense, the usual musical preparations in the schools was delayed until the question could be finally settled and in fact almost to the last moment. Meanwhile Dr. Upham, the leading advocate and organizer of the Festivals from the first, had gone abroad, and the Festival Committee only a few weeks ago appealed to one of their number, Mr. F. H. Underwood, who, in spite of most exacting duties in another sphere, took the matter in hand with discreet energy, and, with the prompt coöperation of Mr. Zerrahn, the Conductor of the Festival, and of Mr. Sharland, who has been for several years making the children in all the Grammar Schools masters of quite a repertoire of good songs and choruses in one, two and three parts, soon got all the questions of programme and arrangements settled and the cheerful and exciting business of rehearsal fairly in train. The result was a Festival no whit inferior to any in past years, while musically, we are safe in saying, it showed important progress, as it was bound to do after another year of trial and of constant improving upon the system of music teaching as a regular part of the school exercises. The modest but invaluable labors of Mr. Mason in the Primary Schools, and of Mr. Munroe in all the schools, the former teaching the rudiments of song by rote and note to the youngest children, the latter disciplining the voice into wholesome and expressive habits, tell most convincingly in this mass singing, both in the precision and pure intonation thereof, and in the collective quality of tone. A larger and more musical volume of tone comes out, and it is used every year with more plancy and skill, while there is at the same time a higher average of musical feeling and perception recognizable in the twelve hundred.

The scene, as we have said, was enchanting; the Hall was most tastefully decorated with pots and baskets of flowers and vines dependent from the ceiling; people were as eager as ever for admission, and as delighted with what they saw and heard; and there was a general feeling of thankfulness that the beautiful custom had not been ruthlessly sacrificed to a cavilling, uneasy love of change. The spoiler lays his hand upon too many things, destroys the fine trees in our streets and squares, disfigures our delightful Public Garden with huge, unsightly railroad bridges (of no sort of use) and the sweet sylvan lawns of the Common with stiff new paths: let him not meddle with the Children's Festival; enough that he spoils their playground!—The selection of Music too was uncommonly good; a mingling of the simple, grave and stately with the bright, graceful and attractive. The only fault was the old fatality of too much speech-making—quite as superfluous as the bridge aforesaid over the duck pond in the Garden. There was one live, hearty speech, which went to the hearts of children and all, that by the Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia; and it was short; but even that was unnecessary, in presence of the greater eloquence of the occasion and the faces and the voices of those children. The rest of the speaking was mostly for form's sake, well meant, sound and sensible in matter, but not needed there and then. Is it intended for the children? They cannot listen. For the older audience? They come to see and hear the children. There was one announcement, however, in the address of the Chairman, which, inasmuch as the music was to be followed, as hitherto, by the presentation of

bouquets to the "medal scholars," was peculiarly pertinent to the occasion, and must have been grateful to all right-minded persons. It was to the effect, that the medal system is henceforth abolished; the love of excellence for its own sake, a generous emulation in the pursuit thereof, and no longer the mean ambition to outstrip rivals, is the motive that shall now inspire the pupil; this will make nobler men and women, and broader, sounder scholars, if not such glib and showy memorizers as before.

After an Organ prelude by Mr. SHARLAND, who was organist of the day, a solid and encouraging old German Choral: "*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan*" (What God does, that is right well done), was sung by the whole 1200 in unison, the organ supplying Bach's harmony. This was the favorite Choral of the late King of Prussia, and we cannot forget how impressively it sounded on that clear, cold January day at Potsdam, at his funeral, played by the successive bands in the procession, each serving it with a different harmony, and finally, as we came away, how our ears were greeted by the same tune rained down from the sky as it were, transfigured, in two-part contrapuntal harmony, from the chimes above the church where Frederick the Great is buried. The children sang it well, with good intonation, and all together with a will, so that it was inspiring. But there was too great uniformity of loudness for the best effect; though this is better than to attempt light and shade at the risk of timid and untrue intonation. The best (were it practicable) would have been the alternating of a verse in unison by all, with a verse by a select choir in Bach's four-part harmony unaccompanied.

Next came the Invocation by the Chaplain, and the Chairman's address, and then a three-part Song: "Our Native Land," by Abt, fresh and pleasing, and the chorus: "Over the billow," from Mr. Kielblock's Opera "Miles Standish," which was sung last year, but with better effect this time both of voices and orchestra; the alternation of the buoyant sailor strain with the solemn hymn made a marked impression.

After another address followed the most charming and artistic of the musical selections, that fresh, pure opening chorus from Rossini's "William Tell," sung in three parts by the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School. The exquisitely figurative and suggestive prelude and accompaniments were finely rendered by the orchestra, the voices sounded pure and maiden-like and sweetly blended, and the whole went with life and delicacy and good light and shade. These had been under Mr. ZERRAHN'S personal training. An hour spent in their school room a few weeks since convinced us that music had not been taught there in vain. The young ladies part now with their teacher, whose other occupations as conductor, &c., claim his whole time, with sincere regret; fortunate for them, however, and for music in the schools, that there is so competent a gentleman as Mr. EICHBERG to succeed him in the good work.

"The Quiet Night," a sweet and tranquil three-part song by Abt, sung by the whole; another address; and then the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass (so called), sung with great life and energy by full chorus, with orchestra and organ, the instruments of course supplying the fourth part in the vocal harmony, brought the musical feast proper to an inspiriting close. The address and presentation of bouquets by his Honor, the Mayor, the band playing the meanwhile, and the singing of Old Hundred by "the whole congregation," remained for those who had not already enjoyed their fill.—We think we shall hear no more of abolishing the Musical School Festival!

Obituary.

Music in Boston mourns one of its truest friends and most cultivated amateurs in Mr. GEORGE PAPENDIEK. Suddenly cut off in the prime of a useful, happy life, his sterling worth is more than ever felt, not only in the home which he made beautiful, now left so desolate, but among all who had the privilege to know him. A native of Bremen, from one of those German families in which Music and Art are so sincerely cherished, he came at an early age to this country, married a Boston lady of superior culture, and, after a short residence in Milwaukee, settled in this city, where he had become widely known and a valued part of the best social life. A man of singular refinement, cheerful, enterprising, modest, kindly, full of thoughtfulness for others, ever true to courteous instincts, he attached all with whom he came in contact. Repeatedly have we heard the remark: We never felt so much the death of one we knew so little. The haunts of good music will miss his sympathetic presence. He was an earnest helper in all our public efforts for raising music to the true dignity of Art; for years the leading spirit in the amateur orchestral society, the "Mozart Club," and a useful member of the Symphony Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association. He was a good amateur violinist, and many a classical quartet, trio, &c., has been enjoyed at his house. Every musician of artistic faith and purpose found encouragement in him.

Beautiful as well as very sad was the burial scene at Forest Hills last Tuesday. Hosts of friends were there to pay the last poor tribute of affectionate respect; among them a delegation of his Harvard Musical associates, a number of our leading musical artists, and the members of the "Orpheus," who sang solemn music at the grave. The little birds, too, sang, and sweetest sunshine fell, and springing grass and flowers breathed hope and sweetness all around, filling the very air with heavenly assurance, for those were receiving to themselves all that was mortal of a life in harmony with theirs.

"FAIR HARVARD." The Commencement music was as bad as usual. That is to say, it was inappropriate. We make no criticism on the band employed, but we do respectfully suggest that a mere military brass band at all is not in harmony with an academic, calm, refined occasion. When we walk in the procession of the alumni, in order of classes from the venerable heads down, through those dear old classic shades, it is simply irritating and discordant to hear the soldiers' march from Gounod's *Faust* brayed out by coarse brazen throats; in the Church, after prayers and literary addresses, the same boisterous, untimely harmony is still more aggravating, because so unescapable within walls; and then at that feast of wit and intellect, the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, to have the fine influence of each felicitous impromptu (sharp prompting, though, on the part of Mr. President), in the shape of speech or poem, suddenly and coarsely broken in upon by these ferocious blasts of tubas and trombones, (they having first prepared our minds, by way of overture, with all the ghastliest *diablerie* of *Der Freyschütz*, coarsely served up and caricatured in an interminable potpourri), is like a repeated letting down from the Symposium of the Gods into the fiery furnace of uneasy spirits the smoke of whose torment ascendeth forever.

Verily there are occasions where no music is far better than any but the right kind of music. Better bread without butter, than with butter that is loud and rancid as brass music out of place. *Sentimental* brass music will suggest itself particularly here. It is too much the custom of our people at festivals, dramatic performances, &c., to fill up all the intervals with music, without the least regard to fitness. After an act of Hamlet has taken full possession of your mind, out bursts a noisy dashing polka, or a coarse march, or a piece of senseless solo virtuosity from the orchestra; in German theatres we found it pleasanter with no music between the acts, unless it were musical illustration added to the play by kindred genius, like Beethoven's to "Egmont," or Mendelssohn's to the "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—pleasanter because the train of thought and feeling was not rudely broken; or if there was need of alternation, there was a chance to talk with neighbors undisturbed by irritating noise. Flies and mosquitoes are not more provoking than such music sometimes. We do it because it is the traditional and customary thing to do; we take for granted that we need it when we should be better off without it.

Speaking of another Festival we have complained of too much speaking; we have more often to complain of too much music. Music in its place is excellent; but out of place, it were better there were none. The truth is, a really musical person does not much relish music as a secondary thing to some other, a mere accompanying circumstance to fill up time, an "unconsidered trifle." Music to be enjoyable, must be principal, and claim attention on its own account by as good a right as sermon, speech or poem. Now an academic festival like the Commencement days at Cambridge, would seem to be the very occasion for introducing a reform in a custom now "more honored in the breach than in the observance" where taste, refinement, intellect preside over all else, why do they not take the music in charge? Why cater for the musical wants of these days precisely as one would for a military parade in the streets?

Cannot some gentler kind of music, more in the spirit of the hour, be easily provided? At the dinner, for instance, if fine speech carries us up to the point that we need the still finer, freer and more subtle language of pure tones, why shall not the Muse respond as artist, upon equal terms, with intelligent and sympathetic instinct, in the shape of a choice strain of vocal harmony, or quartet of strings, or even an apt (of course brief) selection from one of the masters of piano music, interpreted by artists (and Harvard has such among her own sons?) An orchestra, of course, would be the perfect thing, but perhaps out of the question for some time on account of the expense. At all events, a beginning in the right direction may be made negatively, by simply dropping out the music that is so disturbing, or by more discrimination as to the when and the how of its coming in. At the dinner we have referred to, we think every guest felt relieved when the musicians, having served their time out, shouldered their heavy instruments and went off free and happy; now we could resign ourselves to the spirit of the hour, and "go in" for a good time without alloy!

ERRATA.—The article "About Fugues," in our last, owing to our printer being in the midst of the confusion of moving to more convenient quarters, came out pretty thickly strewn with errors of the press. Thus: "unalterable (for *unutterable*) secrets"; "painted (for *pointed*) arches"; "phototypes," for *prototypes*: "it is a music (for *in* music) what the spiral law of growth is in plants"; always "*becoming*, never absolutely"—*done*, should be added; "more (for *none*) of the genial Mozart," &c., &c.

MR. H. L. BATEMAN has announced the engagements which he has made during his late visit to Europe, from which we may augur that the coming season will offer us something novel as well as interesting in comic opera. Mr. Bateman has engaged

an entire French company, including the orchestra and chorus, for the reproduction of Offenbach's operas —"La Belle Helene," "Orphèe aux Enfers," "Barbe Bleuès" and others, including "The Grand Duchess," now running at the Varieties in Paris, and pronounced the greatest success of the season. Mr. Bateman's *prima donna* is Mlle. Tostée, a pupil of the conservatories and an eminent actress, who is at present starring at Bordeaux. The other members of the company are excellent artists, and enjoy a creditable reputation in Paris. The costumes to be worn in the new opera will be exact imitations of those now worn at the Varieties, are are to be made by the same parties. In all the minor details for the representation of these operas, Mr. Bateman has been as thorough in his preparation as in the more prominent matters; no expense has been spared.

Quite as interesting as the above to all lovers of music will be the announcement that the coming season will include a series of musical entertainments under the management of a well known *directeur*, to be given at Music Hall, the first performance occurring some time in January. The rest of these series will follow rapidly. The entertainments will mainly consist of English operettas, written by a composer who is the equal of Offenbach, which will be presented by vocalists of Boston, prepared for the task by competent instructors. In addition to the best resident talent, foreign artists of reputation who will be speedily engaged, will be employed in these concerts. *Eve. Gazette, July* 21.

Les Orpheonistes. The whole of France is organized into choral unions or orphéons. They take all sorts of names—sometimes they are orphéons —sometimes choral unions—sometimes a *cercle* or club—sometimes amateurs—sometimes friends. One set calls themselves Sons of Apollo; another the Children of St. Denis; others again the Hope of Paris, the Lyre of Roubaix, the St. Cecilia of some other place. Time was when the orphéons, who consist mainly of peasants, attempted no more than to sing the simple choruses of the Wilhem school. Now they can attack any composition of any school —the most elaborate works of the greatest masters. As a matter of fact what they chiefly attack are the compositions of French masters—Halévy, Adolphe Adam, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Félicien David, and Laurent de Rillé. It is rather a serious business to adjudicate upon the claims of more than two hundred choral unions, which are to be represented in Paris by eight thousand voices, all claiming the prize. The plan is to break them up into batches, and to hand each batch over to a separate jury.

Minstrelsy as it was. Elegant musical young men now may be glad that they did not live four hundred and eleven years ago. This is how the King then supplied the vacant places in his band: "The King to his well-beloved Walter Halyday, Robert Marshall, William Wykes, and John Chiffe, safety. Know ye that We—considering how certain of our Minstrels have now lately gone the way of all flesh, and that we necessarily want others in their places for our solace—have appointed you, jointly and severally, to take (*capiendum*), wherever they can be found, certain youths, elegant in their natural limbs, and well taught in the art of Minstrelsy, and put them in our service at our wages. And we command you that you look diligently to the premises, and do them, and carry them out in the form aforesaid." Will ye, nill ye, it was in those days. If either a horse or a minstrel was wanted for the king, he had to go.—*Athenæum.*

Choron the Musican. M. Jules Janin tells this anecdote: Once upon a time there was in this Paris, forgetful of everything, a respectable man, an ingenious, profound, affectionate artist, Choron, the musician. He delighted to look everywhere for promising intellects, well-gifted voices, and heads touched by Heaven. When he met any child which seemed to whisper confidence to his hopes, he hastily carried it home, and gave it a place in a school which (all poor as he was) he had opened at his own expense. He treated these chosen children with more than paternal tenderness. To the hungry child he gave bread, and he gave clothes to the shivering child. He lived smiling and charming with these petulant creatures, who often lacked attention, gratitude, and respect for him. Among Choron's numerous disciples were two especially who kept Europe attentive. One of these was little Gilbert, who became Duprez, and the first singer of the world, and the great Rachel. He found her one winter's day dragging in the street a guitar bigger than herself, and detecting on that juvenile brow genius's stamp, he carried her to his school. He wanted to make a songstress of her. She, directed by her genius, quitted the lyric drama for the written tragedy of our old poets. In fine she became Rachel, and had risen from triumphs to triumphs, carrying with her all Paris, and perpetually living amid enchantments and success. At the height of this immense joy she thought she should like to play her great part "Hermione," at the Grand Opera, and fill that vast theatre where her old comrade, Gilbert Duprez, kept the throng attentive and charmed to the inspirations of Rossini and Guillaume Tell. To hear was to obey this eloquent woman. So she played at the benefit of that respectable and worthy Massol, whose career was suddenly interrupted at the very time his voice was strongest and most beautiful. On this night there was a crowd at the Grand Opera. "Hermione" entered superb and triumphant, perfectly at home in this immense space. She herself alone was able to supply the places of the orchestra and choruses. She became intoxicated by her own passion. Had you seen her you would have likened her to some sublime storm in which her eyes flashed like lightning. It was one of the most admirable, perhaps it was the most admirable evening of all her life. She retired from the stage amid universal applause, whose thunders pursued her even to the dressing-room, where Helene's daughter laid down the royal mantle. She then closed her eyes to wait till her heart beat less rapidly. Why, how now? gently, heart! When at last she came to herself she caught a glimpse ('t was no vision of that great mind filled with phantoms) of the bust of Choron, her great master. That was, indeed, his timid, good-natured glance, his ingenuous smile, his very self. On his brow he bore a half-faded crown, and the crown suited well with those warm-hearted features. Now Mlle. Rachel's dressing-room was Duprez's own dressing-room. The opera had given it to the grand "Hermione," as the sole chamber it had at all worthy such a guest. The crown on old Choron's brow was placed there by his little Gilbert, by Duprez himself, who gave it to his gentle master after the unexampled success of his summons in Guillaume Tell. *Suivez-moi!* 'Twas the same very crown. Duprez prided it as the first guerdon of his glory. At the sight of this bust and this crown Mlle. Rachel (she had every noble instinct; happy was he who knew how to rouse them) was filled with ineffable emotion. In a second she was transported back to her earlier youth amid *La Cité dolente* (sorrow's city;) the benefactions and the graces of the olden time were once more present to her mind. Her comrade Duprez's gratitude revealed her own ingratitude to her. She began to mourn it. Just at the moment the door of the dressing-room, in which Duprez seemed to conceal his noble action, noisily opened. The most beautiful *danseuses* of the ballet, before entering on the stage, brought to Mlle. Rachel the flowers and crowns thrown to her, and which filled the stage. She said to them, with a winning smile, "They are yours, and I am quite sure you will be at no loss to discover who threw them to you." They obeyed, and merrily bore away the beautiful flowers, which were twice useful in the same evening. Mlle. Rachel kept only one crown. It was braided in the antique manner of smallage and laurels wreathed with a spray of linden. When at last she rose to return home, she, with a charming hand, took possession of the crown which Duprez himself had, six months before, placed on his master's brow, and in its stead encircled Choron's head with her own antique crown. As Duprez was dressing for the stage next day he admired, without wondering overmuch, to see this happy metamorphosis. That very same day Mlle. Rachel's friends, seeing that withered crown already crumbling into dust, were tempted to make it the butt of all sorts of epigrams. The haughty tragic actress interrupted them with a royal gesture, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but not one of you shall ridicule a crown of amaranth placed by Duprez, the singer, on the brow of our master, Choron."

Sax, the inventor of the numerous instruments with the prefix of his name—Sax-horns, tubas and ophones,—has again obtained the grand medal at the Paris Exhibition for a totally new class of instruments—trumpets and tromhones with six pistons and independent tubes. This invention enables the performer to produce all the chromatic notes and to play in any key without the change of crooks.

The museum of the Paris Conservatoire has lately been enriched with two singular instruments. One of these is a portative pipe-organ, constructed in China about the seventh century—in other words when organs were unknown here or in France, since one was used at Compiègne for the first time in 757. The other instrument is a clavecin made for Marie Antoinette in 1790 by Pascal Taskin. This clavecin is remarkable for the ornamentation and carving; and what is more it is a precious relic of the martyred queen.—*London Orchestra.*

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 688. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 11.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Towards the East.

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE PAPENDIEK.

Towards the East, while song and light
The earth with summer beauty fills,
Looking towards his Fatherland,
We hear him to our Forest Hills.

We wreathe with blossoms far and sweet,
The Viol which is silent now,
And lingering gaze through falling tears
Upon that calm and holy brow.

Oh friend beloved, only the form
Which held thy soul the earth receives,
While here 'mid tender songs we strew
The grave with flowers and summer leaves.

For thou art not withdrawn, and when
Beloved and gifted ones once more
Strike the deep chords thy spirit loved,
Beethoven's vast, pathetic score,

Thou wilt be near; or when the gleam
Of winter fires thy home shall light,
Unto thy loved ones gathered there
Thy soul shall come on Christmas night.

No last farewell we breathe to thee,
We look towards the East again,
The Morning and the Fatherland,
And say, "Oh friend, Auf Wiedersehn."

W.

Gounod's Romeo and Juliet.

BY HERMANN STARCKE.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig.)

Every time there is a new opera brought out in Paris, we cannot resist the disagreeable impression which the full theatre makes upon us. These are not musically cultivated people who have come to hear the new work and form an opinion about it; it is a public which never was capable of judging and which, without having heard a note of the work, brings with it an opinion ready made. Accordingly the first measures of the overture seem to us more desperate than the most dangerous production of a circus rider. One can compare a composer, who writes an opera in three or five acts and has it performed on a Parisian stage, to the owner of a house, who is obliged to make as many jumps as there are stories to his house. First act: first story—a slight sprain; one can recover from it: second act: second story—a broken arm or an injury to the spine, still curable; third act: third story—if the unlucky man comes off this time without fatal damage, it must be miraculous, and miracles do not occur in these days. Gounod has just ventured upon five such leaps and broken neither arm nor leg; on the contrary, he perhaps never was so well as he is now. After seeing the new work of Gounod several times and reading through the score attentively, we cannot help protesting against the dithyrambic criticism which has received it with extravagant enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that seems to put wholly in the shade the effect of masterworks, like the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Divina Commedia," the "Tartuffe," the "Iphigenia," and "Alceste," the "Don Juan" and "Fidelio," &c., before which the most high-souled fanaticism has bowed to the dust. According to the Parisian critics nothing beautiful is left except the "Romeo" of Gounod. It is the poorest testimony which they can give of themselves, to fall into this tone of unmeasured eulogy about Gounod's work (which certainly contains much in its favor.) The most glowing enthusiasm must have sense and reason, before it can pass for judgment.

Allow us here to leave the Gounod question, for a moment, and state some particulars in regard to Shakespeare's drama, which perhaps are not yet generally known. That owes it proper origin to two Italian writers. In the first place, Girolamo della Corte published a work, similar to Shakespeare's, called "The Lovers of Verona." The same material was afterwards treated by the Italian poet Luigi da Porto. Later still, Shakespeare created his immortal work, in which at all events he made use of the above named authors. Girolamo della Corte relates the tragical affair between the Montague and Capulet families as historical; he even indicates the burial ground where Romeo and Juliet are supposed to lie buried and describes quite exactly a somewhat elevated place near Verona on which a convent may be found to-day. At Shakespeare's time there existed an English translation of Luigi's work by Arthur Brooke. This very probably served Shakespeare as the source, without his binding himself closely to its handling of the material. According to Luigi da Porto, Juliet awakes just as Romeo has drunk the poison; then follows between the lovers a great scene, rich in lyrical and dramatical beauties. Quite differently is the poison scene related by Girolamo della Corte. Romeo dies of the poison without seeing the awakening of Juliet. She, instead of ending her life with the dagger, swoons away in the despair which seizes her at the sight of the dead body of her husband. This act, with this poet, is full of the finest moments and the richest poetic thoughts. A not less effective scene is that where Girolamo represents the first meeting of the lovers. Shakespeare, without directly translating, has treated it in almost entirely the same way. Purely and alone the work of his genius is the Balcony Scene, which is found neither in Girolamo's nor in Luigi's drama, and which never yet has found its counterpart in ancient or in modern poets. The like of that could only Shakespeare's palette create.

Like nature with her ever lovely charms, this drama has tempted many musical hands to reproduce it. Already in the year 1793 the pianist Steibelt wrote a sort of melodrama "Romeo and Juliet;" the principal part was intended for a then celebrated singer, Mlle. Scio. It was performed that same year in Paris at the Théâtre Feydeau, and thence stimulated many musicians to further attempts. Three years later appeared in Milan the Opera "*Giulietta e Romeo*" by Zingarelli, which was chiefly written for the three Italian singers, the *castrato* Crescentino, the tenor Bianchi and Mlle. Grassini (aunt of Giulia Grisi.) In the same city, for the same theatre, and availing himself at all events of Zingarelli's score, Vaccai, in 1825, also composed a "*Giulietta e Romeo*," of which an aria (Andante: "*Ah, se tu dormi*") has maintained itself to this day, although the composer is forgotten by the public and musicians. Finally, in 1830, Bellini's "*I Montecchi e Capuletti*" was produced at the theatre in Venice. It was chiefly the two sisters Giuditta and Giulia Grisi who for a long time sang this work and helped to give it a lasting success. Hector Berlioz is, so far as we know, the only one who as a musician in his great dramatic Symphony has soared up to Shakespeare. [!!] His score alone has shown itself capable to express Shakespeare's world of thought and render back in music the sublime impressions which the great poet calls forth within us on the stage.

Now as to this latest reproduction of the Shakespearian drama, the first thing to be said by way of preface is, that such people as Messrs. Carré and Jules Barbier are not capable of furnishing a text not unworthy of the original, to say the least; they have shown so long since in the "Faust" and "Mignon" dramas, which they have dragged down to downright farce. But also with regard to Gounod's score one must confess, if he takes them for witness, that something essentially different was expected, and that this work is nothing but a simple confirmation of the prophetic ideas of J. J. Rousseau. He and Voltaire, both of whom have written immortal pages upon the French lyric and dramatic opera and have unquestionably had a controlling influence on its development, predicted simultaneously the aberration of the opera. Who else but they must answer for it, if Gounod's work appears so weak and faulty! To say the plain truth, the fault lies with the "little church-bell."—In the old churches there is a little bell attached to the organ, which is put in connection with the officiating priest, who has to lead the choir, and of which the object is to warn the organist while he is playing of the entrance of the voices. Now as soon as this fatal bell rings, the unhappy organist is obliged to break off his improvisation and drop the theme which he has just begun. Unpleasant as this may be, the proceeding is necessary, for the church service requires in a certain respect quite as much precision as the putting of an opera upon the stage. The *officiant* determines the course of the church music as he pleases and sees fit, and the organist is pledged to submit to his arrangements, and is paid for that. If the bell sounds too early, then, for better or for worse, he must renounce the spinning out of his improvisation and try to effect a transition into the required chord as quick as possible. If on the contrary he has to wait too long for the bell, then he is obliged to lengthen out the thing *per fas et nefas*. For there he sits, his hands upon

the keys, his feet upon the pedal, and his eyes fixed on the unmerciful bell, and he extemporizes all possible things, whatever comes into his head and feet: abruptly curtailed motives, senseless chords, passages which say nothing. In the anguish of his heart he often calls in the aid of the great pedal to make the finale as impressive as possible by means of its thunder!—If a composer has the mania to write an opera for a Parisian theatre, he must follow the inexorable will of the theatre director. The author is no longer master of his work. The director says to him in the most courteous manner: "I wish to have this or that dropt out, and this or that scene lengthened some ten to thirty minutes, so as to bring in some kind of a ballet or effect of decoration." Then the easiest and the only way for the composer is to comply with the given orders, if he have any intention, under such circumstances, of having his work put upon the stage. He can stay quietly at home during the rehearsals—the director takes care of all the rest.—One has only to see and hear the new Gounod opera and he will find this confirmed.

Most of the Imperial theatres, of which the French are as proud as ever were the Roman people of their name, are continually bringing out older as well as newer works according to the most arbitrary notions. A chief requirement before all things is the Ballet. Even Shakespeare they have not failed to bless therewith. In "Romeo and Juliet," as in every other work, the action is continually interrupted and suspended, at the moment when it is growing most interesting, by a ballet or some sort of decoration effect. The way of introducing this is extremely simple. If the principal characters are merry, the ballet takes part in their pleasures; if they are sad, you wish to divert them and—you dance.—We are wholly unaware that it is customary at Court and in great houses to dance when one is in bad humor and disposed to weep: but on the stage they dance and sing and leap while the fate of the principal persons is being decided behind the scenes. Preachers, soldiers, gods, devils dance; there is dancing at funerals—in short, they dance *à propos de tout*, as the French express themselves.—O Shakespeare, what has been made out of thy "Romeo!" What is left, by the Parisian workers-over of the text, of the comic humor of Juliet's nurse, what of Capulet's tenderness—and of his rage?—What has become of that swan song of all love, the balcony scene? Where is the humor of Mercutio and the dreamy fancy of Friar Laurence? Out of Romeo they have made a student, who gives his grisette a rendezvous in the garden of the Luxembourg.—Indignantly we ask those French botchers and garblers, who has authorized them to call their job-work "Romeo and Juliet;" why have they not named it "Alfred and Lodoiska," or "Lischen and Fritzchen!"—We have now a Shakespeare "Romeo," and another by M. M. Carré and Barbier; a "Faust" from the same shop and another from Goethe's; a Goethe's "Mignon," and a charivari by the above named workmen, to which they have given the same name. The Venus of Milo and the masterworks of Michel Angelo are hurled from their pedestals into the dust, and here and there a desperate urchin has the audacity to play with an arm or leg that has been broken off!

Compared to these melancholy experiments of the text workers, Gounod's music in certain moments certainly stands considerably higher. The best and most valuable piece in his opera is the introduction, which he calls *Ouverture-Prologe;* yet this designation seems unjustified, inasmuch as the chorus it contains relates the tragical end of the drama; the whole should much rather therefore have been called *Ouverture-Epilogo*. The music of this short introduction is beautiful and seizes hold of the hearer: but here Mozart's *Don Juan* has considerably influenced the composer. The Opera itself begins with a Polka-Mazurka, worthy of being danced at Kroll's establishment in Berlin. To this melody the chorus sings: "*L'heure s'envole*," &c. The following air: "*Ah, quelle est belle*," is worthier and has grace and nobleness in its make. But its good impression is again completely obliterated by the following number, which seems insignificant, and to which is appended the no less unmeaning song, of the Capulets: "*Allons, jeunes gens*." The whole of this last part betrays undeniable descent from the Mozart and Haydn Minuets; but here the imitation lacks the peculiar accent.—The ballad "Queen Mab" is built upon curious, if not new, orchestral effects, which produce rather a *bizarre* than an original impression. If one will call to mind Berlioz's orchestral movement, he will find at once the difference between the two compositions. With Berlioz one sees and feels Shakespeare in the very first bars. This is Queen Mab, in the nutshell, drawn by "little atomies," with spider's webs for traces; here a fairy atmosphere floats round us. Gounod's Queen Mab on the contrary makes the impression of a clumsy person who disturbs and plagues us in our sleep. This ballad is followed by a pretty phrase: "*O trèsor*, &c., to which is attached a Scherzo of the friends of Romeo: "*Nous avons prévu ceci*," two numbers of apt and tasteful invention, the only objection to which is, that they have been too much shortened and passages marked out without enough regard to the musical sense. After Mme. Carvalho (Juliet) has brought before the public a vocal waltz: "*Je veux voire dans le rêve*," which transports us to the *Cafés Chantants* of the Champs Elysées. there appears a Duo: "*Ange adorable*," sung by Michot (Romeo) and Mme. Carvalho, which is as cold and big as the icebergs and gives us various matter for reflection. Well may one ask here: Where is that fire of passionate love, which ends so tragically? It might be called a duo of automatons. The first Finale is just as poor and empty as the beginning of the act. Yet, taken together, this Act is the best of all, for here and there one finds a good musical phrase, possessing, sense and soul. The success, which this Act finds with the Parisian public, it owes to the rhythm so happily chosen for that public: Mazurka, Minuet, Waltz.

The Second Act begins with another very feeble number musically: "*Lève-toi, soleil!*"; upon many happy moments in it there continually follow phrases cold and saying nothing. In the Balcony Scene, the tenor (Michot) does not give enough heed to his voice; he does not trouble himself at all about Juliet's reputation and seems to think he is not compromising her, if he does sing like Verdi's Troubadour in the third act. The chorus of the patrol: *Personne, personne*, &c., has a well marked rhythm, although the invention therein is not new. The following Duo, a failure at the outset, shapes itself a little more interestingly as it goes on. But the two lovers the whole time appear sleepy, heavy, icy cold. What delight the *officiant* would have caused to all musicians, had he only pulled the little bell here in the second act!

If we speak of the Trio-Quartet of the Third Act, it is to accuse it of being an imitation of the Trio in the fifth act of the *Huguenots*. Compare the following Finale with *La Fille du Regiment* and with the "Blessing of the Poniards" in the *Huguenots*, and you will find not too much resemblance, especially to the latter work, in so far as Gounod does not transport us by his music into the Middle Ages; but the "Daughter of the Regiment" in point of rhythm does not stand a great way off. The Duo in the Fourth Act is certainly the worthiest and best piece of music in the whole; yet it owes the impression it makes more to the charming *pianissimo* of the voices, than to the intrinsic value of the theme itself. All the rest of this Duo is masterly and must carry every devout listener away with it. Most especially in the Allegro does the composer appear on a level with the great poet; the music, like the situation, is poetically and pathetically beautiful, and if Gounod had written nothing else but this, he would have proved that he possesses a great genius. Also in the following Quartet we find a very beautiful part, sung by Capulet. The Romanza of Friar Laurence, where he tries to describe the effect of the narcotic, is a complete failure. Now follows a March, played upon the so-called new Sax instruments, which is kept in a sonorous, broad style, but reminds us of much that we have heard before; besides, it utterly lacks the character of a wedding march. Of the whole chorus there is nothing further to be said, except that you find therein a deal of noise without sense. The fourth Act, again, ends cold and devoid of interest, and at the moment when Juliet is supposed to be dead, the chorus of some 200 persons indulges itself, after a long and tedious declamation, in shouting out the two words, "*Juste ciel!*"—and the curtain falls. Here would have been the moment for the composer to introduce a musical peroration, like that of the immortal poet. But the interest in the Fifth Act vanishes completely, and this is a sign of Gounod's dramatic weakness; for, after the Italian composer had created the fine number: "*Ombra adorato aspetto*," even Halevy in his *Guido et Ginevra* was able to offer something considerably finer than Gounod.

We have endeavored, in the above remarks, to give a general exposition of the worth of the last opera of Gounod. Here and there, only, musical beauties show themselves; and these not seldom seem like imitations of other masterworks; only, after the wont of the composer, they are skilfully disguised under the *trompe-l'œil* of a well invented and carefully elaborated instrumentation.

Musical Letters by Ferdinand Hiller.*

THE FORTY-FOURTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Continued from page 75.)

With a work like Beethoven's C minor Symphony, it must be evident to everyone that no explanation, however poetical, can ever suffice for instrumental music of the highest class. How many performances have people attempted to fit

* Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, for the London Musical World.

to this Titanic production! We may take the most important events from human life and from history, but everything appears petty in comparison; and, if we indulge in reflection, or pure thought, in order to form from these sublime melodies a logical chain, it is just as though we were to pour water upon fire. The deliverance of the soul from what is common is the only programme of all true instrumental music; it is as noble as it is endless. The spirited performance of this symphony, which commenced the second evening, was one of the most brilliant points of the Festival. The public were most profoundly moved, and it was long before the tumultuous waves of applause were calmed. The spirit of Beethoven floated over the conductor and the orchestra.

After the deep impression produced by the symphony, the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria" from Cherubini's Mass in D minor had a hard task to maintain their ground, and the selection of these pieces cannot be considered a happy one. The D-minor Mass is deficient in some of those qualities which often distinguish Cherubini so highly. It is anything but concise, and its length is not the result of a mighty flow of thought so much as of reflective and artistic elaboration. Calculated for a small, but choice orchestra, it rebels, at least in many places, against being executed by large masses, which crush, rather than bring out with increased prominence, its individuality. This is a pity, because none of the works performed had made such large demands upon the conscientious zeal of the chorus. The pieces, too (under Breunung's direction), went admirably, and the soloists, among whom was, by the way, Herr Gobbels, the tenor, of Aix-la-Chapelle, did their best in the difficult concerted music. But the general impression was not exciting, though words expressive of the highest appreciation were heard from the lips of many accomplished amateurs. Especial applause was, on the other hand, awarded to Schumann's passionato *Genovera* overture. Breunung was the Conductor. The orchestra played it with rare, I might almost say personal, devotion to their task; so that the execution of the work was not merely fiery and full of expression, but, despite its many perilous details, altogether blameless.

The scenes from Gluck's *Orpheus* are among the most important ever produced in the domain of dramatico-declamatory music. They afforded Mlle. Bettelheim ample opportunity for display.

This young artist, already celebrated, began her career as a pianist. It is no harm for a future *prima donna* to be conversant with Bach and Beethoven, and we only wish that very many had gone through a course of this description. Profound musical intelligence is manifested by Mlle. Bettelheim in every bar she sings. Her voice, extending over more than two octaves in compass, possesses rare fulness and still rarer equality of tone. Mlle. Bettelheim had previously shown in *Judas Maccabæus* how varied were her conception and vocal art. With a facility full of grace she had given the air, "Die Freiheit nur allein gibt neue Pracht dem Sonnenschein," while, in the prayer at the beginning of Part Three, she expressed perfectly the high purity of a devout spirit. With invincible and joyous devotion she had sung at all the rehearsals, and done almost too much. Her performance in *Orpheus* proved that she was not less capable of the most passionate expression, and competent to grasp and realize the most delicate effects of light and shade in Gluck's recitative. Yet, in consequence of a cold, her voice was not completely under control—but she extorted double admiration from the initiated, for the great art by which the achieved everything with an organ not quite compliant to her will. Unfortunately there exists no process for photographing a voice, and whether we wish it or no, we are compelled to have recourse to phrases more or less empty, in order —*not* to convey the slightest notion of it. But that photography is able to seize on many beauties of another kind, and, at least, assist us, in remembering them, is a fact which most certainly many of those present in the concert room at Aix-la-Chapelle recollected and turned to account.

The second evening was brought to a close by Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis-Nacht*, one of his most genial and original compositions, and, generally, a work that is unique of its sort. It was a real piece of good fortune that Goethe's poem, sparkling with life, and so magnificently constructed, both from a dramatic and a musical point of view, should have been left for Mendelssohn to treat, after being public property for half a century at the least. Among the things obtainable only with difficulty in this world are the right fiddle for a violinist; the right husband for a young girl; and the right poem for a composer. And although there have always been *hitherto* more violinists and maidens than composers, the last case is attended with by far the greatest amount of difficulty. In opera, Mendelssohn never succeeded in meeting with such a libretto as he required, and it is certain that it is owing to this circumstance that we are poorer by a work worthy to be ranked with *Die Zauberflöte*, *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*. In the *Walpurgis-Nacht*, however, he found a subject to satisfy his best inclinations, the joy of Spring and the free air of Heaven; the fantastic element, and the light of the heart, which can illumine every creed. It is not, however, "the high symbolical intention" which Goethe claims for his poem that entrances us afresh every time we hear this eternally youthful work, but "the joyous, unconquerable enthusiasm that glows, brilliantly and clearly, in it." This same joyous enthusiasm imbued the Conductor and those under him, and procured us a performance sparkling with life. Mlle. Bettelheim undertook the part of "an old woman from among the people"—and no one felt angry that she represented the old woman only *musically*. Niemann sang the air of the Youth, without a single *tempo rubato*, with as much conscientiousness as spirit, and even the anxious "Christian watch" without the least timidity, strange as he must have felt under the circumstances. The part of the Druid is one of Hill's best efforts; he is completely master of it, vocally and intellectually.—It was in a truly elevated frame of mind that we left the place where the Festival was held. Beautiful, sublime German art! "Who can rob thee of thy light?"

(To be continued).

Religion in Germany.

NEW ENGLAND AND GERMANY CONTRASTED.—THE GERMAN SABBATH.—DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF THE DAY.—CHURCH LIBERTY.

(Correspondence of the Gazette.)

LEIPSIC, July 15th, 1867.

Mr. Dickens, in his work upon America, after speaking of the propensity of New Englanders to resort to religion as a strong drink, confesses himself very much puzzled to account for their furious denunciation of all rational and harmless amusements. Miss Martineau went a little further, and tells us that as we banish from our lives all other excitements, enjoyments and recreations, religion becomes actually the only outlet left us, and we must find our amusement, consolation, pleasures and quarrels in that one subject.

The Germans, frightened at the straight-jacket dispensation of the early reformers, branched off into all manner of beliefs, and founded all manner of sects, from which most of ours are copied. At last, however, they seem to have settled as a body upon the broad ground of rational, natural religion, which, to one fresh from the rigid bonds of New England, seems refreshing and delightful. They believe that religion does not consist in creeds or beliefs, in passing week days after one fashion, and Sabbaths after another, or in uniting with a church through some religious experience. A man with them is religious or not according as there is in his heart a desire for self-perfection, an incentive which urges him to some goal, some aim to which all his faculties are directed. If a German feels the power and omnipotence of God or Christ, but cannot embody this idea, it is not considered his fault. If this conception leads him ever onward, urges him to perfect himself and aid those about him, he is a Christian, no matter what his belief may be. He does his work of good unfettered and uncramped by doctrines and creeds. Why does he need them! Natural religion is founded on man's instinctive, free, unfettered worship of an ideal, whether that ideal be God or not. It is founded on the love and humanity of man to man, and what more does one need for his religion than Germans ask? We have prescribed rules and regulations, with which our minds are bound from infancy, and free, out-spoken truth, instead of being sought after and honored, is crushed under the heel of public opinion. What man with us can stand out against our various sects and creeds without having directed against him the opprobrium of the whole community? What man is not forced, in self-defence and in order to maintain his position in society, to adopt the religion of his community.

Instead, too, of one grand, broad, common ground of worship, we must choose our religion from numerous rigid sects, which are divided by shades of belief, by rivalry, and often by hatred. If a member of one society in which his friends are common worshippers, finds himself unable to accept all its doctrines, he is no longer a Christian and a brother, but an unbeliever, and must withdraw to another society. How many, on this account unwilling to separate themselves from friends, are forced to accept a belief to which their hearts can never consent? How many, by camp meetings, those hot-beds of religion, are forced into a system which they do not understand, and from which, when once arrived at maturity, they dare not retreat? What but this is the cause of so much backsliding, consequent hypocrisy, and striving to keep up appearances, which are only a mockery? How much misery may this tyranny of religion engender in households of which the world knows nothing! It is the constant struggle between the demands of the soul for a true, open, honest expression of belief, and the restraints of friends or of public opinion. If in my small circle I have known such misery, how much may exist throughout the land? The Germans seem to have passed out of their narrow pale of belief, or perhaps they as a body were never in it. It is directly opposed to the German mind. They choose to worship God with the simple faculties which he has given them, rather than plunge into some dreary region of doubt, and clutching at faith with one hand and some church doctrine with the other, ride them like hobby horses into heaven. Take their Sabbaths for example. They stand on the broad ground that the day was made for man, and not man for the day. Their poetical temperament, and their high cultivation in literature and art lead them to worship in some way the Almighty God. Very many of them, no matter what their belief, attend church in the morning, but the strictest relax themselves after dinner. I am in the family of the most New England like German Christian that I have seen, yet he sees no harm in a pleasure walk or a visit in the afternoon. "The mornings I devote to my God," he said to me, "the afternoons and evenings to rest and enjoyment after the toils and cares of the week." This is the general mind of the people in the afternoon; the gardens and promenades are full, and the mechanics and laboring people are seen by hundreds, not alone or in rum shops, but taking their whole family for a walk, or knitting under the trees in the beer-gardens, children and all, listening to music.

Now why is this not rational? Is it not better than compelling little children to attend two sermons and a Sunday school, or shutting them up with a tract to read and a hymn to learn? Is there a single New England child who does not look back upon such Sabbaths with the most lively horror? is there one who would not have taken a sound thrashing if he could have slept from his Saturday night's bath tub to school-call on Monday morning? Is it probable (in case any objection should be made to the child's opinion,) that any religious love or enthusiasm could possibly find its way into his heart with such an amount of horror and disgust which he felt for the day. In Germany the shops are closed, not because it is wrong to open them, but because the Sabbath is for rest and quiet enjoyment. For this reason the museums and art galleries are all open and *free*, that those persons who have labored all the week may have an opportunity of instructing themselves in those works of art which are the pride of their land. How much the lower classes prize this privilege will readily be seen by one who walks on a Sunday through the museums of France or Germany. In England the same people crowd the gin palaces, because the English people are too religious to sanction any such heterodox crime as the shutting up of rum shops and opening of art galleries upon the Sabbath. America can choose which of the two evils is preferable; for people will be amused or entertained in some way, and if innocent pleasures are debarred them, they seek illegitimate ones.

I have spoken many times in my letters of the very few excesses one sees in Germany, even among the students. With us a youth brought up in the strictest manner goes at eighteen to the city and

engages in business. He resists for some time the temptations to enjoy in a rational manner the only day which he can call his own. Finally he yields so far to temptation as to take a walk, or visit a sacred concert, impelled thereto by his cares and labors of the week.

But these slight derelictions of duty are enough; he has passed the Rubicon; he has disgraced the circle in which he was reared, and his church look out at him with horrid eyes as at a Sabbath-breaker. What is the result? He feels at first the same as ever, he is not conscious of having committed any heinous crime, but the church tells him so, his pious relations tell him so, and finally, believing it, he goes on from bad to worse, becoming every week more reckless and desperate. Had he been left to himself, in all probability his greatest sin would have consisted in going to church in the morning and sailing down the harbor in the afternoon. Look at German students. Among the hundreds whom I see constantly, there are at the most a score whose religious lives approach the New England standard, but there are still fewer whose lives are vicious or depraved. With us as one class becomes too strict and severe in its demands, the other grows more lax. You cannot make a man serious by law, you cannot legislate him every Sunday into an arm-chair where he shall sit all day and think of the Pilgrim's Progress. But you can give him some middle ground to stand upon between the church and the rum-shop. The Germans do this by giving the people innocent pleasures, by removing the social tyranny which forces religion down the throats of our young people. Every child is baptized to distinguish him from a heathen, and that is the law of the land, but beyond it he is free. When he arrives at maturity it is customary to unite with the church, and this is usually done no matter what the private belief of the person may be. So it is common to find among church goers and persons of regular standing as members of churches, those who represent every shade of belief. It is common to see men attending church who nevertheless laugh at modern religion and its absurdly small influence. Such a man was one of my professors here. "I attended church," said he, "to worship the Almighty, and inasmuch as I believe in him and worship him every day of my life I account myself a Christian." There is no public voice against such a man, although he could hardly have believed one of the articles of faith of the church to which he belonged. Another gentleman with whom I studied had been recommended to me as a worthy and religious man. I had also often seen him at church. He was nevertheless a deist with no belief whatever in revealed religion. "I profess a religion of my own," he said, "I love and reverence my God, and who shall deny me the name of Christian or refuse me the privilege of worshipping with my fellow men?"

This would sound strangely at home, but why is it not the true Christian doctrine after all? The Germans allow a man to believe as he wishes; every heart they say must be accountable to God, and not to a sect or the narrow minded members of a church; and thus with no rivalry or discord between followers of different creeds, with no coldness and inequality between church members and church-goers, they stand members of one Christian brotherhood in one universal church. There are many shades of belief, but they do not interfere one with another. Man can love God without signing a set of church documents, and be a true Christian without passing through the experience of a revival or camp meeting. Why should not our religion, which is an instinct in and a necessity to man, be a universal and common one whose only church articles are love to God and charity towards our fellow men? Then all this narrowness and superstition, this rivalry and bitterness of sects would be done away. This hateful practice of judging our fellow creatures by our own miserable standard, and picking flaws in hearts which belong to God alone would cease, and the abolition of religious tyranny be another grand step of our country on the road to freedom and happiness.

E. L. S.

Contest of Military Bands at the Exposition.

(Correspondence of the Daily Advertiser).

Paris, July 21, 1867.

The Imperial Commission have had another golden day and further brilliant success in the "European concourse of military bands" held this afternoon in the Palais de l' Industrie. For this great musical competition four prizes had been offered in the form of that number of gold medals worth 5000, 3000, 2000 and 1000 francs respectively. Ten bands entered the list, and Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Prussia and Russia sent their choicest musicians to uphold their national honor on this occasion. The beauty of the weather and the fame of the meeting drew together an enormous crowd, and long before the doors were opened an immense *queue* extended from every entrance, till they all mingled together confusedly in the distance. The noble hall still retained the decorations that had been placed there for the first of July, and its appearance was most impressive. In half an hour from the time of the first entries every seat, and not only that, but every standing-place, was occupied, and I presume full 30,000 spectators were present. The scene was magnificent, and the centre, the galleries and the broad tribunes along the sides were crowded with a dense mass of people, who extended up and down the vast building as far as the eye could reach. No musician could desire a grander scene in which to display his utmost abilities Yet this grandeur was mingled with not a little discomfort, for the Imperial Commission had sold tickets to every person who applied, and with ill-advised rapacity had omitted altogether to take into account the chances of their finding any accommodation in the edifice.

At a little past one, however, they saw fit to close the doors, and when every one present was at the extreme of hot and crowded irritation the bands began to arrive. One by one they entered the hall at the great western gates, and, passing over the elevated platform before them, marched the whole length of the building to the places assigned them. The musicians from Baden came first. They were followed by the Prussians, a noble body of men and the largest band present, numbering no less than ninety performers. As they strode along in their blue uniforms, crowned with their famous helmet bearing a long crimson horse-hair crest, they were hailed with phrensied and tumultuous applause. Not only from the French, but from a multitude of Germans in the motley audience came their welcome, and from hundreds of voices on either hand were cries of "*Die Preussen! Die Preussen!*" accompanied by waving of handkerchiefs and repeated *bravos*. They were followed by the Austrians in a far more showy uniform of white, blue and gold, whose reception was hardly less enthusiastic. In fact, notwithstanding the heat, the dazzling glare of the sun and their contracted quarters, the audience were cheerful and gaily demonstrative during the whole of the long exhibition, and applauses were never scanty. The last to enter were the Russians, a sturdy and stalwart body, 71 in number, whose bearing greatly impressed the spectators, as with clashing swords and heavy tread they moved slowly forward in military order to their crimson benches. Their costume was the most showy of all, and their forms were well set off by white tunics profusely covered with orange bands, trousers of blue with a scarlet stripe, and large glittering brass helmets, each bearing an eagle in silver with expanded wings and a crown on his head. They were mostly young men, of fair complexion, ruddy with health, and their expression was rather impassive and heavy. The tempest of shouts that greeted their appearance did not seem to affect them in the least.

The preliminary arrangements having been finally completed, the Baden band first mounted the stage, which had been erected near the eastern end of the hall and directly in front of the stand occupied by the judges, and began the first notes of Mendelssohn's *Finale de Loreley*. But they quickly came to a stop. So vast is the Palace of Industry that those at the opposite end could hear absolutely nothing. It is as ill fitted for a concert room on this account as the Great Eastern for the merchant service, and this occasion well proved it. Obstreperous outcries, exclamations of *Venez-ici!* waving of hats and handkerchiefs, not to speak of an umbrella which a dignified paterfamilias solemnly unfurled and extended towards the musicians as if he would draw them towards him and "marshall them the way that they were going," all testified to the determination of the audience to have the band nearer the centre of the edifice if they could any way effect it. These were followed by a storm of "*assis! assis!*" hisses, protestations, cries of "*il n'est pas possible,*" and objurgations in German, Spanish, English and every known tongue, from those who were located nearer the band. For full five minutes this wild confusion lasted, while the players, with true German phlegm, awaited the result. Again they began, and again the waves of fierce discord surged to and fro over the great ocean of people. Obviously the one half of those present who could not hear were resolved that the rest should share their privileges. But their indignation was at length exhausted by its own violence, and the fierce complaints gradually softened down to muttered growlings and then to perfect stillness as the first strains of Loreley, faint and delicate, became apparent to the ear. During the rest of the day the audience, having taken nothing by this riot, were tranquil and showed they had sufficient philosophy to make the best of their ill luck. Those that could hear listened with an attentive ear as the marvels of music were unfolded, while those most remote left their seats and added their unwelcome presence to the already uncomfortable multitude around the stage. They gradually overflowed the beautiful flower beds and, sitting and stepping upon them, destroyed the plants completely; the delicate brass railing that surrounded them they trampled under foot, and it was with great difficulty that the *sergens de ville* could prevent them from invading the seats of the musicians.

The *Finale de Loreley* was followed by the "Overture to Oberon," which every band was required to play in addition to a *morceau* of its own selection, as a common test of the capacity of all. At its close, which was closely accompanied by profuse applause, —and during the whole occasion, by the way, the people were by no means niggards of their approval —the *Badois* descended from the platform and their places were taken by the Spaniards. These belonged to the first regiment of engineers and numbered 64. They were the least impressive of all both in their music and personal appearance. I think I never saw more inferior-looking men, and the uniform they wore was in the extreme of bad taste. They played *fantaisies* upon national airs, and their work was not ill done, which is all that can be said in their praise. At half past two the Prussians mounted the stand. They were older men than most of the other performers, with the exception of the veteran *garde de Paris*, and their large number may be accounted for by the fact that they were selected from two regiments, the Second of the Guard and the regiment of the Emperor Francis. This fact, combined with their great excellence as musicians, tended to make their notes more widely heard and more effective. Their piece was well selected and consisted of airs from *Le Prophète* of Meyerbeer. To those who listened to their strains it seemed as if nothing could surpass the exquisite time of the instruments and the true musical sympathy and feeling with which every performer interpreted the inspiring bequest of the great composer. The solos were given with a delicacy and clearness that excited the audience to irrepressible exclamations of delight. They could hardly await the conclusion before rising to their feet and cheering again and again in a tempest of noisy satisfaction. The "Overture to Oberon" was rendered with the same power. There was a vigor and confidence in the louder portions that always mark genuine musical talent and taste, while the more delicate chords seemed an air expanding as it were into tendrils and wavy spray of harmony with a luxuriance that to a cultivated musical taste was nothing short of momentary intoxication. Their whole performance lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, and to those who heard it proved a treat that they will never forget. At its close the music which had shown itself so powerful to "shake the dome," or equally to "draw the tear from hopeless love," received an ovation which caused the very roof to vibrate, and which did not cease till the Austrian competitors had fairly begun to perform their part in the great ceremonial.

I know not if it were by design, though it probably was, that the Prussians and Austrians were so closely contrasted during this occasion, but it is the fact. They entered together at the beginning, their seats were side by side, and the latter played directly after the former. The Austrians were 76 in number, and belonged to the regiment of the *Duc de Wurtemberg*. They were extremely youthful in appearance, and I presume two-thirds of them were not twenty years of age. They were fine looking fellows, with light hair, fair complexions, red cheeks, and altogether appeared extremely well in their showy costume of white and blue. They performed the overture to "William Tell," and did themselves infinite credit. It is a most popular and effective piece, full of those finer strains which delight a nice sense of harmony, while it possesses that musical *clair-obscure*, that broadly contrasted light and shade, which tells so well in its influence upon the masses. The players were fully equal to its correct and melodious rendering. I never heard it so well done. The difference between them and their last predecessors was hardly perceptible, either in point of style, wealth of expression or delicacy of feeling. The audience seemed rapt in silence, only at times interrupted by a movement or utterance of appreciative admiration, till the last "winding bout of linked sweetness" had died upon the ear. Then again, as before, they sprung to their feet, and with loud cries of *bravo, bravo! bis! bis!* made the vaulted roof rebound. But why attempt to describe what is really indescribable? Why seek to give in words that transient glow, burning, radiant, but perishable, which for the moment enables us to mingle our own less noble minds with the triumphs of the great, to

warm our souls at the fire of genius? "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned," and there's likewise beggary in the music that can be fitly set down in winged words, and its choicest strains drawn out along the dull formality of types. Their echo still remains in our hearts, and will ever sound in our ears across the wastes of time, but we cannot impart them to others.

At half-past three the Belgian band began their share in the day's labors by playing *fantaisies* upon "William Tell." Their performance, though good, was not particularly impressive. They were succeeded by their melodious brethren from Bavaria, who belong to the first royal regiment of infantry. As their imbecile King is now here, redolent of Wagner and every other unstatesmanlike and ignoble infatuation, it is not to be wondered at that they played a selection from one of the works of that composer. It was the introduction and nuptial chorus of Lohengrin, and was played extremely well. The audience were not, however, sorry to see them make way for the musical representation from Holland, who numbered 56 and who gave some extremely able airs from Faust. These were familiar to most of their hearers and thus gave great delight to the less fastidious and more unscrupulous portion who, as the eternal rum-tum-tum-rum-tum-ti-tum, that one now hears from every street organ, was sounded again in their ears, hummed, thumped, or nodded a somewhat untuneful accompaniment, a popular *fantasia sur fantasia*. This all came soon to an end and the stolid Dutchmen left their nightingale's nest with no little applause, a large share thereof being an expression of heartfelt relief on the part of the real lovers of music present that they had finished.

And now public expectation was on tiptoe at the approach of the anticipated and, as it proved, the real triumph of the day. Those of your readers who have heard the inimitable music of the Garde de Paris in the gardens of the Tuileries and other localities in this city, will not be surprised that much was expected of them nor to learn that they fully came up to the general ideal. They played the *Chœur et Marche des Fiancailles* from Lohengrin, and that with an appreciation of its many beauties that could come only from long practice and devotion to their study. It hardly seemed possible that notes so soft, so clear, so full of meaning and passion, could come from the coarseness of wood and brass. At times they died away into the very echo of an echo, and yet palpable, the faint murmurs of distant waterfalls and rustling leaves, the quiet whispers of nature communing with herself while she builds, till wreaths of melody seemed to float through the air; at times over all came out strong and loud the triumphant blast of the trumpet that thrilled through every soul like that at the great awakening when the graves shall restore the dead that they contained before. It is on an occasion like this that one appreciates the enjoyment of which God has made the human mind capable and listens in silent adoration while the hidden germs of inner life are warmed into fruitful abundance by the fostering presence of genius. For a moment after the notes had died away the listening crowd admired the lofty sound, then as of old a present deity they shout around, and never was more unstinted and universal applause bestowed upon any successful effort. I will not try to describe it, but it was all that the strongest imagination can conceive.

The Russian band had courteously been placed between that of the *Garde de Paris* and that of the *Guides de la garde impériale* who were to play the last. They had chosen somewhat strangely, in view of the late circumstances, the overture of *Vie pour le Czar* by Glinka. It is a gay, sprightly and popular *morceau*, but it was brought too closely into contrast with the wonderful music that had preceded it. The Muscovites did well, but hardly equalled Austria or Prussia. Nevertheless they made a brave show in their brilliant uniforms, as, like Timotheus, they were placed on high, and their efforts were well received. The people cheered them to the echo, and when they descended one could infer that they were well pleased, though not a smile or wrinkle of expression had ruffled a single cheek so as to alter their placid stolidity.

Their successors came forward at half past five and played the six *fantaisies* from the *Carnaval de Venise*. From some cause an unlucky *crevasse* occurred in the midst of the piece, the cause of which I could not understand. Otherwise they played with their usual ability. This, I presume, many of your readers are well acquainted with, as they have for a long time given concerts every evening in the garden behind the Palais de l' Industrie, which forms for that reason a most agreeable resort for all pursuers of pleasure *al fresco*. As the last notes of the overture smote upon the ear, the setting sun, sloping slowly towards the west, poured forth a flood of radiance strikingly in harmony with the scene. Broad bands of light descended upon the people through the open windows under the eaves. The profuse and gaudy hues of the great colored window at the end of the hall, blue and yellow, purple and orange, were lit up with a brilliancy too dazzling for the eye. The huge parti-colored *oriflammes* pendent from the ceiling undulated widely to and fro in the faint air, as if wafting to the sun a parting benediction. And still the players in their rich tunics of scarlet and gold played on, and we listened in solemn silence as the harmonious notes stole over us. Weary, hot and uncomfortable by sitting or standing for six hours, as many had done, yet they were not proof against the influences around them, and embraced by a feeling of common sympathy they listened as one man. It was a fitting close to a ceremonial so grand, that its last ending should accompany one of the great and mysterious operations of Nature, that melody so inspiring should hymn the sun to his rest.

The enormous multitude were long in quitting the building. Numerous as are its exits, 30,000 persons cannot leave any space with rapidity. Many remained to hear the final award of the prizes. The patience of these was severely tested, for the judges hesitated long—nearly an hour—before arriving at their decision. There was, probably, but little doubt in their own minds, as in that of the audience, that the *Garde de Paris* richly deserved the first prize and the only one. But it seems to have been decided from the outstart, and perhaps properly, that no French band should be distinguished in this way. From this it resulted that to reconcile all difficulties and give universal satisfaction, three first prizes were bestowed upon the Garde de Paris, the Austrian and the Prussian bands respectively, and three second prizes upon those of Russia, Holland, and the *Guides de la garde impériale*. It was not a very ingenious way of arranging the matter, and reminded one of Artemus Ward's method of dealing with a similar crisis when he made all his officers generals. The upshot of the whole thing is, that no one is contented, and as far as the great musical competition is concerned, all parties stand pretty much as they did before. Yet it has not been unfruitful. Europe will benefit by the "three first prizes," absurd as they seem, and we strangers here who have thus had the infinite treats of the present gala-days crowned with so delicious an entertainment, have every reason to be thankful. B.

Theatre Orchestras.

The fall and winter seasons of most of our theatres being about to begin, it might not be out of place to examine how the musical portion of their entertainment could be so improved as to make it a means of cultivation to those who do not or cannot attend musical performances of a higher class.

As many of our readers have perhaps no clear conception of the number and nature of the instruments that enter into the formation of an orchestra, they occasionally give that name to any musical organization consisting of wind and string instruments. Managers of places of amusement, who ought to know, and in fact do know better, turn this often to a ludicrous account by announcing on their playbills, "Overture for full Orchestra," which full orchestra oftenest consists of from nine to twelve musicians.

The proper rendering of any orchestra music, classic or other, requires *not less* than the following number: 2 first violins, 2 second violins, 1 alto, 1 violoncello, 1 double-bass, 2 flutes, 2 clarinets, 2 oboi, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 2 trumpets, 1 trombone, 1 pair of drums or tympani. Total, 21 musicians.

Even with this for a theatre orchestra large number, some music requiring additional instruments could not be performed if their passages were not given to other instruments of nearly the same compass. This is not always feasible—for instance, if all the instruments have important passages of their own to perform. Although not perfectly legitimate, yet without this rearranging no music but of the simplest kind could be given in our theatres. Such arrangements are generally made by German and French musicians, and the passages for instruments not in the orchestra are marked by smaller notes in the part of instruments having the greatest similarity of sound with the absent ones. Some of these arrangements, mostly of dance and operatic music, are cleverly done, and if rendered by skilled musicians, quite effective.

But only very few of our theatre orchestras have more than from ten to twelve musicians, and consequently these arrangements must be still further reduced, which is mostly done by simply omitting the parts unrepresented in the orchestra. Such small bands have generally but a simple string quartet, one flute, one clarinet, one trumpet, two horns, one trombone and one drum. Several of our theatre managers even go so far as to deprive their orchestras of horns and violoncello, those most important of harmony-sustaining instruments. The effect produced by such a combination may be guessed at from the absolute fact that the poorest arrangement of the poorest kind of music requires, besides the latter instruments, two clarinets and two cornets. Without these the performance of "civilized" music becomes an impossibility, no matter if leader and band be good or bad. A good musician never accepts an engagement in such an orchestra, but under the spur of absolute necessity and always at the risk of his artistic dignity.

The requirements of the English melodrama necessitate very frequently the presence of the musicians in the orchestra during the progress of the play. The entrance and exit of the virtuous yet suffering country maiden, of the grim traitor, of the burly English squire, must be marked by what the managers pleasingly style on the bills "characteristic music." It used to be formerly a matter of no little pride for a leader to be the fortunate possessor of a large collection of such small pieces, numbered and labelled: "Slow music," "mysterious music," "dreamy music" "thieves' pizzicato," "creeping murderers' music," "triumphant virtue music," "hunting music," "lively-dreamy music," "agitatos," "hurries," "dying music," "wild music," "angel and demon music," etc., all to be used at the fitting occasion. In one instance within our recollection, the "creeping murderer's music" was, through a pardonable mistake, played at the Apotheosis of Margaretha; while, as if to equal things, Camilla's Waltz sweetened on another occasion the dying pangs of Juliet.

It is needless to say that our good theatre leaders can and do write appropriate music where it is required. But by far the greater number cannot do so, and have no choice left but to borrow the needed music or else submit their musical listeners to a mild species of torture.

Once leader and band engaged, the manager ordinarily insists upon having none of that scientific music played between the acts, but music to please the million, which ukase means, alas! to play nothing but pieces already too familiar to the public by the art of the organ-grinder, forgetting entirely that the public, even the most unintellectual, has an instinctive knowledge of good and bad music.

We have often wondered at the, we might almost say, infallibility of the masses in musical matters. Whenever good music is performed, there are few but appreciate and applaud it. Even small orchestras have in Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies quite a choice of fine music of an easy comprehension. There is no earthly reason why a fragment of a Quatuor, Sextet or Octet might not be given occasionally. Several distinguished German masters, such as Lindpaintner, Hiller, Reissiger and others have written charming music for the express purpose to be played between the acts. If lighter music is to be given why not select from Strauss and Lanner, at least well-written dance music, rather than vitiate the public taste by a hodge-podge jumble of sixty operatic and other melodies, each of them without the slightest logical connection with the one that succeeds.

An intelligent manager ought, instead of preventing, rather to encourage his orchestra in the right direction; for between two equally well-directed theatres, the public will certainly patronize the one where the importance of good music is most recognized.

Does not the public at the concerts on the Common readily discern between poor and good bands, poor and good music? Does not their attentive silence whenever a good piece of music is performed show at least that the beautiful is as intuitively felt in music as in the art of the painter, the sculptor, actor or architect? Do the managers think their public less intelligent? If so, we believe they are mistaken.

1. There is no reason why, if music is needed at all in our theatres, *good* music and of a sufficiently strong orchestra should not be given.

2. To present, under the name of orchestra, a smaller number than from 16 to 18 pieces is an insult to the intelligence of the public and should be frowned down.

3. To degrade good musicians to the level and numbers of a common minstrel band shows that the manager does not believe in the progress of culture, and is consequently unfit for his duties.

4. To compel the musicians to play music distasteful even to the worst among them is unworthy of a well-conducted theatre that is desirous of the patronage of the intelligent.

A reform in music in our smaller theatres is sadly needed, and the more, since to counterbalance the injury done in them every evening to the popular taste, we have naught but our Symphonic, Oratorio and Chamber Concerts, all beyond the reach of most of our theatre goers.—*Boston Transcript.*

Music Abroad.

London.

Royal Italian Opera. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" (of which we give in another place a German's thoughtful criticism, after hearing it in Paris), has met with success in London. Of the way in which it was done, here is the *Athenæum's* account:

It may be stated as unfortunate that the "cuts" necessary to reduce M. Gounod's "Romeo" within reasonable limits, have necessitated omissions by which the balance of the composition is destroyed. The choral prologue behind the curtain, which forms part of the prelude or overture, has been suppressed. We deliver this up without regret; also the ballet music, and even *Juliet's* great air before she drinks the poison; but we must regret that the retrenchment of the concerted finale to the third act should have been found requisite; still more, that the nuptial march and Epithalamium, in the fourth act, have been taken away. It follows that a large amount of solidity and contrast is inevitably lost, and that, after the first act, the opera is virtually reduced to a dialogue, with a few snatches of song for the subordinate characters, a few morsels of chorus, and one concerted piece—that of the brawl. It is true that *Juliet's* avowals and *Romeo's* passions are expressed with a finish of detail beyond the reach of any one save M. Gounod; but the predominance of monologue and recitative, most richly accompanied, presses on the patience. Of the duets, that in the balcony scene is the best. The charm of the notturno (p. 211, pianoforte score) proves less in representation than we had expected: its perpetual modulations end in wearying the ear. We should fear that the habit of introducing these was becoming chronic with M. Gounod, did we not recollect the delicious freshness and simplicity of the first two acts of the opera which preceded "Romeo,"—"Mireille."

What is curious is the alternation of a peculiarity which cannot be called M. Gounod's sole property, with the one already pointed out. It is impossible to follow this "Romeo" without being aware of the many traces of Meyerbeer-*ism* which it contains. The sharp, ringing, broken staccato rhythm (the first example of which is, perhaps, the opening chorus of "Robert") has not been heard by Meyerbeer's successor in vain. There is no positive plagiarism in the scene of quarrel between the houses; but its color was anticipated in the Pré aux Clercs scene in "Les Huguenots."

M. Gounod's music gains essentially by being produced on the stage. So artfully are the occasional crudities of his harmony distributed throughout the score, that (when heard) they pass unnoticed, even as did Chopin's impure chords and progressions, when Chopin's own insinuating hands touched the pianoforte. Among many lovely passages, the loveliest is the symphony before the tomb of *Juliet*—a funeral march for youth and beauty, withal feminine, totally unfit for an analogous office had the victim been a *Romeo*. The execution of this beautiful prelude (not to praise at random) was the most exquisite performance we recollect in England—unique in its combination of pathos, necent and charm of tone. Yet the same public that applauded to the echo the tawdry and essentially inexpressive *Manchineel* prelude in "L'Africaine," let the movement pass with frigid indifference. The opening and close of the second act must not be passed over, as in M. Gounod's best manner.

Every resource that the Royal Italian Opera possesses has been brought to bear on the production of "Romeo." Mlle. Patti's *Juliet* leaves little to be desired. The part is a winning one, but the lady who has to sustain it, the first after Madame Miolan-Carvalho, does so at no common disadvantage, since every one agrees that her *Juliet* is among the most transcendent exhibitions of Art, and the nature overpassing yet animating Art, which the opera stage has seen. Mlle. Patti is charming; in the opening scenes of the love-tale girlish, timid, yet admirably graceful, her girlish timidity yielding by degrees to the power of "the mighty conqueror," and merging in an impassioned tenderness, an implicit trust, and a firm resolution to do, to dare, and (if need were) to die rather than for an instant to be false to the one absorbing interest which has possessed itself of her entire being. Every note of the music is wrought out by her to perfection. Her voice, besides being fuller, is younger than it was during her first seasons in England, when it seemed to us to have a certain phenomenon tone, as belonging to an organ preternaturally worked and developed. She has deservedly raised herself higher than she has till now stood, by this performance which, in fact, so far as the principal artists are concerned, is musically the mainstay of the opera. Signor Mario is a picturesque *Romeo*. His is the bearing which befits the son of a noble house. The stage has had no such lover as he. As a personation his *Romeo* will presently pair off with his *Raoul*, since on his first taking up a part he is habitually apt to be uncertain in his effects; but the indication of the real character is throughout evident; and in the great scenes he is intense yet delicate to a wish, with a shade of extravagance. It is not his fault, still less ours, but the fault of the

Old sorcerer with scythe and glass,

that we must speak of his acting before his singing. Signor Cotogni is bright and skilful as *Mercutio*, and gives the difficult song of "Queen Mab" (the main charm of which lies in the airy trickery of its accompaniments) with intelligence. Signor Bagagiolo, the *Friar Lawrence*, has a noble bass voice, and an effective stage presence; but his part has been so shortened as to deprive him of every opportunity of making an effect. M. Petit, as *Capulet*, is clever, but hard; his voice is not of pleasant quality. Signor Neri-Baraldi is *Tybalt*. The page, *Stephano*, is Mlle. Nau, who be may described, without hyperbole, as a miniature copy of what her mother was.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1867.

The Nature and Object of Artistic Instruction.

(From the German of Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century.")

We distinguish, in every work of art, its spiritual purport, and the material element in and through which that reveals itself. Both, however, are blended into one undivided whole, so that the work of art cannot be said to be in one part material, and in another spiritual. It is the spirit alone which has collected the material, and it is present in and penetrates the whole of this material, so far as it reveals itself in the work of art; while on the other hand, every portion of the external medium exists only for that purpose, and in that sense for, and in which, the spiritual idea reveals itself in the entire work. The Pastoral Symphony does not consist,—first of a number of sounds, melodies, harmonies, &c., &c., and then of the idea of rural life; but both constitute one whole; these ideas of rural life have called into being and have embodied themselves in just these melodies and harmonies.

As the spiritual and material elements in a work of art are one and inseparable, so in the act of artistic creation the whole man is present in his undivided and inseparable creative being, with his senses, his feelings, and clear perception, with his will and his action, with the whole amount of his part experience and acquisitions, as, kindled by the electric spark of creative love, they flash up and flow together into the form of the new work. It is this circumstance which shrouds in such deep mystery the origin and production of a work of art. Whence came that spiritual idea which the artist reveals? We may, indeed, show how it became accessible to him. In that Pastoral Symphony, to which we have before alluded, there are many representations of scenes of nature and rural life, the ideas of which must have been existing in the mind of Beethoven. But these ideas had been formed by personal impressions long before the work of Art was conceived and executed; they were familiar and dear to many other musicians besides Beethoven, who, nevertheless, did not feel themselves called to embody them in a work of art.

A special and altogether personal inclination was required, in addition to these ideas; and it was necessary that this inclination should be fired to that peculiar spiritual and sensuous ardor which is called inspiration, and that it should become active, through that peculiar power which we have designated by the term "creative love." And, besides all this, it was necessary that the artist should be in the complete possession of the power of formation; that is to say, that he should be acquainted with, and have full command over, all those combinations of sounds and instruments which constitute the practical part of musical composition, and which are as indispensable to to the composer as language is to the poet.

I have here considered art in its highest phase, as creative art. Representative art, and even mere artistic understanding, are however of the same nature. Artistic understanding and representation are impossible without natural capabilities and acquirements of different kinds. I must be generally susceptible for art; I must have become capable of understanding the language of the particular work which I wish to study and perform; I must have so cultivated my mind as to be able to raise myself to the height of its idea; and lastly, by practice have acquired sufficient external skill for its proper execution. But, with all these natural gifts and preparatory acquirements, both the conception and performance of the work of art are imperfect and void of real life, without the presence of that electric spark which flashes up with the impetuosity and incomprehensibility of an original power at the moment that the creative spirit in the work of art comes into inspiring contact with my sympathetic mind.

Now the difference between Art instruction and other branches of tuition is plain, and the nature of its task lies clearly before us. The task of every other branch is limited, inasmuch as it occupies itself with a special and therefore limited capability of the learner. It conveys to his mind something not previously known, and provides for the prosecution of study; or it exercises his limbs in some more or less partial direction for the acquirement of certain descriptions of practical skill. Grammar conveys to the student the material of language (words), and shows him the laws according to which it may be multiplied and its specialities combined. It engages merely the understanding and memory of the learner, whose other capabilities and entire personality have nothing to do with its special task. The understanding and memory of the teacher, and the understanding and memory of the pupil, are the only things brought into action. The same is the case with every kind of technical training. Insight aided by experience and reflection—nay, mere attention and a natural turn for a thing, are all that are required by the instructor, and that are to be awakened and developed in the learner; all the other qualities, the entire man, as such, remain outside the field of training.

This, as the above retrospective glance at the nature of Art has shown us, does not suffice for an artistic development. It is not the possession of any or several special qualifications which makes a man an artist, or susceptible to art; but the entire man with all his powers combined constitutes the active principle of art. Artistic instruction, therefore, can be neither of a purely

mechanical, nor a purely intellectual nature, nor can it be confined to some special form of mental activity.

In Art, sense and soul are one. Artistic instruction, consequently, cannot be either mere training or mere doctrine, the development of any particular kind of mental activity. *It must be Education.* It must lay hold of and *educate* the entire man; that is to say, it must draw him upward from a state of insufficiency to that position of sufficiency which artistic life and activity demand.

There is still another sense in which artistic instruction must be education. Doctrine, properly so called, concerns itself with the peculiarities of the learner only so far as to take notice of his aptness for its special subject, which it enables him, by an intelligent and methodical proceeding, to acquire with greater facility and certainty. For the rest, the individuality of the learner is to it a matter of perfect indifference; there is not one kind of mathematics or philosophy for some and a second kind for others.

In artistic instruction the case is different. It is true there is likewise but one Art and one law of Art for all. But every artistic act, after all, receives its last form and impression from the individuality of the artist out of whose nature and momentary condition it arises with electric suddenness and power. The spirit of Art is universal, as that of Humanity; but every one of its acts is strictly individual. It is I, and I alone, in my present condition, in whom this form, which they call my work of Art, awakens into life; and this form is nothing but itself; it is not a universal, but a strictly individual entity. Consequently, all artistic instruction must again be directed upon the individual person of the learner; it cannot transmit Art to "some one or the other;" but it has to bring up, to educate, this particular person for artistic activity, with a faithful preservation of all his individual peculiarities.

And now, all ye that know this and take it to heart—above all, ye, my fellow laborers in the paths of tuition—recognize what our calling demands from us! The educator must himself be an educated man; not merely a trained, but a really educated man; in his whole nature and ability a man of high culture and elevated ideas. This holds good in the educator as in Art itself. The whole soul in the person of the teacher addresses the whole soul in the pupil. The teacher knows, through the power of his self-consciousness, that what he artistically produces is no more than the immediate expression of his individuality; that in his work and its effects nothing can exist but what is peculiar to himself. He must therefore hold inviolate the person and individuality of his pupil, who, like himself, can only operate and produce according to the peculiarity of his organization. Let not these two be called teacher and pupil; they are master and youth standing towards each other in the spiritual relation of paternity and childhood. He who feels not this in himself, who enters upon his office divided, cold and void of affection, to him, either art itself is foreign, or ambition and desire of gain have been his calls to the profession; misconception alone has led him to his path. What unites the master and youth, is not merely the mutual pursuit of, and love for, the art (this tie is not wanting in any instruction); it is, independent of that consideration,—personal love. Each beholds in the other the companion and chosen assistant in the mutual vocation in which his individuality is more important the more fully it is preserved. As a series of columns supports the portico of the temple, so youthful and master artists proceed together to the service of the sanctuary, all bearers of the idea which manifests itself in the union.

This is the soul and life of education for Art. Rather than education, however, it should be called artistic teaching; for this reason, that its object is only one branch of human development, while the term education implies the general development of the human mind, of which all special teaching and the various branches of education are component parts. It is in this sense that the problem of Art education, or artistic teaching, is to be understood. Man approaches man, a whole to a whole, the preceding artist to his successor, in close unity of mind and artistic consciousness, each recognizing in the non-infringement of his individuality the ground and root from which alone original Art works can be raised. K.

(To be continued.)

Boston Music Hall. We have seen a Circular, signed by the Directors of the Music Hall Association, and addressed to the Stockholders, warning them "that an effort is being made to purchase their stock, by parties interested (as the Directors believe) in disposing of the property, or converting it to uses not contemplated by the original subscribers to the Stock," and earnestly advising them not to part with their shares.

We wish that this may prove to be a false alarm. But it is well known, that, though the Hall was built for Music, and though most of its stock was zealously subscribed for at the outset by music-lovers who sought no return for their money beyond the satisfaction of seeing a noble Music Hall established in our city, which should be sacred to Art forever, yet a considerable portion of the stock (say one third) fell into the hands of unmusical people, who only sought a profitable investment, and who were and are disposed to murmur so long as they get no dividends. Now what more likely than that outside speculators—the same for instance who have managed to get control of the Boston Theatre—should be on the watch to pick up shares, enter into a league with the disaffected ones, try to out-vote the original founders and turn the Music Hall into a great factory, or carpet warerooms, or whatever will *pay* best?

The need of a great Music Hall was felt here during the visits of Jenny Lind, and a plan was started in the councils of the old Academy of Music. But that failed, and the project was revived in January 1851, at the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, where a committee was raised to procure plans, select and purchase a site and obtain subscriptions to stock. The cost of land and building was about $150,000,—real estate and labor being at that time very low. A mortgage was given for $50,000, and the remaining $100,000 was put into shares of $100 each. These were disposed of readily within sixty days. About one fourth of the whole was taken by members of the Harvard Musical, several warm friends of music taking from 25 to 100 shares each. But also a very large proportion was subscribed for in small sums by musicians and members of musical societies, according to their means. And all this was purely and solely that Boston might have a good place for good music.

For some years the expenses of the Hall exceeded its income. For several years past, since the Organ was erected, the income has been good; but, instead of dividends, this profit has been applied to the reduction of the debt and to improvements.

Would it not be worth *more money* for other uses? say the non-musical stockholders. If we surrender it to the greedy maw of trade, for instance? If we deal with it simply as property, and with no reference to the purpose for which it was built? Very likely. But Boston needs it for a Music Hall, for a temple of Art and all æsthetic festivals, far more than she needs an acre or two more added to the vast wilderness of trade. Think what we owe to the Music Hall! What memories of Symphony and Oratorio and great Festivals, what celebrations, School Festivals, floral exhibitions, harmonizing and inspiring influences of all kinds! What can we do without it? Where shall the Muse find refuge? Where is there a place for such another Hall? It would be suicidal policy to let it go. It would be flinging away the artistic progress of fifteen years; it would seriously disorganize, discourage the æsthetic social culture.

Now these facts have only to be made known to the music-loving people of Boston, they have only to be made aware of the danger, and they will instantly rally to the defence of an institution which every patriotic citizen would guard religiously as one of the sacred palladiums of our culture and our liberty. Music-lovers who now hold stock must not, will not part with it. But we have made these statements in the hope that the question may present itself seriously to other friends of Art, and that it may move them, both in love and duty, to get some of the Music Hall stock into their own hands, that ere long it may be wholly owned by those who mean to keep it sacred to its first end of Music and of Art. Let us offset the scheme to absorb the musical stock by an endeavor to absorb the non-musical stock and make it all musical and homogeneous. Then it will be impossible ever to divert the Hall from its true uses.

"But it already *has* been so diverted," some will say. "It has been let, time and again, for uses wholly unartistic." Yes, temporarily, but with what motive? Purely for the sake of saving it for Art. The disaffected stockholders had to be conciliated; income must be had, expenses must be met somehow. Is it not better that there should be bad music half the time, if thereby we pay for a home for good music the rest of the time? The end, the motive all the time is Art; but Art is still so poor that she must let out some of her apartments sometimes, or else have her house sold over her head. Patience, and it will come right in the end; Art will yet occupy the whole.

Credit. We copied in our last a piece from the German *Gartenlaube*, entitled "The first debut of Henriette Sontag." We took the piece precisely as we found it in other papers, and should of course have given credit also for the translation, had we then known, as we do now, that it originally appeared in the New York *Leader*, over the signature Franz Genger.

We forget from what paper we clipped the following, but we believe the compliment which it contains to be deserved:

Personal. No one would have expected, from the style in which the telegraph mangled the name, that the recipient of the degree of Doctor of Music, bestowed by Yale College at the late commencement, was Prof. James G. Barnett, of Hartford, Conn., who numbers many friends among our citizens. The honor was entirely unexpected, and came as a spontaneous and merited acknowledgement of the services of a gentleman who has done probably more than any other one man to extend a cultivated musical taste in Connecticut.

An American Soprano, Miss Jenny Busk, who has achieved distinction in Europe, and was educated (we believe) at the Leipzig Conservatory, is expected to arrive in this country in October and make her debut in New York.

Exposition Universelle. In *Le Menestrel* for July 21 we find the "Official List of Rewards" to exhibitors of Class X, which includes Musical Instruments and Publications. These are classed in the following order:

1. *Decorations*; under which head occur three names only, as follows:

Merklin, knight of the Legion of Honor (Great Organs). France.

Schhaeffer, knight of Legion of Honor (associated with the house of Erard). France.

Chickering, knight of Legion of Honor, (Pianos). United States.

Then are named as *hors concours* (out of the competition), they being themselves members of the awarding Jury:

Schiedmayer (J. and P)., Stuttgart. (J. Schiedmayer, member of the Jury), Pianos and Harmoniums.

Cavaille-Coll, Paris. (Associate on the Jury). Organs.

Derain (A. F), Paris. (Associate on the Jury). Harmoniums.

Erard (Mme. Ve), Paris. (Schaeffer, associate, on the Jury), Pianos.

Herz (Henri), Paris. (Associate on the Jury). Pianos.

Pleyel-Wolff & Co., Paris. (Wolff on the Jury). Pianos.

Veillaume (J. B.), Paris. (Associate on the Jury). Instruments with a bow.

2. *Grand Prize.* Only one:

Sax (A. J.), Paris. Brass Instruments.

3. *Gold Medals.* Seven names:

Broadwood & Sons, London. Pianos.

Steinway & Sons, New York. Pianos.

Chickering & Sons, New York. Pianos.

Societe Anonyme, (Merklin-Schutze & Co.), for the manufacture of great Organs. France and Belgium.

Alexandre père et fils, Paris. Organs.

Triebert (F.), Paris. Wind Instruments of Wood.

Streicher (J. B.) & Son. Vienna. Pianos.

4. *Silver Medals.* A list of some 60 awards, including 24 for Pianos, 1 for Organs, 3 for Harmoniums (one from the United States, Messrs. Mason & Hamlin); the rest for stringed and wind instruments, editions of musical works, &c.

5. *Bronze Medals.* 78 awards: 18 for Pianos, 3 for Organs, 4 for Harmoniums, &c., &c. Two from America: J. Gemunder, New York. for Violins, &c.; L. Schreiber, New York, for Brass Instruments.

6. *Honorable Mentions.* A long list; none from the United States.

There were also some fifty Bronze Medals and Honorable Mentions awarded to skilful *workmen*, employed in various piano and other manufactories in France.

It will be seen from the above that the *Decorations* are classed as the highest grade of honor; next comes the *Grand Prize*, awarded only to M. Sax; and third in grade is the *Gold Medal*. The piano-making house of Erard placed itself out of the competition by the fact that one of its members (M. Schaeffer) was on the Jury; but on this gentleman, as well as on Mr. Chickering, was bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor; why, if not by way of recognizing these two as at the head of all the makers of Pianos? The French have long regarded the Erard as *the* Grand Piano of all the world, beyond competition; by this act now they welcome the Chickering to an equal place beside the object of their own pride.

Turn Fest and Concert.—Besides the usual Organ concerts, the only music of the week has been in connection with the German Turners' Festival. The Boston *Turnverein* had invited their brethren from other cities of the Commonwealth, and three days in the beginning of the week were spent in gymnastic exercises, prize exhibitions, picnics, music and all the wholesome, brotherly Teutonic ways of having a good time. The sight of them, in their cool and easy linen costume, marching through the streets, all strong and blooming with health, was refreshing. The last day (Tuesday) was spent in the Music Hall; the day was given to a prize gymnastic exhibition, the evening to the concert and distributing of prizes. Mark how intellectual the character of the principal prizes; we copy from the *Advertiser:*

The evening concert in Music Hall at quarter past eight o'clock was an appropriate finale to the Turnfest. It was given by the Boston Turnverein, in honor of their fellow societies of the Boston district, and was a splendid testimonial. The attendance was quite large, and the audience very appreciative and enthusiastic. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture, "Felsenmuehle," Reissiger, Germania Quadrille Band. 2. "Gruss An Die Kuenstler." Mendelssohn, Orpheus Musical Society. 3. Organ, Fugue: B. A. C. H, Bach, Master H. Chelius. 4. Adagio from 3d Sinfonie, Mendelssohn, Germania Band. 5. "Im Fruehliog" Fesca, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen. 6. Waltz, Rheiosagen, Germania Band.

Pyramid-Exhibition and Distribution of Prizes.

7. Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven, Germania Band. 8. "Die Stille Wasserrose," Abt, "An Das Vaterland," Kreuzer, Orpheus Musical Society. 9. Organ, "Improvisatioos." Master H. Chelius. 10. "Das Deutsche Lied," Kalliwoda, Schwur Deutscher Maenner, Mendelssohn, Boston Turners. 11. Fackeltanz, Flotow, Germania Band.

The singing by the Orpheus Musical Society was of the highest order, and drew from the audience the applause which it merited. M. Rudolphsen was heartily encored in his solo. The Boston Turners acquitted themselves well in their pyramidal formations, and some of the designs were quite effective. While they were on the floor the distribution of prizes took place. Mr. C. Lewison called upon the various successful competitors, who were escorted to the platform, where they received their prizes and the applause of their friends. Mr. Scholl, who gained the first prize, was crowned with a laurel wreath. The following is a list of the recipients of prizes:—

General Gymnastic Exercises.—First prize—Goethe's works, in six volumes—Wilheim Scholl, of Boston; second prize—Schiller's works, in six volumes—Gustav Gutermuth, of Boston; third prize—copy of Goethe's Faust, Illustrated—H. Huber, of Boston; fourth prize—European History—Charles Gross, of Boston; fifth prize—photograph albuoi—A. Landgraf, of Provideoce; sixth prize—a historical sketch book of Germany—C. Schwartz, of Boston; seventh prize—diploma—H. Harring, of Boston; eighth prize—diploma—J. Sieber, of Worcester; ninth prize—diploma—F. Henery, of Worcester.

High Jumping.—First prize—diploma—G. Gutermuth, of Boston; second prize—diploma—Fr. Weber, of Springfield.

Long Jumping.—Prize—diploma—to M. Hecker of Worcester.

Foot Race—Prize—diploma—to A. Landgraf, of Providence.

Rifle Shooting—First prize—revolver—to H. Kuhn; second prize—meerschaum pipe—H. Rahn; third prize—meerschaum cigar-holder—W. Harring; fourth prize—pair vases—M. Sandberg; fifth prize—half a dozen silver spoons—W. Kammuer; sixth prize—smoking set—S. Scholpp.

Diplomas were also presented with the first six prizes for general gymnastic excellence. Complimentary mention was made of L. Baumann, of Springfield, and F. R. Becker, of Boston, for gymnastic exercises, and of M. Hecker, of Worcester, in connection with the foot race. The jumping, foot race and rifle shooting took place at Fresh Pond on Monday.

With the concert the Turnfest was closed; and thus was ended an occasion of much pleasure and gratification, unmarred by a single disagreeable feature for which our German citizens or visitors can be held responsible. The impressions which they have left are most favorable to them, and all will be glad to again welcome the Turners of Boston district to this city when the time for another festival arrives, or when any Turnverein desires to visit the "City of Notions" on its own responsibility.

Festival at Keene, N. H. The Cheshire-County Musical Convention commence a five-days Festival (their 15th) at 2 o'clock next Monday. The Conductors are Messrs. Carl Zerrahn and W. O. Perkins; the solo singers, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Jennie Kempton (recently returned from Europe), Mr. James Whitney, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and Mr. H. C. Barnabee ("Basso and humorous vocalist".) For accompaniments, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and Mrs. M. D. Shepard, pianist. Of course there is a new collection of psalmody to be sung from and disseminated; this time it is called the "Church Bell"; but the singers have also laid out other and higher work for themselves, to-wit: Haydn's "Spring," from the *Seasons*, Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*,—which last is in striking contrast to the Puritanic psalm tunes.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

It was by chance we met. Song. *H. F. Williams.* 30
Who's at my window. " *C. A. Osborne.* 40
Moon behind the trees. Ballad. *C. J. Wilson.* 30
Love me for what I would be. *Wallerstein.* 30
Waiting for Father. Song & Cho. *A. Weaver.* 30
Marguerite. Ballad. *R. Reden.* 30
One hundred years hence. S'g. *J. F. Spaulding.* 30
Fare thee well. " *J. Hopkins.* 35
Songs of the kind that usually "suit the people," and worthy of more particular notice.
O'er the graves of the loved ones plant beautiful flowers. Song and Chorus. *Dr. Ordway.* 50
Dr. O. has a rare talent in choosing good *subjects* for his songs. This is destined to be very popular.
Deus Miseratur. "God be merciful." *Southard.* 60
In the Cross of Christ I glory. Solo, duet and quartet. *G. H. Martin.* 35
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah. Song and quartet. *A. Andrews.* 35
While shepherds watched their flocks. Qt. " 40
I would not live alway. Song and Quartet. " 50
Shades of evening. " *M. C. Thayer.* 30
Beautiful and useful sacred pieces.
Journey Song. (Wanderlied). *Mendelssohn.* 40
Spring Song. (Frühlingslied). " 25
Ah! perfido! (Ah! faithless one.) *Beethoven.* 80
So must my darling be. *F. Abt.* 30
The pilot's daughter Jane. " 40
Of classical beauty, the third being grand and difficult, the last two more in ballad style.
Birds await the day. Song. *C. Blumphin.* 30
O my lost love! " *Dolores.* 35
My sweetheart when a boy. " *W. Morgan.* 40
A trio of fine songs.

Instrumental.

Corn flower Waltz, for guitar. *Haydn.* 30
First Love Redowa. " " 25
Grand March from Faust, " " 25
Three favorite airs, well arranged.
Petit ange, (Little angel). Nocturne. *Egghard.* 50
Serenade. Reverie caprice. *A. Bernardel.* 60
Tasteful pieces, for players somewhat advanced.
Coquetterie Galop. New Repertoire. *M. Hassler.* 35
Hurrah Sturm Galop. 4 hds. "Social hours." *J. Bellak.* 35
Up and down Galop. 4 hds. " " 35
Abdallah March. *Turner.* 30
"All Right" Polka. *A. Andrante.* 30
Easy and brilliant pieces.
Belgravia Waltz. *D. Godfrey.* 75
Sprightly, and no doubt first heard in the "aristocratic" quarter of London.
Snow nymph Polka caprice. *J. Hopkins.* 75
An agreeable reminder of cool weather.

Books.

Forty-Five Opera Choruses, from works of Rossini, Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Gounod, Verdi, &c. By *Edwin Bruce.* $3.00
Mr. Bruce has faithfully elaborated these, which are the cream of recent opera choruses, and has arranged them in good style for the use of choirs and societies. The pieces cannot be sung without study, but are not difficult enough to frighten ordinary singers, and repay careful practice.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 689. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 12.

Crete.

A happy island in the Egean blue
To Hellas answered with a voice of streams;
Elysium glimmering with immortal dew—
A shadowed land of dreams.

Mysterious blossoms odorously bloomed
Where lonely surges moaned about the shore.
On cooler heights the sacred olives gloomed
Around a temple's door.

And maiden Ida, crowned above the waves,
Her pure brow lifted to the glowing sun,
And kept the secret of her winding caves,
God-haunted every one.

No more the Naiad slips a pearly arm
Through wreathing coral branches to the air,
Nor Eos, waking in eternal charm,
Unveils her radiant hair.

Fair Aphrodite's rosy curves of grace,
The wooing cadence of her subtle voice,
No more with Here's proud, imperial face
Bewilder, ask a choice;

But all the mountains echo dying cries,
The cities flare in minarets of fire,
And where the sea reflects the reddened skies,
The brook the cedar spire,

Down with the torrents flash the swords of men,
A ceaseless struggle writhes along the sand,
The Greek and Moslem grapple in the glen
Through all the homeless land.

A land of graves, an open grave it lies
With silent faces white upon the steep,
With woman-tresses trailed above their eyes—
Wide eyes that cannot weep.

No pause for sorrow in the weary night,
When crouching foes forbid the broken wail,
And, ghastly marbles in the moon's clear light,
The children lie so pale.

All woes of death, all agonies of loss
In shapeless horrors front the Summer's smile,
And wilder shouts, when high the crescents toss,
Ring down the dark defile.

Charge the pass of that ravine
Once again!
Sheaths await your lances keen—
Hearts of men!
See! they falter—they shall fly!
Sphakiotes,
Shame is ours, or victory!
At their throats!

We will fight while one remains!
Sons of Crete,
We will make our dying sweet!
Where the vine
Brimmed our cups with purple blood—
Drink divine—
Moslem veins
Pour for us a warmer flood!

They have neared the further crest!
Is't a summons or a prayer?
Send the Pasha to his rest,
Learning best
From our daggers our despair!
Would ye grasp
At the bayonets we clasp?
Ye have said!
Come and take
When for Crete's beloved sake
We are dead!

B. V. A.

The Nature and Object of Artistic Instruction.*

II.

THE TASK OF THE TEACHER DETERMINED BY THE NATURE OF ART.

Now, examined more closely, in what way is this problem to be solved? Instruction finds in the pupil desire, knowledge, and ability; but not sufficient for the task, which is no other than to participate in the art according to the standard of the day. What is deficient, instruction should complete and render perfect. For this purpose, it must make the art known according to its various aspects and developments, must examine into the various capabilities and attainments of the pupil, and must arrive at a clear perception of his wants in regard to the development of his mind, and what should be imparted to him.

That the young student may grow to be a successful man and artist, the individuality of his nature must, in the first place, be preserved, and the separate capabilities and dispositions of his mind completed or strengthened when necessary. Instruction must enlighten and fortify the consciousness, charm and engage the feelings, awaken imagination, impart knowledge and impress the memory, sharpen and elevate the mind and the aptitude of the organs. All this must instruction separately and carefully accomplish: although we know the artistic act is neither in the consciousness nor in the feeling, nor in any other single faculty, but has its origin in the unity and completeness of all. So too it must divide the body of a work of Art into sentences, melodies, harmonies, tones, sounds, although it knows that a work of art is nothing single, nothing merely material, but is the duality of idea and sensuousness.

Here then we touch the point where the occupation of teaching diverges from the path of art. And with intrinsic necessity. For instruction is not art; it should equip, prepare one for it and lead to it. Preparation, however, demands a prominent view and classification of the object, and a selection and adaptation of the means. The teaching process begins with dismemberment, under the prospect and in anticipation of a future recombination and fusion. The artistic process begins with the unity of all co-operating powers; it is from this electric *unification* that, with the suddenness and indivisibility of lightning, the idea of a work of art, in its perfect form, flashes on the mind. This indeed is the essence, is the condition of an artistic act; and thereto teaching does not extend; this it neither has nor gives; it is its opposite. That which instruction immediately and in the first place conveys, can be no real work of art—the spontaneous creation from the mind of the imaginative artist. For upon whomsoever it operates, it first robs him of his own free self-existence, confines and disturbs in him, through its admittance from without, that oneness of all his powers from which alone the work of art, considered as creation, representation, or conception, springs.

This is the point at which the secret repugnance to coercive teaching, (and every kind of instruction employs coercion, inasmuch as it requires something or other contrary to the will of the learner), manifests itself, even in the best pupil, by no means without reason. By him, instruction is recognized as a more or less necessary assistance. But freedom of mind, spontaneous action from the immediate impulse of his own individuality and ruling frame of thought,—this is what he feels, with the most intense self-consciousness, as the condition of artistic action; that which has not emanated purely from himself he feels not as his own work. Even the struggle of the idea with the stubborn material,—the vexation, nay, almost exasperation,—the ardor and heat of the work—all that lies between the first vague intention and its final completion, which every true artist knows,—from all this he does not desire to be emancipated. Without it, he feels that art were mere play, or the artist God, who has only to pronounce "Let it be!" and give the result no further care.

Such is the antithesis, the schism. And it is unavoidable where instruction is indispensable; the more needful and more searching the instruction becomes, with the growth of art in purport and development, the stronger the antagonism. In the beginning we looked upon artistic practice and instruction, or rather imitation and learning from dictation, as undistinguishable; the two were one and at peace. Now, what a way from national songs, which went from mouth to mouth, up to the choruses and finales of our operas and oratorios! from the harp of the bard up to the many-limbed host of our orchestra; from the horizon of the poets of nature—even an Æschylus or Pindar, who believed that beyond their country lay only barbarism and Cimmerian darkness, up to the view of a Shakespeare or a Goethe commanding the whole globe and the movements of centuries! Here no single individual's power suffices for our equipment; the individual would lose himself in a pathless wilderness. Instruction must prepare the way, must form a path: he who would not exhaust and lose himself in error, must necessarily seize her guiding hand, and, in a few months' submission and perseverance try to gain the treasure of experience and discernment that centuries have amassed and winnowed; and which now no one can dispense with, since he has entered into the artistic life and consciousness of the age.

This antithesis, this schism, is neither to be disclaimed nor put down, for it lies in the nature of

* From Marx's "Music of the Nineteenth Century." Translated for this Journal by A. K.

art and of instruction. It is incumbent on us teachers to mitigate the pressure, to reconcile the difference and make it harmless.

This we can do, if in all the necessary subdivision and detail of instruction we maintain a clear recollection and feeling of the mutual fitness and unity which are essential to art. Where we practice skill, the spirit must be present; the practice itself must show the artistic mood and purpose; it must be pervaded by the breath of the feeling to which it seeks to lend a clear expression. When we awaken ideas in the learner, his breast must expand with a feeling of life; his inspired eye must already see the form which his thought shall perfect and transfigure. We must—I conclude with our first maxim—as whole men and artists approach the pupil as a whole man opening and dedicating himself to Art, as one becoming an artist, and keep awake and strong in him, as in ourselves, the sense of individuality and of artistic character as the one powerful and pure incentive. This feeling, however, is as far from any vanity, as Art itself. It is no other than the inward sense that we also, as from nature all uncorrupted men, are open to the wholesome influence of Art—that we have already felt it, that we may secure to ourselves this resource the more abundantly, the more decidedly and purely we devote ourselves to it.

In these maxims lies the reconciliation of the antithesis, where it is unavoidable. But this does not supersede the first duty: to avoid it wherever it is possible and as soon as possible; not dividing nor obliterating anything in the mind of the pupil, or in his artistic efforts, which does not appear absolutely to require it.

Instruction has done its best, when it has connected itself most intimately with the artistic life, with all its pursuits and exercises, just as the former life of the artist unconsciously flows into the course of his present actions. Then instruction advances as the equal sister and companion of art. As the life of the artist, with all his powers and means, flows together in the act of art, so this genuine instruction pours the past experiences and acquirements of art into the spirit of the artist, who is called to stand upon the pinnacle of life. He deceives himself in the outset, to whom this appears only as the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," to decoy others and set himself off to advantage.

The all-important thing is, that this principle be strictly carried out through all the individual branches of educational practice, and with all individuals who entrust themselves to our teaching.

Musical Letters by Ferdinand Hiller.*

THE FORTY-FOURTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

(Concluded from page 83.)

The words: "*Wer Vieles bringt, wird manchem Etwas bringen, und Jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus,*" might have figured in the bills as the motto of the charming miscellaneous concert, somewhat British in its character, of the third day. We had two overtures, three choruses, two violin pieces, three airs, and (including repeats and additions) fourteen songs at the piano. But high as the thermometer may have mounted in the Hall, it was exceeded by the elevation which the temperature of the public reached in its enthusiasm. Perfect hurricanes of applause were the natural result.

The proceedings commenced with an overture by Fétis, the celebrated and venerable head of the Brussels Conservatory. This distinguished man had been invited to conduct his work himself, and it is a great pity that an accident prevented him from doing so. Many persons would, undoubtedly, have been pleased to pay the tribute of grateful respect due from them to the master who, during so many years, has done so much for our art. I leave to scholars the task of properly appreciating the services rendered by Fétis to the history and science of music—but even the most reluctant cannot help acknowledging his exertions in propagating the comprehension of our German art both in France and Belgium. The *Revue Musicale*, founded by him about forty years ago in Paris, first gave the impulse for a deeper conception of instrumental music in France, and, at the Concerts of the Conservatory, Brussels, which were got up and conducted by him, the eyes of our neighbors were first opened to the wonderful productions of Beethoven's genius. By the *Concerts historiques*, moreover, which Fétis gave in the principal towns of France and Belgium, the feeling for an unprejudiced appreciation of the various epochs in art was sharpened, and whatever has been done of the same kind since then, here and there, in Germany, and is now being carried out as a supplement to the Exposition at Paris, owes its origin to these concerts. Fétis's numerous compatriots, assembled in the Festival Hall, appeared, by the way, to be very much at home, for they manifested but little sympathy for the work of their prophet.

Mme. Harriers-Wippern sang the letter-air, as it is called in Germany, from *Don Juan*; the grand scene from *Der Freischütz*; and two songs: "*In der Fremde*," and "*Der Vogel im Walde*," by Taubert. Mme. Harriers is one of the first singers in Germany. Her voice possesses a truly magical charm, while her style is full of warmth without exaggeration, graceful without coquettishness, and brilliant without unbecoming boldness. An agreeable and noble feminine spirit permeates all she does. Her rendering of Agatha's air quite carried her hearers away—it was as gentle in the prayer, as fiery in the ecstasy of love. When she sang the "*Vogel im Walde*," some thought with Romeo, "It is the lark," while others asserted with Juliet, "It is the nightingale"—but it was really the combination of both, Mme. Harriers-Wippern, Royal Chamber-Singer, from Berlin.

In three songs by Schumann: "*Waldesnacht*," "*Ich grolle nicht*," and "*Die Frühlingsnacht*," Niemann displayed the whole power of his tremendous organization. His rendering of "*Ich grolle nicht*," more especially, quite electrified his hearers. As he stood before them, while the full, deep tones escaped from his breast, and all the agony of a broken heart burst forth from out each word, and the restrained reproach and the lament of the double misery of treason towards love penetrated, stronger and stronger, sharper and sharper, into the hearts of all those who were listening to him in breathless silence—the audience might well have fancied themselves transported from the concert room to the midst of a fearful tragedy, for which there is no solution save annihilation. "That is not merely song-singing," I heard some one remark. To speak the truth, I would most politely advise our young ladies and our sweet amateurs not to attempt any imitation of this style. But the standard of mere ordinary accomplishments, laudable as they are, must not be applied to any individuality so exceptionally gifted. The violence done us by artistic geniality is the only kind of violence we can accept with a thankful heart.

After Niemann had thus filled his audience with "delightful horror," Hill, who followed with one or two songs, was enabled to prove, most satisfactorily, that the sympathetically simple rendering of a pleasing romance can enchant the ear even after the strongest excitement. Niemann had been obliged to repeat his last two pieces—Hill added to his one by his nephew, Wilhelm Hill, which pleased universally, thanks to its agreeable melodic treatment.

With the word "*Parto*," Mlle. Bettelheim began her air—the more than well known air from Mozart's *Tito*. Was there a conscious allusion in this? I scarcely think it. Still so it is—she departs—Hymen snatches her from Apollo and the Muses, or, to express myself in homely German, she marries and retires from the stage, and it was in Aix-la-Chapelle that she appeared for the last time under the name by which she has made a name. However, it is as impossible for her to tear herself from music as from her own soul, and perhaps it is better for her talent and our art that henceforth she will sing only where she likes, and what she likes. I trust she will return very frequently to the Rhine, where she has made a regular razzia of hearts. The music she loves she will always find faithfully fostered here.

A pupil of the worthy Ferdinand David of Leipsic (whose violin class has become a regular nursery for great and little fiddlers), Herr August Wilhelmy, of Wiesbaden, excited this evening, as on every other occasion, the greatest astonishment. Almost a mere youth (he is married, though!) every difficulty presented by the most difficult of all instruments has become mere child's play to him, or rather scarcely that. Any person might believe he was listening, calmly and patiently, though not perhaps without a certain spice of curiosity as to how the thing would go off, to some one who was using his arms and hands to play the violin. While the musicians at the furthest limits of the orchestra shake their heads, almost incredulously, at the passages of thirds, octaves, and tenths, at the infallible flageolet tones, and, in a word, at the boldness and certainty of technical skill that has something fabulous about it, the young artist himself appears to take just as little interest in his own talent, as in the applause with which he is overwhelmed. But he is very wrong, for if he thinks nothing of the difficulties he overcomes, because they were never, perhaps, difficulties for him, the beautiful tones he lures from his violin should possess no less charm for him than for all of us. Or did not the pieces he played (a Concerto by Paganini, and "*Ungarische Weisen*" by Ernst) please him? Or was he thinking of Goethe's words: "You will never find a rhymester who does not consider himself better than every other, or a fiddler who does not prefer playing his own melodies?"—I do not know. Melodies of his own will come in time—and there are already so many beautiful ones that may be so beautifully played! At any rate, I take the liberty of saying a good word to Herr Wilhelmy in favor of his talent. This deserves not only the applause of the public, but the particular and warmest sympathy of him on whom a kind fate bestowed it.

As is generally the case at our Musical Festivals, one of the finest choruses from the oratorio of the first day was repeated on the third. But this practice ought, once for all, to be abandoned, for it is something painful to remark how these pieces, torn from the context, transplanted to the midst of surroundings foreign to them, and sung by a weary and listless chorus, fail to produce their proper effect. After the "*Vogel im Walde*," one of Handel's choruses has a bad place. As we have borrowed their national anthem, we might as well imitate the example of the English, who end with it festivals like the present one—in the magnificent strains of "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*," all excitement would find a satisfactory, nay, an elevating termination.

The practice of flinging flowers, which at some previous miscellaneous concerts was carried to such a pitch that anyone might have fancied himself transported to the midst of the Carnival at Rome, was on this occasion omitted. An undoubted step in advance! But the customary laurel wreath, cunningly smuggled in, for the conductor, was not wanting—it did not, however, set our good friend Rietz's temples in a glow, but fell round his shoulders. They are strong enough to bear it.

Shall I now speak of the joyous hours passed after the concerts in the rooms of the Liedertafel, the Refreshment Rooms, and the many other agreeable resorts in which Aix-la-Chapelle is so rich? Or of the supper, so fertile in toasts, of-

* "Musical Letters" by Ferdinand Hiller.

fered us after the last concert by the hospitable Committee? Such subjects are not included in the domain of "Musical Letters." I must however, al ude to the good-natured, unclouded, festive tone that prevailed everywhere. It proved that —no; no more!

It was a beautiful Festival, and to all who contributed to render it such I hereby tender my warmest thanks.

A Visit to Franz Liszt at Rome.*

The building in which Liszt resides at Rome is of unpretending appearance; it is, and Fancy may have pictured such a place as Liszt's Sanssouci, a melancholy, plain little monastery. But, by its position, this quiet abode is so favored, that probably few homes in the wide world can be compared to it. Situate upon the old Via Sacra, it is the nearest neighbor of the Forum Romanum, while its windows look towards the Capitol, the ruins of the Palatine Palace, and the Colosseum. A life of contemplation—in such a site is forced upon one of its own accord. Why should not the change in the sentiments of a happy child of the world be connected with this profoundly serious world of ruins?

I mounted a few steps leading up to the open door of the monastery, and, all at once grew uncertain what to do, for I saw before me a handsome staircase adorned with pillars, such as I should not have expected from the poor exterior of the building. Had not a notice in the form of a visiting-card over the large door at the top of the stairs met my eye, I should have considered it necessary to make further enquiries. As it was, however, I was able to gain from the card itself the information I needed. I approached and read: "L'Abbé Franz Liszt." So, really an Abbé. A visiting card half supplies the place of an autopsy.

After I had arranged my necktie and pulled on my gloves more tightly, I grasped courageously the green cord that was to summon the porter. Two servants, not in tail coats it is true, but clad in irreproachable black, received me; one hastened to carry in my card, while the other helped me off with my top coat.

My ideas of a genuine monkish life suffered a rude shock. Wherefore two servants before the cell of a monk; or if attendant spirits, why were they not, according to monastic rule, simply lay brothers?

But I had not to trouble my brains long with these obtrusive questions, for I was immediately plunged into still greater mental confusion.

The messenger who had gone to announce me returned and ushered me in with a notification that the Signor Abbate requested me to wait a moment in—the drawing-room; yes, actually, a drawing-room, in the most elegant acceptation of the word. It wants nothing either of the requisites for northern comfort, or of the contrivances demanded by the climate of Rome, though glaring luxury appears scrupulously avoided.

I stood then in the saloon of the Commendatore Liszt! Abbé and Commander! The correct employment of the domestic titles rendered the first interview much more easy than it otherwise would have been.

I was by no means so inquisitorial in my survey as to be able to give a Walter-Scott-like description of Liszt's saloon. Darkness, moreover, prevailed in the large apartment, as, according to Italian usage and necessity, the window shutters were closed against the rays of the morning sun. I was attracted by the album table in the middle of the apartment more than by aught else. Upon it lay chiefly Italian works of a religious nature in votive bindings. That Liszt here, too, as Abbate, lives in the midst of creative spirits is proved by these dedicatory offerings.

The door was opened, and the well-known artistic figure advanced in a friendly manner towards me. That the skilful fingers of the great pianist pressed the hand of me, a simple writer, is a fact which, for the completeness of my narrative, must not remain unmentioned. The first and most immediate impression produced upon me by Liszt's appearance was that of surprising youthfulness. Even the unmistakably grizzling, though still thick, long flowing hair, which the scissors of the Tonsure have not dared to touch, detract but little from the heart-entrancing charm of his unusual individuality. Of fretfulness, satiety, monkish abnegation, and so on, there is not a trace to be detected in the features of Liszt's interesting and characteristic head. And just as little as we find Liszt in a monk's cell do we find him in a monk's cowl. The black soutane sits scarcely less elegantly on him than, in its time, the dress coat. Those who look upon Liszt as a riddle will most decidedly not find the solution of it in his outward appearance.

After having interchanged a few words of greeting, we proceeded to the work-room. After compelling me to take an arm-chair, Liszt seated himself—apologizing to me by stating that he had a letter to despatch in a hurry—at the large writing-table. Upon this, too, lay a great many things more nearly pertaining to the Abbé than to the artist. But neatly written sheets of music showed that musical production formed part of the master's daily occupations. The comfortable room bore generally the unmistakable stamp of a room for study, of an artist's workshop.

The letter and the address were quickly finished and handed to the attendant to seal and transmit.

I mentioned the report connecting his approaching journey with the grand festival of joy and peace, the Coronation in Hungary. The popular maestro took this opportunity of giving me a detailed history of his *Coronation Mass*. He said that in the Prince-Primate Scitovsky he had possessed a most kind patron. In the course of a joyous repast, as on many other occasions, the Prelate had given lively and hopeful utterance to the wish of his heart that he might yet be able to place the crown upon the head of his beloved King, and, at the same time, he called upon Liszt, in an unusually flattering and cordial manner, to compose the *Coronation Mass*—but it must be short, very short, as the entire ceremony would take about six hours. Liszt was unable to resist this amiable request, he said, and, drinking a glass of fiery Tokay, gave a promise that he would endeavor to produce some "*Essence of Tokay.*" After his return to Rome, he immediately set about the sketch. But the prospect of the desired agreement between the Emperor and the Hungarians had, meanwhile, become overcast, and his work remained as a mere sketch. Some months ago, however, he was pressed by his Hungarian friends to proceed, and so he finished the *Mass*. It was, however, a question whether it would be performed on the day of the Coronation, since there was a condition that the Monarch should bring his orchestra with him. Liszt said that he was perfectly neutral, and in no way wished to run counter to the just ambition of others—for, however the Abbé might be deeried as ambitious, he added with a smile, he was not so after all.

In the course of this open-hearted statement, Liszt touched upon his relations to the present Prince-Primate of Hungary, and let fall a remark, which is the the more interesting because it throws a light upon his position in and towards Rome. The Abbe-Maestro said, then, that he had entered on a correspondence regarding his retirement from the diocese of the Prince of the Church, who had in the interim been raised to the dignity of Primate, and had every reason to believe that he enjoyed the Prelate's favor. He needed, however, a special letter of dismissal in order to be received into the personal lists of the Roman clergy; to this, Liszt remarked, parenthetically, were limited all his clerical qualities.

I do not know more exactly what rights and duties are connected with this insertion of his name in the catalogue of the Romish clergy, though it appears that the nexus into which Liszt has entered towards the clerical world is rather an outward than a deep and inward one.

The cigar, which did not look, between the lips of the great musician, as if it had been treated with particular gentleness or care, had gone out. Liszt got up to reach the matches. While he was again lighting the narcotic weed, he directed my attention to the pretty statuette of St. Elizabeth, which had attracted my gaze when I entered the room. It represents the kind-hearted Landgravine at the moment the miracle of the roses is taking place on the love-gifts in her apron. It required no great power of combination to connect this graceful form, as an ovational gift, with Liszt's oratorio of *Elizabeth*. The popular master named the German hand which had fashioned the marble and offered it to him. He was thus led to speak of his oratorio, and of the Wartburg Festival, for which it was originally intended, and at which, after Hungary had enjoyed the first performance, it would be performed a second time, most probably under the personal direction of the author. He spoke also of what he had done at the Grand-Ducal Court. I was peculiarly touched by his reminiscences, how "he had entered the service of a German prince," how he had "knocked about," for several years at Weimar, "without doing anything worth naming," how his Prince had respected and distinguished him, and had probably never suspected that a permanent sojourn could result from Liszt's trip to Rome, etc.

Here, where he moved in only a small circle—said Liszt, with marked emphasis, and again referring to the importance Rome possessed for him—here he found the long desired leisure for work. His *Elizabeth*, he said, had here sprung into existence, and also his oratorio of *Petrus*, that was to be produced at the approaching grand centenary of St. Peter and St. Paul. He had, moreover, he remarked, notions which it would take him three years of thorough hard work to carry out.

He certainly knew, pursued the Abbé-Maestro, referring to his art-gospel, that, here and there, things, which in other places had met with some response, had been hissed, but he speculated as little on applause as he feared censure. He followed, he said, the path he considered the right one, and could boldly say that he had consistently pursued the direction he had once taken. The only rule he adopted in the production of his works, as far as he had full power, was that of not compromising his friends, or of exposing them to the disfavor of the public. Solely for this reason, he had thought it incumbent on him, for instance, to refuse to send a highly esteemed colleague the score of his *Elizabeth*, despite of two applications, etc.

I expressed to my friendly host my delight at his good health and vigor, prognosticating a long continuance of fruitful activity. "Oh, yes, I am quite satisfied with my state of health," answered the respected master, "though my legs will no longer render me their old service." At the same time, however, in an access of boisterous merriment, he gave the upper part of his right thigh so hard a slap that I could not consider his regret particularly serious.

Another of my remarks was directed to the incomparable site of his abode, which alone might make a middling poet produce great epic or elegiac poetry. "I live quietly and agreeably," was the reply, "both here and at Monte Mario, where there are a few rooms at my service with a splendid view over the city, the Tiber, and the hills," and, not to remain my debtor for the ocular proof of what he said, at least as far as regarded his town residence, he opened a window and gazed silently with me on the overpowering seriousness of the ruined site.

The amiable maestro then conducted me rapidly through two smaller rooms, one of which was his simple bed chamber, to a wooden outhouse with a small window, through which were to be seen the Colosseum, in all its gigantic proportions, and the triumphal arch of Constantine close by, overtowered by Mount Cœlius now silent.

"A splendid balcony might be erected here," observed Liszt, "but—*the poor Franciscan Monk has no money for such a purpose.*"

Having returned to his study, I thought the time had arrived for bringing my *first* visit to a termination.

The thanks conveyed in my words on taking leave were warm and sincere.

I carried with me out of that quiet dwelling the conviction that in Liszt the true artist far outweighs the virtuoso and the monk, and that only such persons as formerly snobbishly shook their head because Winkelmann took service and found an asylum with a cardinal, can scoff and make small jokes on Liszt's cell and monkish cowl.

* From Herr Karl Birkenbuhl's *Federzeichnungen aus Rom.* (Translated for the London Musical World.)

Music Abroad.

The London Operas.

Royal Italian Opera.

The *Telegraph* of July 29 has the following review of the past season.

The last week has been the most active, and the last night the most brilliant, of the season that closed on Saturday. The theatre has been open every night of the last week, and five different operas have been played. On Monday "L'Africaine" was given, on Wednesday "Don Carlos," and on Friday "Faust." Mlle Lucca in each case appearing as the heroine. On Thursday "Don Giovanni" was performed, while "Romeo and Juliet" was repeated on Tuesday and Saturday. The house was crowded on this last night of the season, not a place in any part of the theatre being vacant. The performance was in every respect more finished and admirable than on the first night of the production of the opera; Signor Mario was in rather better voice and he knew a little more of his part. He also looked even handsomer than heretofore, and acted with remarkable vivacity and power. Is it not a disgrace to all the other tenors of the day that they cannot, whatever their youth, tread the stage with the easy elegance of this veteran, and, like him, always rise to the histrionic requirements of the character impersonated? Whether Signor Mario simulates the assumed intoxication of Count Almaviva or depicts the feelings of Raoul, divided between the promptings of love and the dictates of honor, he is always emphatically a gentleman in bearing and demeanor. But the grace which is natural to him

does not prevent his seizing on a dramatic situation and presenting it in the most forcible light. Again, there is no man on the lyric stage who can articulate like him. The words escape his lips without effort, and every syllable falls distinctly upon the ear in the most distant corner of the theatre. And when he sings in tune his phrasing has a peculiar charm of its own. At the same time it is indispensable that a singer should sing the music set down for him. And this Signor Mario in the new opera fails to do. It is scarcely too much to say that Gounod's Romeo has not been heard at all by those who know the work only by hearing it at Covent Garden. This is so serious an injustice to the composer, that not all Signor Mario's incomparable qualities can atone for it. We regret to hear that he is engaged for the coming season at St. Petersburgh. His voice is already beyond his control. What will it be after a Russian winter? Signor Cotogni, the Mercutio of the cast, has not yet learnt to make any effect with the Queen Mab song; but M. Petit, though still not nearly so admirable as M. Troy, is more at home in the music of old Capulet. Mlle. Nau's little voice is ridiculously out of place in Covent Garden, and Signor Bagagiolo, though he sings well, and has a magnificent resonant organ, is a little too emphatic, both for our ideal of Frair Laurence and for the music which is put into his mouth. When he consoles, it is with the air of a priest who is anathematizing the human race. In all these minor parts, as well as in the execution of the choruses, we miss the delicate beauties of light and shade which lent so infinite a charm to the performance of the opera at the Theatre Lyrique. This defect is chiefly owing, doubtless, to the want of the composer's personal supervision at rehearsals. And if he came, his mere presence would be ineffectual unless he had the power to insist on his suggestions being adapted. In that case, again, there would be little hope of an opera first produced in Paris on the 27th of April being brought out here on the 11th of July, so we are scarcely justified in calling attention to one side only of the picture. And if the general musical performance is inferior here, there are two points in which the Covent garden representation is infinitely superior—the *mise-en-scène* and the Juliet. It is not merely that the scenery is admirably painted, the costumes sumptuous, and both completely new, but there is an amount of intelligence displayed in the effective and natural building up of the scenes, in the designing of the dresses, in the harmonizing of the colors, and in the arrangement of the individuals and groups employed upon the stage, the like of which we have never witnessed in any other theatre; and for that merit our English establishment may in this case claim the entire credit. In "Don Carlos," as in "L'Africaine," the French scenes and dresses were simply copied; but the originality displayed in "Romeo" is infinitely more attractive. Of Mlle. Patti's Juliet it would be impossible to speak in too high terms. Just as when she first assumed the part of Gretchen she surpassed all other representatives of the character, so now she has in Juliet surpassed not merely Mme. Carvalho, the creator of the *rôle*, but herself. Of a truth, in no previous part have the manifold talents of the lady been so conspicuously manifested. With the insight of genius she seems to have looked through Gounod into Shakspeare, to have discerned the depths of the poet through the shallow medium of the musician, and to have reproduced in song the very Juliet of our dreams, the young Italian maiden, all passion and all constancy, whose image has never, in our generation at least, found realization on the stage. It is not merely that Mlle. Patti, with her limitless command of her powers, can infuse into every phase of her part the utmost possible expression, but she enters so thoroughly into the spirit of the music, and into the business of the scene, that every *nuance* of feeling indicated by the orchestra finds a reflex in her face. We do not speak specially of her singing, because it would be a waste of time to find fresh words of eulogy, nor does it imply much praise to record that the vocal valse "Ah! je veux vivre" was encored, seeing that the same compliment was paid to the commonplace and unbeautiful quartet of the third act. At the conclusion of the opera, Mlle. Patti sang the first verse of the National Hymn, the second being given by female voices, and the third by full chorus, and with this orthodox exhibition of loyalty, the green curtain fell upon the operatic season of 1867.

Between the 2nd of April and the 27th of July there have been 76 performances, but only 15 different operas have been played. The most popular has been "Faust," which has been repeated eleven times. Next in demand have been the new operas "Don Carlos" and "Romeo," each of which, as well as "L'Africaine," the last accession before these, has been played seven times. "Il Barbiere," "Fra Diavolo," and "Don Giovanni" have each been given six times, and all the rest less often. So that Gounod still remains the most popular composer at Covent Garden, and Verdi, if we may judge from the significant fact that no opera of his save, "Don Carlos" and "Un Ballo" has been given, is waning in public favor. The great and distinguishing feature of Mr. Gye's opening prospectus was the announcement of two untried operas, one of which was at that time unperformed, and the manager merits great praise for the determination which he has shown in keeping faith with his subscribers. But the necessary rehearsals have, we fear, had the result of restricting the répertoire within unusually narrow limits. Thus we have not heard "L'Etoile du Nord," in which Mlle. Patti was to have resumed the part of Catterina, which she sustained last year, nor has she appeared, according to promise, as Elvira in "Puritani," nor has "La Gazza Ladra," in which she used to play Minetta so charmingly, been restored to the stage. For the first time, too, since Mlle. Lucca made her *début* here, has she failed to appear in "Les Huguenots," the opera in which the little lady with the large voice first surprised and delighted an English audience. "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Mme. Vilda failed to increase her suddenly-acquired reputation of last year, has not been repeated, although announced; but little as we deplore this omission, we regret still less "Fidelio," a character to which the German lady must, with all due respect be it said, personally, at least, be singularly ill suited. But it is a great pity that a season should pass by at Covent Garden without a single performance of either "Guillaume Tell," "Le Prophète," or "Robert le Diable," merely for want of a *tenore robusto*. From counting up the omissions turn we, however, to the pleasanter task of referring, in the briefest terms, to what has been actually performed.

Madame Vilda opened the season on the 2nd of April with "Norma." Her voice was found to be as naturally magnificent, or nearly so, as when she astonished the habitués of Covent-garden last year; but there was a provoking absence of improvement both in her singing and acting that augured badly for her future. Norma was most admirably supported by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—a highly-accomplished singer and sound musician, whose co-operation has throughout the season proved invaluable. She has appeared as the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro," as Elvira in "Masaniello," and as Inez in "L'Africaine," besides on some occasions doing duty for Mlle. Lucca in "Don Carlos;" and in every character the remarkable excellence of her singing has been universally recognized. Norma was only repeated three times, and Mme. Vilda has not appeared in any other character. On the second night Mlle. Lucca made her rentrée as Margherita in "Faust," and she has sung unintermittingly throughout the season until the last night but one. There was much improvement perceptible in her singing in such operas as "Faust" and "L'Africaine," but she still lacks the vocal facility to do justice to music like that of "Fra Diavolo" and "La Favorita," while her treatment of Mozart in "Le Nozze di Figaro" is not beyond cavil. But there is a daring sauciness and a pretty winsomeness of manner about the clever, self possessed little lady, which beats down all protest and laughs away all reproach. Her bright impudence in the darling costume of the page Cherubino and the suggestive naïvéte of her acting in the bed-room scene of "Fra Diavolo" would alone suffice to attract all London to the theatre. But in the new part of the Queen in "Don Carlos," the new opera of Verdi, first produced on the 4th June, Mlle. Lucca proved again that she has tragic as well as comic powers, and if the music lay within her grasp, Elizabetta would be as effective a character as Gretchen. In "L'Africaine" a Signor Cotogni made his *début* as Nelusko. He has since tried his strength as Figaro in "Il Barbiere," and as Don Giovanni, but although he has a capital voice, considerable facility, and an apparently unlimited amount of self-confidence, he has failed to make good his claim to be considered a fair substitute for M. Faure. A M. Petit, who came out as Mephistophiles, his original character, has, in "Don Carlos" and "Romeo," sustained important parts with more success, and Signor Bagagiolo's noble bass voice we have already referred to above For the same reason we need say no more about Signor Mario, who has appeared in "Faust," "Un Ballo," and "Don Giovanni," as well as in "Romeo and Juliet." Signor Naudin has proved serviceable in "L'Africaine" and "Don Carlos," but his voice has become more unsympathetic than ever, and he is not very superior to Signori Neri-Baraldi, Fancelli, and Marino, the secondi tenori of the *troupe*. Mr. Gye is sadly in want of a good tenor and a capable contralto, Mlle. Morensi, in spite of her fine voice and person, being quite unfit to undertake all the duties that devolve upon her. Mme. Fricci, who came out in "Un Ballo," made considerable impression by her dashing singing of the Princess Eboli's songs in "Don Carlos," and resumed with success her character of Anna in "Don Giovanni." In Signor Graziani Covent Garden has the most luscious ly beautiful baritone of the day; and if the singer and actor were at all comparable to the voice, every new character would be a new success. Signor Graziani found in "Don Carlos" a character, Don Rodrigo, whose music lay charmingly for his means, and to him, therefore, fell the lion's share of the applause. Of Mlle. Patti we need only say that, besides Juliet, she has appeared in "La Sonnambula," "Lucia," and "Il Barbiere," her *rentrée* in the latter opera on the 4th of May being the first great night of the season. The other exceptionally brilliant nights were on the 11th of July, when "Romeo" was produced, and the 15th, when the Sultan came in state to witness "Masaniello."

(From the Telegraph, Aug. 3).

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On reference to the grandiloquent prospectus issued by Mr. Mapleson in April last, we are struck by the number of promises not performed. It was by the revival of grand masterpieces, which the lethargy of his predecessors had suffered to fall into comparative oblivion, that the present *impresario* restored in great measure the *prestige* which the old house formerly possessed..... By following out this plan he could eventually convert Her Majesty's Theatre into a temple for the celebration of music—a holy place to which connoisseurs would make pilgrimages, not only from all districts of London, but from all parts of Europe. That we are not imagining impossibilities we can prove by adducing the revival of "Medea" two years ago, when several of the descendants of Cherubini travelled long distances on purpose to be present at an event which they regarded as of the greatest importance. "Medea," a work but rarely given in Germany, even in the best directed theatres, was the great operatic event of 1865, and it was worthily followed up last year by "Il Seraglio," and "Iphigenie en Tauride." It was ominous, we thought, that in the voluminous prospectus of the season just closed, neither Mozart's lively comedy nor Gluck's sombre tragedy was included, but *en revanche* many other interesting revivals were promised. Spontini's "Vestale," already announced for the preceding year, was again positively advertised, even the cast being given; "La Donna del Lago" was for the second time held out for our expectation; and "Guillaume Tell" was to be given for the first time in its integrity.....

Mr. Mapleson seems to have imagined that Verdi would please better than Spontini or Gluck, so both the operas by the composer of young Italy promised in the prospectus have been produced—and both have failed. "I Lombardi," brought out on the second night of the season, was practically a novelty. It had been suffered to sleep for fifteen years, and when it was roused it woke to find itself, like Rip Van Winkle, in the midst of a new generation that knew it not. They laughed at its long beard, and scoffed at the pain in its "elle-bow." They wished that the Lombards had never gone to the "first crusade," or, having gone to Jericho, that they had remained there. The opera-goers of 1867 care nothing about the semi-religious, semi-incestuous story that occupied the attention of the enslaved young Italy of 1840; and they have heard too much high-class music to listen with patience to the noisy tunes that were written for the amusement of the hour. "La Fozza del destino,', a better opera, fared even wor-e. Brought out on Saturday the 22nd of June, in the very height of the season, and received on the first night by a crowded house, with every sign of enthusiastic delight, it drew but a scant audience on the second, and a third performance closed its brief career.....

Altogether, there have been only fifty-four representations, in the course of which eighteen operas have been played. In almost all of them Mdlle. Tietjens has taken the principal part, still maintaining her supremacy among the lyric actresses of the day. In the "Nozze di Figaro," which opened the season, and in the "Trovatore," which closed it, she was equally admirable, and between these two extremes she has sung in music of every school. In the ultra-Italian style of "I Lombardi" and "La Forza;" in the dramatic and essentially French music, albeit a German wrote it, "Huguenots;" in the thoroughly Teutonic and national works of Weber, "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon;" and in the grandest of all operas of any and every nation, "Fidelio;" Mlle. Tietjens has been alike capable and alike earnest. In undertaking the character of Pamina, subordinate in attractiveness perhaps to that of the Queen of Night, in "Die Zauberflöte," she not only added a remarkably well-fitting part to her *repertoire*, but showed a spirit which might be imitated to advantage by other

singers. But "Medea" still remains her grandest impersonation, and, as we remarked on Friday last, in noticing its performance, it is much to be regretted that the opera was only given once, and then on one of the cheap nights, instead of during the regular season. Mlle. Tietjens has had no rival in her special line except a Mlle. Giacconi, a good singer, but with a voice, alas! by no means fresh, who appeared three times as Lucrezia Borgia, but in no other character. In this opera Mlle. Trebelli made her *rentrée* for the season, singing the tuneful music of Maffio Orsini as it has never been sung since "Alboni the Great." A voice of luscious quality Mme. Trebelli uses with the most consummate skill, always being equal to any music, however difficult, and always ready to undertake any part, however small. Although she is the best Arsace, without any exception whatever, who has trod the stage in our generation, "Semiramide" has never once been given, nor has she had any very prominent part to fill. Mme. Trebelli's best characters have been Fatima, whose songs she sings delightfully in "Oberon," and Preziosilla in "La Forza;" but she deserves special praise for again appearing as one of the three Damigelle in "Flauto Magico," in which opera it is her lot always to sing in company with the two most discordant voices that ever tormented human ears. Mme. Demeric-Lablache has had considerable experience of the stage, and, in the absence of Mme. Trebelli, has been of use to the management. In tenors the company has been very rich. The most highly gifted and the most popular has been Signor Mongini, who has been present all the season, and who has taken part in almost every opera. He has, beyond all comparison, the finest tenor voice in Europe, splendidly full and round in tone, and perfectly equal in power. Throughout its extensive compass the voice is capable of obeying every bidding of its fortunate possessor. Signor Mongini, too, has a warm, passionate style of singing and much dramatic feeling. Unfortunately, he is frequently carried away by his emotion, and forces a voice that needs no forcing. If he would but moderate his energy he would be the finest male singer of the time. He surprised all his admirers last Tuesday by the sobriety of his declamation in "Medea," but "Il Trovatore" is still the opera in which he appears to most advantage. He has found a tolerably efficient *aide* in Signor Tasca, who may be described by the old formula *Vox et praeterea nihil*. Mr. Hohler has manifested his good nature by undertaking subordinate parts, and replacing at short notice other singers. But he does not study sufficiently to do justice to his voice, the sweet quality of which excites expectations that are too seldom gratified. The most accomplished of the tenors engaged, and also the most useful, has been Signor Gardoni, whose co-operation in such operas as "Il Flauto Magico" and "Faust" has been of the utmost value. Mr. Santley's *repertoire* is as large as that of Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, while he is infinitely more artistic than the gentleman with whom we have coupled him; and he is as ready as Mme. Trebelli to accept any part, however small. Thus he gives new force to the comparatively slight character of Nevers in "Les Huguenots;" undertakes buffo parts, such as Leporello and Papageno; sings the arduous music of Pizarro in "Fidelio" with a power that has not been rivalled of late years, and enacts Creon in "Medea," the ideal of a classic *τυραννος*, with sustained dignity and magnificent effect. No style is strange to him, and he is invariably as perfect in his part as though he had been singing nothing else all the season. If Signor Gassier's voice is not comparable to that of our English baritone, he at least is equally capable and ready, while Signor Foli, a young basso, promises to attain a high position on the stage; and Signor Bossi is most satisfactory in parts of secondary importance. A word of praise must be spared for Mr. Lyall, who has displayed much talent in many subordinate tenor parts, while Herr Rokitansky's noble voice has been heard in several which but for him would have been impracticable. Besides Sarastro, in "Il Flauto Magico," Il Commendatore, in "Don Giovanni," &c., he has, for the first time, impersonated Falstaff in Nicolai's "Lustige Weiber von Windsor," and has been, in every respect, a great improvement on his predecessor, Signor Junca. Signor Pandolfini may be dismissed without regret, and the *seconde donne*; Mlle. Bauermeister, who has a fresh, pleasant voice, is the only one who need be particularly mentioned.

But all these artistes, most excellent as the majority of them are, would not, it is to be feared, have saved the season, had not a young *prima donna*, with a lovely voice, great cultivation, a most prepossessing appearance, and with the distinction of manner which we instinctively associate with high breeding, arrived upon the scene, and saved the fortunes of the house. Although Mlle. Nilsson made her debut in "La Traviata," an opera which is eminently distasteful to many, and which was used up by the little lady, who first brought it to this country, the success of the fair Swedish singer was from the first evening assured. It was at once perceived that there was some trifling French blemishes in her manner of singing, and that she had not much dramatic intensity, but nevertheless, the charming quality of her voice, the perfection of her vocalization, and the charm of her manner, instantly seized the popular taste, and she maintained the advantage thus easily gained until the very end of the season. In Margaretta and Donna Elvira she did not enhance her reputation; but she sang the two grand airs of the Queen of Night in "Die Zauberflöte" in admirable style, and found in "Martha" the character best adapted for the favorable display of all her personal and acquired gifts. Mr. Mapleson is, indeed, fortunate. Two years ago he suddenly secured the presence of Mlle. Ilma de Murska, an erratic singer, who, for some strange reason, drew crowds to his house; and he has now replaced her by another *soprano sfogato* of vastly greater merit.

Without the hearty co-operation of an experienced, cultivated, and indefatigable musician like Signor Arditi, such performances as those of "Fidelio" and "Medea" would have been simply impossible. He drilled the orchestra into a state of great proficiency, while the chorus is the best that has been heard on any London stage in our recollection.

Royal Academy of Music. At the concert recently held under Herr Otto Goldschmidt's direction, the programme consisted chiefly of the MS. works of the pupils, among them being an overture in C major by Mr. Alwyn, a pianoforte sonata by Master Shakespeare, who played the first movement of it, and several vocal pieces. The prizes were distributed by Lady Wilton, and the Earl of Wilton gave a well-deserved meed of praise to Dr. Bennett and Herr Goldschmidt, for the energetic way in which they have presided over the Academy.

Paris.

Paris Conservatoire. A writer in the *France Musicale*, writing on the recent examination for the annual prizes at the Paris Music School, remarks on the small proportion of pupils with tenor voices. This year there were a dozen baritones and basses, but only three or four tenors. Two of the former, MM. Maurel and Gaillard, gained the first prizes for singing. Among the tenors M. Victor, who only received an "*accessit*," is said by the writer to have a very pure and delicious voice, giving great promise for the future. The young ladies' voices are described as being even better than usual, Mlle. Brunet-Lafleur taking the first prize. In the pianoforte classes the jury had to choose from fifty-four candidates—eighteen gentlemen and thirty-six young ladies. Among both sexes the excellence was so great that they adjudged three first prizes to the gentlemen, MM. Corbaz, Berthemel, and Rambourg, and five to the ladies, Mlles. Wilden, Krazinska, Muller, Cevrêt and Lacroix. In the Opera Comique the sterner sex again were outnumbered, in fact this undue preponderance of ladies seems to be the case in nearly all the classes. The pieces selected for performance by each of the pianoforte students were Hiller's concerto in F minor, for the ladies, and Chopin's second concerto, in the same key, for the gentlemen. Of the successful candidates M. Gaillard and Mlle. Derasse are to go to the Opera Comique, and M. Maurel to the Grand Opera House.

The Paris School of Sacred Music held its anniversary on the 26th ult., when a diploma of "Chapel Master," awarded by the Government, was given to one of the pupils. The vocal music performed was selected from the works of the great masters of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, and the pianoforte students played two of Beethoven's concertos.

Musical Prizes. An announcement has just been made by the Minister of Fine Arts, at Paris, which has considerable interest for French composers and indirectly for English musicians, as we may hope that our own Government will, in time, be induced to hold out similar encouragement to the profession. It has, we understand, been decided to offer three prizes in the course of next year, open only to Frenchmen. The first, in connection with the Imperial Opera house will consist of a double prize, one for a poem in three acts, and the other for its musical setting, which will be represented at the Opera. The second, in connection with the Opera Comique, will be a prize for the best setting of a comic opera in three acts, the libretto to be chosen by the director; and the third, under the auspices of the Theatre Lyrique, will be a prize for the best opera, the choice of libretto, and of the form, being left to the candidates. Each of the prize works will be performed within twelve months from the date of adjudication at the respective theatres, the directors of which will give a portion of the prize money—*Choir.*

M. Offenbach's new work, *Robinson Crusoe*, will be performed at the Opera-Comique towards the end of September.

The intended series of "Historical Concerts" at the Paris Exhibition will not be given, owing to a disagreement between the Musical Committee and the Imperial Commission.

Mlle. Nilsson is to sing in a new opera, "Les Bluets," by M. Cohen, before she goes to the Grand Opera to take the part of *Ophelia* in the "Hamlet" of M. A. Thomas.

The boarding which encases the facade of the Grand Opera, Paris, was to fall on the 15th inst. The crowning in bronze of the building has been transported from the Champ-de-Mars, where it was exposed; the busts of composers had been placed in their niches; and on the brown marble could now be read the following names in letters of gold: Monteverde, Durante, Jomelli, Monsigny, Grétry, Sacchini, Lesueur, Beaton, Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, Verdi, Paësiello, Piccini, Phillidor, Rousseau, Campra, Cambert, Adam, Bellini, Weber, Nicolo, Méhul, Chérubini. These are only a tithe of the names to be afterwards added. By the way, *La France Musicale* is scornful of all the other Parisian papers for mis-spelling the names in the foregoing list. "Instead of Boïeldieu," says *La France*, "they have put put Boïeldieu, with a trema on the first *i*; from Piccinni they have taken away an *n*; lastly, instead of Paisiello, they have written Paësiello!" The last fault is perpetuated on the stone itself, whence the names are simply copied. As for Piccini's name, *La France's* correction recalls the optional orthography of Mr. Weller. But while *La France* is so particular about putting everything down "with a Wee," how comes he to overlook Chérubini with an acute accent?—*Athenæum.*

Wiesbaden. The *Athenæum* has the following from one generally cautious on the subject of German music:

Herr Reinecke's opera, "König Manfred," was produced at Wiesbaden the night before last (July the 26th), with most complete and genuine success. It is, indeed, a very fine work, and quite surprised me. I had not the least expectation that he would put forth anything like the dramatic power which his opera evinces. It is a great five-act tragedy, with ballet, &c. Much of the recitative is accompanied after the modern fashion, but admirably accompanied, and for the most part well expressed. The choruses and *finale* are vigorous and effective. There is no lack of graceful melody, well written for the voices. The orchestra is admirably treated throughout. The prelude to the fifth act, for stringed instruments only, *con sordini*, is exquisitely beautiful, and was encored with enthusiasm. On the whole, I have heard very few productions of dramatic music within the last ten years that have given me anything like the pleasure and satisfaction af "Konig Manfred."

Florence. The People's Concerts at the Pagliano Theatre have met with a degree of success surpassing all expectations. They were established on the 17th May last. The orchestra, under the direction of the Cavaliere Mabellini, consists of a hundred picked musicians. Among the works that have pleased most have been Beethoven's Septet, and C minor Symphony; Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the *Tannhäuser* march; Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; and Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensee*.

Liszt's Oratorio, *Christ*, was executed at Rome on the 6th ult., in the "Hall of Dante."

The Italian musical journals announce that Signor Federigo Ricci is engaged on a new *opera buffa*, which is, probably, to be entitled "Don Chischiotte e Sanzio Pancia,"—that Signora Doria has been singing in "Lucia," at the San Carlo, Naples, with Signor Castelli, a tenor from whom much may be expected—that Signor Miceli has received a commission to write an opera on the taking story of "Belshazzar's Feast,"—that Signor Schira is at work on a five-act opera, entitled "Lea," and that Signor Boccolini is to be looked to as a rising baritone.

WEIMAR. The operatic season is over, and the artists are reposing from their labors. The holidays of the orchestra, however, have not been of long duration, for the members of that body were ordered to co-operate at the Meiningen Musical Festival, and they have, also, to perform at the Wartburg Jubilee, when the Abbé Franz Liszt's *Elizabeth* will be executed, under the personal direction of the composer. The only novelty in the way of opera lately was M. Aimé Maillart's romantic opera of *Lara*. It was not particularly successful, and is not likely to hold a permanent place in the repertory. There were grand doings, on the 2nd June, to celebrate the "Golden Jubilee," as it is termed, of Professor Johann Gottlob Töpfer's official career. This celebrated writer on the theory of the organ, and famous organist, was born on the 4th December, 1791, at Niederrosla, near Weimar. The King of Prussia, Wilhelm I. conferred upon him the Order of the Crown; Queen Augusta of Prussia, a former pupil of his, made a valuable present to the Töpfer-Fund, established for assisting poor and talented Seminarists in Weimar and Eisenach to pursue their studies on the organ; the Grand-Duchess Sophie of Weimar consented to become the patroness of the Fund, and promised a considerable yearly addition to it; his Royal Highness the Grand-Duke, Carl Alexander, presented with his own hand the Knight's Cross, first division, of the Weimar Order of the Falcon to the respected hero of the Festival; the corporation of Weimar presented him with the freedom of their city; the church authorities raised his salary as organist; and the University of Jena bestowed the honorary diploma of Doctor on him for his having been the first to propound a scientific theory on organ building. The various teachers in the Duchy offered him a magnificent Album, containing an account of all the principal forms of the organ. They made him, also, a valuable present. Herr Kühn, a bookseller, gave him a similar work, only of smaller dimensions. At the ceremony in the Seminary, Herr Mohnhaupt delivered a most successful speech in honor of the veteran musician, while the teachers and pupils offered him a number of handsome presents. At a grand repast that took place afterwards, Herr Töpfer was almost overwhelmed by an avalanche of complimentary toasts. The proceedings were brought to a close, the next day, by a grand concert of sacred music, under the direction of Herr Müller-Hartung. It was expected that Herr Töpfer would have delighted his hearers by extemporizing, for he is noted as an extempore performer, but contented himself with playing the organ part in his cantata, *Die Orgelweihe*. The choruses were brilliantly sung by the members of the Singacademie, who gave, also, Liszt's "Vaterunser," and Christopher Bach's Motet, "Ich lasse dich nicht." The solos were confided to Mme. Wettig-Weissenborn, Dr. Dittenberger, Herren Zech and Thiene. The last-named gentleman sang, moreover, Mendelssohn's air, "So ihr mich von Herzen sucht." The organ part in Liszt's "Vaterunser," as well as in the immortal "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*, which Herr Töpfer had arranged for a chorus of male voices and concertante organ, was played by Herr Gottschalg, who performed, in addition, Herr Töpfer's most difficult organ composition, an unpublished Concert Fantasia on the choral, "Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit." Herr Werner, another pupil of Herr Töpfer's, performed the Concert-Fantasia, highly interesting from a contrapuntal point of view, "Was mein Gott will g'scheh allzeit."

MEININGEN. At the approaching "Tonkünstlerversammlung," or Meeting of Musical Artists, the works performed will be: "Was man auf den Bergen hört," Liszt; Symphony, Lassen; Symphony, R. Hol (conductor at Utrecht); Overture, E. Büchner; "Nirvana," Hans von Bülow; Overture to *Timon of Athen*, E. von Mihalovich (Pesth); Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, F. Präger; the 23rd Psalm, "Die Seligkeiten," and "Die Drei Zigeuner," Liszt; "Sappho," vocal scena, R. Volkmann; Violin Concerto, Damrosch; Pianoforte Concerto, with Orchestra, F. Kiel; Duet for Soprano and Tenor from the opera, *König Sigurd*, and ballad; "Helge's Treue," Dräseke; Duet for two Pianofortes, A. Deprosse; Duets, Cornelius; Songs, Damrosch and Lassen; in the way of older works, there will be compositions by Méhul, Beethoven, Seb. Bach, Berlioz, Schumann; while the sacred music will be contributed by Palestrina, Clari, Fabio, Perez, Seb. Bach, and Prätorius. The artists engaged are Mlles. Emilie Wigand, Clara Martini, Spohr, Emmy Heinz: Herren Damrosch, Sgambati, Von Mude, Lassen, Kömpel, F. Grützmacher, Hohldampf, Fessler, Ellers, Richter, Deprosse, and Seidel.

ZURICH. The grand Festival of the Confederation has gone off most brilliantly. It was under the direction of Herr Hegar. The soloists were Mlles. Borchard, and Wagner, Herren Stockhausen, Schneider, and Jean Becker. The programme included among other works, Bach's "Magnificat," Bruch's scenes from the *Frithjof Saga*; Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; overture to Beethoven's *Leonore*; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Schubert's Symphony in C major; Sonata by Rust; scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*; and songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Kirchner.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1867.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. With the last number the "Saint Paul" of Mendelssohn (Vocal and Piano Score) was completed. Having run so long upon great choral works, we now propose to alternate and give something for our piano-playing readers. Accordingly we commence to-day the publication of MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS" (*Lieder ohne Worte*), and mean to continue the same, four pages at a time, throughout the Seven Sets of six Songs each.

Bach's Sacred Works.—His Magnificat described by Robert Franz.

Unquestionably the world is slow to seek or desire acquaintance with Sebastian Bach. That fugues played on full organ, with so little of marked accent in the entering of the parts, should not be clear to many, is not strange. But even our miscellaneous audiences have owned the power and beauty of some of his violin pieces rendered by a master hand; and now and then a sacred Aria, sung with style and feeling, has reached the general heart almost. We know too by report of the deep impression which his *Passion* music and great Mass in B minor have produced wherever they have been performed in Germany, and even in London. Here they have been scarcely called for. There is among us, it is undeniable, a certain dread of Bach; his entrance in a concert room is shrunk from, and the very name a bugbear; though a very considerable minority even here are getting rather deeply smitten with the love of him.

We verily believe that this avoidance is not founded in any intrinsic lack of truly human, interesting qualities in Bach's music; for those who know him know that there is no Art so sincere, so full of heartfelt piety, so sound and wholesome, so winning on acquaintance, as this Art of his, which so few learn to read. We verily believe that it is owing to the whole direction of our past musical education, which has pampered us with what is highly-colored, highly spiced, sensational, and not formed in us either the physical (by the ear), the mental or the moral habit of perception for this complex, seemingly impassive polyphonic style of writing. We need to be prepared for it; not necessarily by scientific study, but by beginning with the most appreciable, a little at a time, say a few four-part Chorals, and so gradually bringing our hearts into *rapport* with the style and spirit. It was even so in Germany, until Mendelssohn brought out the *Passionsmusik*.

We scarcely dare to hope that any of our Societies or musical educators (it is of no use to speak of "managers") will seriously undertake a Bach Oratorio or Cantata yet awhile. And yet we know the subject has been mooted in our Handel and Haydn Society, and earnestly by some of them in view of their triennial Festival of next May. Of course such music is not "popular," and perhaps never will be. But a great musical Society, with an avowed educational motive, and not merely one of pleasurable excitement or pecuniary gain, ought not to consult the popular pulse alone in *all* it does. It should do some things not because they will be popular, but because they are good, because it is well to know them. If they speak only to a portion of the public, to a few, so surely as they deeply interest and quicken them, so surely as they plant seeds there, they do really influence the whole culture of the time. If we went solely by popularity, no great master work of poet, artist or musician ever would be brought out or known except in studies or by hearsay. A musical Society should address *some* part of its season's programme (it need not be the largest) to the more advanced taste or even curiosity of its audience. A great Festival is a fit time for such an experiment. We do not know whether our old Society will have the courage to look Bach in the face; but it is something even to have begun to moot the question. Meanwhile, to keep the thought in that direction, we for our part here undertake the modest task of translating what ROBERT FRANZ has written about one of the shorter (that is, compared to the *Passion*) and perhaps more practicable of Bach's great sacred works, the *Magnificat* in D.

Although it cannot be denied that the interest in Bach's vocal works has increased of late years (i.e. in Europe), still, compared to the real worth of these artistic creations, this interest must be counted as but feeble and occasional. The reasons may lie partly in the technical difficulties here to be overcome; partly in the sketch-like form in which Bach has left these works to posterity; partly,—and this must be emphasized especially—in the somewhat pretentious habit of the public of to-day of estimating musical achievements mainly with reference to the immediate sensuous enjoyment they afford. The notion, that what cannot be "understood" at once must be deemed unsatisfactory and a failure, contrary to the nature of true Art, is unfortunately so wide-spread, and seemingly justified in thousands of instances, that one can scarcely wonder at the little sympathy with works, which are only to be comprehended and brought home to us by the most earnest and even self-denying devotion. Nobody is willing, on his own part, to carry anything *to* Art; he would simply be the passive recipient of pleasure and diversion from Art. Add to this now, that musical journalism has kept itself as good as altogether silent in regard to Bach's Church compositions generally, with the exception perhaps of the *Matthew Passion* and the *B-minor Mass*: that hardly one of the master's numberless productions in that kind has been the subject of an exhaustive discussion, such as would call the attention of larger circles to it, and the want of interest to which we have alluded has indeed a certain justification. Every one thinks he may take it for granted: "That which the Art criticism of to-day leaves so wholly unconsidered, cannot possibly answer the true wants of the present; we do better therefore to leave the interest in Bach's vocal works to the so-called 'connoisseurs and scholars;' the old gentleman no doubt has written them principal-

ly for *them—they* may be edified in them to their hearts' content!"

It is not our purpose to analyze the reasons of this peculiar attitude of criticism toward these works; it is enough to say that hitherto the public has been altogether destitute of the necessary instruction, whose mediating and adjusting influences would soon enough appear. We gladly resign ourselves to the hope, that there will at last be found those called to such a task, to pay an old and heavy debt to the great dead, and thereby introduce into our future culture elements, which surely will be rich in blessed influences.

Little as we can see the calling and capacity in us for meeting the evil as it should be met, still we hold it our duty to direct public attention to a work, which heretofore has waited in vain for the pen which should lay it warmly to men's hearts.

True, there has been a rumor now for sometime of its existence, and it has even been spoken of with great respect—but not on that account has it become one iota better known. As formerly the B-minor Mass passed for one of the most profound and grand of Bach's achievements, and yet, for all that, its quiet dream life could keep on in the Score all undisturbed, just so for years there ran a vague report of a celebrated *Magnificat* of the master. Perhaps here too that incomprehensible instinct may have reigned, which so mysteriously draws the human mind toward what is significant, and gradually prepares it for the understanding thereof.

Bach's *Magnificat* is one of the few among his Church compositions, which lay before the world in print before the editions of the Bach Society. W. Rust tells us (in his excellent preface to the first book of the 11th annual issue of Sebastian Bach's Works), that it had already appeared in score in the year 1811 (Simrock, publisher). To be sure, this edition differs from that of the Bach Society in not unessential points. It shows a different key, E flat major, instead of D major, and has none of the alterations, which evidently came later from the improving hand of the master. It will be understood of course, that the following examination is not based upon this edition, but upon the Score of the *Magnificat* as published by the Bach Society. . . .

The text of the *Magnificat* is the well-known song of praise of Mary in the Gospel of Luke, chapt. 1, verse 46–55: "My soul doth magnify the Lord," &c. Although the Bible puts these words in the mouth of a single person, yet, owing to their more universal meaning and the excellent contrasts they afford for musical treatment, they had already been used by the composers of the old Italian School for a larger Art-form, in which songs for single voices alternate with choruses. Bach has followed this precedent in his *Magnificat*: it lies before us in a succession of twelve numbers. We will first endeavor to submit each number to a separate consideration, and afterwards to form a fair conception of the composition as a whole.

1. The first number, a chorus in D major, 3-4 measure, treats the words: "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*" (My soul doth magnify the Lord). In an extended prelude the master expounds the materials (themes or motives) on which the piece is founded, and which are afterwards brought into more full and conscious presence by the vocal setting. The orchestra, rich and brilliant for that day, embraces the stringed quartet, two flutes, two oboes, three trumpets, tympani, and, as in most of Bach's church works, the Organ. Each and every part is kept extremely individual and independent in its movement, and they group themselves in three distinct choirs: the string quartet, the wind instruments of wood, the brass instruments with drums. The Organ, from which it is well known that Bach used to conduct the church music, must certainly have served very distinct purposes: here supporting, there predominant, here softening and blending, there mediating, it was in the hand of the master the instrument *par excellence* through which he understood how to make his personal influence avail. It cannot be enough lamented, that Bach in the scores of his church music has left us no organ part fully written out; with that we should not only have the works in their completeness, but it would reveal to us new forms of expression, of whose depth and significance we can scarcely form a weak conception! No one certainly, who knows with what unheard of mastery Bach treated this instrument, will find this assertion extravagant.

In the three instrumental groups just mentioned, and in the most unconstrained manner, are now developed just so many *motives*, which dispute the course of the opening number between them. The soaring and elastic leading motive enters first in the oboes; with it is coupled without more delay an accompanying motive, brought in by the three trumpets; out of this again there is at last developed a short side motive, which plays an extremely active part in the subsequent working up. Bach is in the habit of so inventing his themes, that they shall admit of the most various transpositions and inversions; hence they are written according to the rules of double, triple, quadruple and quintuple Counterpoint. Especially does there reside in them a certain rhythmic, melodic and harmonic spring-power, which uplifts you at the outset with the exciting feeling: that here all will work itself out of itself through the indwelling vitality of the ideas, the themes, and that the ordering master hand will only intervene to guide, to guard against wanton, arbitrary digressions.

After a modulation into the Dominant, the prelude, concentrating its essential matter closely, returns to the Tonic, in which it makes now a full close. The chorus voices, 1st and 2nd Soprani, Alti, Tenors and Basses, two by two and without instrumental accompaniment, now sieze upon a portion of the main motive, which is presently resumed again in full form by the orchestra, repeating note for note the first half of the prelude. We have already spoken of the remarkably independent and polyphonic conduct of the instrumental introduction; and yet it has been possible for Bach to go still further and to write into this complex score an almost wholly *new* vocal setting of five parts! If the great master, with his inexhaustible wealth, were not at the same time an equally unapproachable model of the noblest simplicity, such audacity could hardly have come off unpunished. But now how is it possible to our ear, to catch such a multiplicity of parts, to comprehend and feel as a unity all these different turns and passages, as they go swiftly whirling by?—What Franz suggests in answer to this question we shall see next time.

☞ We credited the translation of a fanciful story about Mme. SONTAG to one "Franz Genger" in the New York *Leader*, on the indignant showing of that individual. We are now shown a copy of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, in which the same version, almost word for word, appeared a year ago (July, 1866) as "from the German, by Auber Forestier!"

THE MUSICAL SEASON is approaching, but as yet we have only vague assurances and apprehensions of what it will bring. Among the really important things, of the permanent and quiet kind, rooted in our own musical life, the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will first take the field, beginning on Thursday, Nov. 7, and will be eight in number. The Handel and Haydn Society will give Oratorios at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, if not oftener; but their winter's practice will bear chiefly upon the triennial Festival of probably the first week in May.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club have got an "agent" and are going off concertizing miscellaneously through the West; but we still hope for classical concerts in the latter half of the winter.—The pianists, Perabo, Petersilea, Dresel too, we hope, and Leonhard, will give us chamber concerts.

Of the other kind, the "speculation" concerts of managers, there will be plenty, no doubt, but we have no room to speak of them now.

AN AMERICAN TENOR IN GERMANY. One of our sweet-voiced tenors, of whom Oratorio in Boston feels the loss, and who was a Boston boy originally, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, after marked successes in many European theatres, singing in German, French, Italian and English, has been for some time a member of the Royal Opera in Berlin. Recently he has been visiting Vienna, and the papers there all speak in praise of his performances. Thus the *Wiener Zeitung* says:

"The second of July brought us Herr Karl Adams, Royal Prussian court opera singer, who for his first *Gastrolle* had chosen the Arnold in *William Tell*. Herr Adams is an American by birth, who has had to learn his correct German here upon the spot, and has already mastered it so well that he hardly betrays his foreign origin. Happening to be in Vienna visiting some friends, he was heard in a private circle by court capellmeister Esser, and by him recommended to the manager Salvi, who is much inclined to experiments. Herr Esser's sound judgment can be trusted in such cases, and we have actually found in Adams a graceful singer, who possesses truly beautiful and well nursed vocal means, adequate to lyrical parts, although his organ appears a little weakened from much travelling about. He is full of life and energy, has acquired great *routine*, and he betrays in everything the cosmopolite, the man who is at home in wide circles. We dare say, that a closer acquaintance with him will show more both of the light side and the shadow. That he inclines more to comic opera than to musical tragedy, his voice, outward appearance, temperament, all speak for it. The reception of the 'guest' was a very friendly one and coupled with a recall."

We translate also from the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*: "At last we have again a tenor voice alike beautiful and pure! Herr Adams has also a favorable exterior, his delivery is correct, and his acting shows the right conception. The bright, clear ring of his voice in '*O Mathilde!*' had full effect, so that he had the honor of a recall; also in the duet in the second act and in the terzet he went victoriously through"—The artists associated with Mr. A. in *Tell* were Frau Dustmann as Mathilda, Herr von Bagnio as Tell, Herr Pauli, another 'Gast,' from Pesth, as Rudi, &c."

Again from the *Neues Fremdenblatt*: "Mr. A.'s material, to be sure, is not that of the heroic tenor, and in his delivery there is no trace of what we understand by genius; yet all his peculiarities work not unfavorably and deserve recognition in so far as you clearly see in them the results of zealous and industrious study. Mr. A. reminds one, on the whole, of Reichart—only not so feminine. His impression is agreeable."

Again, the correspondent of the *Theater-Moniteur* (Berlin), writes: "Herr Charles Adams, Royal Prussian court opera singer, has begun his 'Gast' engagement, as Arnold in *Tell*, with the happiest success. The fine voice of the singer, which has gained essentially in fullness of tone since his former appearance here with Mlle. Artôt, is a subject of general comment; but not the less so the artistic culture and the tasteful delivery. His impersonation of the character also satisfies completely."

The Vienna papers speak of him as being in better voice and still more successful in *Il Trovatore*.

(From the New Bedford Mercury, Aug. 15).

Obituary. We are pained to notice the death of Franz Kielblock, of this city, which occurred in Boston on Tuesday last, after a brief illness. Mr. Kielblock was a native of Güstrow, in Mecklenburg, Germany, and left home at the age of twenty-four years, in company with Carl Zerrahn, now a highly esteemed citizen of Boston, to seek his fortune in this country. After his arrival here, he remained for two years a member of the Germania Band, which was organized in Europe previous to his departure, when, on account of ill health, he withdrew from the arduous duties of his position, and came to New Bedford to establish himself as a teacher of the various branches of his profession. A thoroughly educated musician, he at once found his time fully occupied in teaching, to which he devoted himself with enthusiastic zeal for seventeen years, and until within a few weeks of his death. He enjoyed a considerable reputation as a composer, mostly of fugitive pieces, though some years ago he brought before the public the opera of "Miles Standish," which would have attracted the attention it deserved, had the sensitive author possessed, with his recognized talent as a writer, some of the pushing obtrusiveness of an impresario.

There are many who will sincerely regret the loss of one who has done so much to cultivate a refined musical taste in this community, many who will miss the careful instruction of a conscientious as well as accomplished teacher, while others, who knew him best, will recall with pleasure, if sadly, the characteristics which made him a genial companion and a warm friend.

Musical Conventions. There is some pretty shrewd common sense in the following comments of a Vermont paper (the Montpelier *Atlas and Patriot*, of July 4), on a Convention held the week before in Burlington, in that State.

The text-books adopted for use were the "Church Bell," a new publication from the pen of W. O. and H. S. Perkins, and the Oratorio of the "Messiah," an old work, from the pen of Handel. The intimate relation which the two works were made to bear to each other was, to say the least, calculated to excite, as indeed it did, sentiments of playful irony among the better musicians of the convention. The frequent passage which the convention made from "Hurrah for New England" to the "Hallelujah Chorus," was neither appropriate nor graceful. Tried by the "philosopher's scales," one page of the "Messiah" would outweigh more of the "Bell" than could be packed on Boston Common. Not that we object to the "Bell" any more than to other works of its class, but the balancing of the convention for four days between its "Mother Goose Melodies" and the "Messiah" was most severely inappropriate. The fact is, neither of these works meet the wants of the convention. It is no discredit to those comprising the chorus to say that, with few exceptions, they were wholly inadequate to the proper rendering of the music of the latter. Instead of four days of incompetent drill, they needed weeks of study and careful discipline. To accomplish more than they did in the time allowed them was an impossibility. The idea of introducing the "Messiah," therefore, with a view to producing it, was folly.

The introduction of that other work—the "Bell"—was equally ill-timed and inappropriate, and to expect either pleasure or profit to be derived from its use was a poor compliment to the capacity and tastes of Vermont singers. It was as much below the necessities of the case as the other was above them, and that's a good deal. The design of musical conventions is, we suppose, or should be, to improve the standard of music; to develop the ability of singers, and correct and elevate the taste. For one then—though it is no affair of ours—we seriously object to turning the rehearsing room into an exchange for the sale of a tenth-rate music book, and the paying of an inferior conductor an hundred and fifty dollars, or so, to come among us for a week, and "cry his own pottery." We know not how far the managers of the Burlington convention are responsible for their use, and certainly we have no reproaches for them at this time. If the mistake was theirs—which we do not believe—they will act more wisely next time, and not permit their own better judgment to be over-ridden by the avarice of some mere book-manager, or that personal ambition which seeks the name of "bringing out" the "Messiah," and other works of the kind, without the force and drill necessary to do them properly. What this convention needed—and what we hope the next one will have—was some intermediate compositions not beyond their ability to master, and yet sufficiently difficult to demand careful and diligent study in order to their proper illustration in public. And would the members realize this result, and have their convocations henceforth both pleasant and profitable, they must set their faces grimly and forever against the approaches of those who come bending under the load of books which smell of the printing office and the bindery.

Thalberg, the pianist, has obtained an honorary mention at the Paris Exhibition for his wines of Pausilippo, near Naples. The vine which produces them was planted there by Lablache, his father-in-law, from cuttings obtained in Burgundy.

The London *Choir* has the following:—"Picked up in the quadrangle of the Schola Musicæ at Oxford, supposed to have dropped from the pocket of the Oxford Professor of Music—'Why has the science of music always been held to be a difficult study? Because, by the verdict of antiquity, *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—no one becomes a *thorough bass* man in a moment.

A German journal reminds its readers that in 1782 the *Leipziger Zeitung* contained the following curious notice, emanating from a writer of that town:—"A certain Mozart, of Vienna, has taken the liberty of denaturalizing my drama "*Belmonte and Constance*," in turning it into an opera libretto. I formally protest against this infringement of my rights, and reserve myself the power of further action.—Christopher Friedrich Bretzner..

German and Italian Composers.—The well-known saying of Carl Maria von Weber: "I compose as God wills, and Rossini composes as the public wills," characterizes admirably the artistic tendencies of most German and Italian operatic composers. The German operatic composer not unfrequently ignores, to his own disadvantage, both singers and public; he likes to give himself up entirely to his task, in which his own individuality is completely merged, and writes in the fond belief that his work is destined to last forever. The Italian composer, on the other hand, writes in the first place for certain singers; he does not think of a work of art lasting forever; he pays court to the exigencies of the day and of fashion, and takes his audience as he generally finds them. I honor the operatic composer who, renouncing outward success, has only an ideal circle of hearers in his mind; but I do not depreciate the value of the artist who thinks of the actual operatic public. That great genius, and worldly-wise man, Mozart, did both; he took into account singers and public, and created works of imperishable beauty. His dramatic works will, at any rate, endure as long as feeling for melodic beauty and musical characterization exists in the world of art. However people may of late have striven to limit such characterization, it can never be destroyed.—*Berlin Echo.*

Parody on "Romeo et Juliette." A very amusing travestie of M. Gounod's opera is just now being played with great success at the Theatre-Déjazet, at Paris, under the title of *Rhum et Eau en Juillet*. The piece is closely imitated, and the new music supplied by M. Eugène Déjazet.

A Disagreeable Question. Mme. Catalani, the celebrated singer, was for a long time manageress of the Italian Opera, Paris. But art sometimes came off very badly. A critic of the period used to commence every one of his notices with the Ciceronian phrase: "*Quousque tandem abutere*, Catalani, *patientia nostra?*" "How long, Catalani, will you abuse our patience?").

A Great Writer's Opinion of a Great Musician. Jean Paul said of the composer of *Don Juan*: "Every note of Mozart's is a round in the ladder of the spheres by which he ascended to the Heaven of perfection."

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To a Life Size Portrait of my Mother at the Harp.

BY JOHN T. SARGENT.

Shade of the Past! Vision of sunnier days,
When Youth, and Hope, and Beauty, and the rays
Of Joy were round thee, mother! Time severe
Hath changed the features feebly imaged here!
Those locks are greyer now! That placid face
Hath gathered wrinkles. Age has left its trace
Of furrows on that brow. Those beaming eyes
Are dimmer than they were. The woe, the sighs
Have chased that smile! That music moving hand
Has writ full many a darkened hope in sand!
That hallowed Harp, too! How, in bygone days
Its melodies rang out! What stirring lays
Informed it once! What music used to thrill
Along that stricken lyre! Alas! How still!
In school boy days I heard its tones divine
Filling our home like airs of Palestine!
And now that Harp, which then rang sweet and loud,
In some dark corner wears a sable shroud!
And yet, why mourn I? What although no more
Those sounds, melodious, move me as of yore!
What though the hand which waked them is withheld?
Memory still echoes every tone which swelled
Upon my youthful ear.—Ah yes, I find
It still hath music for the listening *mind*!
Symbol of sympathies! to me it seems:
For, when a joy elates me, there are gleams
Of light electric, as of heavenly fire,
Playing in flashes o'er the pictured wire!
That Harp, with songs accordant, seems to ring:
A mother's love tone trembles o'er each string!
And, so, if *sadness* shrouds me,—if a surge
Of sorrow sinks my soul, it sounds a dirge!
Mantled in clouds! with all its chords in rest,
It sounds a requiem to my wounded breast.
Yes! Then, Æolian like, it breathes a moan,
And gently soothes me with an undertone!
Thus, ever thus, my soul attentive hears
Those magic hints, like "music of the spheres."
At home, abroad, where e'er I roam or rest,
That Harp tone sounds monitious to my breast.
It seals my matin prayers, and seems to say
"A mother's blessing cheers thy livelong way."
And, as I muse, at evening's twilight hour,
Spirit of Sanctity! I feel thy power!
Yes! daily, as my orisons arise,
Thy music mingles with the sacrifice.
Matins and Vespers, each, thy Harp attends;—
In benisons thy muse-like image bends
To guard and guide me, while my inmost soul
Glows by thine impulse, feels thy calm control.
Be ever thus! And, when, in act or thought
I go astray, be thy sweet influence sought.
If error wounds me, let the healing sight
Of thy dear presence win me to the right.
Be that my recompense, my rest, reward,
My mentor firm;—my conscience and my guard!
My *Judgment* framed! emblazoned! gleaming! all
Which King Belshazzar saw upon the wall!
And, when I die, to me the bliss be given
To hear that Harp amid the Hymns of Heaven!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Three Evenings with Ferdinand Hiller.

Translated from *Die Gartenlaube*, by AUBER FORESTIER.

Music is of all arts the most purely human, the most universal.—JEAN PAUL

In a large, cheerful saloon, amidst ivy entwined statues of Bach and Handel, beneath the characteristic portrait heads of Beethoven, Mozart, Felix Mendelssohn and Schumann, opposite a luxuriant flower stand stood a Härtel Grand Piano. The candles had been taken away, even the great lamp over the table shed its light through a rose-tinted shade; the little group of ladies and gentlemen gathered together listened all breathless to a little tone poem—Ferdinand Hiller was playing his "Zur Guitarre."

Without it was autumn, the wind tapped boisterously upon the window, the rain beat upon the panes; within all were dreaming of a warm summer night beneath Italian skies. The roses bloomed, from the lofty balcony there leaned a lovely female form *à la Giulietta*, the moonlight transfigured her flower face, and the elegant cavalier ardently confessed to her his love "*Zur Guitarre*." It was a love such as is kindled only in the land where the citrons bloom, and these poor men of the North envied the happy ones, for orange blossoms are more fragrant than Forget-me-nots, whilst the Northern ladies sighed. Who could bring to them a serenade "*zur Guitarre*," in the land of rain and storm, of catarrh and rheum, of spiteful, envious neighbors?

I have never heard this enchanting musical "*Déclaration d'amour*" played by any one but the composer, yet it seems to me it could never fail in its effect. As concerned our little circle of that evening we were all charmed, as one is charmed at sight of the first nosegay of Spring, or by the long-missed voice of a dear friend. Hiller was constrained at once to repeat his song. He was then returning, laden with honor, wearied with all manner of festival suppers with "toasts" and laurel wreaths *obbligato*, from Bremen, where his opera "*Die Katakomben*" had been represented for the first time with brilliant success; and now he was resting one evening in the house of a friend. Playing at resting that is, pleasantly chatting in a comfortable arm-chair, and for once making music not *ex officio*, but purely *con amore*. About three o'clock after midnight he must pursue his journey to Cologne; first, however, he meant to steal a little sleep. Now then the time must not be allowed to fly too fast, and yet it had been so long since all had met together, and there was so much to ask and tell. Hiller himself was as fresh and delightful when he talked as when he played, and during the little supper he was sparklingly gay. It was one of those evenings such as rarely fall from Heaven, hours which leave the fragrance of violets in the soul. Later we enjoyed a Beethoven Sonata from him, and then he played a few expressive little things—"*Bagatelles*" he called them, of his own composition. In between these he lady of the house sang Hiller's "*Wallfahrt nach Kevelaer*," that beautiful tone illustration of Heine's poem, as well as Mendelssohn's Suleika, songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and finally the parting song: "*Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath*."

Midnight was long past, who would have believed it! With all vivacity musical, literary and other themes were yet discussed, piquant sketches of Paris life were traced by Hiller, who opened the reliquary of his memory to bring to light many a sparkling jewel. Meanwhile the narrator's eyes shone, and a merry smile played about his lips. All at once he sprang up and seated himself once more at the piano. Softly the hands stole over the keys; at first it was as a far off dream, but gradually the thoughts became connected, and the remarkable guest phantasied upon all the songs that had been sung to him. The church bells rang to the procession: "*Das ist zu Köln an dem Rheine*," the mother of God softly entered and laid her hand on the sick heart, then the west wind was borne over on glittering pinions. Suleika breathed, "*Sag' ihm, aber sag's bescheiden*;" like the voice of the nightingale arose Schumann's "*Spring Song*;" Schubert's "*Barcarole*" passed lightly over; Rückert's exquisite love song by Franz, "*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen*" stormed in, and finally came the lovely melody, soft and deep as a parting look:

"Wenn Menschen auseinander geh'n,
So sagen sie: auf Wiederseh'n!"

When Hiller arose there were tears in many a beautiful eye, and little hands were gratefully extended towards him. Suddenly this little scene of excitement was broken into by a man's voice that half playfully, half seriously said: "There is no help for it, my honored "*Herr Capellmeister*," the parting is at hand, in seven minutes the inexorable express train will start. It is past three o'clock!" This was the "jester" of the Play.

Ferdinand Hiller is a child of Frankfort, the tenderly loved son of cultivated parents, born in the year of the great comet and fiery constellations, and ardent and fiery has he remained. Various good geniuses have stood godfather to his youth: Goethe's hand rested upon the boy's head when he came to Weimar to take piano lessons of Hummel; Beethoven's dying eyes looked significantly upon him when the youth accompanied his celebrated teacher to Vienna, and stood with him beside the couch of suffering of the dying Titan. The profoundly learned founder of the Cæcilia Society in Frankfort on the Maine, Schelbele, called Hiller his darling, and Aloys Schmitt prophesied for him a brilliant career. The grave, reserved Cherubini was thawed by this lovely artist nature, and the entire intellectual and musical aristocracy of Paris interested itself in the boy of scarcely seventeen, when his mother, to introduce him to this rich world, threw open a saloon in which often the most heterogeneous and attractive elements might be found to-

gether. What a scene for a painter, this union of grand heads and forms!

It is a winter evening. The fire burns upon the hearth. Without splendid equipages roll past, and by the light of the lanterns may be seen little rose-adorned heads, sparkling diamonds, fluttering garments at the windows within. Paris dances to day in the Tuileries, in the Theatre, in the *Closerie de Lilas*, in the *Jardin d'hiver* and who knows where beside. The great music room of the Hiller house is pleasantly warmed and lighted; there is dancing there, too, yet the dancers are only ten fingers, the fingers of Chopin. In a marble vase upon the table there are violets, the pure favorite flowers of a pure empress, shedding their fragrance around. An Erard Grand Piano stands in the middle of the room, in front of it sits the young, dreamy Chopin. He seems scarcely to touch the keys; as from the far-off distance floats a passionate, yet wailing dance melody, drawing nearer and even nearer, it grows louder as it approaches; he is playing his wondrous Mazurkas and fantastic Waltzes. Hiller himself, with his artist brow and twinkling eyes, stands beside the player, not losing the breath of a tone. Near the hearth, beside the cheerfully blazing fire, sits the venerable Cherubini, with absent mien, and yet listening in spite of himself to the magic sounds; it disturbs and yet fascinates him,—the concluding chorus of his *Requiem* is forming in his mind. Near him lounges Adolph Nourrit, the noblest "Pylades" to Gluck's "Orestes," who ever trod the stage. When he sang the celebrated Aria:

"Nur einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen,"

the ladies were not the only ones who were affected to tears. His voice was of a wonderful sweetness, and yet powerful, and his style, if less dramatic than elegiac, was nevertheless always noble and feeling.

On the other side of the fire-place the violinists Lafont and Bailliot had taken their places. Behind them arose the characteristic profile of the young Berlioz; a world of thoughts lie buried beneath his beautiful brow with its framework of dark hair. In the window alcove stands Ary Scheffer, the genial Painter, surveying the group with earnest eye. There is somewhat in his noble head that recalls the painter's celebrated picture, "St. Augustin with his mother, Monica." Not far from him in the darkest corner sits a pale man, in an attitude of almost hopeless depression, the cheek resting upon the slender hand, the eyes, with their far-off expression, plainly bespeaking the soul within. About the mouth there hovers an ineffaceable impress of pain, the expression of an endless "Heimweh," which renders the rare smile inexpressibly touching. The brow is of a lofty beauty, clear and light. It is the author of letters from Paris, of intellectual *critiques*, and enthusiastic reminiscences of Jean Paul: Ludwig Börne. Music is his female friend; of it he has said: "Music is prayer; whether given by the babe in lisping numbers, whether held by the rude child of Nature in rude form, whether by cultivated beings in passionate, soul-stirring words,—Heaven harkens to it with like satisfaction, and gives back as comfort to each the echo of his own feelings."

Chopin's playing was a wonder balsam for the soul of Börne. These ardent and melancholy spirits could not but understand and love one another.

Beside a table filled with exotic plants, from amidst whose luxuriance the statue of a Polyhymnia peeped forth, sat the chosen darling of the Graces and Muses, the poet of the "Book of Songs," Heinrich Heine. As his rival in the favor of the ladies appears the amiable, jocular composer of the "*Barbiere di Sevilla*," Rossini. Notwithstanding his weight, the rather corpulent gentleman was always "*Figaro-ci, Figaro-là.*" Then the delicately moulded head of Heine was yet untouched by the devastating ravages of illness that later so cruelly destroyed all his beauty that the equalizing hand of death alone had power to smooth the distorted features. The blue eyes yet shone like stars, and the lips whispered the most bewitching absurdities, until a beautiful hand was laid upon his mouth. This time it was the lily fingers of the renowned and fascinating Delphine Gay, who in Paris was scarcely less celebrated as woman than as authoress. Heinrich Heine kissed the little hand at once meekly and passionately, for it had brushed by his lips softly as a rose leaf just as Chopin's playing began. Now he had long forgotten the wanton sport. A deep melancholy was graven upon his brow, the head was sunken upon the breast, the long lashes almost touched the cheeks, many a beautiful eye at this moment rested upon the attractive profile. Perchance he dreamed poems to the phantastic melodies of Chopin. And over yonder, that young creature, that fairy-like being with the great Southern eyes and the waves of dark hair—that woman with the smile of a child and the movements of the Graces, with whom *Maestro* Rossini had just been whispering? Who else than Marie Malibran, the great singer, the genial, warm-hearted woman, the idol of Paris! The Countess Merlin, her friend and protectress, had introduced her into the little German saloon. Also many other celebrated and uncelebrated pupils of Garcia were there, Mesdames Lalande and Favart, and various flower-faces who had only to appear to excite the warmest admiration.

At one time, had not yon look from the eyes of Beethoven made strong and firm the musician in Ferdinand Hiller, he would have turned renegade and gone over to Literature. Hiller himself confesses in one of his letters how mightily he was influenced by the intercourse of the most significant and diverse minds of the time.

"The intercourse with so many distinguished men," he writes, "was in the highest degree exciting; but the whole life of Paris, as well as politics, into which I entered with passionate interest, and the entire whirlpool of the undulating life brought me, so to speak, out of myself, and materially interfered with the development of my musical talents. More than once in moments of excitement I was tempted to hang the whole music upon a nail, and rush into one or another of the careers that seemed then so attractive."

Whoever is acquainted with Hiller's letters, and the truly German depth of thought combined with French lightness of style of his "*Feuilleton*" articles, must feel no less love for the writer, Hiller, than for the musician and composer; and whoever has heard him converse upon some inspiring theme, must wonder at him as a speaker.

Ferdinand Hiller composed when very young —as early as his tenth year—and always with the greatest ease; and it is an evidence of how deep the sunbeam of Goethe's friendliness had penetrated into his young heart that he chose as text to his first song, "*Rastlose Liebe.*" With his seventeenth year he entered Paris as teacher in the "*Institution royale de musique classique et religieuse*," enjoying at the same time tuition in Harmony himself, and playing the organ in the church of the *Sorbonne*, when the scholars sang Mass there. Several concerts which he gave in the *Conservatoire* brought him abundant fame and honor. The elegant and artistic public that assembled upon such occasions became thus acquainted with Hiller's compositions, Symphonies and Piano pieces. French and German journals contained descriptions of the enthusiastic receptions the young German met with.

Many charming *morceaux* date at this period: Trios, Quartets, Songs, the alluring "*Danse des fantômes*," and the first reveries. A short sojourn in Frankfort on the Maine followed the intoxicating Parisian life; then a "*dolce far niente*" on Lake Como, whither the faithful mother accompanied her son (his father he had lost during his residence in Paris), and there arose his Oratorio "*The Destruction of Jerusalem*;" then a winter in Milan, and then—a Spring time of love.

Many years ago there appeared at one of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic, a beautiful woman with dark hair, eyes like coals of fire, and a profile such as we often see upon cameos, but seldom in life; she sang the "*Tarantella*" from Rossini's "*Soirées musicales*" with brilliant voice and spirited execution: this was Mme. Antolka Hiller. At the same concert Hiller played one of his charming "*Reveries.*" An amiable lady said to him afterwards, playfully: "Ah, now we know at last of whom you have always been dreaming so sweetly and mysteriously!"

Nothing could be more delightful than to hear Mme. Hiller sing the Soprano part of one of those original, fresh Quintets for Soprano and male voices, which Hiller composed in Rome in the early part of his wedded happiness. The idea of letting a female voice float in all its clearness above a Quartet of male voices, is so bewitching in its effect that one feels transported to a land of Spring, where high above all that creeps and flies, sings and buzzes around us, the fluttering lark soars aloft to the blue sky.

Hiller led the Leipsic subscription concerts at the time when Mendelssohn, with whom he was united by the closest ties of friendship, changed his residence from Leipsic to Berlin; but he soon emigrated to Dresden, in view of there establishing and directing a series of concerts. He had meanwhile composed Operas, divers Quartets of stringed instruments, Sonatas, Capriccios, Etudes, his beautiful Impromptus, as well as many songs. His "*Destruction of Jerusalem*" went out from Dresden over the whole world, and met everywhere with the warmest applause.

In the year 1850 Hiller accepted the honorable position of city *Capellmeister* and Director of the *Conservatoire* at Cologne, and there he has labored ever since, with the intermission of one winter, when he directed the Italian Opera in Paris. His creative *Phantasie* brings forth ever new blossoms, amongst which may be reckoned as one of the most delightful his "*Operetta* without words" for Piano with four hands. His opera "*Die Katakomben*" had its origin about this time, and his Symphony with the motto: "*Es muss doch Frühling werden!*" with its sister piece the joyous "*Im Freien.*" Several large and

small pieces of vocal music appeared now for solo and orchestra, the Oratorio "*Die Gründung Roms*" amongst others. Notwithstanding all, Hiller still found time to write the most exquisite æsthetic *critiques*, and many beautiful testimonies to the memory of departed great friends. Living friends also, celebrated and uncelebrated, alike find him always ready for merry or serious talk, and not only male friends, but also the, as is universally admitted, far more talkativo female friends. Amiable, open-hearted, cheerful and self-sacrificing, he is ready at any moment to aid, by word or deed, all who apply to him personally or by letter for assistance. His house is now, as ever, the hospitable asylum of artists from far and near. At this moment—Tuesday evening, December 4,—he stands at the conductor's desk in the *Gürzenich* Hall in Cologne, *baton* in hand; it is his Oratorio "*Saul*" that he is representing for a second time to a crowded public.

And what a choice public it is that is listening to the splendid choruses, with the imposing instrumentation! How cheerful is the face of the great critic, Professor Bischoff, in the vicinity of the Orchestra! What a confusion of beautiful and less beautiful women, of civilian's dress and uniform, of youth and age! And then the female singers in white, the male in black! The orchestra, that numbers amongst its members many brilliant names, looks with fixed attention upon its lord and master, the chorus hangs upon his looks and the movements of his hand. With what evident delight do they all play and sing under his firm guidance!

Hiller stands very high as a conductor, and at the late Düsseldorf Festival gave ample evidence of his power. The little round man with the noble head becomes one of the great of the earth when he stands amidst the Orchestra. The people of the Rhine are proud of their Hiller, particularly, however, the citizens of Cologne, as the very soul of their *Gürzenich* concerts.

Reminiscences of the Abbate Baini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.*

When, shortly after the commencement of the fifth decade of the present century, I had repeatedly attended Divine Service in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, it was clear to me that most of the music of the old Romish school performed there was—*not* clear to me. As was the case with the majority of my German brothers in art, educated in the works of Bach, Handel, and their great successors, my relations to the old Italians were rather distant and superficial, though I had often played through, besides having now and then heard played, the better known, and, if I may so express myself, the more popular of their compositions. The pure and elevated nature of their strains impressed as much as their strangeness attracted me, and I determined to do all that lay in my power to penetrate the profoundest mysteries of their combinations. My first step was to pay a visit to the Abbate Baini.

Baini was well known as one of the leading investigators in the field of musical history. Starting, in his great work on Palestrina, from the wish to place in their true light the eternal services, rendered by this, his favorite, composer to the cause of art, he published unexpected information concerning the changes in sacred music before Palestrina; concerning the musical doings at the Council of Trent, and concerning Palestrina's life and efforts. The free use of the collections and archives of the Vatican had placed within his reach materials inaccessible to every one else, and he possessed the talent of turning them to account with as much erudition as acuteness. A large portion of his life, and the most considerable part of his income, were devoted to the task of editing all Palestrina's works in score. It is scarcely possible to form an idea of the restless investigation, the persevering labor, the passionate self-abnegation required. A great number of the immortal compositions of the extraordinary master were scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and to recover a single missing sheet frequently demanded whole years of search, and—comparatively speaking—heavy pecuniary sacrifices. Baini had been a singer from his youth, and for many years director of the Papal Chapel. This post had been conferred on him as an especial mark of distinction, it being the general rule for the Papal singers to take it by turns to direct the music at Divine Service. The reader will easily understand that such a man struck me as being the one from whom I could best hope to obtain satisfactory and useful information, as well as assistance in carrying out my artistic desires—and such was the case. Baini received me most kindly, and promised to do all he could. His suggestion that the best course I could adopt to penetrate into Palestrina's style would be to practice it myself, appeared to me perfectly just. Two evenings a week were fixed on, when he said I should always find him ready to look over my work—and for a whole winter I enjoyed the instructive society of this excellent man.

I cannot, of course, here dwell upon the specifically musical investigations which formed the principal staple of our conversations; indeed—though I am half ashamed to confess it—those investigations are not what I recollect most vividly. It is chiefly of the grand simplicity, the self-sacrificing pains, the calm kindness, of this unusual man that there remains in my mind a picture, deriving a peculiar coloring from the originality of very many views which he propounded with a kind of naive humor, and of which I should like to give a sketch. Perhaps many of my readers will gladly transport themselves with me for a few moments from the restless bustle of every-day life to the quiet chamber in which was passed an existence that, with all its unostentatious simplicity, wanted neither the power to do nor to bear. The highest excellence, after all, which it is granted man to attain is to have been, in one's own way, a perfect man.

Baini was, at the time to which I refer, sixty years old and of tall stature; though he bowed his head slightly, his bearing was full of vigor. His serious and rather strongly marked features had something energetic, nay, here and there, hard about them, but by a glance, and a smile, not perhaps exactly agreeable, could assume a particularly mild and kindly expression. Baini was not handsome, though he may in his youth have been a fine man. It was probably the still surviving recollection of this that caused him, on seeing an admirable drawing which my friend, the artist Rudolph Lehmann, had made of him, to exclaim: "O! O! how ugly!" His health was greatly undermined by the wearing labor to which he constantly devoted himself. A life which, as he himself expressed it, "he had spent between his writing table (*tavolino*), and the confessional" could not possibly be attended by satisfactory results. His digestive powers were impaired, and it required many, many hours for him to get over the effects of the very spare meal he took once every day. I often found him suffering from the most violent spasms in the stomach; at such times, he would make a slight sign with his hand, and I waited, with painful sympathy, in an adjoining room, till the crisis was over. This was scarcely the case, however, ere he began the conversation in the most friendly manner, calm and cheerful, laying aside, so to speak, the pain he had been suffering for hours, as though it were a book, the perusal of which had been interrupted. Frequently, also, I found him engaged in the prayers which were a duty for him of an evening. In this case, too, he would point to a chair and a score that he had got ready for me, and quietly continue his pious occupation. The following may serve as a proof of his really affectionate kindness. While he was looking, with conscientious earnestness, through my attempts, I was transcribing compositions by Palestrina, in order not to be doing nothing. The next time I returned, I would find, in Baini's hand, the words, which I had not had time in the evening to write myself, traced under the music. I hardly dared to thank him for taking this trouble, and felt quite touched to think he had done so.

After he had subjected my exercise to the strictest criticism, Baini used to begin chatting with us. In this, as in many other instances, I have to regret deeply not taking notes, for a very great deal of what he told me really possessed historical interest. The reader will easily understand this when he reflects that Baini had spent all his life in Rome, and that the year of his birth was the year 1775. He had served a whole series of Popes; had been brought in close contact with them; and struck me as having taken as unprejudiced a view of the affairs of this world as was conceivable in so firmly believing, and, in many respects, so zealous, a priest. Of course, he sometimes made assertions which, for people like us, sounded strange, not so much in themselves, as from their context.

Thus he told me, one day, the life of the then Pope, Gregory XVI., and I cannot deny that he told it in a somewhat irreverential manner. The minute details have escaped my memory, but there is one thing I know, and that is: that the Abbate attributed to very mundane chances the adoption by the future Prince of the Church of his sacred career. Gregory, he said, entered a monastery in which he mounted very rapidly from step to step, chiefly because the brothers had run away for fear of the French. The Abbate continued his narrative in the same strain, till, in perfect simplicity, I asked, "How did he become Pope?" "That was the business of the Holy Ghost," was the answer. I suppose I looked rather astonished, for, after a moment's silence on both sides, Baini continued, very seriously: "How do you think that the election of Pope can take place except through the Holy Ghost? Just reflect. There are a number of men seated together, not one of whom wishes the other to obtain so elevated a position, and yet the decision has to be unanimous! The Holy Ghost alone can effect such a result."—On the days of grand festivities, a military band is placed in the front gallery of St. Peters, where it plays as the procession passes along. I had attended the ceremony in the morning, and had gone away rather indignant, for, after an introduction in which the strains of brass instruments, suddenly bursting forth, had produced a very elevating impression, there came an operatic motive, which was very frivolous at such a moment and in such a place. On my mentioning this to Baini, he replied: "I am always preaching the same thing to them. When we are by ourselves, we know each other (*ci conosciamo!*). But, above all, the strangers! what can they say to it!" How much more neat and graceful such observations sounded in Italian than they do in my homely German translation, I am painfully aware, as I write them down.

Baini cherished a very grateful recollection of King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., whose acquaintance he had made when his Majesty was Crown-Prince, and of our celebrated Bunsen—both had displayed great interest and appreciation of music, which Baini regarded as higher than aught else besides. He had frequently conducted performances of his vocal choir in the Prince's presence. The evenings on which these performances were held belonged to the exceedingly small number of those which Baini had ever spent away from home, save when his duties summoned him to church or chapel. He was fond of referring to the cleverness and amiable disposition of the two men, and it was evidently his intimate acquaintance with Bunsen which had led him to adopt a feeling of great tolerance towards Protestantism. "There is something, however, I do not understand," he said, one evening. "Protestants are good Christians; they reverence the Redeemer as we do—how can they be so indifferent towards the Blessed Virgin? After all, she is the mother of God! That is what I cannot comprehend."

* Translated for the London Musical World.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary and energetic perseverance with which Baini had devoted himself to his historico-musical labors, he took great interest in many things most foreign to them. On one occasion I opened a book he had just been reading. It was a history of the Theatre at Valenciennes. "Do you busy yourself with the stage also?" I exclaimed, somewhat surprised. "I have certainly one of the largest collection of works in existence relating to it," he replied, "and I have read them all. The theatre interests me in the highest degree." "Do you ever go to the theatre?" I enquired, still more astonished. "I never set foot in one" was his answer. During my stay in Rome I directed a small German vocal association, composed exclusively of German artists, painters, sculptors, and architects. We resolved to give a concert for the Cathedral at Cologne, which was then regarded as the symbol of German unity (I had no idea it would ever be so near me). With his friendly good nature, Baini said I ought rather to give the concert for the church of St. Paul at Rome, then in course of re-building, as such an act would gain me many friends in that capital. In reply to proposals of this kind, I brought a "Miserere" by Donizetti, which the latter had formerly dedicated to the Pope, and which had had been sent to Baini, for him to look through. It was written in the most modern style, with an orchestral accompaniment, and was not of the slightest use for the Papal Chapel. "Do you look it through again," he said, handing me the rose-colored score; "I do not understand such music, but it does not strike me as anything great." I beg pardon of the amiable master, Donizetti, but it was an extremely insipid production. "Why do *you* not dedicate something to the Pope?" said Baini to me. "Do so; at the worst you will receive a large heap of beautiful, and quite new gold pieces, which you can take with you to Germany." He did not know that nothing is ever carried home from a visit to Italy except golden reminiscences.

The interior of Baini's abode was remarkable for a simplicity and absence of ornament bordering on poverty—the large rooms alone, where his valuable library was placed, showed that a man occupying a prominent position lived there. The housekeeping was conducted by an elderly sister, who sometimes opened the door for me, and then disappeared like a shadow. During the winter, though the days were extremely cold, there was never anything in the shape of a fire, but always standing on the table was a tolerably large brazier, at which the old gentleman used to warm his hands. Baini had never travelled; the only time he had been absent from Rome was, I think, on the occasion of his making a trip to Bologna. The reader will, perhaps, be able to form some notion of the energy and endurance Baini displayed in the discharge of his duties, when I inform him that during the time of the French occupation, when the people sought, in preference to any others, those priests who had not paid homage to the foreigners, Baini frequently sat in the confessional eighteen hours a day. All his books and music, including the invaluable collection of Palestrina's works, scored by him, he bequeathed to the Minerva Monastery at Rome, where they will, at any rate, be well taken care of—perhaps, too well.

Baini composed in a variety of styles, though his compositions are not numerous. A "Miserere" of his is played alternately with those of Allegri and Bach, [?] during Passion-week, in the Sixtine Chapel. It is an effective piece, but it proves how impossible it is for any one to step entirely out of his own time. Although Baini lived almost exclusively in the world of old sacred music, having read but little modern music, and, perhaps, never having heard any performed, if I except that which, so to speak, is wafted to us through the atmosphere, the above "Miserere," which, as far as style goes, is written in the strictest spirit, contains a number of passages revealing the nineteenth century even to a person who is not a musician. Baini never referred, however, to his own compositions, and the distinguished place assigned to his "Miserere," was the result of the profound impression produced by it, at a rehearsal, in the Sixtine choir. Towards my attempts in Palestrina's style the worthy man exhibited the most inexorable severity and it was not till about the end of the winter that I succeeded in writing a piece with which he was perfectly contented—I have preserved it as a memento of the pleasant days spent in Rome. After my return to Germany, I sent Baini a copy of the score of my *Zerstörung Jerusalems*, and subsequently the scores of Mozart's *Requiem* and Mass in C minor, as well as of Beethoven's Mass in C major. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of printing the letters I received from him, on the occasion, and I give them in the original text. On every account is it impossible for me to translate them. By publishing the first letter I may appear desirous of sounding my own praises—but I take the step with the consciousness that all I want is by his kind words, too flattering though they are for me, to complete the too imperfect picture of one I so respect. Here they are:

"Pregiatissimo Signore ed amico, finalmente per mezzo del Sr. . . . Pittore e Ritrattista ho saputo la di lei dimora in cotesta sua patria, onde mi reco a dovere di diriggerle questa mia non solo per ringraziarla del graditissimo dono che mi favorì nella Partitura del suo Oratorio, La Distruzione di Gerusalemme, ma eziando per rallegrarmene seco lei avendovi ammirato i bellissimi Cori magistrali e degni tanto dalle di Lei artistiche cognizioni, quanto del moltissimo genio che vi domina per ogni dove. Jo la prego in nome della buona musica di non lasciare oziosi i talenti de' quali l'ha abbondantemente fornito la generosa man del Creatore, ma facendoli fruttare al fine nobile in reso da Dio, sottenere col suo esempio e con la sua opera il cadente buon gusto e la quasi perduta filosofia musicale. Tanto oso sperare dall' amore, che, quando ho avuto il bene di avvicinarla, ho costantemente in lei riconosciuto per ogni maniera di verità.

"La supplico, etc."

After this introduction, the second letter runs thus:

"Beniamo allo splendido dono, che mi ha con tanta generosità favorito, onde farmi ammirare le bellezze musicali della Germania sagra. Il Sig. Marstalla (Marstaller) Console di Prussia non era ancor giunto in Roma e fu prevenuto dalle di Lei pregiatissima di partecipazione: circa la metà di Ottobre è poi venuto e per mezzo d'un impiegato dell' Ambascia Austriaca di mia conoscenza mi ha recapitato il di Lei regalo, cioè la Partitura del famoso Requiem di Mozart, la bellissima Messa in C molle dello stesso Autore e la Messa del capriccioso Beethoven piena di accenzioni pindariche felicemente condotte. La ringrazio sommamente e la mia collezione andrà quindi in poi superba per il dono e per la memoria del donatore. La prego, etc.

GIUSEPPE BAINI."

This worthy man died in the year 1844. His death was not merely a heavy loss for the Sixtine Chapel; it was an irreparable one. His works and his name will live forever in the history of music.

A Rehearsal with Amateur Vocalists.*

Musical Conductors, in the service of reigning princes, Conductors whose subordinates are paid, and consequently can be punished, by a deduction from their salary, for any act of neglect, have no notion of the endless difficulties which the conductors of amateur associations have to go through before they can get up a performance; the audience, too, enjoy such a performance, and indulge in unrestricted criticisms on it, because they know nothing of the drops of sweat, produced by downright agony, frequently clinging to some particular number; in a quarter of an hour much has passed away forever that has been rehearsed, for months, with sighs and fears; the hours spent at rehearsal are a source of constant vexation to the Conductor; while even every military bandmaster has generally all his performers together, some of the executants, and those, as a rule, the most necessary, are always missing in amateur associations; while the former can confidently rely on perfect silence, attention, and obedience, the order of the day with amateurs is gossiping, inattention, and want of punctuality; yet while the bandmaster can severely censure the slightest fault, the conductor of an amateur society must only refer to the grossest neglect with considerable mildness, and cordial *bonhommie*, if he would not "disgust" the members and lose their attendance altogether, etc. But enough of this; an example shall show what we mean. We will suppose that a mixed Solo-Quartet has to be rehearsed. After mature deliberation with the other persons concerned, the Conductor has fixed on a Sunday afternoon for the purpose, and given the two ladies their parts to take home—the gentlemen have intimated they do not require theirs. He waits at the appointed hour in the room where the rehearsal is to be held. There is a knock at the door; the Basso enters hastily, holding in his hand a letter from a friend who has invited him to come that very same day, to a christening festivity in X. "The coach does not start for an hour," he observes, "and by that time we shall have long since finished." True, if the others, also, had come. However, the bass part may be taken provisionally by itself. Meanwhile the Contralto makes her appearance, a somewhat aged spinster, in whose dress black and grey are the prevailing colors, her demeanor being marked by a certain dignified slowness of almost pietistic *haut gout*. "Ah, where can Mlle. N., our soprano, be?" she asks, in a mincing tone. "She must have met Herr A. again in the street, and is losing our valuable time by chattering with him. However, she need not fear *your* being very severe with her!" The reader must know that Mlle. N. is a beauty much run after in the town, though we do not accuse the Conductor of any partiality for her. The three wait a little, and the Bass drums upon the window. The Fair One, whose presence is so much desired, rushes in, at last, dressed to the death, it is true, but with a most engaging smile, and the politest excuses. "She had kept fancying the rehearsal was fixed for a later hour, and had only just recollected the time at which it was really to begin, etc." In her hurry, however, she has forgotten her music, and must sing from the Conductor's score. As a natural consequence, she is wrong at every bar. By the way, it must be stated that, in despair, they have begun rehearsing three parts only. The Bass keeps pulling his watch out of his pocket every instant, but the Tenor does not come! A messenger is despatched to his house, and is informed that the Tenor went out early in the morning, and left word that he was not to be expected home all day. "Good heavens! He has certainly gone into the country, while, with such magnificent weather, we are sitting in a desolate room, worrying ourselves with imperfect harmonies!" "A more fitting time ought to have been chosen for the rehearsal," growls the Bass, as though the unfortunate Conductor could have foreseen the fine weather, and the invitation to the christening feast. "I will tell him a bit of my mind," says the Conductor, menacingly. Poor fellow! the longer any one keeps you waiting, the more delighted you are at his arrival, and, when the criminal enters very jauntily in an airy summer costume, you rush up with the most friendly expression of countenance, and inform him you were afraid he had been taken suddenly ill. He assures you, however, that the train from L., where he has been breakfasting with a few friends, has only just got in, and you pour out all your wrath upon the head of the railway manager, who manages things so badly. All this time, the Tenor has his lighted cigar between his lips. Hereupon the Contralto, with a slight cough, complains of the smoke, while the Soprano declares she likes it, having been long since accustomed to it by her brothers and their friends. The effects of the breakfast upon the Tenor are evident in the first few bars of the Quartet, which is now rehearsed with all four parts; he sings persistently out of tune, and, at last, on account of unaccountable indisposition, requests that the piece may be sung two tones lower. This request is violently opposed by the Bass, who has already his hat and stick in his hand. The Conductor endeavors to arrange matters and transpose the piece one tone. This puts out the Contralto, who is too musical to sing correctly in a wrong key; so they begin afresh in the correct key, and go through the whole piece to the end. It sounds far from right. The Conductor wants to try it over again. But the Bass cannot stay any longer. "It will be all right," he observes consolingly, "the day after to-morrow. Bad rehearsal, good performance!" With these words, he hurries off. There are still two or three solos to be rehearsed. Mlle. N. begs the conductor to take her first, as she expects some one to call upon her. The Contralto remonstrates, because she has to attend a religious meeting, and was the first to come to rehearsal. The Tenor feels unwell; he has walked too fast he says. The Soprano, being very good-natured, is easiest to manage. The Conductor takes, therefore, the duet for the Tenor and Contralto. During the solo of the latter, the Tenor discovers that Mlle. N. has a bunch of neat golden charms. He begins playing with them, while the Contralto darts furious

glances at him, and he forgets to come in at the right time. To help him, Mlle. N. sings the part in the upper octave. This sounds horrible. The Conductor gazes yearningly through the window at the blue sky and at the weathercocks, already gleaming in the golden rays of the evening sun; in the street below are heard the merry voices of children, and he thinks of the cool summer cellar, the echoing skittle-gallery, and the round table reserved for the regular customers. But he is still a captive. When he has, at last, dismissed the Contralto and the Tenor, the former to repair to her religious duties, and the latter to make up for what he has neglected in the afternoon, Mlle. N. still remains holding a thick pianoforte arrangement in her hand—she does not like singing from a part on account of the annoying pauses. The *Adagio* of the Air is sung with profound sentiment and melting fervor. "A great deal too much feeling!" an old Viennese master used to exclaim when a thing was spun out in this fashion. But our Conductor is obliged to praise the young lady, in order that she may be attentive in the *Allegro*. She does not keep time. It is true that she beats the *tempo*, but her beat is regulated by her own singing, so that, in a moment of irritation, the Conductor catches hold of her arm and guides her hand. Suddenly the door is thrown open, and Mlle. N.'s mamma sails in, with a sweet smirk upon her face. "Ah! I thought I should find you alone," she says. "I am very sorry to interrupt you, my dears, but our visitors here also wish to hear the air!" With these words, she points to two elderly females who follow her. These take possession of a couple of chairs, and Mlle. N. sings the air even more sentimentally and more out of time than at first. All kinds of songs are now demanded, and the Conductor has to accompany them. Meanwhile, the old ladies go on whispering to each other, and many expressions, such as "respectable settlement," "a steady young man," "honorable intentions," reach his ears, and cause him awful presentiments. "Must I put up with this, too?" he thinks, but he cannot justify himself without giving offence. At last, they rise, thank him, curtseying rather stiffly, as they do, and sail off. The fine evening, however, is growing darker and cooler; the customers are already returning from the summer tavern in the country to their tavern in town; Mamma N. makes significant allusions among her acquaintances to the excellent match her daughter may contract with some one in the town. The result of all this is evident to the poor Conductor at the general rehearsal the next evening. A third of the tenors do not appear, and several young ladies are conspicuous by their absence. Incomprehensible! Our hero does not know that every one of the missing tenors had cast an eye upon Mlle. N., and that every one of the missing sopranos had, probably, cast two eyes upon him, and learnt sufficient from the statement of Mlle. N., which had been rapidly spread abroad, and duly garnished up with additional particulars, to entertain a sudden feeling of dislike for him, poor fellow, and to punish his supposed secret by wounding him in his tenderest point—non-attendance at the grand rehearsal. Had our friend a more delicate ear, and a calmer disposition, he would derive some explanation of the state of matters from the general whispering, which, on Mlle.'s entrance, rises into a most unmistakable sensation; but he is in that hateful state of excitement known only to those fellow sufferers who have conducted a grand rehearsal.

The public performance is far less fatiguing. The ball then rolls along its appointed course, which it is too late to alter: but the grand rehearsal, where, perhaps, all the executants meet for the first and only time, and where, in addition to the musical arrangements, so many troublesome trifles have to be settled, demands and exhausts the whole intellectual power of the Conductor.

After our friend has, for instance, given three taps with his conductor's wand, and five times most politely requested those present to be silent, he begins the first chorus. But he is immediately obliged to stop and ask the first and second basses not to stand mixed up together, but to be so kind as to separate, or else he has to beg that the ladies will be animated by a sisterly artistic feeling, and content themselves with one book between two. But many a fair member is short-sighted, or pretends to be so, and obstinately refuses to share her book with any one. The consequence is that the available parts are pulled backwards and forwards, and partially torn, while three or four persons are painfully peering, in many cases, into the same book. During the rehearsal, the carpenters are hammering away in the large hall close at hand, and when the Conductor halloos out, in a passion, for them to leave off making such a terrific noise—which prevents his hearing a note of the singing—the fat proprietor of the establishment appears and assures him that these preparations are indispensably requisite for the next evening, and that the workmen are not to be had at any other time. During the solos, the Conductor is again compelled to ask for silence, if only out of consideration for the soloists. The fact is, a new photograph is being circulated among the ladies, every one of whom thinks she is called upon to give her opinion of it, while a surreptitious beer-can is actually passed round amongst the men. But it does not strengthen their powers of endurance as much as it increases their longing for the smoking-room. Many of them do not wait for the final chorus, but leap down over benches and barriers, into the dark body of the room, where a few modest auditors are sitting, and disappear through a suspicious doorway, whence there issues an enticing odor of food and tobacco. With the last chord, the parts are thrown aside, and the majority of the members hurry out without any leave-taking. Only those who have some question to ask, or some demand to make, gather round our hero, who wipes the perspiration from his brow, and is at length left by himself, not to get cool, but to gather up and arrange the parts again, to correct some fresh faults that have been found in them, to tell the attendant to execute a hundred necessary trifles, etc. When at length, completely jaded, he enters the eating-room, the best dishes are already struck out of the list; some of the members to whom he has to speak on important subjects are playing Tarock, and only half listen to him; others state it as their conviction that a great deal ought to have been gone over again, etc. Our friend hastens home early, and out of sorts; sleeps disturbedly, and dreams of solo singers who are suddenly attacked with hoarseness, and send word to say they cannot sing; of passages taken up at the wrong moment; and of cues overlooked. May nothing of this come true, but everything go off successfully!

* From the *Suddeutsche Musik-Zeitung*.

Music Abroad.

England.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL began on the 20th of August. The *Orchestra* reports of it as follows:

For the people of the vicinity the annual gathering is doubtless an entertaining event. Life in a cathedral city and in the outlying parishes is usually a dull sort of routine, on which the advent of an occasion like the present agreeably breaks. Thus on Tuesday morning the cathedral was crowded. The civic authorities were there in their robes of office; the members of the Three Choirs were there for musical purposes; a large congregation was there, drawn by the anticipation of the annual excitement. Dr. Wesley was there at the organ (his own Service in F being done early in the morning), and the Dean of Hereford was there for the sermon....

At noon the first performance of music commenced, and lasted till three. The singers were Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. The programme was as follows: Overture, "Last Judgment" (Spohr); Psalm 84th (Milton's version) (Spohr); Chorus, "How lovely are Thy dwellings fair;" solo (Miss Edith Wynne), "My soul doth long;" chorus, "Happy who in Thy house reside;" quartet (Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss), "Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer;" chorus, "Lord God of Hosts, who reigns on high;" Anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord" (Dr. Wesley), soli, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, and Mme. Patey-Whytock. After luncheon, Handel's "*Israel in Egypt*" was grandly executed, the magnificent choruses producing their usual effect. Additional wind instrument parts were supplied by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Mr. Santley and Mr. Sims Reeves joined the musical forces; Mr. Townshend Smith conducted, and Mr. Done of Worcester, presided at the organ. In "Thou didst blow with thy wind," the style of Mlle. Tietjens told splendidly, and gained general admiration. Mr. Sims Reeves did not take part with Miss Elton in the duet "Thou in thy mercy," though his name was down for it in the programme. Mr. Montem Smith was the substitute. But Mr. Reeves delivered with great fire and grandeur his old success, "The enemy said," and made up for the former deprivation. Choruses and band went fairly.

The first miscellaneous concert, given in the evening at the Shire Hall, was not so well attended as was anticipated: the audience, however, were occasionally vehement in their applause. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Selection from Mozart; Symphony in D, No. 4; aria, Mme. Patey-Whytock, "L'Addio;" recit. ed. aria, Mlle. Tietjens, "Non mi dir" ("*Don Giovanni*"); aria, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Deh per questo" ("*La Clemenza di Tito*"); duetto, Mlle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley, "La dove prendre" ("*Il Flauto Magico*"); song, Mr. Montem Smith, "The Violet;" Andante et variations d'une Sonate in A, arranged for voice by J. B. Wekerlin, Miss Julia Elton. Song, Mr. Santley, "On a faded violet" (Piatti); Romanza, Miss Edith Wynne, "Quando a te lieta" ("*Faust*") (Gounod); violoncello obbligato, Mr. G. Collins; song, Mr. Weiss, "I am not old" (J. L. Hatton); national air, Mlle. Tietjens and chorus, "Rule, Britannia" ("*Alfred*") (Dr. Arne).

Part II.—Overture, "Melusina" (Mendelssohn); song, Mr. Sims Reeves, "My Queen" (Blumenthal); Irish melody, Mme. Patey-Whytock, "The Meeting of the Waters; stornello, Mlle. Tietjens, "La Volubile" (Bevignani); solo violin, Mr. H. Blagrove, Romance in F (Beethoven); duetto, Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Tornami a dir" ("*Don Pasquale*") (Donizetti); ballad, Miss Julia Elton, "Little Fay, pretty Fay" (Barnett); song, Mr. Santley, "Oh! Mistress mine" (Sullivan); air, Miss Edith Wynne, "Where the bee sucks" ("*Tempest*") (Dr. Arne); chorus, "Home, there's a storm" (Sir H. R. Bishop).

The first went in a very dull manner: there was little interest in the minds of the audience in the symphony in D, and still less with the Wekerlin arrangement of the sonata in A—as great a musical as a verbal hash. Yet the performance of the former was altogether creditable, and even by the bucolic audience the exertions of Mr. Townshend Smith, who conducted, were recognized at last and applauded. The Hereforders woke up presently, when the songs came on, and finished by encoring every one indiscriminately—a compliment which was politely declined by Mr. Sims Reeves. The "Melusina"—a favorite concert-overture with Mendelssohn—was given by the band too hurriedly, and without attention to shade—faults which effectually destroy the charm of an otherwise attractive work. This overture might have been, and the violin solo by Mr. Blagrove was the chief instrumental feature of the programme. This excellent artist played with his wonted finish. Returning to the vocal portion, we may notice the melodious duet from "*Il Flauto*," which first roused the dull agriculturists to a perception of the merits of Mozart; Dr. Barnett's agreeable song, "Little Fay," sung and re-sung by Miss Elton; Blumenthal's popular song, "My Queen," which Mr. Sims Reeves would *not* re-sing; the "Violets" (plural), which went very well, especially Patti's; and "Rule Britannia," which the Hereforders evidently thought "fine." This last was rapturously applauded and encored. In "The Meeting of the Waters" Mme. Patey-Whytock altered the end in order to show off her fine voice—an aim which she achieved at the cost of the melody. Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks," and Mr. Sullivan's "O mistress mine," found great favor. The vocal arrangement of Mozart's Sonata there are no terms too strong to denounce. It does not suit the voice, and it is thoroughly spoiled in the mangling. Miss Julia Elton could make nothing of it.

On Wednesday morning the "*Elijah*" was well attended—a circumstance due to the popularity of this oratorio, which ranks in public estimation next to the "*Messiah*." Every seat in the aisle and nave was occupied; for not only was the second-favorite oratorio to be done, but the co-operation of Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt with Mme. Tietjens was an event from which much was expected. The arrangements for the reception of the crowd were extremely inadequate, and much confusion and annoyance resulted. The issue of the morning brought no disappointment: the singing of Mme. Goldschmidt was full of feeling and effect. Her voice has of course suffered from time, but the intellect and culture remain as excellent as ever, and the satisfaction of all who heard her was pronounced. Of the oratorio, the second part was better in point of execution than the first, and the *forte* passages better than the *piano*. The choruses, however, were on the whole very satisfactory, and the time was taken rapidly and effectively by Mr. Townshend Smith, under whose baton all things went smoothly. Mme. Tietjens was in superb voice, evidently incited to her best by the lady who stood at her side. "Hear ye Israel," and "Be not afraid," were given with surpassing beauty. The chief defect about Mme. Goldschmidt's performance was the necessity of forcing the upper notes: time has dealt kindly with her; but the effect of time is apparent. The gem of the whole work, "Cast thy burden," was hardly so well sung as could have been wished: the voices strayed by ever so little, but enough to mar the effect. Mr. Weiss repeated his old excellences and his old faults; his higher notes

were shaky and unpleasant. Miss Edith Wynne has a fresh and sympathetic voice, which would have told better if she had always sung in tune. Miss Elton gave an intellectual reading of her part, and sang the solo "Woe, woe unto them" in a highly finished manner; and Mme. Whytock was full of dramatic instinct. The whole of the tenor music was borne by Mr. Montem Smith, and it is no light praise that he sustained the burden so well. Mr. Smith's chief merit is his willingness: as a singer he is somewhat too sentimental; but his obliging disposition does good service to his brethren. On both Tuesday and Wednesday he stepped, in a most cheerful manner, between Mr. Sims Reeves and disappointment; for the latter gentleman was announced to sing the second part of "*Elijah*," but the promise was not kept. Mr. Smith sang it all. The collection of the day was £188 2s. 1*d*., which, added to the previous amounts collected, made a total of £341 15s. 2*d*. This exhibited a falling off of Hereford's benevolence, as contrasted with the magnanimity of her sister cities.

At the concert on Wednesday night, Mr. Sims Reeves was unable to appear, and there was no *Acis* for *Galatea*, as Mr. Montem Smith was already cast for *Damon*. But an absurd amalgamation was made, and *Damon* and *Acis* being rolled into one, Mr. Smith took the burden on himself. The serenata was capitally supported by Mlle. Tietjens, Mr. Santley, and the above-named tenor. The second part of the concert was protracted with encores, and did not terminate till midnight.

On Thursday morning the Cathedral overflowed with visitors, anxious to hear the novelty of this year's festival—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's pastoral, "*Ruth*." Those who had not previously been enabled to gauge Mr. Goldschmidt's capacities as a composer were much disappointed at the result. Not all the good singing of the artists cast for "*Ruth*"—Lind, Patey, Whytock, Santley, and Montem Smith (Mr. Reeves was still unwell) could render the work interesting. Mr. Goldschmidt has aimed high: his failure has been proportionate. Beyond mentioning the circumstance of this failure we cannot this week go, and must defer any further remarks on "*Ruth*."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 14, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

II.

To those who wonder how it is possible for the ear to apprehend and follow such a multiplicity of parts as Bach has woven into the first chorus of the *Magnificat* (five voice parts, besides all the instruments, all treated *polyphonically*) Franz offers aid and comfort in the following suggestion:

We do not deem it indispensable, with Bach, to follow the web of parts in all the details. As in a Gothic Cathedral the numberless particulars and minute embellishments only serve to give life and motion to the great whole, but not to draw the attention of the beholder away from that, precisely so it should be with the polyphony of Bach. Bach's harmonies unfold themselves for the most part, in great, broad proportions—the fundamental basses show this clearly enough;—these great groups he evidently resolves by a melodiously flowing carriage of the parts into smaller groups, giving rise to a multitude of secondary harmonies, busily thronging this way and that way. Now whoever seeks to follow this fleeting, transitory essence, will soon be wrecked, because before one form has completed its whole outline, another is already pressing to the foreground, to give way as quickly to a third, so that all that is single and particular seems to elude the ear. The true significance of the detail, as well as of the whole, is lost by *so* listening to Bach. One must, much rather, seize upon those great proportions, seek to image them inwardly in his own mind, and from this firm basis learn to look with a sure insight into that seemingly confused, but really most richly artistic, organically developed complication of single parts. Then will those particulars in which the centre of gravity in every passage lies, those which have the decisive word to say, those which are the principal supporters of the artistic design, stand forth of themselves without difficulty, while that which is only intended to be subsidiary, and to round off the musical form in point of style, will cease to exercise any disturbing and bewildering effect. The secret of Bach's manner of leading on the parts lies in the close and intimate relation of each single part to the whole;—accordingly the understanding must keep in view, in the first line, the development of *the whole*, and seek through this to *orient* itself in regard to the particulars. Even for the musician, with the most searching study, entering into the smallest details, it will never do to leave this out of sight, unless he would run the risk of misunderstanding Bach.

Now here our first Chorus, in spite of the richest fullness and variety, unfolds itself essentially in the most simple forms. As a first change the Dominant is introduced, from which the chorus in its further course takes a side direction to the parallel key (or relative minor). From this the modulation swerves unconstrainedly back toward the Tonic, touches the Subdominant in passing, and finally makes a full close in the Tonic. Ornate melodic cadences mark the end points of the principal keys and give a tender lyric breath to the grand, majestic forms. After the vocal setting has come to an end, the orchestra comes forward again with an independent post-lude, which is taken from the second half of the prelude. We see how simply and with what comprehensive oversight Bach knew how to lay out the fundamental relations of his plan! Dazzling splendor and jubilant joy, as of each meeting each in the most graceful intertwinings of tones, are the leading attributes of this first number. Keeping expectation on the stretch, it admirably prepares you for the following, and is like the festively decorated entrance to the temple, in which songs of thanksgiving and praise resound to the might and mercy of the Lord.

2. The next sentence brings a Solo (D major, 3-8 measure), which in a lovely manner flashes back as individual feeling the same emotions, to which the chorus has lent a broad and weighty expression. The voice part, a Second Soprano, treats the words of the text: "*Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo*" (And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour), and is accompanied by the string quartet, here and there interrupted by the Organ. A gently soaring motive, seconded in easy play by an intervening bass figure, which afterwards, as the whole goes on expanding, imparts itself ornamentally to the first violin, controls almost exclusively the development of this mild and tender Arioso. Here all so rounds itself to the most beautiful symmetry of forms, that the last half of each musical sentence seems to flow from the first half of itself. Such a bright, childlike joy, which runs along so wholly unobstructed and untroubled, could only spring from the absolute purity of a virgin heart.

3. Quite different is the character of the number which now follows, an Aria for the First Soprano (B minor, 4-4 measure), to which a Chorus is appended in the most immediate connection. The solo part is built upon the words: "*Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent*"—the chorus, on their continuation: "*omnes generationes*." (For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, for, behold, from thenceforth all generations shall call me blessed). Plain and simple as the style seems in which the Air is outwardly disposed of—the song is only accompanied by an *Oboe d'amore* and the Organ—its depth of feeling is most touching. Bach conceives the text words not only within the situation in which they present themselves; his musical conception evidently reaches far beyond. In Mary he perceives not only the humble, lowly maid, to whom the Saviour of the world has just been announced and who in blissful peace enjoys the consciousness of this great boon—he rather, with a prophet's eye, sees in her that mother of God, whose Son is to bear and to atone for the sins of the world under a servile form. How else shall we explain the uneasy, fearful, plaintive tone that like a dark veil settles down over all the still repose and devotion? And still more is this mystical conception of Bach confirmed, when we take into view the character of the chorus that falls in so swiftly, in F-sharp minor, 4-4 time. In wild, eager haste the voice-parts rush in at the close of the solo piece and, as if driven by demonic forces, tower to such a colossal height of expression, that it is easy enough to imagine that the master seeks to bring before us here a world-convulsion of the most unexampled kind and from its remotest starting point. Perhaps there floated over his deep soul in the moment of creation the words of Christ: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The extremely energetic theme is first seized by the Bass, around which the second Soprano, Alto and Tenor start off with a whirling motion. Then follow the further entrances of the theme, which constantly draws after it a powerful, wildly excited figure; they succeed each other in half measures blow on blow. A far reaching sequence crowds it tone by tone upward, till it at last finds a momentary point of rest in the parallel key, A major. But without rest or peace the heaving masses roar along in a new onslaught, which shapes itself, if possible, in still bolder and more gigantic proportions, hurrying toward another goal, the key of the Dominant, C-sharp minor. Thus far an angrily murmuring bass figure has roared below the voices, irresistibly (in obedience to that sequence) working its way up out of the dark depths. Suddenly the Halt! is given to the *Basso Continuo*: sharp and heavy orchestral strokes, marking the Dominant Chord of F-sharp minor on the first and third quarter of the measure with full force, follow, and so form a sort of *Organ point*, above and within which now the main theme is heard in the most fabulous contractions. Imitations in five-part Canon, in unison and in the octave, in swift succession on the quarter beats, press onward to a strange, uncomfortable hold (*fermata*), which forms in a certain sense the decisive crisis of our stormy chorus. For after this the voices, swiftly hastening to the conclusion, move with almost *homophonous* uniformity, as if blended into steadfast unity—the purification process, although after violent conflicts, is fulfilled in them!

(To be continued.)

The Coming Opera Season

Italian Opera, under Maretzek's direction, will open at the New York Academy on the 23d of this month. The repertoire, so far as yet whispered by the newspaper *quid-nunes*, is not very inviting to those who love music in a deeper sense than that of fashion or of momentary sensation. For novelties are promised, of course, the two latest Parisian fashions: Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, also a *Leonora* of Mercadante's (not a word of one by Beethoven, commonly called *Fidelio*!), and some pretty trifles (we suppose they are) such as De Ferrari's *Pipele* and Cagnoni's *Don Bucefalo*. Among the revivals are named Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet*; Donizetti's *Belisario* and *Maria di Rohan*; Meyerbeer's *Prophet*; Rossini's *Otello*. Of course too there will be the usual Verdi and Donizetti hacks, the Gounod *Faust*, &c., &c. Nothing first-class in the whole, except most likely, *Don Giovanni*, which no opera company can afford to shelve entirely. No *Nozze di Figaro*, nor *Magic Flute*, nor *Seraglio* of Mozart; no *Fidelio*; no *William Tell*; nothing by Weber, nor by Cherubini; none of those noble classical revivals which have redeemed the character of the London houses in spite of the "wide-weltering chaos" of trash! But then Italian Opera is a thing of fashion mainly, and must be expected to seek first to please the fashionable rather than the sincerely musical. If we only had a good permanently organized German Opera at the same time, which should carry out the promise of that which gave us *Fidelio*, &c., a few years since, we should not object to the Italian Opera in its peculiar province. But now it seems as if it must all go one way, and we were not to be allowed to associate with the word Opera any hopes of what is best in music,—when there are such noble operas in existence!

The real remedy, which we fear is far off, must lie in permanent local lyrical establishments, which may provide for this want with the same superiority to momentary popularities and fashions that our Philharmonic Societies do in Concert music. So long as we depend on private speculation (which is instinctively opposed to everything of quiet growth and permanence), we shall know Opera only by short, feverish seasons, in which advertising is the chief part, more froth than ale, the whole aim being to exploit each field in turn as hastily as possible, get all the dollars that can be got out of people's pockets in the smallest number of weeks, overdoing the thing by frequency of performance, and leaving the musical sensibilities of each little opera public utterly exhausted and demoralized for any healthy interest in the better music of unpretending, calm occasions.

Of Mr. Maretzek's New York season we gather further particulars from the *Evening Post*:

It is subdivided into two subscription series of twenty nights. The regular nights will be as heretofore, the Thursday performances at Brooklyn continuing as usual. The company engaged is a very large one, including in its list of principal singers seven prima donnas, four tenors, two baritones, one primo buffo, and two bassos. The chorus has been enlarged and improved. The orchestra could hardly be bettered.

There are thousands who will regret the withdrawal of the name of Miss Kellogg, who has gone to win new lyric triumphs abroad, but her place will be supplied not only by Mme. Parepa-Rosa, but by Signora Peralta, who became slightly known to us last season. The inimitable Ronconi has again been lured from a London engagement by Mr. Maretzek's more liberal offers. The public's old and ever trustworthy favorite, Bellini, who alway does nobly, has been re-engaged, as a matter of course, and so are Antonucci, Baragli and Testa. Miss Hauck, Mme. Natali-Testa and Mlle. Ronconi are also re-engaged.

Of the new engagements, the first is that of Mme. Kapp-Young, a dramatic soprano, of whom much is expected, but little known here. Mrs. Jenny Kempton, a contralto, who graduated with honor from the concert room, and has been studying opera in Italy, is also engaged. Signor Anastasi, a tenor already pleasantly familiar to our public; Signor Pancani, a "robust" tenor of European reputation; Signor Paulo Mendini, a young Italian basso of great reputation, and Signor Orlandini, have been engaged.

The Opera will of course scatter its favors round in what New Yorkers like to call the "provincial" cities, by two or three weeks at a time, during the winter,—in short just as often as it will do to pass the hat round. In Boston, we are told, Maretzek will come to the new "Selwyn's Theatre," not yet completed; *when*, we are not informed.

2. There is also mention of another Italian Opera party, under the management of Max Strakosch, who has induced that admirable artist of former days, Madame LAGRANGE, to revisit America. He has also secured Signor BRIGNOLI, and it is said the concern is to bear the name of "The Lagrange Brignoli Combination."

3. Then comes Mr. Bateman's importation of the lightest and Frenchiest of light, farcical French extravaganza and burlesque, the humors of Offenbach, whom the New York *Weekly Review* calls "the presiding musical genius of the old world" (Heaven save the Old World, and the New!). He has brought all the requisite French singers and other outfit, and will open in New York, at the French Theatre, about the same time with Maretzek. Report speaks highly of the leading prima donna. It will be a novelty and no doubt amusing; at any rate we shall be able to see for ourselves whether the Offenbach celebrity is merely an idle fashion or something more. Mr. B.'s first experiment on the New York public will be Offenbach's latest, said to be his best work: "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*."—Of this, too, we are to have *our* turn at the new theatre.

4. Light English Comic Opera, at the Boston Music Hall, is among the things anticipated. About the middle of January it will begin, in a kind of "Parlor Opera" style, under the direction of Mr JULIUS EICHBERG, who proposes to bring out his own clever, sparkling little operettas, the "Doctor of Alcantara," and some new ones, with fuller means of execution than heretofore.

5. There is a RICHINGS English Opera, making Philadelphia its point of departure, with plans of traversing the country. Balfe, we suppose, is the type thereof.

6. Where is the German Opera? Where is *Fidelio*, and all the hopes it raised? Where are Fredrici and Himmer and Habelmann and Hermanns, and the rest? Why will it not come and plant itself in Boston, and live on modestly and quietly and *grow*?

NEWPORT, R. I. An Amateur concert was given on Thursday evening, Sept. 5, by the residents and pleasure seekers of this happy isle, "for the benefit of the suffering women and children of the Island of Crete," *unhappy* isle upon the other side of the globe. It was the work of a few energetic ladies, whose sympathies were strong for freedom and humanity, even at that distance, and who, bravely overcoming many obstacles, brought it to a very successful result. The "Academy of Music" was well filled by the best part of Newport society, and the concert realized more than *five hundred dollars* for the Cretans. Musically, too, it seems to have given great pleasure. We are not at liberty to name the amateurs, as some of them took part on the express condition that they were not to be "published." There was a charming fresh soprano from Boston, who gave great delight by singing the rapturous "*Mein gläubiges Herze*" of Bach, as well as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and in a Donizetti Duet. There was also one of our ripest and finest contraltos, who sang Lachner's "Thou everywhere," and some ballads, with truest expression; and one of our best basses;—these last two very kindly went down at a few hours' notice to offset some serious disappointments in the programme. A gentleman from New York sang tenor solos (Italian) tastefully; there was fine piano playing by two Newport ladies, and a gentleman amateur of Boston did good service in the accompaniments.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING PERHAPS. It is cheering to see how rapidly the interest in music spreads among the American people. But there is such a thing as overdoing it. Is there not danger that so many "Conservatories" (think of five already in New York, and one or more new ones threatened!) may tend more to sweep in vast *numbers* of superficial pupils, than to raise up a reasonable number of good musicians or to "conserve" the tone and standard of true Art? We should be sorry to see music rushed into merely as a new opening in *business*, like Petroleum and the various "fancies" which have slain their tens of thousands. At least we trust that none of our readers, (whom we are doing our humble part to make as musical as we can), are music-mad enough not to see the good sense of the following from the *Transcript*:

MUSICAL INCAPACITY. How many young persons we see who spend a vast amount of time in the practice of music, but who evince by their little progress that if they were to pass their entire mortal existence at their instrument they would never become good musicians. At best, they in the end can only succeed in the performance of a few pieces in a third rate manner, just to put their hearers in mind how much better they have heard them played elsewhere by others who had a real genius for the science of harmony. The conversation, too, of these misdirected ones is often a sad commentary upon misspent time. So great has been the sacrifice of their hours, that they have devoted but little time to reading, and the poverty of their general information is on the same plane with that of their skill in music.

Yet, had the minds of many of these young persons been turned in another direction, they would have been found to possess a capacity, a genius as eminent as their genius for music is defective. Had they been supplied with books, and encouraged in the work of storing their memories with useful knowledge, until they had become habitual readers, they might have been brighter ornaments to their social circle than any musical talent could have made them.

Musical practice, at best, is an alarming absorbent of time, and at that period of life when time is most valuable,—the years of youth, when the character and habits are in the process of formation,—the precious moments cannot be too carefully spent. We would say to every parent, weigh well the capacity of your child, and the probability of his success in the difficult science of music, before making too great a sacrifice of time and money in that direction.

The name of Mr. L. W. WHEELER, the well-known teacher of vocalization, has been added to the list of instructors at the New England Conservatory of Music for the ensuing year.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 9.—It affords me very great pleasure to be able to report that there will soon be no cause for the complaint, which has been hitherto too frequently heard here, of the dearth of instrumental concerts. With the exception, alone, of our Germania Rehearsals, and the three Evening Concerts, at each of which a Symphony was produced, given by Messrs. Jarvis and Schmitz, last season, there have been no opportunities presented, at least to the present generation, for becoming familiarized with orchestral music. A good orchestra is indeed a noteworthy rarity in Philadelphia. It follows from this, that on the part of our really intelligent people, little or nothing is known of the great works of Beethoven, Mozart or Haydn, nor, of course, of Mendelssohn, Schubert, or Schumann; of the others, scarcely have the names been heard. This is a melancholy confession to make, but it is pleasanter to make it now, than heretofore, since there is every reason to believe that the future promises an improvement for us in this respect. Our new Hall (the "Horticultural"), unsurpassed, I think, for beauty and acoustic properties by any similar place of the kind in the country, is to be put to an appropriate use during the ensuing season, by Mr. Carl Sentz, who contemplates giving there a series of Weekly Orchestral Concerts, with an efficient corps of our best performers, under his own direction; producing in regular succession the works of the masters. Mr. Sentz promises, as well, the presence of solo assistants, vocal and instrumental, at each concert. It is an undertaking in the proper direction, and I trust will meet with the most cheering encouragement. It will be no fault of Mr. Sentz if he is not properly seconded in his praiseworthy efforts to elevate the standard of popular musical appreciation. The first concert will be given on Thursday afternoon, October 3, of which I will send you a detailed account.

An event worth chronicling in your columns is the production of a mass of Gounod's,—the only one, I understand, which he has written,—by the Choir of St. Augustine's Church in Fourth Street. The Mass has not yet been produced elsewhere this side of the water. It is by no means a great work; in it the composer falls below even his own not very high standard, and although the effect, as a whole, is pleasing, it is not a composition that is destined to occupy a prominent place among works of its class.

It lacks originality, and is sensational; the few solos introduced are tame in the extreme, and the more striking effects are borrowed from the masters. Without entertaining a very exalted opinion of M. Gounod's merits as a composer, I am not exacting or too critical, in expecting something much better from him than this somewhat weak attempt at sacred writing. Nevertheless, as the production of one of the most popular of modern musicians, it possesses an interest which would not perhaps otherwise attach to it. The mass was very creditably produced on last Sunday, when I had the pleasure of hearing it. It was directed by Mr. Thunder, who presided at the fine organ at this church, assisted by a large and well trained Choir.

Our New Musical Society, the "Mendelssohn," formed last Spring, held their annual meeting last week and permanently organized. They promise the production of the "*Walpurgis Night*," at their first Concert in October.

Mr. Wolfsohn is still in Europe, but is expected to be in the city before the end of the month. He has in contemplation a series of Soirées, assisted by Mr. Kopta, and a 'cello player, whom he expects to bring with him from Germany.

Messrs. Jarvis and Cross have likewise been sojourning on the Continent, during the vacation, and are now on their way homeward. These gentlemen will also do something in the matinée or soirée way; so that with the "Germania," the Opera, and the other attractions promised, and herein already noted, the friends of music will have enough to occupy and interest them. MERCUTIO.

In a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is an article by the well-known publicist, Henry Blaze de Bury, entitled "Shakespeare and his Musicians." The writer is closely affiliated with German musicians, and is especially convinced of the musical importance of the "prophet of Munich," Richard Wagner, the composer of "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi," etc. He pitilessly exposes the decline of French music, and arraigns it for making of Shakespeare's characters, Goethe's Faust, and Schiller's Carlos inanimate corpses, on which to hang its miserable tatters. He charges the manufacturers of librettos with a "pure stérilité et impuissance," and pities the poor composers who condescend to thresh such straw. Unfortunately, the composers themselves were most to blame, for they sought out-of-the-way ideas and buried them under effect-straining situations, *bravura* pieces, marches, and dancing melodies, agreeable *entr'acte* music, ballets, and masquerades. Gounod is particularly censured as having transformed Gretchen into a Parisian grisette. The unworthiness of his new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," beside the treatment of the same subject by Bellini—to whom, however, the writer is not very favorably inclined either—is dwelt upon. Rossini in his "Othello" had been inspired at least by a spark of Shakespearian genius, but Gounod sacrifices feeling and character in order to make them the hot-beds of his parasitical creations.—*Nation.*

The death of Mr. Bartholomew, the librettist of Mendelssohn's oratorios, occurred on the 18th ult. He wrote the book of "Elijah" for Mendelssohn, but did not select the subject for the composer, as it has been erroneously stated. Mendelssohn was struck with the little volume of Elijah's career from the pen of Krummacher, the celebrated German preacher, and out of these materials prepared the outline for Bartholomew of the Prophet's career. The late Mr. Bartholomew also prepared the books of "Eli" and "Naaman" for Costa. His last achievement, the words of Mr. Costa's Ode to the Sultan, provoked a good deal of banter among the critics. The deceased author was certainly no poet, but he was a good and conscientious man, who earned the personal respect of all that knew him. His wife is well known in musical circles as Mrs. Mounsey-Bartholomew, an organist and composer of ability.—*Orchestra, Aug.* 24.

A PICTURE OF HERR JOACHIM.—In an article on the "Pictures of the year," the *Saturday Review* says, —"Violinists have not generally much reason to be thankful to painters, who rarely understand either the form of the instrument or the manner of performance. Mr. Watts seems to be an exception to this rule. His "Lamplight Study, Herr Joachim," is absolutely true in its interpretation of violin-playing. The instrument is held as a master holds it, and the hair of the bow presses with due force and touches the strings in the right place; the violin, too, is beautifully drawn. There is great power in the treatment of the face, but Mr. Watts has strongly exaggerated the greenish tones that occur in lamplight. Herr Joachim has so much green in his complexion as to remind us of nothing human, so far as color is concerned, unless it be Mr. Kinglake's written portrait of the Emperor Napoleon when under the influence of mortal fear. Joachim's face is green, his hair is green, his fiddle is green, and the hair of his bow is green. The eyes are lustreless, like lamps gone out, and the whole picture has the disadvantage of being terribly chilled in the varnish, so that it seems as if there were a smoke between us and it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is a noble portrait; the massive head is grandly modelled, and the gravity of the face, as well as its expression of energy, justly rebukes the Philistines who consider fiddling a light and trifling occupation. To pass one's life in the interpretation of great music as Herr Joachim does, and to bring to the task some true greatness of one's own, is a destiny which, though beyond the reach of most of us, and outside of our faculties and tastes, is at least as noble as common business, and, perhaps, for the full development of modern civilization, almost as necessary."

MUSIC IN A COUNTRY CHURCH IN FRANCE.—We extract the following from "A Week in a French Country House," by Adelaide Sartoris:—"Our Sunday function went off very brilliantly, and was eminently successful. The church was crammed from one end to the other with the relations and friends of the young people who were the principal objects of interest in the ceremony. I found that it was not a confirmation service, but the taking of their first Communion by the young village children who had just been confirmed. And what with the part they took and the part that we took in the performance, I must say that I think it was altogether as unedifying a spectacle as I ever assisted at. Our programme was singular but effective. First came the glorious *Tantum ergo*, for which Monsieur Kiowski had sacrificed himself with such a good grace, and which went beautifully—Monsieur Jacques, with a roll of music for a baton, directing for all the world as though we had been in a theatre. Then Ursula sung her Marcello Psalm, and the grave tones went surging over the church in great waves of sound, and sending shivers down one's spine. Then followed a trio—also by Marcello—sung by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, and Monsieur Charles; this, too, was beautiful and perfectly devout. After it came Jeanne's and Madame Martin's sweet hymn to the Virgin; then a cantique by the village girls, as trivial and profane as the romances one hears upon the street organs, and very like them; then Ursula got up again and sang her Stradella love-song, transmogrified for the first three or four bars into an *O Salutaris*, and then suddenly flaming out into very earthly ecstasies in right good Italian. Fortunately it was a song with a *Da capo* to it, so that she was able to relapse into devotion and Latin again at the conclusion. It was a splendid piece of audacity and a splendid piece of art; but although I could not help being transported with it, my conscience kept putting up a regretful protest all the time, and I could not bear her doing it. However, she had never been taught anything but singing, and religion has to be learnt as well as everything else. The performance wound up with a quartet (the most serious they could find) out of Rossini's *Tancredi*, sung without any attempt at disguise in its native Italian. Mixed up with all this came bits of the regular mass music, executed in our tribune (but not by us) upon a little braying, fiendish old organ with about as much regard to time and tune as distinguishes the infant German band in London streets. Alternating with it came doleful gusts of nasal chanting from the officiating priests below. No one appeared to have the slightest idea what was the right moment for anything to take place, and we made three or four false starts, cropping out into *O Salutarises* and *Amabilises* upon improper occasions, and being rebuked for it and speedily reduced to silence by Monsieur le Curé, who kept up a series of mysterious telegraphic communications with us by means of his arms from the other end of the church, where he was (I suppose) praying at the high altar. Sometimes he graciously waved and beckoned; at other times he protested, and as it were thrust us back again into our seats; and once or twice he did something that looked uncommonly like shaking his fist at us, when we persisted in opening our mouths in the wrong place. His energetic and expressive movements were all we had to guide us, and I think it was wonderful that the music did not go worse astray."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Up, u , gallant youths! (Sù baldi garzon). Bass voice. "Romeo and Juliet." 40

O, love, with thy torch. (Amor, si la tua face) " 60

Angel that wearest. (Angiol che veste). " 60

Three selections from Gounod's newest opera. The first who sing them will be best "posted up" as to the beauties of the music, which is one of the "sensations" of Europe, at present.

Sweet! sweet! Song. *G. B. Allen.* 30

A charming variation on the song of the little bird who cries "Sweet! sweet!" in the morning.

Arise, my love, arise! (Wach auf, mein Lieb!) Song. *Ad. Neuendorf.* 50

Pressed to your loving heart. (Alpenklage). S'g. *Hölzel.* 30

Two German songs with translations. One is tempted to call them unusually pretty, although there are too many good things of the kind to safely say so. The rst is a free and fresh morning song, and the second is in the loveable Suabian dialect.

Fair Newport. Song. *W. Harland.* 30

The words are an emanation from the poet Bachelder, and the "fair" of "Newport" ought to do no less than sing the song which compliments them.

Instrumental.

Tell me, darling. Quickstep. *Dr. Ordway.* 35

A quickstep or march used to be the highest aspiration of our players and composers. Here is something with the old name, but finely wrought and very brilliant.

Träumerie. (Reverie). *Schumann.* 25

It is a pleasure to play these shorter pieces of Schumann, only to enjoy their exquisite workmanship. There is as much music in these two pages, as sometimes in a dozen more diffusely elaborated.

Whispering Breeze Polka. *C. J. Dorn.* 30

Has a kind of rushing, whispering sound, which comports well with the title.

Amoretten tanze Waltzes. *Gung'l.* 60

Brilliant.

Beware! Waltz. *J. S. Knight.* 30

Champagne Charlie. Polka. " " 35

Mr. Knight has made two very fortunate selections of themes. "Beware" is Longfellow's "beware! take care! she is fooling thee!" set to music, or rather without the words. And rattling, clattering Charlie comes in splendidly in the quick changes of the polka.

Maria Varsoviana. *Planel.* 30

Olivia Polka. " 30

Forget-me-not Waltz. " 60

Three able compositions.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 691. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 14.

Mendelssohn.

BY CHARLES LEON GUMPERT.

["Yesterday I drove here and at night met with a wonderful organ, on which I could play "*Schlümcke dich, O! liebe seele!*" to my heart's content."—MENDELSSOHN'S LETTER FROM SARGANS, September 3, 1831.]

There came into the church at death of day,
When angel shapes with vestments like to flames,
And crimson saints on pictured panes wide-arched
Became as pallid ghosts in purple mist;
With silence and with twilight came there in
A wise musician, wizard king of tones,
Who passed into the organ in the loft,
The dusty, mould'ring loft, all choirless,
Where carven cherubim and seraphim
And imaged sacred symbols loomed up large.
He bowed and pressed the wasted, yellow keys,
With taper, wan, girl fingers; sudden then
His soul beheld a song-created light;
The lurid spaces, shade and twilight waned
Before his eyes. He felt no weight of gloom:
For life to him a splendid motet seemed,
Replete with happy music, sunshine songs,
And redolent of blissful cadences,
Arpeggios of laughter rambling in.
And earth a voice exultant seemed to him
That joined the singing planet chorus vast
With human song, an alto of high hope!
He smiling sat entranced and wove the woof
Of music, watched by staring cherubim
Then spurring to full life the monster there,
The organ, giant-voiced and grand in speech,
He improvised stupendous harmonies;
Created holy symphonies and wierd,
Majestic marches, fantasies sweet-rhymed
And dulcet, elfin, joy-voiced overtures,
The reminiscences of nightingales
Whose trebles thrill the dreaming buds at dusk
All perfect pastorals of precious peace,
Soft shepherd songs and lullaby of lute,
Ecstatic allegro of child delight
And torment-soothing fugues of quaintest sound,
While, pedal-trodden, glided rhythmical
His diapason thunder rolling strong.
He urged the massive keys to mould and make
The shapes his soul desired, as sculptors urge,
With coaxing finger, clay inane to live.
These be the varied moods he wrought in tune—
Sweet songs that need not words, but pregnant are
With love, expression, hope and holy praise!

LARGO.

With tone on tone and semitone I build up fair to
Thee mine edifice of song,
And climb to Thee on notes that reach into Thy
Heaven, massive consonance of strong
Triumphant phrases, such as Miriam, 'mid the tim-
brel clangor, joy-ecstatic sang,
With happy chorus of delivered hosts, Thy Moses
led, when shawm and sackbut rang,
And Thou didst save the nation. Oh! Most High!
I bend unto mine instrument to speak
Thy praise, and from mine organ-altar here, with
choicest chorals worthiest voicings seek
To consecrate to Thee an anthem sphere-reverberant,
magnificent with chord
And wealth of tonic scale, that angel-wise shall soar
and hover in Thy presence, Lord!
I praise Thee evermore! O! let Thy children min-
gle perfect unisons of love,
And modulate their griefs that are the undertones of
life and dolorously move
As discord basses. Let the merry scherzo trebles of
all joyance smoothly glide
Our sweet mooded burdens, soulful basses, harmonies
of life beatified!

ANDANTE.

Arise, my puissant music, ever strong to strike and
smite
The angry fiends and evil, lurking phantoms born of
night,
And demon shapes, Walpurgis witches, wrangling
imps who bring
All discords hell-engendered! Oh! arise and soar on
wing
Intense with lightnings, as an armed angel, floating
grand,
To scatter vivid lances of great glory from thine
hand
To haunts of gloom, where groping men do toil, and
where there broods
An awful, stagnant silence! Awake! sweet-chord-
ed moods
And cheer the wearied souls of men, as cooling winds
from sea
Float welcome to their brows in August heats!
They pray for ye!

ALLEGRETTO.

Ah! magic pipes, that emulate
The wailing winds and singing seas,
And all the varied melodies
Of earth or heaven consecrate,
Repeat for me but merry songs;
No dismal hints of human wrongs!
Repeat the children's many joys,
In semi quavers of oboes!
With obligato of bassoon
And trumpet and sweet viol tune;
Repeat the hymns of Hebrides,
The harps that echo untamed seas,
The phrase expectant maiden hums,
Conscious her eager lover comes;
And delicate toccata fraught
With all delicious noted thought
Of marvellous Sebastian Bach!
The gates of melody unlock,
With all the soft, responsive keys,
My Abbé Vogler's reveries!

There sudden clashed a clanging bell, the hour
Aloud sepulchral wailed. The music died.
Again the old church night and silence wore;
The bellows boy awoke from tingling dreams;
The sexton too upstarted from his nook
And, thrilled to tearfulness, beheld emerge
A black-cloaked phantom, that soft glided out
And lost himself in night. Then all was still!

—*Sunday Dispatch (Philadelphia).*

Recent German Operas.—Reinecke's "King Manfred."*

(Translated from the German for this Journal).

In the history of Music, as in other spheres of human development, there are periods of transition, marked by the dying out of the genius which inspired the old works, followed by a "storm and pressure" period of seekers after something new, whether with a conscious, clear ideal, or only a vague anticipation. Unquestionably we find ourselves in such a situation as regards the Opera. In Italy, the period which began with Rossini is utterly effete, since Verdi is about written out, and no successor worthy to be named yet shows himself. Italians of taste and culture turn their eyes to Germany. Their publishers begin to reprint the better German works, and the younger Italians seek to acquire the German culture, having learned justly to regard that as the fresh spring, from which alone can flow for them a thorough reformation for their spent Art. —France, in the grand Opera, had yielded the primacy to the eclectic and speculative Meyerbeer, and even in the comic opera, the properly national Art work, has seen composers of German antecedents, Herold, Halevy, Adam, dominate. But we must not deceive ourselves about the artistic worth of the productions which have gone forth from Paris and had their run in all theatres during the last thirty years. On conventional grounds, produced with a more or less happy gift of invention and technical skill, mechanically, those works have only a relative worth in detail, while on the whole and in a great sense they lay no claim to the satisfaction of any sort of ideal requirements, which, apart from conventionalism, conceal another, deeper reason in themselves than a more or less amusing entertainment. At present Gounod is the hero of the day,—owing, essentially, to the success of his *Faust*, in which (thanks to his essentially German musical culture), he knew how to introduce, along with so many trivialities, some traits of that Romanticism which, until to-day, is met with in no other French score. Whether he will succeed, or how far, in fixing and deepening the tone which he has struck, and in becoming the French Weber, we must wait to see. The works, which have come from Gounod's pen since the *Faust*, justify no such hope.

In Germany, it is three names essentially, which seem to be epoch-making in the history of Opera: Mozart, Weber, Wagner. The first as founder of a German Opera in the classic style; Weber in the Romantic style; and finally Wagner, by his attempt to do away with the divided labor and produce the Musical Drama, at once poetically and musically, in great features, out of the motives contained in the subject matter and the persons.

Since Wagner, operatic production has had to choose between three ways. Either to attach itself to Wagner's predecessors, or to go with Wagner, or finally to seek out new and independent paths. This last seems now to be the effort of the more gifted young producers. But the independence, which they strive to maintain in their undertakings, can of course only be a relative one; for in the first place they are dependent, partly, on the susceptibility of the public; and then, just the most cultivated and most zeal-

* Opera in 5 Acts by Fr. Röber, music by Carl Reinecke. Produced for the first time at the Royal Theatre in Wiesbaden

ous among them must, on the principle: "Try all things, hold fast to that which is good," surrender themselves to eleticism in the best sense of the word.

A glance at the German repertoire teaches, that since Wagner there have been no German operas created, which have held a lasting place upon the stage. Nevertheless the activity among the producers is just now very great. Among the works, which the last years have brought us, the most talked about have been: "*Loreley*," by Geibel and Max Bruch; "*Des Sängers Fluch*" (The Minstrel's Curse), by Meyern-Hohenberg and August Langert; "*Astorga*," by Pasqué and Joseph Abert. . . . Bruch's "*Loreley*," in spite of the various "protections" which the composer enjoyed, has not yet been able to find its way into one of our great court theatres, and its success in Mayence was not encouraging as to its acceptance here (in Wiesbaden).

"*Des Sängers Fluch*" unquestionably betrays a certain natural talent in the composer, and our Intendant, Herr von Bose, was not disinclined to accept it; but the political events of the last summer prevented.

Abert has sent his opera into the world with his customary *aplomb* and with that colossal *reclame*, in which he is even more a master than in composition. In our opinion the performance of "*Astorga*" is not without prospect of success with the great public, for everything in it is practical and made with a knowledge of trivial outward effects; on the other hand all depth and sanctity are wanting, and the hollowness of the whole can scarcely remain long concealed even to a not exacting public.

Under such circumstances our new Intendant, Herr von Bequinolles, has undertaken to put upon the stage the work of a composer, who by his previous achievements in all fields of musical art has won the honorable reputation of an artist in an earnest and ideal direction and furnished with all needed mastery in technical respects. This is the opera of which we here propose to speak, the five-act opera "*König Manfred*," by CARL REINECKE, the successor of Mendelssohn as professor in the Conservatorium and Director of the world-famous Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig.

Born in Altona on the 23d of June, 1824, Reinecke received his first piano-forte instruction from his father, who, a venerable old man of 73 years, is now here (in Weisbaden) to attend the first performance of his son's opera. At the age of eleven Reinecke could already let himself be heard in public, and in his eighteenth year he made an art journey to Copenhagen and Stockholm, which was brilliantly successful. For the completion of his studies he then went to Leipzig, where his progress was much furthered by intercourse with Mendelssohn and Schumann. Next follow, during the years 1844–51, a series of journeys, partly alone, partly in company with the violinists Wasielewsky and Königslow, to North Germany; to Copenhagen, where King Christian VIII. appointed him court pianist; to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Hiller, who engaged him as teacher of piano and counterpoint for the Conservatory at Cologne. In 1854 he went to Barmen as Music Director, in 1859 to Breslau as University musical Director, in 1860 to Leipzig in his present above named capacity.

Among the 92 printed works of Reinecke are found the Oratorio *Belshazzar*; a Battle Song for double chorus of men's voices; a *Te Deum* for the 50th anniversary of the battle of Leipzig; the operetta "*Der vierjährige Posten*;" a great number of songs for one or more voices; moreover a Symphony, the overtures to "*Dame Kobold*" and "*Aladdin*," a Concerto for piano and orchestra, a Quintet with piano, a Trio with piano, a Concerto for the violoncello, two piano Sonatas with 'cello, two string Quartets, and a very considerable number of piano pieces for two and four hands. A large part of these works have become known in very numerous performances, and many of them enjoy a well deserved popularity. "King Manfred" is Reinecke's last work, and so at any rate the product of a cultivated mind, a ripe experience, a still blooming fancy and a noble will. The text was written by Fr. Rober in Elberfeld, favorably known by the dramas: "Henry IV," "Tristan and Isolde," "Appius Claudius," "Sophonisbe," the "*Märchen von König Drosselbart*," a collection of dramatized German popular fairy legends, and numerous ballads, romances, songs, &c. The coöperation of the poet and composer is of old date. Röber also wrote the text to Reinecke's "Belshazzar."

The fortunes of Manfred, of the Hohenstaufen family, have been the subject of various historical monographs; among others, of a drama by Raupach. Undoubtedly the contest of this brave as well as fantastical man against the popes Innocent IV., Urban IV., and Clement IV., who sought the annihilation of the Hohenstaufen rule, excites a high tragic interest. Röber in his libretto merely treats of the last episode in the very eventful life of Manfred, which came to a bloody termination in the battle of Benevento (1266), and within these limits he makes use of all allowable poetic license.

In the first act we are transported to the environs of Naples. It is night. The fishermen on the shore are preparing to haul in their nets. To them come one by one several of the nobles banished by Manfred, as well as nuns from a neighboring cloister, among whom is Chismonde. Complaints about Manfred's government resound on all sides. Chismonde, who joins in them, shows nevertheless, after the men have retired and she is alone with her sisters, in a conversation with one of them, that she never has seen Manfred really, but only in a dream. Hence she betrays a sympathetic attraction toward Manfred, which she vainly tries to overcome. This attraction is nothing but the spark of love, which only needs the actual appearance of Manfred, to kindle into flame. But Manfred too, on his part, who has just appeared with his trusty Eckart and a Love Court of knights, ladies and minstrels in fantastical procession, feels an equally mighty attraction toward Chismonde. Surely he would soon have and hold her fast within his power, but for the arrival of a Cardinal with his train, who comes commissioned with a last demand on Manfred to change his attitude towards Rome.

(Conclusion next time).

Auber.

(From "Musical Letters from Paris," in the Berlin *Echo*).*

The two Grand-Masters of Musical Art in Paris pursue a completely opposite mode of life. While Rossini enjoys his day by passing it in Olympian repose, Auber requires constant activity. The former avoids every kind of exertion which would wear out the machinery of his existence; the latter, on the contrary, seems to fear that indolence would cause the works to grow rusty and stop. Rossini, a refined symbol of the Italian *dolce far niente*, keeps at a distance the world, with all its enjoyments as well as all its serious affairs, and nothing can surpass the repose of his life in town except that of his life at his country-house. Auber, who is the incorporation of French restlessness, would, on the contrary, die, were he not to come constantly into contact with society; even during the heat of summer, the bustle of Paris possesses a greater charm for him than the idyllic monotony of a rural life.—Auber is 85 years old; we can not well suppose that, at such an age, his activity can be attended with any great advantage to art, but it is in itself a phenomenon. The grey-haired master retires to bed at one o'clock in the morning, and gets up regularly at five. A cup of tea for breakfast has to constitute all his nourishment till about seven in the evening, when he plays his part valiantly at a solid and set dinner. It is rarely that he can stay at home later than nine o'clock in the morning. He goes to the Conservatory, to the Senate, or to the Institute; lounges on the Boulevards, or takes a carriage-drive.

In his own house, Auber does not see so much company as Rossini, though his brilliant circumstances would render the duties of hospitality easy for him. Is this because he is not married? Yet there is an elegant and stately lady to whom people pay almost the honors due to the mistress of the house. The composer of *Fra Diavolo*, who grew up in a feeling of admiration for the fair sex, and is still susceptible to their charms, could not exist without having females about him. Auber receives incomparably fewer visits than Rossini. It is not every one who possesses the desire and the courage to visit a celebrated man before eight o'clock in the morning, especially when he is guarded by his household with fearful zealousness. The basis of the Auberian system of fortifications is a weird-like old housekeeper, who has guarded the composer's street door in the Rue St. Georges for the last forty years, by word and deed. This celebrated female demon looks upon every visit intended for her master as a personal insult to herself, and is capable of hurling, with outstretched arms, the affrighted stranger into the road.

Fortunately, I enjoyed, in the course of four months, plenty of opportunities for closely observing Auber in his social character as well as his character as an artist and a man of business. It was near the termination of the Italian operatic season. Adelina Patti, who, in her elegant residence of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, did not lead so claustral a life as she did, in 1863, in the Klostergasse, Vienna, gave her acquaintances a joyous farewell soirée. According to the custom of Paris and London, the evening-party was preceded by a dinner offered to a more restricted circle of friends. Besides some ladies living in the house, and friends of the hostess, Bagier, the manager of the Italian Opera; M. de Thal, Russian Councillor of State; Gustave Doré, the painter; and the famous horn-player, Vivier, occupied places at the table. Vivier's presence is a well-known guarantee for good-humor. Vivier enjoys everywhere the greatest popularity as an amusing companion, maker of jokes, and teller of anecdotes. A genuine original, to-day the lion of a drawing-room, to-morrow a "Bohemian," he is as much at home in the most smoke-begrimed public-house frequented by artists, as in the saloons of the Emperor Napoleon. A German speech, made by him towards the end of dinner, brought back vividly to my mind the similar talent of Alex. Baumann. Vivier, whose entire stock of German was limited to the words "meine Herren," arose with a glass of champagne in his hand, and, with a gravity that convulsed his hearers, began pouring forth a flood of nonsense, which no one understood, but which every one supposed to be German. The gests and modulations, too, of German speechifiers on festive occasions were imitated with eminent comicality. The general feeling was worked up to such a pitch of hilarity that

* Translated for the London *Musical World*.

every fresh joke fell upon good ground. Such, for instance, was the ease with the proposal to drive off at once (in the darkness of the night) to Doré's studio, for the purpose of seeing his new picture, The Gaming Table at Homburg. Two fiacres were quickly engaged, and we drove off to the studio which was situated close by in the Rue Bayard. The colossal *genre* picture in question, with nearly one hundred figures life-size, which was destined to be, some weeks later, the principal attraction in the Fine Art Exhibition, was standing, still unfinished, in utter darkness. It was rather funny to see Doré, with a lamp in his hand, mount the scaffolding and light up the picture from the right, while his color-grinder, perched upon a ladder, illuminated the left side. Doré, whose clever illustrations of *Don Quixote*, *Dornröschen*, and Dante's *Divina Commedia* have long been known in Germany, is a neat young man, with very prepossessing features and manners, one of those genuinely French artistic beings who combine the fullest enjoyment of life with the most astonishing industry. He urged us to leave as soon as possible the half-darkness of his studio and return to the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. This was already filled with a dazzling throng of beautiful women, popular artists and diplomatists glittering with orders. The celebrated vocalist, Grisi, had just entered with her three daughters, young girls as slim as fawns, with dark tresses, and eyes beaming with intelligence. They seated themselves near that dark centifolious rose, Carlotta Patti, and Maria Krebs, the German forget-me-not. The Marquis de Caux, one of the stars in the world of fashionable young Parisians, had, as leader of the cotillon, just clapped his hands several times, when there was suddenly perceptible a slight movement at the door, towards which all eyes were turned, and a little old gentleman advanced through the row of guests who respectfully made way for him. The young mistress of the house, with all the natural magic peculiar to her, hastened to meet him. This latest of all her guests, in faultless patent leather boots, and white cravat, with the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, and his opera-hat under his arm, was Auber. Having greeted, with great politeness, the members of the family, he stood looking at the dancing a full hour. He then entered into several short conversations, right and left, till two handsome women compelled the gallant maestro to seat himself near them on the sofa.

That a man of the age of eighty-five can make up his mind, several times a week, to relinquish, about ten o'clock in the evening, his comfortable arm-chair, dress, and deliver himself over to the pressure and bustling of a large party—this is something that astounds me more than *La Muette di Portici*. The papers may well continue to honor him with the stereotyped surnames of "ever-blooming youth," "youthful patriarch," and so on, only the reader must not suppose from these expressions that there is aught like foppery or undue desire to please about the composer. Such a supposition would be an act of deep injustice. No one can behave with greater seriousness and simplicity than Auber. The love of jokes, and the ever playful humor of Rossini are quite foreign to him, and even still more so the affectation and coquetry of a would-be young man, like A. W. Schlegel. His sharp glance, shooting out from beneath his thick eyebrows, as though from a bush, imparts even a certain amount of gloom to Auber's seriousness. Just as Rossini is open and loquacious, Auber is close, chary of his words, and formal. He is seldom seen to smile, except, perhaps, when conversing with ladies. His taste for brilliant society had full scope this season. I saw him, never tired, at the magnificent parties given by the Emperor to Marshall Vaillant, and by the ministers, MM. Rouher and Forcade; at the distribution of prizes of the Exposition; and, lastly, over and over again at the Opera. He seldom was absent from the Italians, whenever Adelina Patti sang, for he considers her the first living operatic singer. He used to be seen in the second row of stalls applauding enthusiastically; for her farewell benefit he ordered a splendid nosegay from Nice. When one of his own operas is performed, he never appears in the front of the house, but is fond of going behind the scenes. I met him there among the "fishermen of Portici," during a miserable performance of *La Muette*, which must have occasioned melancholy comparisons in his mind. But even he himself, the composer of this charming opera, gave us cause to bewail the ravages of time. Some new grand ballet music composed by him for the Market-scene in the third act, was so exceedingly weak and commonplace that it absolutely required a strong effort to believe that Auber was the composer of it. Far prettier, though still nothing very great, is a little simple *andante*, which Auber composed for Adelina Patti, and which she is in the habit of introducing in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Auber was chairman of the jury appointed to decide on the merits of the Prize Cantatas and Hymns of Peace—not a chairman in the bills only, like Rossini, but a really working one. It is true that he did not take part in the first rough task of playing through 200 cantatas and 800 hymns—the most inhuman barbarian would not have required him to do that—but he attended the last two long meetings, when the best of the compositions sent in were performed. Unfortunately he did not utter a single syllable in the way of an opinion or a proposal, but confined himself to conducting the voting in the Parisian fashion and to declaring the result. Our preliminary labors already mentioned were carried on next to Auber's study in the Conservatory; he could not get to it except through our room. We were thus able to observe him in the full swing of his activity day after day. Sometimes he came from the examinations in the singing or elocution classes, to hurry away forthwith to the classes of pianists or fiddlers; sometimes he conferred with the teachers or officials of the establishment—in a word, he was indefatigable. Only those who know this large and complicated institution can have any notion of the duties, if only of a formal nature, which it imposes on him. Auber was kind enough to take me to an examination of one of the classes. He sat with four professors at a green table, heard some dozen female pupils play their pieces, and after each piece, entered his verdict in the great book.

One of the few opinions I ever heard Auber express on his art afforded evidence of his having studied, and of his esteeming Gluck's music. Gevaert had just informed him that he was preparing Gluck's *Armida* for the Grand Opera. Auber praised the selection of this work, which he prefers to *Alceste*, and immediately cited the most prominent pieces of it. "But," he added, with animation, "how much has the author of the book, also, done! What verses, and what situations! Gluck is to be envied for such a libretto!" Is not this praise bestowed on the author of the book—Quinault—this envying laudation of a libretto two hundred years old, characteristic of a French composer?

One morning that I arrived somewhat too early at the Conservatory, I found Auber in his room, seated at the small table-formed piano, which, if I am not mistaken, once belonged to his predecessor Cherubini. Auber has very frequently composed on this instrument during the last twenty years; on this occasion, also it served him as a laboratory for producing a new opera, which is to be completed next winter. "C'est une imprudence dans mon âge"—the same words the old man had used when speaking to me several years previously. The polite duty of contradiction was somewhat difficult even then, but, on the last occasion, the words absolutely stuck in my throat. The melancholy weakness of Auber's last opera (*La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes*) and its complete failure, decked out by a general feeling of respect to look like a triumph, forbid our entertaining any hope of the new score. But the earnest purpose, and love of work possessed by the venerable composer, who, though overwhelmed with wealth and laurels, sturdily continues to produce, commands our admiration. I contemplated attentively the little shrivelled old man, as, glowing with inward fire, he got up and shut the piano. What times have passed over that white head! As a boy, Auber often saw Louis XVI., whose carriage his father painted and gilded. His first romances, written when he was twelve years old, were sung by gay ladies of the Directory in the saloons of Barras. His first little opera was played by a company of amateurs at Doyen's in Paris, sixty-two years ago. He then went to a banker's in London to study commerce, but, soon tired of the experiment, returned to Paris, and resolved to re-commence his musical studies under Cherubini. His first two operas in the Theatre Feydeau were failures. In after-years, Adolphe Adam, the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, begged Auber for the scores. "What, in the name of Heaven, do you want with them?" asked Auber. "They are miserable attempts!"—"All the better," replied Adam; "I will show them to my pupils, whenever the latter feel desponding."

With the greatest delight have I again heard here in Paris *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*. In forty years they have lost nothing of their freshness and brilliancy. I felt happy at seeing him who created these works, and who, at his advanced age, still full of life, continues laboring on. He feels inwardly young. What does he care about the date of his baptismal certificate? "Poor Carafa, how old he is getting!" whispered Auber to me, as his younger colleague entered the room where the jury met. Auber is greatly attached, though without timidity, to life. He sometimes expresses his feeling on this point with a certain amount of humor. "Death seems really inclined to make a clearance among the old operatic composers," he observed to a friend, on returning from Meyerbeer's funeral ceremony. "It will be *Rossini's* turn next."

Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria."

The first impression made upon most minds by the news that Sterndale Bennett had undertaken to write a work for the Birmingham Festival was one of unqualified pleasure. Wherever and whenever men discuss the condition of English music they speak of the foremost English musician with a mixture of pride and disappointment—pride in his great talents and in the undying works he has given to art, disappointment that those works are so few and far between. The promise of an addition to the number, therefore, was not only welcomed for itself, but accepted with a zest in proportion to its regretted rarity.

If this was the first impression, the next was one of doubt as to the merit of the selected subject. The story of the Samaritan woman seemed so barren of dramatic interest, so little likely to awaken sympathy, and to afford such small scope for musical treatment, that the composer's warmest admirers might well have been excused for doubting the result of his effort. This they would have done beyond question, had they forseen the plan upon which the book is constructed. Nothing could well be more simple, or less *ad captandum*. Had the librettist so pleased he might have taken liberties with the narrative either by expanding and intensifying its incidents, or by the introduction of characters not found in the sacred text. In either case he would have been supported by precedent, and the result, from a musical point of view, would have appeared more encouraging. But the librettist did nothing of the sort. He simply took the words of the evangelist John just as he found them, and, beginning with the 5th verse of the fourth chapter, incorporated the whole narrative (a short passage excepted), down to verse 42. Here and there, however, he has interpolated words from other parts of Scripture, and, in one place, three verses of John Keble's famous hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," appear somewhat intrusively, but, under the circumstances, no one would wish them away. From this it is easy to see how entirely the success of the work depended upon Dr. Bennett's music.

In point of construction, the *Woman of Samaria* follows accepted models. That is to say, the comments upon such incidents as occur are made by the chorus, and the narrative passages are so divided as clearly to distinguish the several characters. Thus the words of the Lord are given to the bass voice, those of the woman to the soprano, and the connecting sentences of the evangelist are allotted to the contralto. As much of individuality is secured by this arrangement as circumstances made possible.

The "numbers" in the work are twenty one. Of these ten are given to the chorus, three are regularly constructed airs (for soprano, contralto, and tenor respectively), and the rest recitatives, many of which are so accompanied and written in such a *cantabile* style as to have a special importance. Not a single "number" is unworthy of notice, but I must content myself with a reference only to the chief among the twenty-one.

The "introduction and chorale" give a fair promise of what is to follow. The former opens with an *andante serioso* in A minor, three-eight time, leading to an *andante quasi allegretto* in the same key, one being plaintive, the other agitated and impassioned, and both full of character. A *pedal* on the dominant of C major at length introduces the chorales (the subject of the *allegretto* still going on) for voices in unison. This chorale—which is the one known as "Luther's Hymn"—by a clever use of syncopation has the effect of being sung in common time against the triple measure of the orchestra. That effect is in the highest degree striking, without being at all confused. As given on Wednesday at Birmingham, the melody stood out in massive grandeur against the ingenious back ground which the composer's art had provided for it, and the whole predisposed everybody present in favor of what was to come. At the close of the chorale the *andante serioso* returns, in combination with the theme of the *allegretto*, and the "Introduction" finished in the key of its opening. The contralto voice then commences the sacred narrative with the words, "Then cometh Jesus to a city of Samaria," and is followed by a chorus—A major, common time—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," which is of larger proportions than usual. The leading theme is first given out by the sopranos, then repeated in harmony, and afterwards taken up by the basses and altos successively. Ending in the tonic key, the first part is followed by a striking episode, in C major, full of bold and massive harmonies. The return to the leading theme, by a repetition of the word "Blessed," is beautifully done, and from thence to the end (as indeed, all through) the chorus is pure devotional music of the highest order. The coming of the woman is next told in recitative; the words of Jesus, "He would have given thee living water," being followed by a short solidly written chorus—*adagio*, D major, common time—"For with Thee is the well of life." In this there is happily mingled a beauty almost tender, with a masculine breadth of style which would have delighted the old Church musicians. The conjunction is as uncommon as it is agreeable. Another short recitative then introduces the soprano air (in B minor), "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" This I take to be the weak part of the work, the "fly in the pot of ointment," though, happily, a well-nigh innocuous one. The impression made by one hearing is that it is uninteresting, and by no means in keeping with what precedes and follows. The narrative goes on after this, with here and there most expressive recitative, to the point where Jesus tells the woman of her past misdeeds. A passage from the psalms, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me and know me," is then interpolated, set as a contralto air. This is one of the gems of the work, and neither the present generation nor those to follow will willingly let it die. As a religious melody it is a model, whether looked at for the beauty of its melody, its true devotional expression, or the depth of feeling it embodies. So thoroughly pure a specimen of its kind has not been heard since "O rest in the Lord." Following the declaration that the Father must be worshipped "in spirit and in truth," occurs a chorus in six parts—B flat, common time—"Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Sion." This is another gem. The sopranos (divided) and contraltos open with a flowing theme in harmony, and are answered by the tenors and basses (divided). After a little more antiphony all the parts unite, their grand, solid harmonies upon the words, "For wheat and for wine, for wine and for oil" telling with fine effect. At this point the chorus culminates, the remainder, to the passage, "They shall not sorrow any more at all"—fading of to a *pianissimo* in gentle strains of almost ravishing beauty. All through this charming number the strings have a *pizzicato* figure in accompaniment, which adds materially to the effect produced. The declaration of Jesus, "I that speak unto thee am He," heralds a short chorus—*adagio*, E minor, common time—"Who is the Image of the Invisible God." The organ alone accompanies this, and its grave, severe style can therefore be imagined. That the chorus will find a welcome among lovers of true church music there can be no doubt, and its simplicity puts it within the reach of the most ordinary choir. The recitative next tells of the woman's return to Sychar, and her invitation to her neighbors to come and see Jesus. Then follows a chorus—E flat, minor, common time—"Come, O Israel, let us walk as sons of light." After a fashion which he seems to love, the composer announces the theme in unison (trebles and tenors), repeating it afterwards in full harmony. Contrasting with its flowing beauty is an episode to the words, "Not as children of darkness," most aptly expressing the idea of the text by its sombre harmonies. The tenors then repeat the subject, after which a series of bold progressions brings the chorus to a close. The incident of the Saviour's abiding at Sychar for two days serves to introduce the hymn before mentioned. Dr. Bennett has set the verses in G minor, common time—first as a duet for sopranos and contraltos, next as a trio, subject in the tenor, and, lastly, as a full chorus. He has evidently studied to combine extreme simplicity with the utmost earnestness of feeling, and in this he has succeeded. This "number" is destined to have almost as extensive a use as the hymn itself. Immediately following is a chorus for five voices—B minor, common time—"Now we believe." A fugal opening, of ingenious construction, leads to an *ensemble* passage (*sempre grave*) on the words, "This is indeed the Christ," and this, in turn, is followed by a resumption of the first subject. But the ending is most impressive of all. The voices, in unison on the tonic (B natural) declaim *ff*, "This is indeed the Christ," to an accompaniment which, beginning on the chord of G minor, ends (the bass descending by degrees) on that of C sharp, major. Then, after a pause, the voices still in unison, drop, *pp*, to the dominant on the words "the Savior of the world," and the final cadence is reached. The effect is impressive in the highest degree. The tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" succeeds, and is a worthy companion to that of the contralto. A distinctive accompaniment for the *celli* is very noticeable throughout, and is remarkable for the masterly style in which it is written. Following this solo come the final choruses, "I will call upon the Lord," and "Blessed be the Lord God." The former is prefaced by the combined themes of the introduction, and is a vigorous piece of musical declamation. It is to the latter, however, that we must look for an example of Dr. Bennett's power as a writer of oratorio music. This is a fugue in D major, with a very bold and well marked subject, which the most untrained ear can readily distinguish, however wrapped up. In handling this theme Dr. Bennett has done so well as to make us regret he did not fulfil the promise held out by a solitary "inversion," and work the fugue out with all the device of which he is evidently a master. But though he declined to do this, he has risen in it to a very great height, and has given us a proof that the race of contrapuntists is not yet quite extinct.—*Mus. World.*

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" in Music.

(From the London Orchestra, Sept. 7.)

The later of two novelties prepared for the Birmingham Festival enjoyed a better fate than its predecessor. Mr. John Francis Barnett woke up from the applause of Thursday night and found himself famous. Hitherto known only among a select and inextensive circle of musicians as a pianist of some skill; known beyond that as the nephew of John Barnett, the composer of the "*Mountain Sylph*," he has had the gratification of seeing his merit widely acknowledged, of hearing his name mentioned with approval by hundreds to whom it was previously unknown. His cantata on the "*Ancient Mariner*" has wrought this fame, and not without reason. The three encores and the two recalls of the composer were not injudicious tokens of favor, wrung from the mere complaisance of an audience, but rather the outpouring of a genuine admiration, awakened by a genuine work. Nor were the outside spectators alone in their warmth; for band, artists, and critics alike spoke highly of Mr. Barnett's work. To begin with the cantata at the starting-point, some exception must be taken to the subject chosen by the composer for illustration. In the race for libretti suitable for musical setting, a musician is often hard pressed; but to select a poem so eminently narrative and monological is to make a questionable choice. The success of Mr. Barnett in a harmonic point of view must not blind us to his want of electicism. Certainly success covers a multitude of faults; and this issue, we suppose, will inspire the composer and other musicians who regard all poetry as constituting so many "books of words," to set to work on Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," with the view of reducing these to poetry. We shall look to see "Horatius" treated in this fashion: an opening chorus describing the oath of Lars Porsena, and the gathering of the Latines; a chorus of male voices, "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena, go forth beloved of Heaven," the baritone assigned to Horatius, and the soprano and contralto to such passages as, "On the house-tops was no woman but spat at him and hissed." Not less unsuitable is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," a poem as remote from musical purposes as can well be imagined. This objection being recorded, it may be cheerfully admitted of Mr. J. F. Barnett, that he has done the best he could with an unsuitable subject. The poem is at once monotonous and infinitely varied; monotonous in its form, in its rhythm, and varied in the splendid images it calls up and the pictures it presents. The monorhythm, so to speak, has been well broken up by Mr. Barnett: the different scenes have received adequate illustration from his hands. Naturally the former process required a good deal of labor, and the heaviness of the strain is here and there perceptible. One may mark how much the composer would have been relieved by a break of the marching iambics into an anapæstic lilt, or by a lengthening of the perpetual eight-six lines into a measure more suitable for recitative. But on the whole he has done wonderfully well. The partition of the poem will be best explained by the list of the seventeen numbers hers chosen, and of the artists who sang them.

Chorus (male voices)—"It is an ancient Mariner."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "By thy long grey beard."
Recit—Chorus (male voices), "He holds him."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Hold off! unhand me."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "Eftsoons his hand dropt he."
Chorus—"The ship was cheered."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The wedding guest."
Chorus (female voices)—Bridal chorus, "The bride hath paced."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The wedding guest."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices) "And thus spake on."
Chorus—"And now the storm blast."
Recit. and Aria—Mlle. Tietjens, "The fair breeze blew."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "God save thee."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "With my cross bow."
Aria—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Down dropt the breeze."
Chorus—"About, about, in reel and rout."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "The steersman's face."
Quartet—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "The souls did from their bodies fly."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Alone, alone, all, all alone."
Aria—Mr. Santley, "O happy living things."
Aria—Mme. Patey-Whytock, "O sleep, it is a gentle thing."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "And soon I heard."
Chorus—"The upper air burst."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "The loud wind never."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "I fear thee, ancient Mariner."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Be calm."
Quartet—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "Around, around flew each sweet sound."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Till noon we quietly."
Duet—Mlle. Tietjens and Mme. Patey-Whytock, "Two voices in the air."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "And now this spell."
Aria—Mr. Santley, "Swiftly, swiftly flew."
Aria—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The harbor bay was clear."
Recit.—Mlle. Tietjens, "And the bay was white."
Solo—Mlle. Tietjens, and Chorus of female voices, "This seraph band."
Chorus—"What loud uproar."
Quartet and Chorus—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "O sweeter than the marriage feast."

It will thus be observed that the "*Ancient Mariner*" was sung by Mr. Santley—with occasional appropriations of his monologue by Mr. Sims Reeves, Mlle. Tietjens, and Mme Patey-Whytock, and the deliverance of other portions to the chorus; and that the interruptions of the *Wedding Guest* were given by Mr. Sims Reeves. Of course all individuality of character is lost, when the *Guest* is made to tell the *Ancient Mariner* himself a portion of the *Mariner's* story, and narrate how

> Day after day, day after day
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion.

One can hardly be narrator and listener at the same time, except in cantata and oratorio. And this is one of the many incongruities which render a narrative poem, meant only to be spoken in the first person, unsuitable for musical setting.

The cantata opens with fifty bars of an instrumental *andante sostenuto* in F, changing into allegretto. Then a chorus of tenors and basses details how the *Ancient Mariner* "stoppeth one of three," the best man (Mr. Reeves) mildly objecting to the capture. The sailing of the ship is narrated by the chorus in 3-4 time in E, soprano, alto, tenor and bass; and an interruption illustrating the wedding festivities appealing to the impatience of the spell-bound listener is well marked by a Bridal Chorus, "The Bride hath paced," in 2-4 time. A transposition of the verses is here necessary to describe the storm-blast, then the fair breeze, a charming air in A for Mlle. Tietjens, and the coming of the albatross. The *Ancient Mariner* tells, in mournful recitative, how he shot the bird of good omen, and the tenor takes up the theme and describes the sinking of the breeze and the dead calm. We have now a cleverly scored chorus in D, 2-4 time, for the "reel and rout," the dancing of the death-fires and accompanying horrors. Much less successful (though the preceding is perhaps not

wholly original) is the quartet, "Their souls did from their bodies fly," which is commonplace; but Mr. Barnett makes up for the deficiency by his setting of the verse "O happy living things," to an *andante con moto*, which was sung by Mr. Santley in a truly splendid manner, and achieved a deserved encore. A pretty melody is that which follows, and prettily it was given by Mme. Patey-Whytock. "The upper air burst into life," is a number forcibly describing the conflict of nature—a fine chorus, followed by a recitative and chorus for male voices, "The loud wind never. Very effective is the scoring eloquently suggested by the words "Around, around flew each sweet sound," of which the composer has framed a quartet in D: the various descriptions of melody mentioned by the poet being appropriately voiced and instrumented. A duet for soprano and contralto, "Two voices in the air," was superbly sung and drew down an encore. No passages in the cantata are more judiciously treated than the whole of this illustration of the music in the air with arpeggios for the violins and violoncellos *con sordini:* the effect is as well brought out as the conception is accurate. Among the subsequent numbers we have specially to notice the solo and chorus, "This seraph band," a lovely morceau sung delightfully by Mlle. Tietjens. The work ends well. The quartet and chorus "O sweeter than the marriage feast," with its suggestions of the wedding in the orchestra and the marriage bells, gives place to a semi-religious, semi-moral bit of chorale, "He praveth best who loveth best," with which, supplemented by the full effect of voice, band, and organ, the cantata comes to an effective termination, the composer wisely abstaining from the (musically) anti-climactic description of the influence of the story on the listener. A single hearing was sufficient to stamp this work as one of great merit. There is little profundity in it; but it is pleasant, melodious, and full of genuine inspirations. The talent with which the poem is musically embellished is Mr. Barnett's excuse for having selected it for this sort of embellishment at all.

Mr. Goldschmidt's "Ruth."

(From the Musical World).

There is something in the sight of a man addressing himself to the great and difficult adventure which calls forth our instinctive admiration. But there are, also, some adventures which we insist shall not be undertaken without qualifications awarded only to a few. In the knightly days, he who would do the deeds of knighthood was first required to show himself worthy. Those days are gone, but their spirit remains; and when a man, only in his novitiate as an esquire, rides into the ring wearing golden spurs, we send our heralds to tell him he has made a mistake, and bid him begone. If a youthful bard indite sonnets "To his mistress's eyebrow," we can tolerate his mediocrity, but if he attempt an epic poem without sufficient means, we flagellate him as a warning not to do it again. So, too, if a musician make a modest appearance as a composer, we bid him "God Speed;" but when he comes before us with an oratorio which, weighed in the balances, is found wanting, he neither deserves nor receives any mercy. The composition of an oratorio is one of the things demanding first and foremost a careful overhauling of resources. If he who would undertake it can find within himself profound technical knowledge, lofty artistic feeling, great power of invention, and that kind of mental vision which not only sees the whole, but the relation to it of each part, then, by all means let him set about the task. But let him examine himself carefully, since it depends upon the accuracy of his conclusion whether or not he is to be adjudged guilty of an impudent assumption. A mistake on this point altogether fails of excuse. Something depends, however, on the nature of the subject selected. For a man to attempt the illustration of the passion and sufferings of the Messiah, or the tremendous plagues of Egypt, or the varied and stirring incidents in the life of Elijah is a different thing from essaying the same office for the simple story of Ruth the Moabitess. So far Herr Goldschmidt has shown himself modest. He might have addressed himself to the opening of the Seven Seals, or the Deluge, or the Fall of Man, while he was about it. In that he did not, he must be accredited with having guaged his powers to a certain degree. The pity of it is that he attempted an oratorio at all. Before he set pen to paper nobody thought him equal to such a task, and nobody blamed him for the want of power. Now, the incapacity is proved, and with it another incapacity having relation to self-knowledge, which is not so much a misfortune as a fault.

To make matters worse for Herr Goldschmidt, the subject he selected is not only easy of treatment, compared with most others, but adapted to call out whatever latent power a composer may possess. Its sweet simplicity, its perfect naturalness, and the touching pathos of many of its situations stir up no ordinary sympathy, so that he who reads it must needs realize every incident it contains. We all know the marvellous effect this has in facilitating illustration or description; to say nothing of the zest which it enables the illustrator or describer to bring to his work. Looking at it thus, it is hard to see how a musical setting of so beautiful a story could fail utterly, unless such a failure were sedulously courted. One would imagine that a composer has only to open his heart and mind to its influences, and to write down the thoughts it spontaneously inspires, in order to be, if not profoundly learned, at least simple, natural, and pleasing. Nobody supposes for a moment that Herr Goldschmidt courted failure, or that in writing his work he did not labor with zeal and conscientiousness. He has shown us, however, that besides being unable to rise to the height of oratorio, he is, through some singular defect of organization, insensible to things which would help him on his upward path. Some composers fail because of their subject; Herr Goldschmidt has failed in spite of his. In either case the result is the same, but—with a difference.

Looking over the new oratorio (or "Sacred Pastoral," if the composer like it better) one is first impressed with the singularity of its construction. *Ruth* resembles nothing more than a piece of mosaic, or rather a Dutch chimney piece, in which each tile tells a different story, and has no connection with its neighbors except that of proximity. The same patchy and fragmentary character is found in the libretto, which is divided into a succession of short "fyttes," headed, "At Bethlehem," "In the Harvest Field," "At the Threshing Floor," &c. In this case, however, there is a necessity for such a defect, which would have suggested to a judicious composer the desirableness of providing a remedy, as far as possible, by the more symmetrical construction of his music. Instead of doing so, its influence upon Herr Goldschmidt has been in the opposite direction, and the whole work is a mass of undeveloped and unconnected thoughts, which fall upon the ear much like the snatches of conversation among the passers-by in a crowded street. Now it is a simple question like that of Naomi, "Who art thou, my daughter?" then a tedious orchestral passage not "germane to the issue" in the slightest degree, and next comes the answer, almost every sentence of which is marked by an interlude after the almost exploded fashion of church psalmody. How inexpressibly wearisome this soon becomes no one needs to be told; nor is it necessary to point out how fatal to success was the inability even to sketch the outlines of an oratorio of which it is the sign and result.

Out of the twenty eight "numbers" in the work, ten are recitatives, many of them very long. The composer's treatment of these recitatives becomes, therefore, an important matter, having a formidable influence upon the character of the whole. It is to be regretted that he did not adhere to the "ancient lines" so well marked out by the masters of his art, who, except in rare instances, were content to provide the simplest means for the musical declamation of narrative. Only such are called for by the necessity of the case. Recitative in oratorio is but the thread that connects the various parts together, and its elaboration is both unnecessary and out of place. For some reason or other Herr Goldschmidt has failed to recognize this fact. He has, throughout, attempted to endow the narrative portions of his libretto with a musical interest they cannot possibly bear, and which, by the resulting odd association of ideas, becomes positively ludicrous. In doing so he has not been content with what is understood as "accompanied recitative." He has rather expanded it into a kind of descriptive symphony for the orchestra, the voice coming in now and then, like that of a showman, to tell what is meant to be described. Even if this were well done the effect would be open to question, for reasons not necessary to mention, since in the present instance it has been done badly. Some of Herr Goldschmidt's many interludes have no meaning at all, and others suggest ideas at variance with the connexion in which they are found. Take, for example, those in the opening recitative, where the tenor voice puts us in possession of the dry details respecting the earlier history of Naomi. Upon this passage, which appeals to sentiment about as much as does the multiplication table, Herr Goldschmidt has lavished an amount of orchestral tenderness which would have been far better employed elsewhere. As a rule, however, his interludes are successions of chords signifying nothing, but productive of much in the shape of weariness and impatience. After the *Ruth* recitatives, given though they be in the eloquent words of Scripture, I should turn with relief even to those we owe to Handel and Dr. Morell; which are at least interesting as showing how genius sometimes struggles unavailingly against wordy boredom.

Closely allied to his treatment of recitative is Herr Goldschmidt's peculiar management of the orchestra throughout the work. In either case he has set accepted canons at defiance with a result disastrous only to himself. As used by the great masters of oratorio, the orchestra is made strictly subordinate to the voices, and looked upon as an accessory intended to sustain and relieve the vocal parts, as well as to color the effects produced. This may be done in different ways, and in varying degree, but in no single case can it be said that the limits dividing the inferior from the equal have been exceeded. Even in the *Creation*, of all oratorios the one where the orchestra is most important, its subordination is apparent, though it must be admitted that such a result was only made possible by the consummate skill and judgment of the composer. Herr Goldschmidt has chosen to violate this rule. He has attempted to push his orchestra into a position of equality with, if not of superiority to the vocal music, and has thereby spoiled his work, for several good and sufficient reasons. In the first place by the fitful, erratic, and independent action of the instruments he has not only left the voices in great part unsustained, but has positively turned what might have been assistance into an obstacle. The orchestra is throughout felt to be a bore likely to come in at any moment—as a matter of fact it does come in at very many moments—and by distracting the attention of the singers, hinder them in their work. The result is that one is driven to regard the instruments and voices as antagonists rather than fellow laborers for a common end. It is true that, looking at the general character of the music, nobody can feel the slightest interest in either. The fact may be an ill compliment to Herr Goldschmidt, but it will afford a crumb of comfort to those who may have to hear his composition. Again, the orchestra, made thus prominent and intrusive, gives an added offence by reason of the indifferent music it has to discourse. It is curious to note with what singular recklessness Herr Goldschmidt has rushed into unnecessary difficulties. He is like a man who, having to ford a river, does so at the widest and deepest part, with the certainty of being laughed at even if he gets across. An oratorio constructed like *Ruth* is the most exacting of its kind, because the incessant use of the orchestra, as a principal, demands a power of musical description, and a fertility of invention given only to a very few. Among those very few is not Herr Goldschmidt. The preludes and interludes which form so large a part of his work are remarkable, spite of here and there a striking passage, for a monotony and a poverty of ideas which make their very existence a monument of the composer's self-delusion. Their special application very rarely appears. The architect of the Crystal Palace so drew his plans that any column or girder would fit equally well into a hundred different places. After the same fashion, though not with the same symmetrical result, Herr Goldschmidt's orchestral passages might be arranged anyhow and anyhow would be equally bad.

I should like, after all this necessary fault-finding, to be able to praise the vocal music which *Ruth* contains. But Herr Goldschmidt has barred the door against any such satisfaction. He has adopted in its literal meaning the cry of poor Pat: "I will be drowned, and nobody shall help me." Surely if he could not be other than fragmentary and incoherent—if he could not avoid treating the orchestra as I have shown he has treated it—it was in his power to write vocal phrases which should be singable and melodious. We were none of us disposed to be exacting on this matter. Nobody asked for the divine tunefulness of Mozart, the severe dignity of Handel, or the flowing grace of Haydn. But tuoe of some kind was expected. Pity for us that we should again have to learn how blessed he is that expecteth nothing. There is hardly a single theme in *Ruth* which falls pleasantly upon the ear, and not one likely to remain in the memory. This is the most fatal blot of all. Melody is the soul of music. There may be in a work everything else—ripe scholarship, great experience, an excellent judgment, but without melody it is no more than a perfect body wanting life. Far better a body maimed or deformed, if it but breathe and live, than such an one. Herr Goldschmidt offers us neither; for his *Ruth* is an unsymmetrical corpse.

But besides all this, and to take a lower view, the new oratorio is wanting in proofs of scholarship. Thought it evinces in abundance, and much painstaking care; but the most zealous workman can do nothing without tools. Having invented such themes as was possible, Herr Goldschmidt seems to have been at a loss how to work them up. Of development, masterly or otherwise, there is little or none in the work. Of repetition in various keys there is

plenty, but repetition affords a poor and sorry substitute for the power to present the same thought in ever-varying, always interesting forms. As examples of contrapuntal skill, the two or three fugal choruses in *Ruth* are of a very inferior order, resembling nothing so much as the exercises of a student endowed with poor abilities, or afflicted with an indifferent teacher.

After what has been said any detailed analysis of the work is unnecessary, because, in the first place, I should have to repeat myself, and next, as *Ruth* is not likely to be heard again, the result to the reader would hardly repay my trouble and his time. The foregoing general remarks have been made, not because they were demanded by the importance of the new oratorio, so much as because they enforce the moral of Herr Goldschmidt's failure. In some dis[illegible] the farmers have a habit of nailing dead kites to their barn doors, *pour encourager les autres*. With the same benevolent object in view I have written this somewhat lengthy notice.

Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 28, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

III.

. . . . In his church compositions Bach is aided by a treatment of forms which is peculiar to [illegible]. Not only does the form give him the means of presenting the subject; but he knows also how to introduce a *symbolical* signification; he can exalt the received forms by putting their main proportions into relation with the subject and its deeper meaning. Without hesitation we may lay it down as a rule: the deeper Bach appears in his formal combinations, the more certain we may be that behind the unusual expression lies concealed an equally surprising thought. To enter into the meaning of the words poetically will prove a short, sure way to solve the riddle. . . .

No one, who can accustom himself to this way of looking at the matter, will see any untenable hypothesis in the interpretation which we have suggested of the last Aria and Chorus; in words and notes alike is found the clearest confirmation. To be sure, most attempts at "interpretation," such as are often made in the case of instrumental works, are very wide of the mark and are apt to run into the most contradictory views; one, for instance, seeing in Beethoven's A-major Symphony the description of a merry wedding among peasants, while another deems it the greatest tragedy since King Lear! But in musical works of Art founded on a definite verbal text the case is different, and such attempts not only need no hesitation, but are sometimes even necessary. The word gives a distinct direction and meaning to the tone; it is a safeguard against arbitrary allegorizing and extravagance, and will reconcile divergent views far more easily than is possible in purely instrumental works.

But to come back to the *Magnificat!*

5. To the wild unrest of the number just described there now succeeds, in splendid contrast, a Bass Solo (in A major, 4-4 measure), with the words: "*Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus*" (For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name) Here all breathes warm and heart-felt thankfulness for the great things which the Lord hath done to us, and praises his holy name. The economy of this Aria is really admirable and could hardly be surpassed. A characteristic and expressive motive of the *basso continuo*, forming four measures, repeats itself continually in the most different positions and intervals through the whole movement. First it diverges to the Dominant key, from which, by a gentle transition, it reaches the parallel key, F-sharp minor. Then we are led into the Mediant, from which the Tonic springs again as if new-born. The voice part takes its material partly from this theme; partly it moves, calmly and full of dignity, in free and independent figures, which mount and float above it like the smoke of a thank-offering. The noble form of its *cantilena* gives us the desired opportunity of here inserting some remarks about the style and character of Bach's vocal melody.

It is a widely prevalent notion, that Bach treats his voice parts mostly in an instrumental manner: "he was exclusively an organ player, and has carried the customary organ style even into vocal composition," we often hear it asserted. Surely it is rather hasty, in the very nature of the case, to suppose a great artist capable of such absurd mistakes; moreover, in point of fact, our master's manner of proceeding is in direct contradiction to so thoughtless an assumption. When Bach composes for the organ he does not write in the piano-forte manner, and so *vice versâ;* his way of treating the violin, the violoncello, the oboe, the flute, in short all the rest of the instruments, is so characteristic and so masterly, that no one now-a-days can seriously think of undertaking to surpass him. To be sure he often taxes his material to the utmost, but he never demands of it what it is impossible to execute! He not only knew most accurately the technical peculiarities of the instruments, but he had penetrated far deeper into the very nature and individuality of each. We can here appeal to competent authorities, such as Joachim, who actually maintain that Bach was far before his age in all that he has offered for the violin, for instance: that he had anticipated, both in thought and practice, all the possibilities of later technical developments. Now is it to be supposed that he was less well acquainted with the nature of *that* material for which he wrote the most intense things his rich soul conceived, the human voice—for that, too, is an instrument in its way—and that he used it more unfitly as if it were something comparatively lifeless, unorganic? . . . . The principal hindrance which the singer meets in Bach's *cantilena*, consists essentially in the traditional method of singing. Bach's vocal setting rests upon the ground of the old German music, which at an early period attached more importance to the *words* and sought to make them the precise bearers of the melody; in Eccard the contrast of a German and an Italian school in this sense is clearly manifest.

6. The next number of the *Magnificat* brings us a Duet between the Alto and the Tenor, in E minor, 12-8 measure, to the words: "*Et misericordia a progenie in progenies timentibus eum*" (And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation). Here again Bach shows himself a deep interpreter of the words of the text, with a fine knowledge of the human heart. The tender mercy of the Lord in its effect on those who fear him is musically delineated in masterly outlines. The voices are supported by the string quartet—the violins and viola muted, the former doubled by the flutes. In this duplication the violins and flutes exchange their brilliant and softer tone-colors, as if Bach meant to indicate the at once elevating and soothing influence of the divine mercy on the heart that turns toward it. At the words: "*timentibus eum*," the instruments are mostly silent and leave the accompaniment to the Organ. The concluding turn of the voice parts is startlingly effective through the astonishing boldness of the modulation.

7. The following Chorus forms a grand contrast to this mild Duet. Its far reaching, powerful main theme, majestically entering in a compass of an octave and a half, first brings the words: "*Fecit potentiam*" (He hath showed strength). Against this "*potentia*," spreading itself in all directions, infinitely mobile, Bach offsets a motive on the words: "*in brachio suo*" (with his arm), which seems to embody an opposite and yet kindred element, a compressed force, self-poised yet tensely strained. The main theme, entering first in the Tenor, is attended from the outset by smart rhythmical blows of the other voice parts, with which the orchestra—but without trumpets and drums—joins in imitative beats. Then the Alto takes it, while the Tenor develops the counter-motive: "*in brachio suo*," and the other vocal and orchestral parts continue their strong rhythmical movement. The theme is now handed over to the Second Soprano, then to the Bass, afterwards to the First Soprano, and finally to the orchestra. The voices, however, which have already executed it, leave that rhythmical figure more and more to the orchestra and take an ever freer attitude in the richest contrapuntal forms, so that shortly before the entrance of the main motive in the orchestra they are all engaged in fully independent motion. Meanwhile two new accessory motives have introduced themselves on the word: "*dispersit*" (he hath scattered), symbolizing it in pictorial forms. The *Continuo*, for its part, supports this wonderful structure in rhythms proper to itself, and admirably corresponding to the character of the whole. At last one of the accessory motives of the "*dispersit*" remains alone upon the field and suddenly forces out, in a shrill chord broken short off, the word that completes its sense, "*superbos*" (the proud).

And here occurs a case, which for the first time gives us occasion to express a modest doubt as to whether Bach has done the best thing. The text of the Vulgate gives the words: "*dispersit superbos mente cordis sui*" (He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts) as if they belonged together, and therein follows the Greek original. Bach on the contrary separates them in the most violent manner, breaking short off at the word "*superbos*" and, after a long pause, setting against it, in a solemn Adagio, the words: "*mente cordis sui.*" But perhaps the master was misled by the not precisely classical Latin, into referring "*sui*" not to "*superbos*," but to God. In that case he might possibly have attached to the whole passage *this* meaning: "He hath scattered the proud—with the breath of his mouth." Construing the text in this way, the musical course of the sentence is now fully justified and of perfect beauty. If this explanation does not satisfy, there would scarcely seem to remain any other, save to ascribe to Bach the bad taste of having wished to glorify "the proud" by the most mighty and sublime means of expression. We do not

claim to be at all competent to decide the question, and gladly leave it to abler hands.

8. The chorus is succeeded by a Tenor Solo, in F-sharp minor, 3-4 measure, which in its essential features shows a kindred feeling. It treats the text: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree). Here too Bach has not allowed the obvious antitheses to escape him, and has known how to present them energetically and characteristically enough.

(To be continued).

Music in Boston.

Our season begins with a concert not so much addressed to Boston, as to the Western country and the world at large. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, whose sphere has ever been the quiet one of classical Chamber Music, being now on the eve of a Western tour of some three months, will "inaugurate their 19th Season" on Monday evening with a concert in the great Music Hall. For their friends here this concert means Good-bye for a while, *Auf Wiedersehn!* What it "inaugurates" is the aforesaid Western tour. It is as if the Pleiades (dear little earnest, constant Quintette Club up there among the brighter but not sweeter stars, should "inaugurate" their million-billionth season by madly shooting from their sphere to race awhile with the sensational meteors and comets! We wish them true success, and that they may leave good seeds in all the towns they visit, —that is to say inspiring memories of the best kinds of music which they have been accustomed so long to interpret here.

The concert in the Music Hall, large as the place is, and better suited for an Orchestra, promises to be a really good one. Besides the Club itself, consisting of Messrs. W. H. SCHULTZE, CARL MEISEL, THOMAS RYAN, E. M. HEINDL (a new member), and WULF FRIES, other good artists will take part, namely: Mr. C. PETERSILEA, the pianist; Messrs. DE RIBAS, oboe; ELTZ, bassoon; HAMANN, horn; and STEIN, double-bass; and a Quartet of singers: Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Miss RYAN, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY. The programme is rich and for the most part classical. It contains two large works: the Nonetto by Spohr, and the ever welcome Septet by Hummel (Mr. Petersilea at the piano). The Quartet (in canon) from *Fidelio* and a couple of Mendelssohn Quartets are tempting vocal pieces surely, and still fresh. The two ladies will sing solos by Meyerbeer and Stigelli, and Mr. Fries will play a 'cello and Mr. Heindl a flute solo.—The Club will return before New Year, and then we trust we shall have nice classical Quartets, Quintets and Trios in the Chickering "Chamber" as of old.

The Harvard SYMPHONY CONCERTS will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7, at half past three o'clock. They will soon be formally announced. Meanwhile we may say that they will be of the same general character as before, presenting only *the best* in Symphony, Overture, Concerto, &c.; except that the space hitherto occupied in each concert (often the larger half) by the Piano will be more limited, and the vocal element called in oftener for variety. The Orchestra, in spite of the absence of the Quintette Club in the first part of the season, bids fair to be larger and better than ever before. It certainly will be, and the string department considerably strengthened, if the sale of season tickets warrants so large an outlay.

The PAREPA-ROSA concert troupe (under Mr. Harrison's management), composed of nearly the same elements as before, will visit Boston early in November. There is a chance, too, that THEODORE THOMAS and his Orchestra, from New York, may give a few concerts in our Music Hall in the latter part of October. The more the merrier; if they will play good Symphonies, and do their best, we may learn something by them.

The Great Organ is still played every Wednesday and Saturday noon, and commonly on Sunday evenings. There have been some excellent programmes of late, particularly those of Mr. Pearce, from Philadelphia, and of Mr J. K Paine. All our best organists take turns as hitherto.—Other movements are not yet developed. But we may count it certain that the Handel and Haydn Society will soon break through its reserve; that the pleasant Wednesday Afternoon Concerts of the Orchestral Union will come along in due time—we hope there will be more of them than last year; and that the various classical Chamber and Piano Matinées and Soirees will be as numerous and even choicer than before. For one novelty, Mr. Kreissmann has an idea of bringing out Schubert's very remarkable "Ossian" songs,—a capital idea, which we hereby adjure him to put into deed.

CONCERT AT MILTON. The Choir of the Unitarian Church (Dr. Morison's), under the spur of a zealous director in the person of the genial Colonel of the Governor's Cadets, Dr C. C. Holmes, and aided by an energetic staff of musically cultivated ladies, has made this beautiful Blue Hills suburb musically famous hereabouts of late. Such an amateur concert (or professional either) has seldom occurred in a "country meeting house" as that of Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14. It was remarkable in the character of the audience, largely composed of refined persons thronging in over all the roads from pleasant summer residences and from the city. The unusual assemblage of fine, cultivated voices (mostly amateurs) and the well selected programme were not the whole attraction. There was a fine new Organ, built by Hook, to help defray the cost of which was one motive of the concert. Under the skilful hands of Mr. Willcox it furnished the accompaniments; and very sweet, rich, organ-like in the best sense, its tones, of well contrasted colors, proved. Three, four, excellent sopranos, in solos, duets, trios, &c., two fine tenors, a thoroughly schooled basso, likewise, besides the very select choir, and Wulf Fries's 'cello, rendered the following selection with admirable effect throughout:

Improvisation. Organ	Willcox
Gloria, from 3d Mass	Haydn
Jerusalem, Thou that killest, &c.	Mendelssohn.
I will Magnify Thee. (Trio)	Mosenthal.
Be ye Faithful unto Death	Mendelssohn.
Angels ever Bright and Fair	Handel.
My Song shall be alway (Duet)	Mendelssohn.
Father whose Blessing	J Benedict
Lord, have Mercy	Pergolesi
Moses in Egypt, Prayer	Rossini
Benedictus, Agnus Dei and Dona Nobis	Weber
Ave Maria	Schubert
In his Hands	Mendelssohn.
Solo	
My Heart ever Faithful	Bach.
Protect us. (Trio)	Curschmann.
Prayer from Der Freyschutz	Weber.
Spirit Song	Haydn.
Inflammatus	Rossini.

The "Jerusalem" air, the rapturous Bach song ("*Frohlocke, mein Herz*"), the solo in the *Inflammatus*, and other important solo passages, were sung by a young lady from the South, who has been spending a year in Boston, whose voice and talent have seemed to us to contain finer promise than has yet sprung up among us. Sweet, rich, large, thoroughly musical and sympathetic, this voice is also of great compass; while the whole nature is truly and sincerely musical. We had hoped much from her in the near future for our Oratorio and higher concert music; but she is sent to Italy to study and we have lost her! We do not feel the right to name her; still less the other fair possessors of refined, bright voices who sang "Angels ever bright and fair," the "Prayer" from *Freyschütz*, the *Ave Maria*, &c. Mr Wetherbee gave the piece by Pergolese with artist-like and true expression. Dr. Langmaid put feeling and sweetness into the Mendelssohn tenor air: "Be ye faithful," with 'cello *obbligato*; and Haydn's "Spirit Song" (so seldom heard of late) was beautifully sung by a young tenor undergraduate at Harvard. We wish we had room to speak of more. It was all good.

New Glees.

THE GREETING. *A New Glee Book by* L. O. EMERSON. Boston: O. Ditson & Co., 1867, pp. 200.

The American musical mind has a wonderful leaning to psalm tunes. The first efforts of composers are directed to the production of some new labor of this sort, whose chief glory it is to be so very like some already existing model, as to be out of the reach of adverse criticism. The tremendous volume of this psalm tune deluge, that has poured upon us within the last thirty years, is something fearful to contemplate. Tunes in every conceivable style, and in style inconceivable before. Tunes pretty, tunes ugly. Tunes high, and tunes low. Tunes in flats, tunes in sharps. Tunes strong—tunes weak. The latter how preponderant!

And then consider the use which these tunes serve. Although all nominally "sacred," scarcely one in ten was ever sung in church. They are really used as singing-school glees. Glees they really are, most of them, despite the "sacred" words.

And the Anthems. What an account is there for some one to settle! Or will the trembling composers be mustered *en masse* to render up their account? Who can tell! Such weary pages of musical platitudes as we have had to wade through! According to the well known theological formula, the "strength" of these works is "perfect weakness." And yet, despite this weakness of diet, we have become stronger. Taking the various church collections as a whole, we see that the recent works manifest an improvement over their predecessors, both in taste and in technical execution. The only retrocession, if there be any, consists in an apparent lack, latterly, of the religious earnestness of the earlier authors. And this is unavoidable! for now there is money in singing books The earnestness of the present is a *pecuniary* earnestness, not a religious.

Another good sign of the present state of taste is the greater attention given to Glees. Twenty years ago the singing of glees was almost unheard of in New England. A little later the English glees began to be sung under the auspices of Dr. Mason and Mr. Geo. J Webb But what sober, stately old glees were those! In point of dignity, to sing one of those glees was little more mirthful than to say high mass. Good, to be sure, but *so proper!* After a while, however, American glees began to be manufactured,—and some, *composed*

The difficulties under which those early writers labored were not slight. Some of them had no knowledge of counterpoint or musical form, save what little they had got by "unconscious absorption." Yet they did as well as could be expected;—perhaps better.

The American Glee has generally been one of two things. Either a sprightly melody, so harmonized that the accompanying voices do nothing but accompany; or, a very blind and ignorant imitation *at* Mendelssohn's Part Songs, which are veritable ideal glees. The kind first mentioned is poor stuff. The effects to be attained on this system soon wear out. None of the parts have any real work, save the Soprano. The glees of the second class have suffered worst of all from the ignorance of their composers. Mendelssohn's Part Songs were composed by one thoroughly versed in all the resources afforded by simple and double counterpoint, imitation and fugue. To him, also, the various musical forms were well known; and he knew just how to employ each one, or what license to take, as his purpose required. With our composers in general there has been no such knowledge. Then too he had *genius*, which with us is rarer yet.

In the work before us there are sixty-seven Glees. All of these are new except perhaps four, which are European Of these new ones Mr Emerson claims 26, and Mr. L. H. Southard 25. The remaining 16 are from miscellaneous sources. It has been a great pleasure to the writer to examine this book, and it must be a still greater pleasure to use it, for the work

is, in general, good. Mr. Emerson has a good number of popular, easy pieces, and quite a number of still more beautiful ones in a somewhat German style. Mr. Southard is well known as a thorough master of musical composition,—a man who knows how to express his melodic ideas; he is also known as a composer, fertile in ideas, fresh in invention. The present works from his pen are beautiful, and fully sustain his reputation. Young students in this kind of musical structure are pointed, with pleasure, to the tasteful *form* of the more extended of these glees. It is worthy of study to see how nicely the unities are preserved in the period relations, no less than how well each voice is kept occupied with something really pertinent to the subject in hand.

We congratulate the authors of the "Greeting" upon their success. W. S. B. M.

Music in New York unfolds a programme for this winter long as Leporello's Catalogue,—and as almost everything seems to be done in the name of one man, the impresario Harrison, we presume we are to consider him the master spirit of all these conquests. Not only has he captured the Parepa-Rosa couple with all their party, who have already "auspiciously *inaugurated*" (advertising critics' favorite expression) the season by a concert at Irving Hall in the old miscellaneous Bateman style; but he has taken Oratorio in charge and announces a series to be given at Steinway Hall (which they say has been much improved), as follows: Nov. 21, "Creation;" Dec. 12, "Elijah;" Dec. 25, "Messiah;" Jan. 23, "Samson;" Feb 20, "Judas Maccabæus;" March 10, "St. Paul;" to which add Mr. Bristow's "Daniel" for the first time.—Then again, this wide-awake manager has secured for his concerts the "lion pianist" of twenty years ago, Leopold de Meyer, of "*Marche Marocaine*" memory, musician extraordinary to the Sultan, who "very unexpectedly," the papers say, walked into the music market of New York a few days ago. He is to play at Steinway Hall a limited number of nights, beginning Oct. 1, with Parepa, Rosa, and Thomas's orchestra assisting.

Said Thomas and orchestra also revolve round the Harrison sun. His programme of Symphony Soirées as announced, is worth copying:

1*st Soirée*: Symphony in D (first time), by Bach (Emanuel?); Aria from Gluck's *Armida* (1st time), sung by Mme. Parepa-Rosa; Introduction from 2nd act of Cherubini's *Medea* (first time); Recit. and Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*, Mme. Rosa; two movements from Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B flat minor (first time); 5th Symphony of Beethoven.

2*nd Soirée*: Symphony in D, (No. 2 in Breitkopf and Härtel edition), Haydn; Piano Solo, by Leopold de Meyer; Overture in C, op. 124, Beethoven; Piano Solo; Schumann's 3d Symphony, in E flat.

3*d Soirée*: Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Piano Solo, De Meyer; Symphonic Poem ("*Die Ideale*"), by Liszt (first time); Piano Solo; Overture to *Genovera*, Schumann.

4*th*. Overture to *Coriolanus*, Beethoven; Scena and Aria, op. 58 (first time), by Rubinstein, sung by Mme. Rosa; Ballade ("*Des Sängers Fluch*, Uhland), by Bülow (first time); Aria by Spohr; Second Symphony, in C, by Schumann.

5*th*. Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony; Aria from Weber's *Oberon*, by Mme. Rosa; "*Gretchen*," *Karakterbild* from the *Faust* Symphony by Liszt; Songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann; Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* (first time), Berlioz.

We have named, of course, only the more prominent features of the multifarious Harrison-Steinway-Thomas concert schemes. Still outside of their widening vortex lie the classical concerts of the old Philharmonic Society, and the Chamber Concerts of the Mason and Thomas Quartet, whose programme we have not yet seen. Also Maretzek's Italian and Bateman's French (Offenbach) Operas, both of which began (we dare say, were "inaugurated") this week; and we dare say the "renditions" were fine and much applause, &c., was "donated" to the artists. The Italian opened on Monday, with its best, *Don Giovanni*, with Parepa for Donna Anna; Miss Hauck, Zerlina; Mlle. Ronconi, Elvira; Bellini, the Don; Ronconi, Leporello; and Baragli, Ottavio. Bergmann conducted. On Tuesday, *I Puritani*, with Signora Peralta, Bellini, Antonucci, &c. Wednesday, Rossini's *Otello*, for the new tenor Pancani, with Parepa, Bellini, Baragli, &c. Thursday, opening night, with *Don Giovanni*, in Brooklyn; Friday, *Il Barbiere*; to-day, *Don Giovanni* matinée.

Mr. F. L. Ritter is establishing Chorus-Classes in New York, an excellent plan for qualifying large numbers of persons to take part in Oratorios, Cantatas and other choral works. We congratulate Vassar College (at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) in obtaining the services of so superior a man as Mr. Ritter as Director of the Musical Department in that large and liberal institution, which puts female education on an equal footing with that sought for by young men in colleges.

Musical "Conservatories" are the rage in New York as elsewhere. There were five of them before, doing "a great business," and now there is announced at least one new one, that of Mason and Thomas. Philadelphia has caught the fever and announces modestly an "American Conservatory."

Herr Abert.

Herr Eckert has now quitted the directorship of the Opera at Stuttgard, and is succeeded by Herr Abert. The latter, highly esteemed for his theoretical and practical talent, has fairly won his spurs by the success of his last lyrical work, "*Astorga*," in three acts, produced in 1865 at Stuttgard, and since given in various theatres throughout Germany. The history of this composer is singularly interesting and romantic. Born in 1832, at Gastorf, in Bohemia, he was destined by his parents to become a priest, and was early educated in a Bohemian convent. In this convent his passion for music disturbed his theological studies, and ultimately determined the young student to quit the college, and place himself under Kapellmeister Kitl, in the Conservatoire, at Prague. The progress of Abert in composition was rapid, and his first grand Orchestral Symphony, produced and played before the Professors, in 1851, first brought him into notice at Prague. The following year, 1852, Abert was engaged as contra-bassist in the Royal Chapel and Opera at Stuttgard. In this subordinate position he continued his studies of the great masters, and subsequently composed a second and third grand symphony. The Lyrical Muse now diverted his attention, and presently, the persevering youthful symphonist brings forth his first essay, "*Anna de Landskron*." This opera was given in Stuttgard, in 1858. Encouraged by the success of this his first musical drama, Abert produced in 1860 his second opera, "*Le Roi Enrice*," which made the tour of Germany. In 1860 also appeared his grand characteristic symphony, "*Christoph Colomb*," which spread the fame of Abert to Belgium, France and England, in which countries this composition was played with more or less success. Having achieved popularity in orchestral and lyrical compositions, he next succeeded in chamber music, with a Quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello.

The crowning effort of the Bohemian contra-bassist however was the complete success of his third opera, "*Astorga*," which justifies his appointment as Kapellmeister at Stuttgard. The romantic part of his domestic history is no less gratifying than that of his renouncing the order of priesthood, and struggling for renown as a musician. By his talent, education, and amiable character, the young Bohemian soon became popular in the society of Stuttgard, and ultimately inspired one of the fair sex with a sentiment that awakened a genial sympathy, and led to their happy union. The wife of Abert is the daughter of the rich and popular proprietor of the excellent hotel that bears his name—Marquart. Being himself a *dilettante*, and fond of music, Marquart is very proud of the distinction earned by his gifted son in-law, and every musical visitor to Stuttgard, if a friend of the composer, is treated by "mine host" with sumptuous hospitality at the artistic-banquets which are frequently organized during the summer months, and presided over by the present Kapellmeister, Abert.—*Orchestra.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ballad of Queen Mab. "Romeo and Juliet," by *Gounod*. 75

Thou who to dust. (Tu che degnasti.)" " 75

Ah! go not yet. (Ah! non partir.) " " 75

Go: already thou'rt pardoned. (Va: gia perdonata). Duet. " " 1.25

Since yesterday. (De Jeri indarno), " " 60

Another instalment of well selected portions of the new opera. These pieces contain many beautiful passages, and have been carefully translated by Mr. T. T. Barker.

Accursed forever. (Sia maledetto). "Don Carlos," by *Verdi*. 75

Verdi is strong in tragedy, and this with the other new songs of "Don Carlos," are rather sad, but the music is impressive.

The midnight harp. Ballad. *W. Seibert*. 30

Roar on, ye winds. (Brause fort). S'g. *Guttman*. 35

Two new songs by talented German composers.

Soft evening air. S'g & Chorus. *W. L. Hayden*. 30

A soft, sweet song, of the kind one naturally falls to singing of an evening.

Amid the silent hours of night. S'g. *G. W. Lyon*. 30

We have a Lion and a Fair-Lamb on the list this time. But the Lyon discourses most sweetly and delicately, and the Lamb the reverse.

As shadows dim. (Gia dalla mente involasi). In "Le Tre Nozze." *Alary*. 60

Perfectly sweet, and a treasure for all who have some little skill in vocalization. It is a sort of vocal Polka; and the Italian used to be sung by Mad. Sontag.

Instrumental.

Clusters of Brilliants. Transcriptions by *Z. Moelling*, each, 30

Flee as a bird.	Gently sighs the breeze.
Sounds of the sea.	Weber's last waltz.
Tannhauser Gr'd M'ch.	How can I leave thee.
Wandering Jew W'tz.	What are the wild waves.
L'Estasi Waltz.	Angel Adie.
Fete de Gondoliers.	Ye merry birds.

A dozen capital arrangements of popular airs, not difficult, and well suited to learners.

Harmonies de Soir. Morceau elegant. *S. Smith*. 75

Our Smith continues to manufacture the best of ware, and here is a structure of silvery sounds, well fitted together.

Route Polka. *A. Fancheux*. 30

Our Favorite Polka. *G. R. Peiffer*. 35

Two spirited polkas.

Pretty Little Sarah. Schottisch. *Wellman*. 35

Little Sarah skips about charmingly here, and the air is admirably adapted to a lively dance.

Feu volage. (Wildfire) Galop. *Fairlamb*. 60

Vive L' Union. March caprice. " 50

Both are very spirited, the latter more powerful than the former, but both well worth learning.

Books.

Garcia's New Treatise on the Art of Singing. A compendious method of instruction, with examples and exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice. By *Manuel Garcia*. $3.00

This revised edition of the work of a celebrated teacher, is among the best of its class, and has an accurate and extended description of the method of producing the various tones and qualities of tone.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 692. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 15.

Recent German Operas.—Reinecke's "King Manfred."*

(Translated from the German for this Journal).

(Concluded from page 106).

The second act goes on to show us how Manfred's thoughts still turn on getting possession of Chismonde. He is in his palace and sends out a page to discover the abode of the beloved. In vain does Eckart remind him of the dangers which threaten his crown on the part of the Roman and French alliance; in vain his wife Helena exhorts him to reform; he hushes the anxiety of her and Eckart about throne and empire and, weary of the wife, puts her away. Meanwhile the Cardinal with the banished noblemen have learned of Manfred's purpose of abducting Chismonde, and the latter lie in wait for the king, who comes with Eckart and a few attendants into the cloister garden; but Eckart kills one of the ringleaders and puts the rest to flight. Manfred frees Chismonde and brings her to his Love Court.

In the third act the returning party are awaited in Manfred's palace, where already many devoted country people, besides a gang of ill-disposed sailors, have gathered to see the festivities in preparation. Helena, to avoid this painful meeting, betakes herself before Manfred's return to the castle at Benevento. The Love Court marches in, the king in the midst thereof disguised as Bacchus, and in his train a troop of Saracenic maidens, which is to be explained by the circumstance that the Saracens, still to be found about that time in lower Italy, were in alliance with Manfred. Now come jubilation, dance and feasting! Then the Cardinal appears and pronounces the sentence of excommunication against the King. Part of the company desert Manfred, the rest stay by him.

The fourth act brings us nearer to the catastrophe. Chismonde is no longer willing to be merely the King's leman, she will be Queen herself. But Manfred, to whom the serious side of life has powerfully presented itself, rejects her claims; he has gone back to the true love, the love of his wedded wife. But while he is marching forth to fight his enemies, Chismonde broods over a scheme to poison the Queen. Without the battle thunders, again for once, through the aid of the Saracens, decided in Manfred's favor. Could he only control himself to stay with the army, as Eckart advises him, the victory might be followed up; but a dark misgiving drives the King back to Benevento. There (in the fifth act) sits the Queen, her heart full of anxiety and yearning, in the lonely hall. Chismonde glides in to her in the disguise of a pilgrim and is about to offer her the poison, under the pretext of preparing a love potion for her. Manfred steps between them and prevents the crime. The King is reconciled with his wife. But in the meantime his enemies, through treachery, have got possession of the most important places, and are drawing nigh the royal palace. Deserted by the Italians, Manfred can rely only on the Saracens. He fights and falls. Chismonde, in a swoon, is borne back by the victors to the cloister. The Queen drinks off the cup of poison over the corpse of her slain husband. Charles of Anjou is proclaimed King.

It will be seen that the libretto avoids all mention of Manfred's children. The figure of Chismonde is finely invented to show the weakness of the King, who represents the tragical guilt thereof. The King's wife, apostrophizing the dear dead at the bier with words of lofty eulogy, puts herself to death, whereas history tells us that she languished through long years of imprisonment. It cannot be denied that the book on the whole is happily invented and scenically effective. Everything essential shows a sufficient motive. Episodes are as far as possible avoided. Nowhere is there any weight attached to mere externals; where these come in sight, it is constantly as foil, and not as substitute for action. The language, although not wholly free from reminiscences, is easily apprehended, euphonious, musical, and, without suffering from extravagances and redundance, is yet for the most part in a lofty vein.

In regard to the musical treatment, the composer has, in the first place, disregarded all the received models. He has composed his text all through, making almost no use of *recitativo secco*, but writing for the most part *singing recitative*. But he has brought the special lyrical elements of the poem into a free musical form corresponding to their several requirements. In this he has of course had to employ repetition of the text, but on the whole he has done it discreetly and perhaps too sparingly; preludes and postludes he has introduced only at the beginning or the close of single scenes, and these are mostly independent in their contents.

From all this it will be seen, that the composer was perfectly clear in his own mind in entering the road he took, and that he has followed it consistently and—we do not hesitate to add—successfully. The earnest way in which the tone-poet has treated his task, both in respect of melody and harmony, is coupled with so much grace and fineness, that one's enjoyment is never for an instant disturbed. The rhythm, without being striking, is appropriate. The vocal writing shows the all-practiced master, and not less the instrumentation. Perhaps it has occurred only to us—who, in the interest of the composer, as well as for our own instruction, are looking out for any weaknesses—that he may have too anxiously avoided all that could have looked like an *intentional* culmination of effects.

As we go over Reinecke's opera in our memory, it is with joyful satisfaction we confess, that we have met with no dramatic work for a long time which had such a succession of beautiful and interesting parts to offer, as "King Manfred." The two larger instrumental pieces which occur in the opera are each admirably effective in its way; and the public gave expression to its pleasure by receiving the solid and yet very brilliant Overture, made up of motives from the opera, with long continued applause, and by requiring the prelude to the fifth act to be played *da capo*. Conspicuous in value and effect are: in the first act, Chismonde's Aria; the *entrée* of Manfred and the Duet follows between Manfred and Chismonde. In the second act, the Duet between Manfred and Helena, particularly at the close, where Helena remains alone; the chorus of exiles: "*Nun ist er in der Falle!*" the Romanza of Manfred: "*Was weilst du in der Lenzesnacht?*" the Duet between Manfred and Chismonde. In the third act, the Ballet and the concluding chorus. In the fourth act, the aria of Chismonde, and that of Manfred: "*O Sängerruf*," with its tranquil, melting close; the Duet between Eckhart and Manfred. In the fifth act, the Ballad of the Page; the Cavatina of Helena; the closing scene, with Helena's touching departure.

"What?" I hear it said. "An opera in the Italian repertoire has scarcely ever more than six or seven numbers that are musically tolerable or effective for the great public; and here in this German opera you talk of eighteen or twenty!" Yea verily! and for this reason we desire and hope that "King Manfred" may keep its place in the repertoire as long as the incomparably weaker work of some favorite Italian or Frenchman, though Reinecke be "only" a German!

* Opera in 5 Acts by Fr. Röber, music by Carl Reinecke. Produced for the first time at the Royal Theatre in Wiesbaden.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Fugue as an Art Work.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

I.

1. The specific problem of this paper is to answer this question, so far as we may, namely:—What is the true rank of the Fugue as a musical work of art? Let it be understood that, throughout this paper, we understand by the term *fugue*, the Fugue in its highest development, which it received only at the hand of Bach; for the fugues of this Master are, we think, more individual and more free than others, and approach more nearly to the ideal of the fugue.

In this discussion we must build up our reasoning on axioms, intuitions, and postulates, about which opinions do not differ; for we have no authoritative treatise on musical taste.

2. The first question which meets us is: What kind of impressions or ideas may we get from music? To this question generally stated, John Ruskin has answered:—

"All sources of pleasure, or any other good, to be derived from works of art, may be referred to five distinct heads.

"I. Ideas of Power.—The perception or conception of the mental or bodily powers by which the work has been produced.

"II. Ideas of Imitation.—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else.

"III. Ideas of Truth.—A perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced.

"IV. Ideas of Beauty.—The perception of

beauty, either in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles.

"V. Ideas of Relation.—The perception of intellectual relations in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

In musical application the significance of these terms is thus taken:—When we perceive a musical work to have employed great technical or artistic powers in its production, we receive "ideas of power." Likewise from a virtuoso performance we receive "ideas of power"—namely, of great mental and bodily powers employed in the performance or in its preparation. This kind of impression is in itself noble. We are so constituted as to take pleasure in any exhibition of power, either bodily or mental; and the more worthily the power is exerted, the more worthy is our delight.

Secondly. When we perceive a musical passage to imitate something.—as, *e.g.*, a bird-song, or one voice to imitate another—we receive "ideas of imitation." Haydn's "Creation" abounds in passages designed to imitate or suggest sounds in nature. The ideas of this class are regarded as less noble than any others in music, for reasons that we have not now space to consider.

Thirdly. A musical work depicts or suggests certain emotional states. In proportion as any particular emotional state is distinctly suggested, or impressed upon us, do we receive "ideas of truth."

Fourth. In what ideas of Beauty consist we have not now room to show in full. Reference is made to the paper on "Good Music" in No. 640 of this Journal; or, still better, to the second volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," which volume alone to any student in Æsthetics is worth more than the price of the entire set. It must suffice here to say that in the contemplation of good music we experience very great pleasure, "not dependent on any direct and definite exertion of the intellect." This pleasure results from a perception of the beautiful, which may be merely of the blending or contrasting of tones of different timbre, and in the happy turns of melody and harmony; or may consist in an unconscious perception of spiritual types suggested by the music. Among the traits of typical beauty are these:—Infinity, Unity, Repose, Symmetry, Purity, and Moderation. These elements are typical of traits in the Divine. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that beauty of the kind first mentioned (blending of tones, etc.) is of physical relation only. The latter is a higher kind—a beauty perceived by the moral nature.

Fifth. Entirely distinct from the pleasures already enumerated, is the perception of the relations of design, significance, and fitness, between the different parts of the work. All the satisfaction we experience in tracing the manner of modulations, the happy imitations (considered as a device of counterpoint), the various resources of counterpoint, and the relation of successive melodic periods to each other,—the satisfaction derived from all these and many like sources, drises from "ideas of relation."

3. Again, with reference to the mind, or "subjectively," as some would say, all the impressions just enumerated may be classed into three divisions:—

I. Sensuous Perceptions.—The music sounds well, or it does not. To this class belong all questions of consonance or dissonance, tone-color, rhythm—all questions of hearing.

II. Intellectual Perceptions.—These are "ideas of relation," and "ideas of power," perhaps also "ideas of imitation," as enumerated and defined in the preceding chapter.

III. Emotional Impressions.—We perceive the work to depict certain emotional states and our own feelings are elevated or depressed to a consonance therewith. To this class belong the "ideas of truth" and "of beauty," according to the former enumeration.

4. It is now proper that we inquire which of these kinds of ideas is most noble, if, indeed, there be degrees of rank among them.

Now with reference to the classes of ideas enumerated in the second chapter it is to be said, that the three last named are regarded as most noble, and of theso all are in some degree essential to any true work of art. *Truth* is of course essential to any real nobility, but is hardly a fit subject of comparison with other elements. Of the other two, I cannot resist the conviction that ideas of beauty are more etherial, more angelic, more divine, than the simple perception of the intellectual relation of parts, however complicated or masterly these relations may be. And as this opinion will hardly be controverted by any person of artistic soul, we may consider it as accepted.

With reference to the enumeration in the third chapter it remains to say, that the two latter sources of pleasure (the Intellectual and the Emotional) must be regarded as superior, or of a higher order than the first. For by the common consent of enlightened mankind, those enjoyments which appertain exclusively to the *physique* are considered to be of a lower order than those which belong to the intellectual or emotional nature. The body perishes with the using. The soul is immortal.

5. We are now prepared to approach more closely to our main question, which we do by asking: How, in general, shall we determine the rank of a work of art? Ruskin has given a general formula of answer to this, in "Modern Painters," Vol. I. p. 12, (First American Ed.) "The art is greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and, in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received." If this be so, and if the conclusions arrived at in the preceding chapter be just, it follows that those compositions are greatest which most abound in ideas of Beauty, of Relation, and of Truth.

Thus far we seem to have come safely on our journey, but only now have we reached our main question.

II.

We have endeavored to show on what principles the rank of art-works is to be determined. The general result at which we have arrived, is that musical works are greater in proportion to the ideas of beauty and truth they communicate, rather than in proportion to any impression of masterly skill in counterpoint they may give us. In the discussion of the main question, therefore, (namely, as to the rank of the fugue) it becomes necessary in the first place to inquire: What are the traits of the fugue? And then from a comparison of these traits with the general principles already deduced we shall be able to solve our problem, to our own satisfaction at least.

The grand question is: What is the true position of the fugue in the world of musical art? Now this question is not one already determined (as some might hastily assume), as is evident from the fact that different composers—acknowledged Masters, too—have placed very different estimates upon the Fugue. Some have ignored it entirely. Others have cultivated it—Mendelssohn, for instance—only as a severe exercise in composition. Others, again, have employed it more largely than any other style of composition, as, for instance, Bach.

2. And here I pause to remark that in my use of the term the Fugue is not a distinct musical *form*. For I use the word "form" to signify "any plan in accordance with which several successive periods of melody are associated so as to form one whole." The *form* is the plan of period-relation of the work. The Song-form, Rondo, Sonata and Fantasia are distinguishable *musical forms*. Fugue is a system of counterpoint; and a Fugue is a composition in which the counterpoint is managed in accordance with the laws of that system. It is not the plan in accordance with which the melodic periods follow one another, that distinguishes the Fugue from other compositions, but the *manner of the counterpoint*, and this alone. Any work in which the *voices* bear strict fugal relations to each other, is a Fugue. Yet it is possible that a work be a Fugue, and still be, as to its period-relations, a veritable Sonata. Bach's organ fugue in E flat (the so-called *St. Ann's*, I believe) is almost a Sonatina.

3. And this leads us to a closer survey of the noteworthy traits of the fugue. The one great feature of the fugue is the counterpoint. It is this, as we have seen, that names the work. It is indeed the culmination of counterpoint. Cherubini says:—

"Such as it exists at the present time, Fugue is the perfection of counterpoint. It should comprise not only all the resources supplied by the different kinds of counterpoint, but many other devices peculiar to itself."

"All that a good composer ought to know, may be introduced into fugue; it is the type of all pieces of music; that is to say, whatever the piece composed, so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

The fugues of Bach do have well-marked individualities of emotional tone. But they do none of them suggest distinct emotional states, or impress us, and elevate or depress the emotional condition of the listener to consonance with themselves, so decidedly as do many other works—certain of Beethoven's Sonatas, for instance.

Fugues are grand. Even the easy ones awaken impressions of power. They are restless, and when they cease it is not from an apparent fitness of necessary conclusion reached, but rather of arbitrary pause. For a fugue when "played, is not *played out*." You are conscious of no reason why it might not go on indefinitely—or, at least, as long as the counterpoint "holds out." It has a determined purpose, which is, to worthily magnify a given subject. In its extent, and in the determination of its period relations and paragraphs, it is strictly a *fantasy*.

4. Again. That last expression of Cherubini ("possess its spirit") calls us back to the delightful Editorial fantasy "About Fugues" in No. 686.

Certain compositions do possess much of the fugue spirit, yet are not strictly fugues. For example, the *Finale* of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 26, has much of this spirit. Now what impression does this Finale make upon us, as compared with other movements of the same work? The first movement, the *Andante* with variations, is full of soul. The *Scherzo* is purposely of small spiritual weight, in order to relieve the mind from what precedes, and preparatory to what follows. The third movement is the solemn Funeral March—a composition which with perhaps two or three others stands first of its kind. Now steps in the lively Finale, quick, impetuous, even mirthful. Two of the previous movements are full of spiritual meaning. While counterpoint has had a fair share of attention, it has been employed only in strict subordination to the "inner light." Impressions of Beauty and Truth have been foremost in the composer's intention. But now it is time to relieve the attention so severely tasked in this direction, and the resources of counterpoint are employed with a liberal hand to awaken impressions of delight more of the Intellect than of the Emotions. The melodic contents are significant, it is true, but they become infinitely more so in the manner of elaboration. This movement is needed to restore the spiritual equilibrium. From the whole Sonata, the soul awakens as from an elysian dream.

5. To conclude. From good Fugues we receive great pleasure. But it is clear to me that between the Fugue and Sonata there is a fundamental and radical difference, other than of form or counterpoint. A Sonata is a grand soul-picture. A Fugue is a grand *piece of work*. It may be a soul picture, too. But it is of a soul that is restless, striving after infinite development—a worthy strife, yet *strife*, after all; a *Becoming*, a never *Is*. To hear a good Sonata, rests one; a fugue invigorates, clears the head, but does not seem to me to afford *rest*. The grand task of the sonata is, to convey "ideas of beauty;" of the fugue, "ideas of power and relation." It follows, therefore as the former paper said, that the fugue is truly "less noble than other forms of musical art, in so far as it expresses less" of soul "than they."

That the Fugue *does* express less of emotion, but more of intellectual contrivance than some other varieties of music, is a matter of consciousness among the majority of thoughtful musicians. In any nation the number of those who do not coincide with this decision, may almost be counted on one's fingers. Now we can receive great pleasure in contemplating a neat problem in mathematics; but when one would seek to convince us of the wonderful amount of emotional expression and spirituality that is latent therein, we are reminded of the just remark of the poet, that

> "Optics sharp 'twould take, I ween,
> To see a thing that can't be seen."

That such optics are possessed by any, is to the "eleven obstinate men on the jury," a matter of profound admiration!

London "Music Halls."

(From "The Tomahawk.")

No institution has ever proved more thoroughly false to its early promise than has the "Music Hall."

We were told when the idea came first into notice, that its encouragement would assuredly exercise a beneficial influence over the progress of music amongst the lower classes; that many people, who now spend the hours of the night in dissolute indulgence at the public-house, would, in time, be weaned from their evil doings, and that the souls of our less wealthy fellow creatures would, in general terms, be ennobled through the gentle agency of art! In fact we were told all sorts of things, which, perhaps, we did not believe, and which have at all events, been proved by time to be not less fallacious than the great majority of predictions.

When the Canterbury Music Hall came prominently before the public, and set an example which has now been followed all over London—you may say all over England—the principal attraction which was put forward to catch the multitude was a musical selection from some well-known operatic work. The performance, we are free to confess, was somewhat coarse, but it was not wanting in a certain brilliancy and dash, and as there were one or two singers of passable merit engaged for these selections, we have no doubt but that with care and judgment the character of the entertainment might have been raised, and the taste of the public, as a natural consequence, improved.

Destiny has, however, willed it otherwise, and the Music Hall, as it at present stands, is mischievous to the art which it pretends to uphold. Operatic selections, it is true, are still to be heard, but they are, as a rule, so badly sung and vulgarly accompanied, that it were better for the cause of art that they should be omitted, and, in many cases, they appear to have died away—unheeded and unregretted—from the programme.

Nothing is listened to now-a-days but the so-called "comic songs," and, in sober earnestness, we must express our astonishment that human beings, endowed with the ordinary gift of reason, should be found to go night after night in order to witness such humiliating exhibitions. It is quite impossible to name anything equal to the stupidity of these comic songs, unless, indeed, it be their vulgarity. A man appears on the platform, dressed in outlandish clothes, and ornamented with whiskers of ferocious length and hideous hue, and proceeds to sing verse after verse of pointless twaddle, interspersed with a blatant "chorus," in which the audience is requested to join. The audience obligingly consents, and each member of it contributes, to the general harmony, a verse of the tune which he happens to know best. It not unfrequently occurs that one of these humorous efforts is received with perfect silence, and under such circumstances, it might not unreasonably be supposed that the artist would refrain, from motives of delicacy, from making his re-appearance before an audience to whom his talents do not appear to have afforded unqualified satisfaction. We are all, however, liable to be deceived, and no matter how slender the amount of the success achieved, the gentleman who occupies the chair will announce, in stentorian accents, that "Mr. So-and-So will oblige again"—which he accordingly proceeds to do, in whiskers more alarming, and vestments, if possible, more hideous than on the previous occasion. This species of musical treadmill is continued until the exhausted singer has sung four songs, when (if he sternly refuse to sing any more) he is set free, and allowed to exercise, over other Music Halls, the improving influence of his talent.

It might be fancied, that in hearing a song from one of these hapless sons of mirth we must have reached the lowest pitch of jocular destitution; but this is not so, for, however deep the pain we endure from the male comedian, the suffering which we experience at the hands of the "serio-comic lady" is even harder to bear. Her very title is assuredly a misnomer, for there is nought of seriousness in her performance, whilst as for comedy—Heaven save the mark!—she knows not the meaning of the word! She appears on the platform and, with saucy bearing and shrill voice, howls forth some ditty about "cards in the Guards," or some "swell in Pall Mall," or, perhaps, she will tell you a domestic romance in which omnibus conductors, or policemen, or costermongers, form the important features. Wanting, alike, in point, grace, or humor, these songs can have no purpose save to indulge the degraded taste of the majority of those who nightly fill the Music Halls; amongst such of the audience as have been attracted in the idea that they would hear a rational performance, there can be but one feeling—pity.

We would gladly refrain from attacking women, but in this case, we cannot be silent, for we are satisfied that these songs are not only very stupid but extremely mischievous in their results, and those who sing them must not claim at our hands any consideration on account of that sex, which they have outraged by such unseemly and unwomanly performances. Graces in a woman, like hope in the human breast, should linger when all else is gone, and it is because these "serio-comic ladies" have no vestige of feminine refinement that we condemn them hopelessly and unreservedly.

Whilst on this subject, we are reminded, perhaps by contrast, of Mlle. Theresa, the *diva* of the Alcazar, in Paris, and, so far as regards pointlessness and stupidity, we are bound in truth to say that our remarks have no reference to her; she possesses that which, in a different walk of life, might have enabled her to obtain a high position as an artist. As it is she is only a Music Hall singer—but such a one! No actor can see her, no musician can hear her, without marvelling at the rare amount of talent evinced by her. That her sphere of art is a low one—perhaps the lowest—no one will deny; but her pre-eminence in that sphere is also undeniable, and, at the risk of shocking some of our readers, we venture to think that many queens of song now before the public, whose names are cherished by lovers of the opera, will find themselves matched and outdone before Mlle. Theresa meets her equal.

But let us leave the heroine of the Alcazar. In England there are numerous representatives of her faults, but we shall seek in vain for anyone who can afford the least idea of her merits. We had a two-fold object in alluding to the Parisian *Café Chantant*, and, although the French Music Hall is liable to reproach in certain matters, we think that some things might with advantage be transplanted in England. *Imprimis*, you will find in most cases, a trim little orchestra of efficient performers, who rattle merrily through one or two overtures, a waltz, or a march, and so forth, and who, if need be, are fit to play a better class of music in fair style. There are generally singers of some pretension who are equal to the proper performance of romances and operatic airs, and, in short, the class of entertainment is such as reasonable folk may take pleasure in hearing. We wish that as much could be said for our Music Halls! Until, however, the entire organization of these places of amusement is remodelled, and until decent music and fair cultivation take the ground which is now occupied by buffoonery and vulgarity, no good result may be hoped for.

We have spoken our mind pretty plainly in this matter, and there are two and possibly more of these Music Halls which may not justly come under the strictures which we have passed upon the institutions in general. Of the exceptions which strike us, the Alhambra, with its well-mounted ballets and capital scenery, may be cited as one, whilst the music rooms known as Evans's in Covent Garden, constitutes the other. In the latter case, the audience consists of men alone, and the entertainment is made up of songs, glees and part-songs, executed by a well-trained choir, in which will be found boys with fresh and lusty voices, which it does one's heart good to hear. There was, it is true, a tuneral comedian there, whose name, we fancy, was Mr. Harry Sidney, but if we are right, he has taken his talents elsewhere, and at Evans's the visitor will now chance to hear good music well executed. The establishment is admirably conducted, and as for the beaming proprietor, may his shadow never be less, and may his hospitable snuff box never be empty!

It will be seen that we have not touched upon the more serious question of the evil influence exercised by the majority of Music Halls as they are now conducted, and we have purposely refrained from doing so. If the morality of a Briton is to be attacked, the best course is to make, in the first place, an appeal to his common sense. We have endeavored to point out the utter stupidity and worthlessness of the entertainments which are to be heard at these places all over London, and it remains for the public to contribute its quota towards a general reformation, so that, in time, the Music Hall may really furnish a home for music, instead of being, as at present, an insult to the art from which it has filched the name.

The Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World).

The meeting of the General German Musical Society held at Meiningen during last week proved one of unusual interest, as tending in some measure to show what is being effected in Germany by musicians of the present day. This society, which is under the immediate patronage of the Grand-Duke of Saxony, and owes its existence mainly to the efforts of the Abbé Liszt, was founded at Weimar in 1861 for the cultivation of musical art by the establishment of musical festivals, the revival of the less familiar works of undisputed merit by great masters, and the production of new works by living composers. Unlike our English festivals, which are avowedly projected in aid of some charity, or our concert-giving

societies which can only be counted as trade concerns, and at which, consequently, as a rule, only such familiar works as are sure to attract the greatest numbers are repeated from year to year, this society, relying mainly upon artists for support, is independent of the general public, and therefore in a position to produce such works as, it is thought, may prove most interesting to musicians, without considering for a moment the wishes of the uninitiated Under these circumstances the majority of the works produced at four concerts have been unfamiliar to the generality of the audience, if not actually new. Of the four concerts, two were devoted to orchestral works and vocal solos, one to Church music, and one to vocal and instrumental chamber-music. The orchestra, which consisted of the combined bands of the Courts of Weimar and Meiningen with some additions, under the able leadership of Herr Dr. Damrosch, of Breslau, was adequate for all requirements. Liszt, the accomplished man, the *beau ideal* of an artist, whose fascinating manners influence every one with whom he comes in contact, was contianally present both at rehearsals and performances, and by his kindly counsel and advice materially aided both conductor and performers in the accomplishment of their by no means easy task. Having diligently attended the rehearsals, which commenced two days before the first concert, and were continued daily during the festival week, as well as having been present at all the performances, I may be allowed to venture an opinion on what I have heard, though so much of it has been new and strange. Undoubtedly the most important of the orchestral works were Hans von Bülow's overture, or, as he himself designates it, "symphonisches Stimmungsbild," *Nirwana;* Dr. Damrosch's violin concerto; Liszt's symphonische Dichtung, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne;" and the "scene d'amour et fête chez Capulet" from Berlioz's "symphonie dramatique," *Romeo et Juliet.* As a work of art, *Nirwana* is a miracle of complicity, abounding in instrumental effects both new and striking. It is constructed on some half-dozen short rhythmical or melodious themes, one or more of which, either alone or in combination, are treated contrapuntally in nearly every bar, with extreme cleverness. Interesting as a musical study as the score of it is, the attempt to portray in musical tones a metaphysical idea of the utmost abstruseness, in the absence of spontaneity of idea and of continuous melody, results in an impression both dreary and unsatisfactory. Dr. Damrosch's concerto in F-sharp minor, admirably played by himself, proved to be a composition of remarkable freshness and effect, and free from all taint of eccentricity. The slow movement especially was full of poetic feeling, and, technically considered, exquisitely finished; the third, as rarely happens, forming an effective climax to the whole. Liszt's symphonische Dichtung, known in Germany as the "Berg" symphony, is an illustration of Victor Hugo's poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne." The poet hears two voices: the one immeasurable and gloriously harmonious, choiring jubilant hymns of praise to the Lord; the other dull and plaintive, and swelling into blasphemous cries and curses. The one says "Nature," the other "Humanity." These two voices are heard striving and contending for superiority, till at last they combine in a glorious hymn of praise. The theme is a magnificent one, and, as Liszt has conceived it, requires all the resources of the modern orchestra, including harps, bass clarionet, tamtam and double-drum, which are employed in a manner at once original and strikingly sonorous, without the least approach to vulgarity. Though one misses the melodious continuity of the older masters, there is melody enough of a fragmentary character in it to ensure a thoroughly satisfactory general effect, provided one is prepared to be content with the absence of the compact traditionary symphonic form. The applause which followed the most spirited and thoroughly finished performance of it imaginable was immense. Not less, and deservedly so, was that accorded to the scenes from Berlioz's *Romeo* symphony, a work more in accordance with the ordinary symphonic form, true to life and abounding in melody of the most telling and enchanting character, and one which may safely be commended to Mr. Manns for performance at the Crystal Palace in preference to any work heard at this festival. Of the other new orchestral works, including overtures by E. Büchner and E. von Mihalovich, symphonies by R. Hol and E. Lassen, and a pianoforte concerto by F. Kiel, it is only necessary to say that for the most part they were evidently the works of practised musicians, who show no leaning towards a new school, and are to be commended rather for their constructive ability and knowledge of instrumentation than for the originality of their ideas. The only other orchestral work which calls for mention was Beethoven's triple concerto, which, admirably played by MM. Lassen, Kömpel and Grützmacher, never pleased me better. At a concert of sacred music held in the church, several interesting specimens of old works by Palestrina, E. Fabio, David Perez, J. Seb. Bach, as well as Liszt's setting of the 23rd Psalm and of the "Beatitudes," the two latter unpretending trifles, were beautifully executed by the Zalzungen choir. The chamber-music concert principally consisted of vocal duets by Schumann (Spanisches Liederspiel) and M. Cornelius, all charming and exquisitely sung, as well as of songs by MM. Damrosch and Lassen, alike beautiful. The instrumental selection of new works included Liszt's "Zwei Legenden," for the pianoforte, entitled "St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds," and "St. Francis of Paula walking on the waves;" some variations for two piano-fortes by A. Deprose; and a pianoforte trio by Ferd. Praeger of London, whose only peculiarity was the lucky fact of its being in one movement. As remarkable artistic displays, Herr Remenyi's performance of Hungarian airs on the violin, Herr Grützmacher's rendering of a suite and a sonata by J. S. Bach (both for the first time) on the violoncello, as well as Herr Wehle's playing of Leclair's sonata, "Le tombeau," for violin and pianoforte, will not easily be forgotten. On each occasion the theatre, in which three or four performances were given, was filled to its utmost limits, and the festival generally seems to have given universal satisfaction.

From Meiningen, after a two days' *détour* on foot through the most beautiful parts of the Thüringer-Wald, a region which, though seemingly unknown to English tourists, is well worth visiting, I came on to Eisenach in time to be present at a jubilee at the Wartburg, in celebration of its eighth centenary. For such a festivity no spot more rich in German historical associations could be named. Here, in the Castle of Wartburg, the ancient residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, lived the pious St. Elizabeth of Hungary, with whose life and labors Professor Kingsley has familiarized English readers by his dramatic poem, "The Saint's Tragedy;" here the Minnesängers held their musical contests; and here Luther found an asylum from May, 1521, to March, 1522. The commemorative ceremonial of yesterday (the 28th) commenced with the celebration of divine service in the little chapel of the Wartburg, after which Luther's Hymn was sung in the courtyard by the assembled crowd. A banquet followed, and in the evening a performance of Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, by command of the Grand-Duke of Weimar, who seems to take a special interest in music and musicians, and who, on this occasion, has behaved with the utmost liberality, putting his palace in Eisenach at Liszt's disposal, and issuing invitations for the performance of his oratorio to as many as could possibly be accommodated. The space being limited in the Ritter-saal, where the performance, conducted by the Abbé himself, took place, there has been a repetition of the oratorio to-day in the church here, which, as it possesses no less than four galleries, one above an other, was literally crowded to the ceiling, and for which second performance, though I was the fortunate recipient of an invitation from the Grand-Duke for the first, I have remained. A second hearing of *St. Elizabeth*, in every respect a noble work, has impressed me much in its favor. The subject, though in some points a painful one, is admirably adapted for musical treatment. The work is divided into six numbers or scenes. In the first, Elizabeth is welcomed at the Wartburg as the bride of Ludwig, son of the Landgrave, by a wedding chorus of remarkable spirit and beauty. In the second, snatches of a hunting-song introduce Ludwig, Elizabeth's stingy and suspicious husband, who on meeting her alone and far away from home, inquires what she is doing. Afraid to confess that she is on an errand of mercy, carrying bread and wine to the poor, she is at first at a loss for an answer, but on Ludwig's pressing to know the contents of her apron, replies "Roses." Ludwig, thinking to detect her in a falsehood, tears open her apron, when lo! roses fall out! the bread and wine having been miraculously changed into roses to cover her pious fraud. The two thereupon return thanks to God for His mercies. Of this exquisitely conceived scene, of course, the most is made. From end to end it is thoroughly beautiful. The character of the music now changes in scene 3, in which occurs a most spirited march and chorus of Crusaders, with whom Ludwig departs to the Holy Land. Subsequently news of his death is brought, whereupon his mother expels her daughter-in-law Elizabeth from the castle in the midst of a terrific storm, which the music wondrously depicts. Elizabeth, after spending the remainder of her days in tending and relieving the poor, at length dies. Thus an opportunity is provided for the introduction of a prayer, a chorus of beggars, and, on her death, of a chorus of angels. The work concludes with the saint's last obsequies: in the celebration of which the ecclesiastical music introduced has the most telling effect, and brings the whole to a satisfactory termination. Contrary to expectation, though an ecclesiastical as well as a Hungarian coloring is faithfully maintained throughout the work, there is no lack of beautiful and simple melody. When treating sacred subjects, Liszt has fully proved in this and other late works not only his willingness to abjure his former eccentricity, but also his ability to appear in a simple and natural light. The possession of such qualities as melody, simplicity, and general effectiveness will go far to recommend his *St. Elizabeth*, a work which, I am inclined to think, will some day be accepted as the best and most original of its kind that up to this date has appeared since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Eisenach, Aug. 29. C. A. B.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 23. Early in October there is to be opened in Philadelphia a school of music upon the plan of the European *Conservatoriums.* "The American Conservatory of Music" the institution is called, and from the liberal scale upon which all the arrangements for a thorough course of study seem to be made, we may safely anticipate the achievement of much good.

A very strict course of study is to be pursued, no student being allowed to pass from the lower to the higher grades of classes without first undergoing a thorough examination. Much benefit can be derived by the study of the various branches in classes, and the school will also afford the best opportunities for private instruction.

The departments of Violin, Instrumentation and direction of Orchestra, and the German school of singing are under the charge of Mr. Carl Gaertner, our well-known violinist and composer. The Professor for Vocal music, of the Italian, is Signor Antonio Barilli, late of Rome, who comes to us from New York with a high reputation

Mr. James Pearce, graduate of Oxford College, England, and now organist of St. Mark's church of this city, will teach Organ, Theory of Music, Harmony, &c. Piano lessons will be given by our first professors in classes and privately, and advanced pupils are also to have the opportunity of studying classical music with violin and orchestral accompaniment under the direction of Mr. Gaertner.

Connected with the school is to be a library of musical works free to the use of pupils and to those elected by the President and Trustees. There will be lectures delivered upon interesting musical subjects, and modern Languages and Elocution will likewise be taught.

Our musical public as well as the students of the Conservatory will enjoy the fine classical concerts to be held at the Hall of the institution. The "Philadelphia Classical Quintette Club" purpose giving twenty matinées directed by Mr. Carl Gaertner, commencing Saturday, November 2, and there will be also four grand soirées. Both matinées and grand concerts are given for the purpose of instructing and cultivating the taste of the student of the Conservatory, each pupil being entitled to free admission.

Altogether we look upon this institution as one calculated to effect much in a good cause. The earnest student has greatly needed such opportunities for study, and time will prove what the undertaking can achieve. Your readers shall be duly informed of all matters of interest concerning the Conservatory, its concerts, lectures, &c., that come under the notice of the faithful recorder. UMPIRE.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., OCT. 4.—The "Heavenly maid," whose slumbers in the city of Elms during the summer have been deep and dreamless, has once more opened her eyes:—This time on the occasion of a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, whose name and fame may not be entirely unknown to the Bostonians.

Here are the selections which they offered us on the evening of the 3d inst.:

Overture, Bohemian Girl.....Balfe.
Ballad, The day is done.....Balfe.
Concerto, for Flute.....Briccialdi.
Larghetto and Tema con Variazioni.....Mozart.
Fantaisie for Violin, "Bird on the Tree.".....Hauser.
German Song. "The Tear"...p.....Stigelli.
Andante with variations. From Quartet in A, op. 18. Beethoven.
Fantaisie for Violoncello. "Souvenir de Halevy." Seligmann.
Tema con Variazioni, from posthumous Q't in D minor Schubert.
Song. "Stay with me".....Reichardt.
Drinking Chorus. Ballad and Chorus.....Meyerbeer.

It will be seen that the programme is somewhat meagre, including but four good compositions, and even this list was curtailed by Mr. Fries, who very coolly informed the audience that the Beethoven Andante would not be given, it having been put upon the programme "by mistake."

But the masterly playing of this Quintet is well known, and it hardly need be said that, despite the above mentioned occurrence, the concert proved a very enjoyable one.

We cannot praise too highly the manner in which Schubert's "Tema" was played, the only apparent imperfection being a certain mistiness in detailing some of the finer passages; nor do we speak coldly and critically of this darkly beautiful "song of death" whose wonderful strains seem to rëiterate, again and again:

——"The saddest story that art can tell,
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell."

Why is not Schubert better known as a composer of instrumental music?—and why are he and Schumann always under-rated?

Mr. Heindl's rendering of Briccialdi's fine concerto was thoroughly artistic, and deserved the tumultuous encore which it received.

With regard to Mr. Schultze's violin solo, we would observe that whoever prostitutes his talents by the performance of such chaotic trash as "The bird on the tree," certainly does so at the risk of his reputation as an artist; and furthermore we would, in all kindness, suggest that when a player is encored, there exists—in some minds—an absurd prejudice against his responding with a selection the length of which *very much* exceeds that of the encored morceau.

In Bridgeport, on the 27th ult., Mr. C. F. Daniels began a series of Pianoforte Recitations, or "Matinées," with the following programme, which will commend itself to all observers:

Impromptu. Op. 1.....C. F. Daniels.
Romance. Op. 3.....
Elegie.....Ernst.
Nocturne. "Les Zephyrs".....Chopin.
Prelude "L'Orage".....
"Hours of Elf-Land".....Stephen Heller.
Two Songs without Words.....Mendelssohn.
"La Nuvola".....
"Duetto".....
Lebewohl.....C. F. D.
Sonata Duo. Piano and Flute.....Kuhlau.
The Rivulet.....Stephen Heller.
Etude.....
Cradle Song.....C. F. D.

Mr. Daniels was assisted on this occasion by Mr. Dabney Carr, a flutist of rare ability.

Of the next matinée—which will be given on the 5th inst.—this is the programme:

"In the Woods,".....Stephen Heller.
"The Rivulet,".....
"Horns of Elf-land," (by request).....
Mr. Daniels.
"Break, break,".....C. F. Daniels.
"My love is like a red, red rose" (First time in America.
Miss Brainerd.
Five Woodland Pieces.....Schumann.
Mr. Daniels.
"Will he come," (First time in America.).....Sullivan.
"Nut tree".....Schumann.
Miss Brainerd.
Andante con variazioni.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. Daniels.
"Now the shades of night are falling".....R. Franz.
Slumber Song.....
Miss Brainerd.
Valse.....C. F. Daniels.
Dedicated to Mr. Charles Halle, of London.
Romance—by request.....

MERCURIUS.

P. S.—The Andante of Beethoven's *was* finally played by the Quintette Club. It was tucked on at the end of the programme, and, as I left the Hall immediately at the close of Schubert's Quartet, I was unaware of it when I wrote.

Music Abroad.

Paris

The Théâtre Italien appears to attract all the interest connected with music in the capital at the present time. And the attraction is almost entirely due to Mlle. Adelina Patti, if we are to credit the Parisian journals, who are unanimous in declaring the fair artist to be a greater favorite than ever, and to have proved herself entirely worthy of the increased favoritism. In addition to Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, Mlle. Patti has appeared as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Rosina in the *Barbiere*. In the latter opera the young *prima donna* had for her coadjutors, Signor Gardoni as Count Almaviva, Signor Cresci as Figaro, Signor Scalese as Doctor Bartolo, and Signor Bagagiolo as Don Basilio. The Figaro was tame and dull, and the new Basilio, notwithstanding his fine voice, had not depth or profundity enough for the music. On this account the great air, "La Calunnia," was the weakest thing in the performance. Mlle. Patti sang exquisitely, and made the old *furore*. She introduced in the Lesson-scene the Laughing-Song from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*, and, being encored, gave the romance of Mme. de Rothschild, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." Mlle Patti has also played Violetta in the *Traviata*. Rossini's *Semiramide*, it is said, is in rehearsal for her, and *L'Elisir d'Amore* is announced in the bills; so that in reality the popular *diva* has no idle time of it. Moreover, the *opera buffo* of Prince Poniatowski, *Don Desiderio*, will be *reprised* for her, with Signors Gardoni, Scalese, and Mercuriali, and Mlle. Rosello in the other principal parts. M. Bagier had intended to produce *Tancredi*, with Mlle. Grossi as the hero, Miss Laura Harris as Amenaida, Signor Gardoni as Alfiero, and Signor Scalese as Orbazzano. Rossini, however, it is said, showed so strong a repugnance to the revival of his early opera—especially with such a novice as Mlle. Grossi in *Tancredi*—that the intention is dropt, and the manager will have to look for a suppliance elsewhere.—*Il Trovatore* will be produced for the *début* of Signor Mongini in his popular part of Manrico, and Mlle. Patti will sustain the part of Leonora for the first time. Mlle. Derasse, three times first prize at the last competitions of the Conservatoire, made her *début* recently on the stage of the Opera-Comique as Isabelle in *Le Pré Aux Clercs*. She somewhat disappointed her friends, but she was terribly nervous, and by no means did herself justice. Her appearance, however, pleased universally, and her voice is described as of fine quality and well trained.—Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, *on dit*, is about to leave the stage. This intelligence requires confirmation. The popular Parisian *cantatrice* appeared, for the last time before her month's *congé*, at the Theatre Lyrique as Juliette, in M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*. She goes to repose herself after the fatigues of the season, and will no doubt return for the winter session. There is no reason whatsoever why Mme. Miolan-Carvalho should quit the scene of her triumphs. Mlle. Christine Nilsson will belong to the Grand Opera by the time she returns.

M. Bagier intends bringing out *Guercoeur* and *La Donna del Lago*, both for his favorite contralto, whom, however, he cannot elevate to the front rank of artists by any amount of frequent presentation or significant emplacement in the performances. *La Donna del Lago*, with Adelina Patti as Elena, would be interesting on that account, and Signor Mongini would shine undoubtedly in Roderick Dhu. Moreover, the opera is one of the most delightful of Rossini's.—M. Hector Berlioz has been invited by the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, at this moment sojourning at Paris, to pass six months this winter at St. Petersburg, to undertake the direction of the concerts of the Conservatoire. The eminent critic and composer has accepted the invitation, and will leave Paris for the great northern city in December.

The once celebrated cantatrice, Mlle. Merie-Lalande, has just died at Chantilly. She was born in 1798, and sang principally in the great opera houses of Italy, although she sang a season in Paris with Malibran, Pasta, Sontag and Lablache.

London.

On Saturday the Winter Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed under the direction of Mr. Manns. These concerts have long been justly apportioned a high place among competitors for public favor; and the care and eclecticism manifested in their arrangement redound greatly to the honor of Mr. Manns and the directors whom he serves. If in the formation of his programme Mr. Manns shows a strong partiality for Schumann, and if in his desire to introduce Schubert to the public, by whom this musician is little known, he selects some of the works least likely to enhance the German composer's reputation, the weakness is but little blameable in one who has so powerful a regard for his compatriots and whose efforts to familiarize them to a British public are always conscientious if occasionally unsuccessful. True to his musical creed, he opened the winter season with a movement from the beautiful ballet music which Schubert wrote for *"Rosamunde."* In this a lovely andante in G major, in which the air is given to the wood instruments on a pedal bass, is specially fine; and this, together with the succeeding ballet air in the same key, received excellent interpretation at the hands of the executants. But those who seek a meaning in music, and demand that a work, rounded and complete in itself, should express a certain conception perfect to its logical conclusion—should present a picture finished even to the frame and glazing—must be sorely puzzled by these *excerpta* from a large work. Here is the *entr'acte* music, but where is the key to it—where is the drama itself, which is the only key? If Schubert's music is to be considered illustrative and dramatic, we must know the subject of the illustration, the plot of the drama; otherwise we cannot say whether the composer has succeeded in his purpose or not. Mere fragments, without indication of their sequence and purport, are to be taken only for what they are—broken pieces. Besides this ballet music we had the Scotch Symphony, played exceedingly well, and the overture to *"Der Freischütz"* equally satisfactorily performed. The vocal part of the programme was given to Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Cummings. The second lady did remarkable justice to the contralto song from Benedict's *"St. Cecilia,"* "Father whose blessing," and was even better in a charming song from Mr Sullivan's *"Sapphire Necklace,"* an unpublished opera. This last was encored. Miss Edith Wynne also sang one of Sullivan's compositions, and Mozart's *"Voi che sapete."* The Palace has benefited during the vacations by improvements made in the orchestra and auditorium, and the band has been augmented. This Saturday we shall have Beethoven's B flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's *"Meeresstille"* overture, and an intermezzo from Gounod's *"Colombe."*—*Orchestra, Sept. 23.*

Professor Sterndale Bennett's new cantata, *"The Woman of Samaria,"* was finished with extraordinary haste, a portion of it being left incomplete until the last moment. Before sending it to press the composer has wisely resolved to revise a large portion of the work, and to rewrite some numbers.

VIENNA.—At the Carl Theater, Dittersdorf's opera, *Doctor und Apotheker*, first produced in 1787, has been revived with incontestable success. The music, though somewhat old-fashioned, and redolent of the periwig period, is exceedingly fresh and pleasing, more especially the charming duet, *"Veilchte brauchen keine Zeugen,"* the dashing air, *"Paracelsus,"* and the spirited concerted *finale*; but there can be no doubt that the admirable manner in which the opera was put upon the stage, sung, and acted, contributed a great deal to the triumph it achieved.

ITALY.—The following are the titles of the new operas which will, probably, be produced in Italy during the approaching autumn and winter. At Milan—*Giovanna di Napoli*, Petrella; *Patiphar*, Cagnoni; *L'Isola dei Giardini* (buffa) Dell Argine; *La Tombola* (buffa), Cagnoni; *Un Colpo d' Etat* (buffa), Lauro Rossi. Naples—*Gli Avventurieri*, Braga; *Il Figliuol prodigo*, Serrao; *Didone Abandonata*, Benvenuti; *L'Exposizione universale* (buffa), Filippi; *Mefistofele* (grand fairy opera), Boita. Whether any of these works will ever be performed in any other place than that in which they will be produced may, judging from what Italian operatic composers have written of late years, fairly be doubted.

BERLIN.—The management promises us, during the ensuing season, Gluck's *Armida*, *Alceste*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with a new *mise-en scene* for each. In the way of absolute novelties we are to hear *Des Sängers Fluch*, by A. Langert, and *Mignon*, by Ambroise Thomas, with Mdlle. Lucca in the principal female part. Nothing is as yet concluded, I believe, as to the production of M. Gounod's last work, *Roméo et Juliette*. In connection with the Royal Opera-house I may mention that Herr Wachtel, on his return from a long leave of absence, has received, in consideration of his services at the Court Concerts last winter, a very handsome present from the King.

The Victoria Theatre is to open early next month for an Italian operatic season. The manager, Signor Pollini, has already arrived. The principal artists engaged are Signora Sarolta; Signora Rosa Pollini,

from the Academy of Music, New York; Signora Moransi; Signora Gaspati; Signor Armandi, from Naples; Signor Bizzani; Signor Adriano Pantaleone, from Palermo; and Signor Carniti, from Milan. Signor Marchisio, also, will be a member of the company. The season will open with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. This will be followed by *Crispino e la Comare*, by Ricci; *Lenore*, by Mercadante, and an opera by Petrella, all three novelties for a Berlin house.

The members of the Neuer Berliner Sangerbund, an association including Erk's Gesangverein; the Melodia; the Cäcilia; and the Acadamische Liederkreis recently gave their second summer festival in the gardens of the Schützenhaus. Besides a variety of songs the programme included Mozart's *Dorfmusikanten*, and a comic *scena* by E. S. Engelburg.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 12, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

IV.

9. The following number, an Alto Solo, in E major, 4-4 measure, again, is in strong contrast. Two flutes, the *Continuo* and the organ falling in occasionally accompany the melody to the words: "*Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes*" (He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent away empty). The Aria has that expression of mildness and repose, which stirs our soul so beautifully, without wearying by monotony. The flutes move mostly in sixths and thirds, holding fast to an extremely peculiar rhythm, and only now and then are offset against each other in ingenious play. The words: "*implevit bonis*," and then again: "*dimisit inanes*" are expressed in a masterly manner; the hungry ones ("*esurientes*") have as it were a cornucopia of blessings poured upon them, while the rich ("*divites*") come out empty with a barren figure. The course of the whole aria completes itself so naturally and quietly, the direct intervention of the Highest in the fate of mortals has so many heart-winning traits, that one is almost forced to complain that the beautiful number should glide past so swiftly.

10. The charm of the last piece is one that seizes upon you immediately. Bach follows it up with a conception, full of deep significance, which transports you into remote times, into another world, a movement which may well be regarded as forming the very central point and kernel of the whole. The primeval melody of the *Magnificat*, which the Church used also for the *Benedictio*,—its origin dates back into the 7th century—appears now in the oboes as *canto fermo*, with three female voices (two sopranos and an alto) mysteriously playing about it, to the words: "*Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiæ*" (He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy). In gentle strokes the violoncello marks the fundamental harmonies, rather hinting than actual executing them. The *canto fermo* floats mildly gleaming, like a star, over the voice parts, lifting them as by a soft attraction to itself. The vocal setting, on its part, heaves and fluctuates towards it in lovely imitations, the several voices taking up the thread and passing it on to one another in artful involution. All seems to draw life and motion from the primeval sounds. For the two lines of the Choral the master uses two portions of accompanying matter: that is, to the first line the voices sing the "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*," and to the second line the "*recordatus misericordiæ*." Both divisions of the text, again, find their peculiar musical treatment. The motive to "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*" is employed directly and in the inverted form, a mode of representation which answers characteristically enough to the helping hand of the Lord; the "*recordatus misericordiæ*," on the contrary, develops itself without the use of such artistic means, and so all the more effectually glorifies the eternal mercy and compassion.

Although the voice parts in their circling movements sometimes cut across each other, yet these momentary hardnesses are always mitigated by the independent individual movement of each part, and rather serve to lend to the whole piece a certain extraordinary and mystical stamp. And this may have been precisely Bach's intention. The union of just those words, which describe the redeeming mercy of the Lord towards his servant Israel, with the venerable tones of the old *Magnificat* or (in the sense of the Church) the still more significant *Benedictio*, is surely not an accidental one and points to such a conception. If now we direct attention to the contrast of this number to the Chorus: "*Omnes generationes*," if we point out how in the two Christianity is first presented in its world-disturbing and then in its world-redeeming aspect, we thereby gain a new point of view, which shows Bach's immeasurable greatness in the clearest light.

The form and substance of the piece just analyzed have reminded us repeatedly of those imperishable words of Luther, which have such convincing efficacy because they proceeded from the deepest insight. He says:

"Where the natural Musica is sharpened and polished by Art, there we first see and recognize with wonder the great and perfect wisdom of God in this wondrous work of his called Music, in which *this* above all is strange and wonderful: that one voice sings the mere tune, along with which three, four or five other parts are sung, which as it were with jubilation playing and springing around the said mere melody, in all sorts of ways and sound, do marvellously embellish and adorn the same, and lead off as it were a heavenly dance, meeting each other friendlily and fondly hugging and embracing."

Powerfully confirming what precedes, there now sets in a Chorus, in D major, *alla breve*, to the words: "*Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini ejus in secula*" (As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever). Suitably to its contents, this text is used for a vocal fugue, energetically supported by the *Basso Continuo* and the Organ. That Bach is the unrivalled master in the fugue form, is universally agreed. And so here too he solves his problem with a playful ease and perfect skill. To the marrowy main theme: "*sicut locutus est ad patres nostros*" are one by one added various secondary motives, the first with the words: "*Abraham et semini ejus*," the second with: "*sicut locutus est*," and the third with: "*in secula*," which all unite together at the last entrance but one of the theme in the bass. The significant harmony of word and tone needs scarcely to be mentioned.

Bach's fugues are commonly written in a Counterpoint of as many kinds as there are voice parts employed. By an apt inversion of these the master with the simplest means often reaches the greatest effects. In general he works out his main theme in three, four or five parts, and gives to each single part a character as independent and as individual as possible: this material, almost exclusively, is discussed throughout the further course of the movement. Accordingly one might believe that here, after all, the mechanical prevailed rather than the organic. Up to a certain point this may be admitted; but then we must not overlook the way in which Bach knows how to invent his themes; he breathes into them such an elastic energy, that in all positions and relations they appear always fresh and new.

Towards the end our fugue moulds itself somewhat freely, and thus admirably prepares the character of the concluding number.

Leopold de Meyer.

A REMINISCENCE.

Twenty-two years! Much is changed in that time. Especially in the Art enthusiasms of a young people only beginning to become artistic. In music it is curious (in one sense sad, but in a better sense encouraging) to compare the present lukewarm interest in brilliant *virtuosos*, with the excitement which our first visitors of that sort used to create before the tribe became so very common. Ole Bull, for instance, and Leopold de Meyer—what a romantic Boanerges each was in his way, before we knew too much for miracles! The latter has suddenly re-appeared in New York, has been playing in several concerts, and the newspaper critics find him as rare a player and of as strong a magnetism as ever. Perhaps! But it is that whole *kind* of thing that fades out with such sure fatality. Who cares now for the showy Fantasias, the "*Marches Marocaines*," &c., however wonderful in execution, when he can listen, even here in little Boston, to the finest and the rarest that there is in the classics of piano-forte genius, with half-a-dozen capital pianists for interpreters?

There certainly *was* something remarkable in the playing of De Meyer; and we are tempted to look back 22 years and recall part of our record of a memorable evening. It was long before Thalberg or Jaell, or Hatton, or any of the famous ones had come; and it was when the modern virtuoso compositions, the Thalberg Fantasias, &c., were comparatively new to us and bound to have their run.

The wonderful pianist had no sooner established himself in commodious and elegant quarters in Boston, than the musical *conoscenti* were bidden to his rooms to have a preliminary taste of his quality. Some forty gentlemen were assembled, musical professors, critics, dilettanti, editors, in short the nucleus whose opinion is fame with our little musical world. With what feelings we went, may be judged from the views we have lately expressed respecting the whole modern tendency of music. The deepest in music we knew to be not of the order which makes triumphal processions through the world. Its true Holy Land lies quietly remote from these thronged public routes, its miracles are far less dazzling, its celebrities providentially reserved. Bach and Beethoven never had the *success* of these cosmopolitans! they were too deeply engaged. We went prepared to be astonished and delighted, to hear something which might compare with Liszt and Thalberg in point of execution, though not perhaps in deeper qualities. We were not disappointed.

The genial, hearty manners of the man established at once a most free and familiar relation between him and his guests. Hospitality and comfort did away with all stiffness, and created that happy harmony of circumstances in which every mind flings itself into its own easiest musical attitude, so that there is no *gêne* and nothing lost; for every man must cease to be a critic, and forget that he has any character to stand upon, and listen like a careless, all-accepting child,

or music will turn away her glowing face from him. Thus sure of us, he seated himself at his grand Erard piano in the middle of his company. A picture of that group would form no unworthy addition to the engravings of similar scenes in the gilt-edged biography, with which his London admirers have furnished him as an introduction to our shores. To be sure, there were no crowned heads in the circle, except some for whom, we trust, there are crowns laid up in heaven; but there were many marked individualities, harmonized by the common sentiment of the occasion; there were experienced musicians, and younger aspirants for the honors of virtuosodom, trembling between hope of learning and fear of discouragement from what they were about to hear; there were retired, eccentric enthusiasts, and professional advertisers of prodigies; and there were older heads of small credulity about things loudly trumpeted, pledged like ourselves to the older faith in music, who seated themselves with as firm a determination of resistance as the softly cushioned sofas would allow; we could smile at them inwardly; for, in spite of our essays above alluded to, we had contrived, by a little reflection, as well as by a certain catholicity of nature, to rid ourselves of all that, and were in a mood to enjoy him and follow him as far as he would let us.

He is a short, stout, jovial, healthy looking man, of light, flying hair, and full, blue German eyes. He congratulates himself on his advantage in being the only one of the great pianists who is fat; this enables him to bear the immense amount of physical exertion and nervous excitement, which is the greatest wonder about his playing. Indeed his *physique* is extraordinary; he is himself a Grand Piano, and can stand any amount of violent vibration without any symptom of exhaustion. He has nerves equal to all the will and passion there are in him; he can safely *dare* to do all that he *can* do, the want of which condition seems to be all that prevents many from doing great things. What more would smothered genius ask for than to have his nerves?

He began. A soft trill in the highest octave, accompanied with the most delicate pianissimo runs, continuous, clear, cool, liquid, and distinct, as so many little mingled rills of water; nature herself could not satisfy the sense more perfectly; we were children with delight. By degrees he passed into some quaint, lively Russian airs, one of which acquired a movement not unlike the *Galop Chromatique* of Liszt: wonderful variations succeeded, with a constant accession of new force, till he smote the keys with superhuman energy, bringing out such a breadth of harmony, that not inaptly has it been said that he "tears up great masses of chords by the roots and flings them about with a furious joy." The workings of his countenance grew intense, every muscle seemed to protrude, and the brow almost to lift itself off the head; his whole body played, he would straighten back and look round in triumph upon his audience; he would rise from his seat as if upon a race-horse; and finally, with the whole instrument vibrating like twenty, he sprang up into the arms, as it were, of the audience, laughing and shouting, with as much delight as any of them, at the admirable thing which had been accomplished. Criticism was put to flight; the resisting gentlemen were taken off their feet, and there seemed a general impulse to fling their arms about each others' necks, as in Schiller's Hymn to Joy. Joy, indeed, was the sentiment of it; besides that, it had little other; it was the prfeect gratification of the senses, and seemed to do one a physical good. No one stopped to consider that it was not the deepest sphere of musical expression; to regret any other sentiment would have been sheer pedantry. Enough that men, cold, still, conventional men, were surprised into joyous intimacy by the naturalness of the thing. He is the only musician who ever made us think of Handel, not for religious grandeur, of course, but for infallible health and power.

The next piece was a "*Fantasie* on the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*," in style his own as before, only with still greater contrasts, if possible, of passages of unimaginable delicacy with others of tremendous weight, and with yet more uncontainable raptures on the part of the hearers. His face after one of these exertions looks electric, as if you could not approach him without getting a shock. Then he sported with our Yankee "National Airs," which had the freshness of new musical curiosities to *him*, and furnished theme enough for some very magical *capriccii*. The Overture to *William Tell* opened under his hands into a grand descriptive orchestral performance. Then came his famous "*Marche Marocaine*," one of his most original compositions, and a work, though simple and plain in its construction, yet of a breadth and fire entirely irresistible.

But the master piece of the evening began with a Fugue, in which he twisted together a subject from Bach with one from Handel, (so some of the excited old boys told us) and then wrought the whole out in the extreme of the modern style; it was an odd marriage of opposite extremes; exceedingly complicated, yet every theme and every note admirably distinct and individual; and altogether a feat which we could scarce credit on the testimony of our eyes and ears. This was truly great [? 1867] music, and converted the experienced and cautious judges.

We describe the experience of that evening simply as it was. We attempt no criticism; we venture no conjectures as to how De Meyer may compare with Liszt or Thalberg; we care not to settle his rank as a composer or performer. Whatever his sphere may be, he exerts the power of genius *in* that sphere, and therefore must be in harmony with true genius in all spheres. A certain air of vanity about him we can readily forgive; he accepts the fashions of the times, and frankly shows it. But that his music is a genuine thing, and that his skill quite distances all that *we* have heard, is undeniable.

— That was in November, 1845; but now?—Will it be: "Look here upon this picture, and on this?"

Concerts.

We have had a few scattering concerts, but as yet no real opening of the musical season in a large artistic sense. Any stray opportunity, however, is seized upon by the newspapers to drag out that pet big gun of their vocabulary, the word "inaugurate." So often has this word been applied of late to things whose beginning is their end, things which do not go on, and therefore have no "season," also to things very trivial, that "inaugurate" has become degraded into the flash dialect; as now commonly used, it is a mere vulgarism for the honest word *begin*.

The Music Hall concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, on the 30th ult., was properly the prologue and show card to their "starring" tour Westward. It drew out a great crowd, which could be reported, and a host of flattering notices and *bon voyages*, which could be quoted in the multiplying mirror of Advertisement and flashed all over the said West: for has not the Club taken unto itself a cunning operator in that art, one of those nondescript products of a commercial civilization, called a "musical agent"?—Well, if they will only play their best music out there, perhaps the West, the Club itself, and Art may be the gainers; we sincerely hope so.

The concert was in many respects a good one, though of course not so enjoyable to a really musical audience as one of their quiet, choice little classical evenings at Chickering's. There was, however, much more of the classical than of the other kind in the programme, which was as follows:

Nonetto First movement in F, op 31 .. Louis Spohr.
For Violin, 'Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn
Vocal Quartet from "Fidelio" .. Beethoven.
Mrs. Smith, Miss Ryan, Mr Jas Whitney and M W Whitney
Concerto for Flute ... Briccialdi
Edward M Heindl
Song, "The Tear" ... Stigelli
Miss Ryan.
Grand Septet in D minor, op 74 ... Hummel.
For Piano, Viola, 'Cello, Bass, Oboe, Horn and Bassoon.
Piano part played by Mr Carlyle Petersilea
Scene—Prayer and Barcarolle from the "North Star" Meyerbeer
Mrs. Smith
Fantaisie for Violoncello. "Souvenir de Halevy" Seligmann.
Wulf Fries.
Vocal Quartets ... Mendelssohn.
Mrs Smith, Miss Ryan and Messrs. Whitney
Adagio and Finale, from the Nonetto, by ... Spohr.

The large instrumental pieces filled the Hall better than we could have expected, and yet they suffered somewhat. The impression of the Nonetto was injured, too, by separating the movements so widely; and in the first movement it was some time before the instruments got warmed together into sympathetic tune. Otherwise, it went remarkably well, and the composition proved to us one of the most interesting that we have heard by Spohr; the themes marrowy and concise for him, and worked up closely, with great economy of means, and at the same time clearly; it seemed in a healthier tone, with less of dogday lassitude than we are apt to feel with that composer.—The Hummel Septet is an unfailing favorite here ever since young Perabo played it in the Symphony Concerts two years ago. Mr. PETERSILEA played it clearly, firmly, brilliantly, but the accompaniment was not altogether felicitous.

We were sorry that WULF FRIES had chosen so weak and stale a theme for his 'cello solo; such fine art and feeling as his seemed wasted on such a showpiece, skilful as the execution was. Mr. HEINDL is a new member of the Club, and little as we regret that the day for flute solos has gone by, we did enjoy his admirably perfect execution; all thought of difficulty and short comings, waste of breath, &c. was for once forgotten; it was all clear, solid, &c. the low tones as beautiful as the high; [illegible] and phrasing perfect; light and shade, and a pervading good taste made the profusion of swift execution unobtrusive; nor do we remember to have heard a flute sing a simple melody more purely. Mrs. SMITH and Miss RYAN sang their solos remarkably well; the former has acquired great ease and purity of florid vocalization. But what we found most enjoyable in the concert, what *told* best there, was the Vocal Quartets. The wonderful one from *Fidelio* was truly well sung, and the mysterious, complex accompaniment well supplied by quartet of strings, reeds, horn, &c. And the two Mendelssohn four part songs, even the familiar "Nightingale," were fresh and inspiring.

Here is a programme of Catholic music, originally performed at the laying of the corner stone for a Cathedral here, but repeated last Sunday evening in the Music Hall, by the combined Catholic Choirs of Boston and vicinity, assisted by the Germania Band.

Introductory—Organ.. ...
Mr J H Wilcox
Prelude, No 1—"Harmoniemusik" ... ...
Hymn—"Cœlestis Urbs," Jerusalem... ...
Salve Regina, Tenor Solo ... J H Wilcox
Mr J H Farley
a, Hosanna, from Mass O Regem Cœli, Band Palestrina
b Antiphon, "Signum Salutis Pone" ... ...
a Prayer, Althorn Solo by Ch Eichler ... Beethoven.
b. Antiphon, "Mane Surgens, Jacob" ... Bach
Ave Maris, Cornet Solo by Mr Henry Brown... ...
a Antiphon, "O Quam Metuendus" ... ...
b Antiphon, "Pax Aeterna" ... Spohr.
Offertoire for Organ ... Battiste
Prelude, No 2, "Harmoniemusik" ... ...
a Antiphon, "Bene Fundata ... Bach.
b. Hymn, "O Sanctissima" ... Gordigianni
Am Charfreytage, Band... ... F Schneider
Hymn, "Veni Creator"... ... Bach
Ruhe Sanft, Sweet Rest ... Hammer
Quartet for Instruments
Te Deum, German Hymn... ... ...
Irish National Air ... ...

MR J. FALKENSTEIN conducted the whole, and many of the pieces were understood to be of his own composition. Without striking ideas, these were yet interesting, musicianlike in their quite contrapuntal structure, and well instrumented. We speak particularly of those two Preludes of *Harmonie musik*," as the Germans call music for bands of wind instruments. Some of the hymns and other choruses, mostly short, were also quite effective; others commonplace and formal, belonging we suppose to the routine of Church service. We are disposed to put an interrogation mark after the name *Bach* in one or two places there; but have not time to investigate the matter. The Palestrina piece, by the band, was solemn and edifying. The chorus singing, by near 200 voices, was some of the best that we have heard for many a day. We are sorry we have not room to say all the good we might of the solos.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS of the Harvard Musical Association. The sale of season tickets will begin at the Music Hall on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Mr Peck, of the Music Hall, announces to his friends a Concert for Sunday evening, Oct. 20, when Mrs JENNY KEMPTON will give us a first taste of her rich and now highly cultivated Contralto, since her return from Europe. CARL ROSA, Sig. FERRANTI, Messrs. LANG, THAYER, and others will assist.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, with CAMILLA URSO, will give a concert in the Music Hall on the 26th inst.

Mr. Harrison's PARTPA-ROSA troupe, strengthened by LEOPOLD DE MEYER, are to open here on the 4th of November.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing "Samson."

LOBE'S *Catechism of Music*. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. New York: Schuberth & Co.)

Lobe, as a writer on musical composition and æsthetics, is widely known and admired, but he deserves especial commendation for the clear and complete manner in which he has performed the difficult task of arranging the subject matter of this "Catechism." We do not know of any work, which, in an equally small space, explains the elements of music to the student in so comprehensive and satisfactory a manner as this. Of the merits of the translation we need not speak; Madame Ritter's name is a sufficient guaranty that her task has been performed with correctness, good taste, and musical understanding. We regret that the little work has not been more correctly printed; even on the title-page we find "Brodway" for "Broadway." A more carefully revised edition should be issued by the publisher. †.

LOWELL, MASS.—The *Citizen* has the following item:

VOCAL MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The committee on music presented a communication expressing their gratification at the success attending the introduction of music in the public schools, and also introduced an order, which was adopted, providing that they be empowered to purchase pianos for use in each of the Grammar schools.

NEW YORK. *Ernani*, *Lucia*, *Othello*, and the *Huguenots*, are the operas for the week. Maretzek's first novelty for the season will be *Don Bucefalo*, by Cagnoni, and is to be produced soon.

The first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society will be given at the New York Academy on October 25th. The Society has just elected its officers for the year: President, Professor and Doctor R. Ogden Doremus; Vice President, U. C. Hill; Conductor, Carl Bergmann.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn announces its first rehearsal for Wednesday, October 23d. The first concert will take place on November 6th. The pieces to be performed are Beethoven's fifth symphony, op. 67, in C minor; Berlioz's overture "Benvenuto Cellini;" theme and variations "Austrian National Hymn" (for string orchestra), Haydn; and Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture." Mr. Theodore Thomas is engaged as conductor for the season.

The St. Louis Philharmonic Society is re-organized for the winter season, under a new leader, Mr. Egmont Frechlich. The first concert was announced for Thursday.

The French Opera has taken a firm hold on the affections of the New Yorkers, and is doing a much better business than Maretzek's Italian Company. Offenbach's opera, "*La Grande Duchess de Gerolstein*," excites frenzies of delight at each performance, by the lively nature of the music, the excellent singing, and the inimitable humor of the acting.

La Grange and Brignoli appeared at the Academy of Music in Pittsburg, on Wednesday and Thursday, in the Operas of "*The Barber of Seville*" and "*Don Pasquale*." The remaining members of the troupe are Sasini, Maria and Sarti.

A complimentary benefit was tendered, on Tuesday evening, to Miss Caroline Richings, at the National Theatre, Washington, where she has been meeting with the most flattering encouragement. Benedict's Opera, "*The Lilly of Killarney*," was produced on Wednesday by the company, for the first time in this country.

BEETHOVEN. The following brief recognition of our old friend and fellow worker's good works, found in the *Church Choirmaster and Organist* (London), will gratify our readers.

Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethovens. Von ALEXANDER W. THAYER. Berlin. Ferdinand Schneider.

Ludwig van Beethovens Leben. Von ALEXANDER WHEELOCK THAYER. Nach dem Original Manuscript Deutsch bearbeitet. Erster Band. Berlin: 1866, Ferdinand Schneider.

Mr. Thayer's interesting and valuable chronological catalogue of the works of Beethoven, so frequently of late laid under contribution by the authors of the analytical programme of the "Monday Popular" and Crystal Palace Concerts, has at length been followed by the issue of the first instalment of his long-promised Life of Beethoven. As has seldom happened in the case of a new work, this has appeared in the form of a German translation of the original English manuscript. The impossibility of personally superintending the publication of his work in English, and in his own country, suggested this unusual course to the author, to whom the alternative must have been the relinquishment of the post he holds as American Consul at Trieste. Disappointing as this course must be to many Englishmen, the work, when it appears in English, will doubtless be all the more perfect for the fact of its having been preceded by the German edition, the publication of which, Mr. Thayer expresses a hope, will, by inviting criticism, not only enable him to substantiate the truth of doubtful points, but provide him with additional particulars. From the enthusiastic and conscientious manner in which, as is well known to those who are most interested in the matter, the accomplished American amateur has for the last sixteen or seventeen years devoted himself to collecting materials for a biography of the great German composer, it is easy to believe that in his book he asserts nothing as a fact, the truth of which he is not able to verify. Owing to the incompleteness and the unreliable character of all the existing biographies of Beethoven, just such a work as Mr. Thayer's promises to be when completed was most needed. Its early completion, and its appearance in English, are therefore much to be wished for. Only a small portion of Beethoven's remarkable career is disposed of in this first volume: as far as it goes, this is vividly depicted, with the utmost minuteness, in a plain, straightforward, and most interesting manner.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUSICAL TASTE.—In nothing is the inherent difference between the French and the English character more striking than in their musical tastes. The music of all nations which have produced music worth preserving is acclimatized with us, and we certainly exhibit no special preference for the works of our native composers. At the same time, the national taste inclines very decidedly to the music of Germany rather than to that of Italy. The fashionable world loves Italian music, but the heart of the nation is with the Germans, from Handel to Mendelssohn and Schubert, and in every concert at which the tastes of the more intelligent classes of English society are consulted the predominance of German music is almost universal. In France everything is different. The programme of the music performed in the Paris Exhibition building on the 4th of July was such as would be simply impossible in England. With the exception of a chorus from *Judas Maccabæus*, every one of the twelve pieces to be performed is either the composition of a Frenchman, or of a German or Italian who wrote for the Parisian stage, or who has made Paris his permanent home. Gluck and Meyerbeer represent the former, and Rossini the latter class; while the rest of the pieces are the work of the native French writers—Berlioz, Auber, Gounod, David, Adolph Adam and Méhul. Of the specimens of Gluck's operas, the overture to *Iphigenie en Aulide* is well chosen to represent the orchestral forms of his day; but the short selection from *Armida* is by no means the best that could be named for performance by a monster band and chorus, being light and airy, and full of quaint, old-fashioned grace. But the performance of such a thundering piece as the chorus of soldiers in *Faust*, with two roaring orchestras, between these two specimens of antique music, and of the rattling drum-beating overture to *Fra Diavolo*, immediately after the selection from *Armida*, can have only one result; that is, to make the music of one of the greatest of dramatic composers sound poor, thin, and formal. Modern music of all sorts is noisy enough, and often intolerable with its blare of brazen instruments and beating of drums and cymbals, and French composers are worse in this respect than those of any nation. But to play these ear-splitting crashes in contrast with the purity and simplicity of Gluck's orchestration is as serious a mistake as was ever made at an evening concert at an English provincial festival; and more than that can scarcely be said.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Since the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen has played only sacred music, and that chiefly on the harmonium. The eminent musician who taught her this instrument is now engaged in arranging for it, for Her Majesty's use, all the modern oratorios by Costa, Schachner, &c. The arrangements are ultimately to be published.—*Athenæum*.

The London *Orchestra* says: "The Americans are to have a great musical festival next year in Boston. Several of our oratorio singers—among them Mme. Sherrington—have been applied to by the projectors, and it is anticipated that the old country will be worthily represented among the principal artists taking part in the solemnity."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Vocal Beauties of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein."

Say to him. (Dites lui). Aria. 35

Could I as a soldier go. (J'aime les militaires). Song. 60

Behold the sabre of my father. (Couplets du Sabre). 30

Ah! 'tis a famous regiment. (Ah! c'est un fameux regiment). 40

Come ye pretty maids. (Waltz song). 30

I wear upon my heart. (J'e' t'ai sur mon coeur). 35

Good night. Song and Chorus. 35

Advance, in maiden beauty. (Nous amenons la jeune femme). Chorus. 30

The Prince to marry is inclined. (Pour èpouser une princesse). Song. 35

And is it true? (Faut il que je sois bète.) 30

La Grande Duchesse is the new sensation in the way of opera. It is by Offenbach, and though not pretending to stand among high-class musical dramas, is one of the most pleasing of comic operas, and is securing a great popularity. It is a chain of pretty little melodies from end to end. Of the above, "Dites lui" is strangely beautiful, and the Sabre song peculiar, and a gem of its kind. "Could I as a soldier go" is very easy and flowing, and the Waltz song capital to dance by. "The Prince to marry" finely his dismay at the saucy article in the "Gazette de Holland," and "Good night" is a very sweet serenade. "The famous regiment" is a bright, rattling, military air, and the rest are little piquant pieces of melody.

Proud Fontainblean. (Fontainblean foresta). Song. "Don Carlos." 30

I still can happy be. (Felice ancor is son). " 35

And she has loved me not. (Ella giammi m'ame). 60

Come, love, come. (Vien, ah, vien. Song. "Leonora." 30

Thou recall'st not. (Non rammenti). Duet. " 35

In the calmness. (Nella calma) Song. "Romeo and Juliet." 75

Six selections from Verdi, Mercadante and Gounod's newest works.

I wish I'd a string to my bow. S'g. *H. S. Briggs*. 30

Annie dear. Song. *M. Keller*. 30

Grumble, grumble, growl. Song. *H. S. Davis*. 30

"Songs for the people."

Instrumental.

Galop. "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." *Offenbach*. 40

Polka Mazurka. " " " " 40

Tostee Polka. " " " " 40

Quadrille. " " " " 40

Gems from the new opera. Very bright.

Romeo and Juliet. Fantasie de Salon. *Ketterer*. 80

" " " Waltz. *Leonie Tonel*. 30

Two brilliant pieces, well worth playing, brilliant both, but in different ways, and of medium difficulty.

Valse de Concert. "Sicily." *C. J. Hopkins*. 1.00

Great and effective. Somewhat difficult.

L'Orage. (Storm at sea). *S. Smith*. 1.00

Has a distant resemblance to other storm pieces, but is very original in its arrangement, and not very difficult.

Hawthorn Waltz. *Van Onckelein*. 35

La Brillante. Polka de Concert. *H. F. Hofer*. 60

Fine pieces, by good composers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 693. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 16.

The "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Translated from the German for this Journal).

We come now to Mozart's last and most perfect creations in the Symphony kind: the works in G minor and in C. They are almost twin sisters, for they were produced only a month apart. Although these sisters are incomparably beautiful, they differ none the less in features and in character. A dilettante of the eighteenth century would have compared the younger to Minerva, accompanied by Apollo and the Muses; and the older to Venus weeping over the death of Adonis; and he would have recognized in the one all the attributes of the heart, in the other all the gifts of the mind.

* * * * *

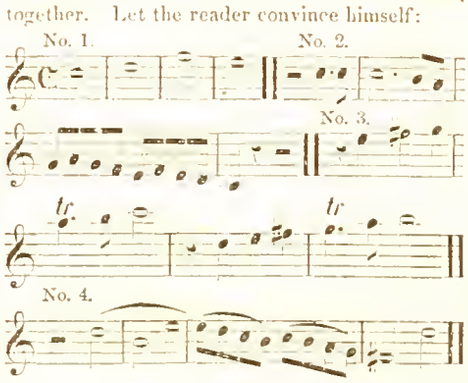
The man of all kinds, all expressions, all contrasts, has bequeathed to us a last work, in which, instead of the elegiac ode (Symph. in G minor) with its most sorrowful outpourings, we find the Dithyramb raised to the highest pitch of splendor, of enthusiasm, of sublime Pindaric intoxication and bewilderment. The Symphony in C shows us what glorious inspirations lifted Mozart's soul from the things of to-day to a better morrow, in the midst of the sorrows which he has just related to us (in the G-minor), sorrows inseparable from a doomed and already wavering life, from which each one of his masterworks took away with it a part, and of which already he began to feel the end so near.

One might believe that the Symphony in C had been designed to glorify some extraordinary event in the annals of the world, some exceedingly happy and ever to be remembered victory! The loud ringing pomp of the orchestra, which makes itself remarked from the ninth bar in all its might, decidedly denotes the joyfulness of victory as the ground character of the work; but the Theme, which precedes this outbreak of victorious joy, is double. It consists of a sort of proclamation or *fanfare*, upon which follows a little questioning phrase in tied notes. That is the main thought, the fruitful theme, which by its developments impresses upon the great jubilation of the Allegro a quite peculiar stamp of spirituality and announces itself to the soul as a persistent striving after I know not what intellectual heights, which the poet burns to reach, but which he only reaches toward the end of the Ode. There is nothing more majestic and more splendid than the expansions, transformations and analyses of the two fragments of the theme. The one resounds like the cascade of a forest brook, which the echoes in multiplied tones repeat to the mountains; the other figure, ever pursuing, under different forms, the goal for which it strives, now dives under in the bass, now floats aloft upon the melody, and now, gathered up in a powerful *unisono*, it mounts and obstinately makes its way through the lists which are firmly held by the extreme voices of the orchestra and supported by the long-drawn tones of the trumpets. An inexpressible, sublime effect. The middle portion, one of the most beautiful examples of *worked* music, is for the greater part made out of an accessory thought. This is the precious, not to be forgotten song of the violins, with an accompaniment in *pizzicato*, which, first heard in the Dominant, now transposed into E-flat major and treated as a subject, here furnishes the contrapuntal matter. Toward the close this song reappears in the Tonic as melody with new charms.

Andante, F major, 3-4 *time*. Whether the slow *tempo* follows a piece of energetic or of sad expression, or comes in after the outburst of a jubilant enthusiasm, like the first Allegro of our Symphony, it always indicates that moment of repose, of rest, of enervation or of intermission, which succeeds a spell of strong emotional activity. Here the suspension of the Ode, the Andante, gives us the image of a tranquil blissfulness, the pure height of enchantment. The theme, full of the most ravishing expression, and as singable as a piece written for the voice, occupies less room than Mozart commonly allows to the initial thought, with its modulations, in the putting together of the piece; and this comes from the superabundance of accessory thoughts, the number and the peculiar euphony of the concurring motives. This multitude of fine melodic details, mingled with long passages of demi-semiquavers and sextoles, these phrases self-multiplied in all their repetitions and imitations, spread over the piece a sort of twilight, while the ear loses itself with rapture, as the eye does in a thicket which the sunbeams penetrate perpendicularly, illuminating, enkindling and peopling it with a thousand fantastical forms. From time to time, though, some great opaque clouds obscure the blue of heaven. The soul feels the sting of a sudden pain, painful syncopations trouble the harmony, the Minor steps into the foreground and reigns through a succession of short-breathed and affrighted phrases; but these vapors without water, these unsubstantial shapes of terror, the humors of a moody wind, vanish as swiftly as they came. The sun prevails over all these impotent half-wills of the foul weather: his radiant face reappears with the theme, and the heart soars anew amid the beams of unextinguishable bliss. Mozart must have been satisfied with his Andante; we too are satisfied, and very much so; though candidly we must confess that we prefer that in the G-minor Symphony.

After the composer has rested in this sentimental meditation, full of charm, his fiery lyrical spirit is enkindled anew and breaks forth with impetuous, lively humor in the *Minuet, Allegretto*, 3-4, which they commonly take *Allegro*. It is made after the technical pattern of the older one in G minor, apart from the difference of the ideas, which is very great. The same nimble, noisy motives fill the two parts of the piece: but in the first they are presented in a simple melody, and in the second, which is much longer and more interesting, the composer has submitted them to the difficult test of wonderful contrapuntal play, after which comes a *Coda* of the wind instruments, not less wonderful than that in the other Minuet. The Trio is a graceful prattle, cut short awhile by some energetic phrases in the Minor, in which the obstinate tone, the E, blown in the octave by the trumpets, produces the finest effect.

Who could count the abominations which the learned ones of that day might have found in the Finale to the Symphony in C? How the fearful fugue with four subjects must have heated their poor brains! This was neither BACH nor HANDEL, it was none of their acquaintance; it was MOZART. Where could they have found a measure for him, who had shattered their square and compass? Some of their criticisms have come down to us as monuments of their confusion; some fragments which we have cited elsewhere, will suffice to give an idea of the difference between the old fugue (strict and regular) and the free fugue of Mozart, which does not subject itself to the methodical periods of the class and admits mixture of style. When we spoke of unity with variety as essential conditions of the fugue, we recognized that variety involved two principles: canonical imitation and contrast of melodies. Bach had exhausted the first means; Mozart understood how to win an advantage from the second, which contributed more than all else to lend to music a new organization. Mozart, who was not a less sharp-sighted canonist than Bach, but who was far more inventive [?] and incomparably bolder, wove into the contrapuntal web melodies so different from one another, that one hardly conceives it possible that they could legitimately stand side by side; and when the eye has finally convinced itself, one still asks whether it can satisfy the ear. A pardonable doubt, which the execution soon turns to enthusiasm. This Finale consists of four themes, which surely do not look as if they were made to dwell together. Let the reader convince himself:



At the end of the piece the composer brings them all four forward, and the answer to no one of them is wanting. The union of imitation and contrast certainly could go no further.

With such modulation, full of boldness and of genius; with such freedom of style, such incredible power of combinations; with themes so opposite in character and outline; with an orchestral accompaniment, in fine, consisting of from

fifteen to twenty [?]voices and instrumented after Mozart's manner, the Fugue must naturally have expanded its effects and rendered itself applicable far beyond the utmost limits ever dreamed of by the contrapuntists old and new. The fugue is no longer the mere abstract expression of some sort of emotion; it can become picture, translate itself into action, paint a battle or anything that is positive, without any danger of falling into that kind of music which requires a programme.

To keep to our example, what then is the finale to the Symphony in C, which dazzles those who read and makes the hearer dizzy? It seems to me, that this *Allegro* is the sequel to the *Grave* (representing the emerging of Order out of Chaos) with which "The Creation" of HAYDN begins. Light has illumined the abyss; the laws of creation are in full force; suddenly the elements, indignant at the new yoke, attempt a gigantic revolution to win back the old anarchy. Fire, Air, Earth and Water one by one desert their appointed places and commingle in the vortex, in which the germinating Order seems to sink forever; a sublime spectacle to contemplate, like every great rebellion of matter against mind, its ruler. But this propensity to relapse into chaos has been forseen; it serves, like order itself, the final ends of the eternal wisdom. The elemental forces may melt in one inextricable mass (the fugued portions of the piece), but they hear a voice which calls to them: "Thus far and no farther," and in a moment all is disentangled, and the young universe comes forth victorious and beautiful from the midst of this frightful confusion (the portions composed in the melodic style upon the same motives.)

Here we see the fugued style come out from the psychologically indefinite and abstract expression, within which it had so far confined itself, and by its union with the simple style, produce splendid analogies, to which neither the one nor the other could have attained singly. In this way Mozart seems to us the last word of the Flemish school, the primitive tendency of musical Art. Bach, who perfected the Fugue, so far as it was possible within the strict limits and the partially conventional forms, which the contrapuntists of the seventeenth century had prescribed to him, lifted the style to a very lofty height of grandeur and of science. Our hero enhanced this grandeur and this science by the wonders of his orchestral accompaniment and by the expansion which he gave to the principles of contrast. He understood how to make the fugue in the highest degree melodious and expressive, while he made it free. The old scholastic mould broke in pieces in his hands, and out of its ruins sprang its last and richest treasure, the queen of fugues, the work of works, the overture to *Zauberflöte*.

* * * * We have recognized a material analogy, in this Finale, with the ways which Haydn has adopted in the Introduction to the *Creation*. But all musical resemblances of this sort necessarily have their roots in a psychological analogy, inasmuch as the phenomena of the soul always find their correspondences in the phenomena of the outward world; accordingly in this Finale we may find the triumph of Order in the final supremacy of a thought that wavers for a time amid the many and the formidable images besieging it at once. From lyrical enthusiasm the poet has passed into the state of ecstacy and clairvoyance; what he at first related, he now sees; his power of will, at first active and full of insight, becomes passive and mechanical; he seems to obey an influence from without, which subjugates, transports him, surrounds him with vast illusions and whispers to him words, of which he is the mere echo. The human event, which he has been glorifying, transforms itself into the *second sight* of the poet, with the whole series of causes that have induced it, with the whole chain of consequences that must spring out of it; the past, the present and the future appear to him united, yet clearly distinguishable, in this indivisible point in which they come in mutual contact, to reproduce each other and then die. The mind yields itself to contemplation of the divine origin and forcordination of events, of the motive springs and reactions, of forces and counter-forces, of the coöperation and the conflict of sympathetic and hostile influences, of the whole wonderful mechanism, in which at first it is aware of nothing but a vast, inexplicable confusion, resulting none the less, according to our first analogy, in moral order.

We see that nothing yields itself to interpretation more than the ideal meaning of pure music, and especially the meaning of a Fugue. Every one can explain it to himself in his own way, according to the idea or the image which the hearing may chance to awaken in him. But whatever interpretation one may give to the Finale of our Symphony, all will agree in one thing: that it will dazzle those who see it (in notes), and that it must make dizzy those who hear it; a dizziness of wonder and enthusiasm. One must needs hear this music to believe it possible; it seems not to be, if studied with the eyes.

An impartial but timid criticism might perhaps ask, whether Mozart has not misused his genius in this singular composition, in order, so to say, to be gigantic and sublime; whether we do not find in it an excess of boldness and transporting power, an excess of combinations and figures, of learned harmony and canon, a monstrous largeness in the laying out of the plan and details of the piece, a taxing of attention even to weariness, an overloading for the ear, and now and then an obvious and culpable contempt of the rules which still stand in force? The reader may be sure we would refuse, with the whole force of our conviction and our musical sympathies, to join in such a judgment. Does not this music give one all that he can properly demand of it? Is it not in fact an exaltation of the tripod, which seems almost like delirium, denoting a degree of intellectual clairvoyance foreign to the normal state of man? Is it not that tremendous and eccentric power of thought, that shatters all known forms of speech, to recombine them in new words, new constructions, like the things themselves which the poet has to say to one? Is it not, in a word, the Dithyramb raised by music to its highest efficacy! In our view the Fugue in C is the masterwork of Mozart in the Symphonic kind and the highest expression of the kind itself, *the highest standpoint*. It is also the last effort of our hero in this branch of Art. Since Mozart could no farther go, he composed no more Symphonies, and left to his followers the glory of lifting this kind even to the Drama, and of characterizing their productions by descriptive titles which the hearers never could have thought of.

[The author here proceeds to show his utter misappreciation of Beethoven, in which we will not follow him. It is quite as remarkable as his appreciation of Mozart, and quite as blind as that is (to borrow his own word) "clairvoyant."—ED.]

The Welsh Eisteddfod.

The origin of the Eisteddfod, or Congress of Bards, cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty. The general voice of the learned, however, places it in the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who was famous for encouraging poetry and music. About the year 1100, this Prince invited a number of the most accomplished musicians from Ireland to assist him in forming a code of laws for reforming the manners and correcting the art and practice of the Welsh bards, who, it appears, for a long time had indulged in the worst disorders and abuses. Prince Gruffudd was Irish by birth, and had a natural leaning towards the music of his country; but, as none of the remains of Welsh melody can be satisfactorily traced to an earlier date than his reign, and as the 24 measures of instrumental music conformable to the laws of harmony were proposed and settled in a congress at which he presided, many writers, with some show of reason, claim for Hibernia the merit of having invented the most ancient and beautiful of the tunes attributed to Cambria, and of having first introduced the art of written music in contradistinction to that of simple improvisation. A further coloring is given to this presumption by the strong resemblance in style between the oldest Welsh and Irish tunes, and by the frequent employment of the minor mode in both. The question now is impossible to decide; nor has it any direct influence in the establishment of the Eisteddfod, which was a triennial assembly of the bards for regulating and amending the laws of poetry and music, conferring degrees on their professors, and contesting the office of chief bard, the successful candidate for which occupied the chair of the Eisteddfod until one more worthy and skilful than himself should be found to displace him. These meetings, in early times, were held at Aberffraw, the Royal seat of the Princes of North Wales, at Dinevawr, the castle of the Princes of South Wales, and at Mathraval, the residence of the Princes of Powis. Notice of the Eisteddfod was publicly announced a year and a day in advance. Twelve umpires were selected by the candidates. These umpires were skilled in the Welsh tongue, in poetry, music, and heraldry. It was their office to propose a subject for the bards to sing upon, in any of the 24 metres, satire, personal abuse, and amatory effusions being forbidden. The bards were allowed a certain time to compose their poem, or piece of music, which they recited or executed in rotation before the umpires. The unsuccessful candidates were obliged to acknowledge their defeat in writing, and to pay homage and fees to the victor, who was installed forthwith in the chair of the Eisteddfod, as supreme head of the order. The personal attendance of the Prince at all the meetings, and the difficult conditions imposed upon the candidates, rendered the bardic honor a great distinction. Before the musical bard could rise to be doctor, the highest rank attainable, he was compelled to study three years as a noviciate, three as a graduate, and three as a bachelor; at the end of which period he was styled *Disgyb Disgyblaidd*, or Master of Music. The fourth and last degree, that of Doctor (*Pencerdd Athraw*), was obtained after three years' further application. A bard thus distinguished was supposed to know 40 *cwlwm*, 4 *colovn*, 20 *cydgerdd*, 4 *cadair*, 32 *caniudm*, and 4 *gosteg*, to understand all the laws and modifications of harmony, especially the 24 measures, and to explain them as they were written in the *Llyvr Dosparth*, or book of musical divisions, to compose a *canaid* which practised bards should be unable to criticize, and to describe all its properties, divisions, and sub-divisions, licences, rests, diatonic notes, flats, and sharps, and every change of movement through the various keys. The *cwlwm* was a symmetrical piece of music, with words; the *colovn*, a fundamental subject or theme; the *cydgerdd*, a composition in harmony, or parts; the *cadair*, a "masterly" piece of music (a somewhat vague definition); the *canaid*, a song, or tune; the *gosteg*, a prelude or overture. Thus every doctor, to be worthy of his doctorate, was forced to exert himself in the composition of a tune, an amount of labor and ingenuity which now-a-days would render the distinction one of easy acquirement.

If the doctor was a harper he was supposed to know the three "famous" *mwchwl*, and the three "new" *mwchwl*, and to be able to play them in such a faultless manner that the established doctors should unanimously pronounce him competent as a performer, a composer, and a teacher. The *mwchwl* appear to have been the most elaborate and perfect pieces of

music. The three "famous" or ancient *mechrl* were equal to the four *cobon* or fundamental subjects; the three new *mechrl* were equal to the four *cadair*, or "masterly" pieces. Who originally composed these pieces, or what kind of pieces they were, it is impossible to make out; the researches of the bardic historians have left them enveloped in obscurity. As there appears to have been a prescribed number of each, we may suppose them types or *formulæ*, revered for their antiquity, which the bards were compelled to adopt as the basis of their own compositions, and hence we may explain why the Welsh, with all their boasted genius for music, like the Scotch and Irish, through a long succession of ages, left the art precisely where they found it. They produced a great many beautiful tunes which have outlived the names of their authors, and the dates of their composition can only be guessed at through the fog of tradition. In all probability these tunes are for the most part much more modern than it would please an antiquary to avow. Amidst a marked originality of style, the difficulty of adapting pleasing and natural basses to the majority of them is a powerful argument against those who insist that the early bards were skilled in counterpoint and harmony. All that the most assiduous explorers have been enabled to rake out of the ashes of the past fails to establish the shadow of a likelihood the other way. If the Welsh knew harmony at all, it must have been of the rudest kind. It is also confidently asserted that they were acquainted with the chromatic scale, but with due deference, we have seen no authentic specimen of their earlier music which enables us to agree with that opinion. The *Llyvr Dosparth*, which contained all the acknowledged principles of the art, in what the Welsh pretend to have been its most flourishing period, might have informed us in these matters; but unfortunately the MS is lost.

From what we have adduced, which at first sight would appear a great deal, it may be gathered that to rise to the highest musical distinction required on the part of the aspiring bards a memory sufficiently retentive to know by heart a certain number of received *formulæ*, and a fancy sufficiently lively to help its possessor to the composition of one *cawaid*, or tune; or, if an executant, to play these *formulæ* upon the harp, the only instrument highly esteemed by the bards, who consigned the pipe, the *crwth* (a small three-stringed harp), and the tabor, which they despised, to the minstrels and buffoons. In the history of bardish music we read a vast deal about keys, flats and sharps, &c., as well as about metres and measures (the measure was regarded as a corruption of the ancient metre); but if we are to credit Giraldus Cambrensis, secretary to Henry II., who wrote a Welsh itinerary, the bards only sang in one key—B flat—or at least they always began and ended in that key. Giraldus asserted that they did not sing in unison, like the musicians of other countries, but in parts. We agree with Dr. Burney, however, in doubting not merely the veracity of Giraldus, but his capability of judging. His own account bears absurdity on the face of it. He says (according to Edward Jones, author of the *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, and an enthusiastic advocate of Welsh music), "in a company of singers, as many different parts and voices are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B flat." That there should be as many "voices" as performers depended, we presume, on the willingness and ability of the singers to make themselves audible; but that there should be as many "parts" is quite another affair. We are aware that Tallis, Bird, or Bull wrote a canon in 40 parts, as a trial of skill; but we never heard of any body of singers attempting to execute it, or any set of auditors desiring to hear it, as a trial of endurance. To write clearly in four parts requires the most profound acquaintance with the laws of counterpoint, and the highest facility in their application—while more than eight parts renders good harmony impossible, and only engenders chaos and confusion. We very much doubt whether the Welsh bards were a bit more skilled in part-writing than the Greeks, and we are quite sure that the zealous Giraldus was perfectly innocent of the matter. What he could discover "softer and sweeter" in B flat than in any other single note, moreover, we are at a loss to decide. It is a pity he did not attempt to explain his sensations more minutely.

One of the earliest and most famous Eisteddfods was that held by Rhys ab Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, in 1177, at Cardigan, when, in a friendly contention, the poetical bards of the north, and the musical bards of the south, came out victorious. At this assembly the most extensive privileges and franchises were conferred upon the bards. Music seems to have attained its highest perfection, according to Welsh notions, in the course of the 12th century, and by means of the Eisteddfod was preserved from degeneration until the death of the last Llewelyn, and the imputed massacre of the bards by Edward I. in 1270—an event commemorated by the poet Gray in one of his most celebrated pieces. From this period until the year 1400 no record of the Eisteddfod is extant. The bards appear to have devoted themselves particularly to heraldry; every rich and powerful chieftain had his own bard to apostrophize his pedigree in metre; and hence it is to be presumed the noted facility of the Welsh in tracing their descent to the remotest antiquity. The warlike deeds of the famous Owain Glyndwr gave a momentary revival to the spirit of bardism, and some poetry dedicated to that mystic hero, whose name has been made familiar in the mouths of men by Shakspeare, the bard of all countries, is still extant. But it was Henry VII., a Tudor, and a liberal patron of the bards, who revived the Eisteddfod, after a lengthened period of decay; and, on the 30th of July, 1523, Henry VIII. himself summoned the professors of poetry and music to an Eisteddfod held at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, "according to the old statute" (as the summons states) "of Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Aberffrau." Again, after a long interval, Queen Elizabeth appointed commissioners to assemble an Eisteddfod, at the same place, in 1568, when Symmwnt Vychan was created the chief bard. The same commissioners summoned another in 1569. At these meetings the skilful bards were reinstated in their rights, and in the inclusive practice of their calling; the "not worthy" were commanded, on pain of being "apprehended and punished as vagabonds," to betake themselves "to some honest labor and livelihood." How would such a statute be received in these days, when bards of every nation and every degree exhibit their competency, or incompetency, "without let or hindrance?" It is probable that one or two further Eisteddfods were held in Elizabeth's reign, but the last Welsh harper of any celebrity, whose name we find recorded, was Twn Bach, of Glamorgan, who died in London in 1597. In the reign of George II., we read of one Powel, a Welsh harper, with whom the great composer Handel was so pleased that he wrote pieces for him, and introduced harp accompaniments, *obbligato*, in some of his oratorios, expressly to make use of his talent. Can this Powel be the same as the Powell of whom we once had occasion to speak in a history of the Festivals of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester? The last Royal summons for an Eisteddfod was that issued by Elizabeth, in 1569, from which period until 1798 the Congress of Bards was discontinued. In that year, however, some influential gentlemen of Wales, with considerable exertion, succeeded in reviving the time-honored celebration; an Eisteddfod was held at Caerwys, and premiums were allotted to the most skilful competitors. Since then the institution has been maintained, with few intervals, at the chief town of the Principality in rotation. About 36 years ago Mr. Parry, *Bard Alaw*, made the experiment at Denbigh of uniting some of the modern attractions of music with the ancient ceremony of the Eisteddfod. He was violently opposed by the exclusive Welsh party, and, of course, by the Welsh musicians, who preferred keeping the matter in their own hands. He effected his purpose, however, after some pains. Braham and Miss Stephens were among the singers, and a selection of sacred music was performed, in which those celebrated vocalists were assisted by a small orchestra and chorus. The innovation was warranted by complete success, and the only wonder is that Mr. Parry's example has not sooner led to great results.—*London Musical World.*

Cheap Music.

(From the London Orchestra.)

Among the many instances of cheap production within the last forty years, there is hardly any more conspicuous than that of printed music; it discloses, moreover, this peculiar feature, that whereas in most articles which have been greatly reduced in price, cheapness and inferiority are combined, in the supply of musical works the best and most classical are produced at the least cost. A Vocal Score of the "*Messiah*," which originally cost two guineas, can now be procured for a shilling; while the half-crown ballad of old is rarely marked at less than three or four shillings, and is actually sold to the public at half that price. The trashy productions in vogue in fashionable drawing-rooms are not materially cheapened; but the true lover of the art may indulge his taste at less than a tenth of the expenditure formerly necessary.

There are still we believe, one or two old publishing houses who rejoice in a limited *clientèle* who pay the full marked price for the music they purchase; and the accounts of some few exclusive instructors are swelled by the music supplied to their pupils being charged at the rate indicated on their title-pages; but, as a rule, no one now thinks of paying more than the "half-price," at which music used formerly to be supplied to professors alone. The commencement of this reduction dates from about the reign of our Sailor King, when those who wished to economize were accustomed to purchase "new music at half-price" of a publisher named Shade in Soho-square. Shade's publications were mostly non-copyright, were incorrectly engraved, and badly printed; but he drove a thriving trade for some time. Shade's success brought another publisher into the field—a Mr. Walker—in the same locality. Mr. Walker was an educated man, and a man of taste: he was also an author, and his romance of "The Three Spaniards," as exciting as the most sensational novel of the present day, was a marvellous favorite in the old circulating libraries. Walker produced a much better article than Shade; more correctly engraved, and with better paper and printing. His chief success lay in books of airs from Italian operas, easily and effectively arranged by Diabelli and others. These would be looked upon as contemptible in the present day, but they suited the powers and tastes of the bulk of piano-forte-players of the time, and were the chief means—in the dearth of operatic barrel organs and music halls—by which Italian opera airs became known to the public.

In Sacred Music Mr. Vincent Novello, whose collections in that department were unrivalled in extent and variety, determined on abandoning the "half-price" system, and reduced the marked rate on the title-pages very considerably; the step was unpopular for a time with the professors, who found their profits reduced, while the increased sale amply compensated the publisher for what was practically but a very slight reduction to him. The public, however, were great gainers, though the title-pages were disfigured by indication of the "Reduced Price," a practice still in some cases continued by the present firm.

In a totally different direction a movement was progressing which has had the greatest influence in rendering cheap music available for the masses. Moveable types had been in use in England and Holland for music printing from the early part of the 16th century, but they were exceedingly ugly, and only available for the simplest kinds of vocal music. This method had been greatly improved on in Germany, and one or two of the German founts had been brought to England. The music in the early numbers of the celebrated "*Harmonicon*" was printed from one of these founts, which was subsequently entirely remodelled by Mr. Clowes and rendered more available for general use. Three important serial works printed from this fount were published at one time: the "*Messiah*," destined to inaugurate a complete edition of Handel's works, by Messrs. Jones & Co., of Finsbury Pavement; "Sacred Minstrelsy," by Parker; and "The Musical Library" by Charles Knight. Both the last-named were under the supervision of Mr. Ayrton, and contained excellent selections of music, but of a somewhat too fragmentary character. At that time, however, the class to whom these works appealed were by no means inclined for large doses of classical music; and it was perhaps due to the smallness of the excerpts that Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hummel and others were tolerated at all.

None of these three works achieved any permanent success. Handel's works reached only "*The Messiah*" and "*Acis and Galatea*," till some years afterwards, when Mr. Surman added "*Judas Maccabæus*," and commenced "*Samson*" and "*Joshua*," neither of which, however, got beyond the first number. The "Sacred Minstrelsy" reached only two volumes; and Mr. Knight's work came to an end after eight volumes—four instrumental and four vocal—had been published.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Davidson of Whitefriars published at a very low rate sheet music printed from moveable types, with great success. Pains were taken to hit the public taste; and though not being confined to any particular school, and aiming merely at producing that which would sell, the undertaking was successful, and to this day his publications have a constant sale.

The circulation of these several works made known, however, the great advantage of using types instead of pewter plates where large numbers were required, and from that time the use of the former method has been continually increasing, enabling the production of standard compositions at a price ludicrously low as compared with that of the same works printed from engraved plates.

We have no space to chronicle the cheap publications of following years, and we therefore pass on to the present time. The large publishing houses have been always reluctant to cultivate cheapness; but Messrs. Boosey took a leap in the dark in the estab-

lishment of their "*Musical Cabinet*," and have no doubt been astonished at the happy result. It generally needs but a leader to take all the music publishers in the same direction, yet only Messrs. Chappell followed the example for a long time. Though Chappell's "*Musical Magazine*" has hardly been as successful as its elder contemporary, there can be no doubt that generally it has been a success. Both publications make quantity and bulk their chief ground of appeal to the public, a dangerous plan where occasional failure is possible; for in many cases the loss upon one number of their issue must hence have a very heavy drawback on the profits of others. The quantity of paper and printing in some of these works is enormous for the shilling which buys it; it has been quite needless, also, except for the purpose of excluding competitors. Another large publishing house, however, has now taken the field in the same cause; and Cramer and Co., having laid the public under heavy obligations by reducing the price of first class pianofortes (of low-priced useless instruments there had long been a glut) appear to be in earnest in providing a supply of cheap music. Availing themselves of the type music and printing machine they have printed an edition of Cramer's "Pianoforte Tutor," at a tenth of its original cost, making it the first number of a thorough "Educational Course," which if carried out as begun —and some half dozen numbers are now before us— will be one of the best and most useful works of modern times. The singer is also to be provided for, as at half the price of Boosey and Chappell's works they have already produced their "Vocal Gems," of which more may be learned in our advertising and Review columns. And much more is promised in the same direction.

Of cheap Psalm and Hymn Books the name is legion; and one is bewildered at the choice offered, and astonished at the impossibility of finding a really good one. The two which now have the largest run are "Mercer" and "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" it would be difficult to find a worse Hymn book than the one, or a worse Tune book than the other. We fear there is no speedy hope of the want of a really good book being supplied.

There is much bearing on our subject to which we have not even alluded, including the excellent collections published under Mr. Hullah's auspices, and to much scattered part music, sacred and secular, in various forms. The cheap publications of the Tonic Sol-fa schools have also had great influence. We hope to return to the consideration of these and other matters on a future occasion. In the interim we may congratulate the musical public—and the public are now nearly all musical—on an amount of healthful and available pabulum, which renders them —unlike the unhappy City clerks—quite independent of any projected Cheap Feeding Company, and which promises to increase in quality in proportion as its price is lessened.

Dr. Louis Veron.

The world of catholic art and literature has lost a chief promoter of art in its widest and most various forms. So universal were the abilities of Dr. Louis Veron, the Frenchman who has just closed a long and eventful career, that he might have fallen under the sneer of detraction as a Jack-of-all-trades, but that undoubted talent silenced calumny itself. And then he was a Frenchman, and in France genius may be diffuse and many-sided. In sober truth Veron's capacities erred not by being limited. A physician, a quack advertiser, an opera manager, a keen politician; the keen foreseer of the success of Napoleonic schemes, the supporter of the *coup d'état*, the cast-off champion of the Emperor; a Voltairist and a gourmet, and the *cicerone* of Meyerbeer to the French public: what man's life will compass more opposite ends and aims than his? What man save a Frenchman, and among Frenchmen how few, could live thus for thirty years in the whirl of journals, opera houses, medicine and revolution, keep his head cool throughout, and retire with a modest fortune of £120,000? But Veron did this, and died universally respected, and—albeit once a pronounced disciple of Voltaire—in the odor of sanctity. His start was made by marrying the widow of a patent pill proprietor—the *pate Regnault*: he then being a budding Æsculapius. He had done nothing remarkable up to this, beyond writing a treatise on children's maladies and practising as a surgeon; his marriage with the apothecary's widow gave him the first start. On the patent pill he lavished those literary talents which afterwards secured his success in every undertaking: he puffed and pushed the *pate* with invincible determination, and ended by making the drug and his own fortune. So much would have contented most *bourgeois*: not so Vernon. He forsook medicine and went in for journalism; accepted an editorship and became a politician. He founded the *Revue de Paris*; joined the *Constitutionnel*; introduced Balzac to the world by giving his works first light in the columns of the *Revue*. What bold and brilliant service he did in this arcana can scarcely be estimated: what warfare carried into the camp of the critics, what royal battles waged against bellicose journalists, what breathings of fire and flame against England, cannot be accurately determined, for much of Veron's writing was ephemeral—suited the time—and is gone. But France owes him a large debt for bringing out Balzac, and in after time, for introducing to the world Meyerbeer and Taglioni. Successful as he had been in medicine and literature, he succeeded equally well in the cares of theatrical management. It is in this capacity that he claims a special corner in the records of dramatic art. In 1831 he became manager of the French Opera, and the dash and brilliancy which had carried him through other speculations carried him through this. Auber is indebted to him, Rossini is indebted to him; he brought out Halevy's "*Juive*;" he produced the "*Huguenots*" and "*Robert le Diable*;" he organized "*La Sylphide*;" he patronized the rising young actress Rachel, and introduced the Elsslers. Four years of these sagacious labors, and he wearied of operatic management, but not before he had left the name of a far-seeing man of art. Then, having increased his fortune, he entered the Assembly, and simultaneously took service under M. Thiers, in the *Constitutionnel*, and fought for the Opposition; but after the revolution his prophetic soul soon discerned the rising star—the embryo Emperor,—and he threw M. Thiers overboard and worked heart and soul for the approaching Empire. After his election Napoleon was ungrateful: Veron's services remained unrecognized, and in despair he abandoned politics, and threw himself with all a Frenchman's and a Veronesque impetuosity into gastronomy. He became a *gourmet*; cultivated cookery as he had once cultivated medicine and art; grew more solicitous of the fate of an *entremet* than of the destiny of Europe. His dinners were renowned, as might be expected from such a host with such a history; his dishes were irreproachable, his conversation and anecdotes were excellent. In this peaceful manner he continued till Saturday last, when, surrounded by friends and living only in the esteem of men, he received the last sacraments of the Church, and calmly died. His career was eminently that of a Frenchman—something too shifty for our respect, purists may say, and yet he never altogether failed in whatever he undertook. His flighty medical youth brought him a wife, the wife brought him a pill, the pill brought him money, the money brought him opportunity for the exercise of a talent, versatile perhaps, but concentrated enough to do as much in a few years as other men achieve in a life. Each step was a rung in the ladder which led to enviable notoriety if not to fame itself; and if we estimate Veron's life by the service he performed to universal art, we shall find that it achieved results which can never be obliterated.—*Orchestra.*

[From Once a Week]

Charles Gounod.

Whilst the gracious love-music of "Romeo e Giulietta" is still fresh in the public mind, our readers may welcome a sketch of the life of its composer—a musician by whom celebrity has been achieved in the face of many discouragements, and who, in his treatment of the conceptions of Shakspeare, has been no less happy than in dealing with the masterpiece of Goethe. Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. He studied counterpoint at the Conservatoire, under Halévy, the talented author of "La Juive," and received instruction in practical composition, first from Lesueur, and afterwards from Paër. In 1837 he carried off a second prize at the "concours" of the Institute; and in 1839 obtained the first premium for his cantata "Fernand." Being chosen, in consequence of his success, government exhibitioner, he proceeded to Rome and devoted himself to a careful study of ecclesiastical music. In In 1843 Gounod visited Vienna, and had performed, in the Church of St. Paul, a mass in the style of Palestrina, for voices alone. Returning to Paris, he was appointed musical director at the church of the Missions Etrangères, adopted the monastic garb, and, until 1851, remained in comparative obscurity, it having been announced that he had taken holy orders. But presently there appeared in the *Athenæum* a paper, which was then attributed to M. Viardot, the author of some esteemed works on art subjects, containing a notice of a concert given at St. Martin's Hall, and the production of four compositions by an obscure author named Gounod. The writer stated that the music reminded him of no other composer, ancient or modern, either by its form, its melody, or its harmony; that it was not new, if by such a term was meant eccentric or strange, and not old in the sense of dry and stiff; but that it was the work of an accomplished artist, and the poetry of a new poet. He then proceeded to remark that an evident and real impression had been produced upon the audience; but that it was from the music itself, and not from the reception accorded to it, that he felt justified in predicting for its author a far from common career. The paper from which the above is quoted was inserted in the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*, January 26, 1851, and aroused the more curiosity as M. Gounod's "Sappho," his first attempt at dramatic composition, was then in rehearsal, and soon to be produced at the Opera. On April 16 of the same year it was performed for the first time; but its success was not equal to that anticipated for it by the composer's friends, since, in addition to a faulty libretto, it labored under an incoherence of ideas, an excess of recitative, a persistent avoidance of conventional forms, an inexperience of stage effect, and a want of periodicity of phrases in the score. In plain language, "Sappho" was a failure; but the poetic spirit pervading nearly the entire work, and at times asserting itself in brilliant flashes, convinced competent critics that M. Gounod might safely reckon upon ultimate success. In 1852 some choruses, written for "Ulysses," a tragedy by M. Ponsard, were represented at the Theatre Français. They were also performed in London about a year ago for the benefit of the University College Hospital. The composer aimed at catching the antique character, either by means of the rhythm or by unusual modulations; but the music, though talented, was monotonous; and the chorus "Servantes infidèles" was the only one by which any decided impression was made in London or Paris.

In "La Nonne Sanglante," a grand opera produced for the first time on 18th October, 1854, it was apparent that M. Gounod had made steady advances as a dramatic composer, especially in respect to arrangement of ideas and instrumental coloring. But the music was unequal, and in parts decidedly weak. The features of interest comprised a duet in the first act, nearly the whole of the second act, and an air and duet in the third act. "La Nonne Sanglante," still performed at rare intervals, was succeeded by an attempt at comic music in a setting of Molière's "Le Médecin malgrè lui," produced at the Theatre Lyrique in 1858, and in 1864 at Covent Garden. The score contains an ingeniously constructed tenor air at the commencement of the first act, an effective chorus of wood-cutters, an original and genuinely humorous song for the *Nurse*, some highly meritorious concerted passages, and a not wholly satisfactory overture. The instrumentation is charming throughout; but the finales are weakly constructed, and an affectation of antiquated forms impedes the flow of genial and expressive melody. More than once do we meet a foreshadowing of the love-music in "Faust;" and were the comedy more amenable to operatic treatment, "Le Médecin malgrè lui," termed in England "The Mock Doctor," mi achieved a greater measure of success than it enjoyed.

On the 19th March, 1859, "Faust" was produced at the Theatre-Lyrique in Paris, but by no means with the success to which its merits entitled it. The French public seems slow to appreciate art in its higher phases, and the verdict of Germany was required before Gounod's masterpiece could be accorded a genuine welcome.

"Philémon et Baucis," a three-act opera, performed for the first time at the Theatre Lyrique on the 18th February, 1860, comprises a delicious overture, a chorus of Bacchantes, frequently performed at the late Mr. Alfred Mellon's promenade concerts, and a few other agreeable *morceaux*, less generally known; but the subject of the drama is unsatisfactory, and real inspiration is less apparent in this work than in most others from the same pen.

"La Reine de Saba," a grand opera with a hopeless libretto, has never succeeded anywhere. It contains many salient features of interest, and, as regards pure musical merit, it is by some deemed superior to "Faust." It has occasionally been presented in a modified form at the Crystal Palace, but without scenery or costumes, and under the title of "Irene." It includes a magnificent march and *cortège*, some ingeniously instrumented ballet music, and one or two effective choruses. As a whole, however, it is deficient in variety, a fault chiefly referable to the character of the drama.

In 1864 "Mirella," an Italian version of the French "Mireille," elaborated by M. Michel Carré from the pastoral "Mirèio," was produced with partial success at Her Majesty's Theatre. The music, though admired by the critics, never became popular; and the libretto, which was in five straggling acts, and more of an idyl than a play, proved insufferably tedious.

In Paris "Mireille" was afterwards compressed, and brought out with some success in a three-act form; but it has been a stranger to London since the season of its first performance.

M. Gounod, as we have already stated, originally gave his attention to church music, a style of composition that he has turned to account largely in "Romeo e Giulietta" and "Faust," and more sparingly in "Mirella." He is the author of masses, psalms, and motets for a single or double chorus, for voices alone, or combined with the orchestra. The grand mass of St. Cecilia has established its claims as a favorite both in London and the provinces, selections with organ and harp accompaniment being given periodically at one of the fashionable west-end churches. "Tobias," a "sacred drama," a setting of the psalm "By the waters of Babylon," and some minor pieces, were performed for the first time in England a little less than a year ago, but without creating any favorable impression.

In his dramatic compositions, the author of "Faust" exhibits considerable variety, rich and luminous orchestration, novel and refined harmonies, powerful choral effects and a remarkable spirit of poetry. His recitative is usually expressive; but he fails as regards breadth, force, and dramatic intensity. His melody is abundant, but seldom strikingly original; conventional forms are to a certain extent disregarded; and there is an evident distaste for the elaborate finales affected by writers of the Rossinian school. In "Romeo e Giuletta" appears the adoption of a theory indicated in "Faust" and "La Reine de Saba," and exhibited with no very pleasing results in the "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde" of Richard Wagner. The ideal of the drama of the future is the subordination of music and the other arts to poetry, a doctrine ably illustrated in the second and fifth acts of M. Gounod's latest opera.

It may be added, in conclusion, that the subject of our sketch married one of the daughters of the late M. Zimmerman. In 1852 he became manager of the "Orphéon," a choral *réunion* of the Communal Musical Schools in Paris; but in 1860 he resigned his post to devote himself exclusively to composition. A new comic opera, promised by him a year or two ago, has not yet been completed; and it is a matter as much of regret as of satisfaction to learn that M. Gounod should now be expending his energies on a musical drama constructed on so unpromising a theme as that of "Francesca di Rimini."

ARTHUR OGILVY.

A Musical Wanderer.*

Every one who has travelled during the last forty years through the beautiful country of Thuringia must certainly have met with an old man, who belonged, so to speak, to the characteristic figures of the landscape. Many persons may not so much as have heard his name, but merely have carried away with them the recollection of an individual somewhat deranged in mind; others, however, may have made themselves acquainted with the history of "the old *Capellmeister*," as he was always familiarly called. One thing is very certain: the old man led a restless wandering life, and was everywhere to be found, and everywhere at home throughout the length and breadth of Thuringia. In figure he was thin, of middle height, and bent a little forward. Plainly, nay, poorly clad, he went about carrying under his arm a paper parcel, which contained music for sale. His high, broad forehead, and noble features, however, stamped him as no ordinary man, but a closer examination discovered that mysterious contraction and expansion of the eyebrows said to be a sure sign of previous or present mental derangement, and peculiar to many unhappily so afflicted. He himself would naturally never admit anything of the sort, and if, through ignorance or carelessness he was ever reminded of it, his blue eyes flashed in a truly wondrous manner. For forty years the old man wandered uninterruptedly about Thuringia, besides undertaking long and romantic journeys elsewhere. It is not astonishing that, in the course of so long a period, such a striking personage should become, as it were, an indispensable part of the landscape. Any one fortunate enough to hear the strange old man—who had offered him, perhaps, not long before, a piece of music for a few groschens—playing the piano, or the organ, could not help feeling that it was an instance of no ordinary genius hopelessly ruined. Such, indeed, was the case. In his younger years, years, in the full strength of youth, Louis Böhner, for he it was who was the old *Capellmeister*, ranked among the most remarkable professors of the musical art, and was the object of great expectations.

Töttelstadt, in the duchy of Gotha, where he was born on the 8th January, 1787, was his principal residence during the forty years of his restless wanderings in Thuringia. His first musical studies were pursued under his father, an organist and parish chanter, and his talent for composition soon manifested itself. His attention was directed mostly to the scores of Bach, Fuchs, Kirnberger, Frescobaldi, etc., while Haydn and Mozart kept alive and imparted fresh energy to his musical enthusiasm. It was not, however, till he went to Erfurt, in his thirteenth year, to attend the Gymnasium, that he followed any regular plan in his musical studies. Soon after he did so, his decided vocation for music was plainly revealed. The most brilliant star in the musical firmament of Thuringia was, at that time, Louis Spohr in Gotha, whither Böhner removed, in order to perfect himself under Spohr's direction. Spohr took a great liking to him, even procuring him the opportunity of appearing as pianist at the Court of Gotha, and very soon the young man had plenty to do as a music-master. In the year 1808 he went to Jena, where he remained two years. But he was then seized with his travelling mania, and after visiting his relatives, he set out, in the spring of 1810, upon his pilgrimage. He gave concerts in various large towns. At Nuremberg especially, he achieved a more than usually triumphant success. He intended to proceed to Vienna, but his plans were frustrated. His passport had not been visé by the Austrian Ambassador at Dresden, so, being obliged to turn back at Linz, he returned to Nuremberg. He was received with open arms by the friends his art had procured him, and speedily felt quite at home. He remained in this town six years, during which he resided, free from care, at the house of a friend endowed with a taste for art, composing and playing in public very industriously, while his reputation continued to extend more and more. His works met with the most decided approbation, and were taken up by the leading publishers, such as Breitkopf and Härtel, Hofmeister, etc.

Whether it was that the deaths of his grandfather and grandmother, of his father and mother, and of several of his brothers and sisters, which took place in rapid succession, proved too violent a shock for him, or whether bitter experience and events of another description obscured the entire range of his intellectual horizon,—one thing is certain: his fine artistic spirit began even then giving proofs of momentary derangement. The artist so highly esteemed by every one frequently fell into strange moods, which often degenerated into absolute delusions. It cannot surprise us that, under such demoniacal influence, he soon found it impossible to remain longer by his friend's hospitable hearth, but felt driven out into the wide world. Henceforth he never more found repose. At that period, by the way, the Fury of War brandished her torch over half Europe, and rendered a professional tour almost impossible. We see him there hastening in his flight, without stopping long anywhere, through Wurtemberg, Baden, Alsatia, and Switzerland, giving concerts only now and then in the larger towns. At length, through Wurtemberg and Bavaria, he again reached Leipsic, where he made a long rest. His concerts at the Gewandhaus excited universal interest, and such men as Rochlitz and Gottfried Weber entertained the kindest feelings towards the genial musician. Böhner gained, also, great honor and considerable sums of money by short trips to Weimar and Gotha, performing at the Courts of both places. In spite of all this, however, his hours of gloom returned only too often, and to the overclouding of his soul was added in Leipsic a gouty affection which for years caused the poor fellow most acute sufferings in the head. He soon felt that he could not remain in Leipsic, but must a second time go forth to seek an unknown and uncertain future.

He proceeded, in 1818, by the way of Frankfort, to the Rhine and conceived the bold notion of making, as virtuoso, a tour beyond the boundaries of Germany. It seemed as though, by this notion, Fate wished to open for him the door to happiness, to the friendly and flower-wreathed harbors of Life, but his Evil Demon would not permit it. Böhner first directed his steps to Hamburgh. Here, as well as in Bremen and Oldenburg, whither he made some few trips, he met with tremendous success, the ladies especially exhibiting great enthusiasm for him and his genial performances. The wealthy lovers of art in Hamburgh patronized him most warmly, and, in consequence of the reputation which preceded him thence, he met with a brilliant welcome the following year in Copenhagen. He now mounted, at one bound, to the pinnacle of fame and fortune. He resided at Court, and was the King's guest. It is to the influence of his Evil Demon alone that we must attribute the fact of his throwing up all this, and of his returning home, poor as a church mouse, in the most reduced circumstances. All Copenhagen, particularly the female world, had paid him the homage of unanimous approbation; he made a brilliant income and lived like a nobleman. But he suddenly tore himself away; set out on foot without bag or baggage; and for a long time wandered about on the high roads or in the forests. At length he returned to Copenhagen, and embarked for Rostock. Thence he walked to Schwerin, and from Schwerin to Hamburgh. Never could he find rest; nay, he did not even dare to enter a house, but every day walked fifteen leagues or more. Without stopping anywhere he pursued his romantic way through Hanover, Hildesheim, and Nordhausen to Gotha, and the reader may conceive his condition on reaching that town. His luggage, which included several valuable manuscripts, was never forwarded him, though he asserted he had sent it off by the post from Copenhagen. How fearful his journey must have been may be inferred from the fact that once in the neighborhood of Hamburgh he was nearly swallowed up in a swamp, having entirely lost his way in a wood, so dark was the night.

From this time he settled in his native town of Töttelstadt, if, indeed, "settled" is the correct term, for it was now that his restless wanderings up and down Thuringia began, wanderings which lasted, almost without interruption, from the year 1820 to the year 1860, the year of his death, and caused him soon to be known to both old and young as "the old *Capellmeister*." There are numerous episodes and anecdotes related of him during this period. It is evident from many of them that he suffered more or less from delusions, but in many of them there speaks the highly gifted artist, who, in his endless and magnificent extemporizings on the piano could utterly forget himself and all around to dive down beneath the waves of tone. "Full of magic charm," says his poetical friend, Müller von der Werra, "were his chains of fanciful ideas, from which he frequently could not tear himself, sitting for days and sometimes whole nights and playing uninterruptedly on the piano. Had he not worn the clothes of a beggar, he might have been mistaken for some supernatural being."

For forty years, that is up to 1860, did he wander thus restlessly about. At the beginning of 1860 (on the 28th of March), he died rather suddenly in Gotha, in consequence of a severe cold caught on one of his peregrinations which he had been induced by a strange whim to undertake. His friend, L. Storch, the well known poet, had published a sketch of him in the *Gartenlaube*. Böhner felt deeply offended because the occasional fits of mental derangement to which he was subject had been too plainly hinted at by his friend. He determined to go to Leipsic for the purpose of persuading the editor of the periodical in question to print another Biography. All the arguments of his friends at Gotha were unavailing to divert him from his project. He started, but got no farther than Erfurt, whence he was obliged to return to Gotha. After keeping his bed for a short time, he expired, to find in death that repose which he had vainly sought in life.

His compositions are numerous; they all breathe the pleasing, light spirit of his great model, Mozart. Numerous, too, are, probably, his unpublished smaller productions, which he sold in manuscript during his wanderings. At any rate, many of his small songs have been vocally preserved by the lower classes in Thuringia, and it is said that many a melody entitled a Thuringian folk's-song is due to him. We will remind our readers only of the universally known "Ach, wie ist's möglich dann," etc. It would, perhaps, be a difficult task to determine what foundation there is for the report that C. M. von Weber borrowed some of the finest melodies in *Der Freischütz* (even the "Bridal Chorus" for instance) from Thuringian folk's-songs emanating from Böhner. Though the rich genius of a man like Weber did not require to borrow from any one, still that does not say that strange strains of a national character might not have retained a firm possession of his ear, and, remodelled in his own mind, have been reproduced at the proper time. Böhner himself is stated to have expressed similar sentiments on this subject. Many of his orchestral compositions deserve to be rescued from oblivion; they are very far superior to the mediocre productions with which the managers of our exceedingly numerous Garden Concerts are accustomed to overwhelm us.

* From the *Neue Berliner Music-Zeitung*.

CARL SENTZ is giving a series of orchestral matinées in Philadelphia. The orchestra is large, trained and well handled. The performance is usually made up of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart and Hayden, though Wagner sometimes finds a place.

Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony is to be revived in London.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 26, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

(Concluded).

V.

12. With the "*Sicut locutus est*" Mary's song of praise is properly ended. But for a more definite rounding off of the *Magnificat*, the verse: "*Gloria Patri, gloria Filio, gloria Spiritui Sancto! Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum, Amen*," is added, once more summing up the whole in a grand, broad feeling.

This concluding piece is divided in its outward structure into two main parts, the first taking the words "*Gloria Patri*," &c., and the second the "*Sicut erat in principio*, (As it was in the beginning), &c. The five chorus parts, accompanied by the orchestra, with the exception of the trumpets and drums, which only come in at the "*gloria spiritui Sancto*, and the organ, break out at first in a short, energetic exclamation: "*Gloria!*" Thereupon the Organ, *tasto solo*, holds out the deep A as organ-point, upon which now an unprecedented tone-picture builds itself up. The Bass, followed by the other voice parts at intervals of half a measure, unrolls without further accompaniment a strongly soaring triplet figure, which, after traversing three bars, plunges into the "gloria Patri," flashing as with super-earthly splendor, when the orchestra again falls in with all its might, resuming that loud exclamation. These sweeping onsets are repeated on the organ-point E, only reversing the order in which the voices enter, to the "*gloria Filio*," and then again upon the organ-point B, but with a new motive, to the "*gloria Spiritui sancto*."—The voices in the eager rush of their ascent to the triune God seem to tumble over one another, until the need of community again unites them upon far-resounding *five-six* chords; they seem to wish to take heaven by storm, but to sink upon their knees, not crushed, but jubilant, before the eternal splendor. And here right clearly Music shows the power peculiar to itself alone, of representing highest transcendental moods in full reality; the expressive faculty of other arts is very far from reaching it in this direction.

After this introduction follows the second half of the chorus, with the words: "*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in secula seculorum, Amen.*" Bach here turns back to the opening number of the work, letting its leading motive float before us once more in a condensed form. The satisfactory rounding off thus given to the whole work is worthily in keeping with the preceding traits of perfect beauty.

Having thus subjected each single number of the *Magnificat* to a special examination, with attempt to show its high worth, it now remains to us to consider the work as a whole. The fuller the discussion has been thus far, the shorter we can afford to make it now.

Each one of Bach's works shows the most consistent and decided mood, one thought, one tone of feeling running through the whole. To our time, pre-occupied so greatly by particulars, it is almost incomprehensible how the old masters, with all their love of detail, knew how to keep the eye always clear and free, so as never to neglect for that the general fundamental relations and their harmonious connection. Their artistic feeling was altogether unitary—a pure, transparent atmosphere spreads itself unclouded over their works; a uniform light, the reflection of the artist's own calm soul, pervades the world, with all its images, of their creation. Nowhere do you perceive aught that is accidental or superfluous; on the contrary each one thing so necessarily conditions every other, that all seems to have sprung as from a common central point. Our *Magnificat* confirms this observation. In all the variety that it affords in single parts, in the most violent contrasts that oppose each other, in spite of the ever growing climax, there still reigns in the whole a childlike *naivete*, which solves all difficulties as if in play and in complete unconsciousness dares to attempt the highest and achieves it. Bach was really a *whole* man, whose inner life could tolerate no contradictions; as in the detail of his music kindred elements shoot together as it were, and crystallize, rejecting everything extraneous, so instinctively with him the larger relations unite in one whole, which suffers nothing unharmonious to have part in it.

Before such manifestations all criticism ceases; it can only yield itself, a modest listener and observer, to the wonderful achievements of the Master; if it can exercise its negative attributes but sparingly on such works, it may interest itself in them all the more positively for that. In this sense we permit ourselves a few passing remarks.

In form the *Magnificat* is distinguished from many other church works of Bach by the particularly concise, short form both of the choruses and solo songs. The latter, especially, show a great precision of conture: if the ground form of the Aria, the trine division, is perceptible, still it appears rather indicated than actually worked out. This was partly conditioned by the text, which in the single verses offers but little of antithesis; partly by the general course of the work, which in its very nature moves on swiftly and decidedly.—In the same way the choruses, perhaps with the exception of the first, are kept very condensed and compact, and give most valid proof of what self-limitation Bach was capable upon occasion.

The treatment of the vocal parts must be called in general very happy and successful. Nowhere is the singer obliged to make use of the unusual registers of his organ; he can preserve its strength and freshness to the end. The melodies are for the most part easy to take up, always impressive, and thus facilitate an expressive rendering.

The orchestra, likewise, offers no especial difficulties: with the exception of the trumpets, of which to be sure things are expected which our modern *technique* can no more accomplish, all is convenient of execution.

Accordingly, so far as the work itself is concerned, the way is made smooth for bringing it fitly before the world: and we trust that it has only needed these hints to help secure it this its good right. It is certainly high time to work against the whole superficiality of taste by the revival of this and similar creations of the older Art. The performance of the Matthew *Passion* through Mendelssohn was an epoch-making act, which woke to new life the darling child of the Bach Muse lying in the stiff sleep of death: may such deeds soon be done, and in great number, with regard to similar works of the Master! A work of Art first gains its true significance when it can actually exercise before all the world the power which the artist has lent to it: *he* has done his duty, now let those, who call themselves his followers, do theirs! The public can only be the gainer by such efforts. * * *

Symphony Concerts.

The feasts of great orchestral music soon come round again. The Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, which have won so good a name by keeping up to their mark so truly for two winters past, begin again on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7, with a larger subscription than before already secured and with prospect of a very interesting season. The programme of the opening Concert, partly by design, and partly as a short way out of unexpected difficulties in making up a programme, on account of disappointments in the hope of solo artists, will be an experiment. For once it is proposed to give a regular Berlin programme, after the model of the Symphony Soirées of the Royal Orchestra, which for many years have invariably consisted of two Symphonies and two Overtures,—nothing else. In this case, however, the strain of constant listening to full orchestra (imaginary to a great extent) will be relieved by a choice vocal solo between each Overture and Symphony. Whether such a selection can prove enjoyable to a whole audience depends entirely upon *what* Symphonies and Overtures are played. The must not be too long, nor "heavy" (in respect of poetry, meaning, beauty), and they must be well contrasted. These conditions, we think, are answered in the selection of this programme:

PART I.

Dedication Overture, (Die Weihe des Hauses,") op. 124. *Beethoven.*
Tenor Aria from the "Seraglio,"..... *Mozart.*
Symphony in C ("Jupiter.")..... "

PART II.

Overture: "In the Highlands,"..... *Gade.*
Songs..... *Schubert.*
"Scotch" Symphony..... *Mendelssohn.*

Here the music of the first part is of the older classical period, in its highest bloom; while that of the second is modern and romantic, in its way also of the best. Both Symphonies have long been popular and always taking with a Boston audience; each is full of life, variety and sparkle in itself; for a good Symphony is not merely one long piece, it is a well contrived *variety* of pieces which relieve one another by contrast of rhythm, mood of feeling, color and whole character:—so much so that a Symphony is in itself the best type of a true programme. It is mere fancy, therefore, when people talk of the monotony of listening to a good Symphony! Besides, a Concerto is in form and length and genius (when it has any) a Symphony; and it is just in place of the usual piano or violin Concerto that we now put the second Symphony; the only difference being that there is not the *extra*-musical, personal interest about one artist brought virtuoso-like into the foreground.

All of the four pieces are new to these Concerts, and the two Overtures are wholly new to a Boston audience. That by Beethoven, written for the opening of a theatre in Vienna, is exceedingly grand, broad, solemn, almost churchlike

in the beginning, with prominent passages for the four horns, the bassoons, the clarinets, &c., taxing the full powers of the orchestra, which work themselves up by degrees into an uncontainable enthusiasm, that finds vent in a rapid finale with a vigorous, quaint Handelian sort of theme, that is wrought up contrapuntally together with a second theme. It cannot fail to excite and please. And it may be interesting to compare this ending of the Beethoven Overture with the famous fugue Finale with four subjects in the Mozart Symphony which follows.

The Gade Overture: "Im Hochland," is a short, delicious, perfectly characteristic and poetic tone-picture,—one of his most genial and happy works; no better prelude could there be, we fancy, to the Scotch Symphony of Mendelssohn.—As for the vocal pieces, the "Costanza" aria from the "*Entführung aus dem Serail*," is both in song and orchestral accompaniment about the loveliest and noblest of all Mozart's tenor songs, and we believe the person has been found to sing it as it should be sung.

Should this experiment of the two Symphonies take well with the audience, it will afford a capital resource whenever a nice plan of programme is upset, over and over again sometimes, by capricious uncertainty of the solo element; and this would allow us to hear so many more good Symphonies in the course of the winter; especially would it furnish the long desired opportunity of hearing more of the light and cheerful ones of Father Haydn; one of these would always give good appetite for a Beethoven or one of the more modern.

The matter of the rest of the eight concerts is not yet all determined. Of Symphonies we shall probably have (and perhaps in the order named, unless there should be two again in one concert) the No. 4, in B flat, of Beethoven; one by Haydn; the D minor again of Schumann; the great one in C by Schubert; another one (in B flat) by Gade; the first (in B flat) by Schumann; and finally the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, which cost too much pains and made too deep an impression last year to leave any excuse for letting such an experience lie unimproved.

New in the list of Overtures will be Cherubini's to *Medea*, and perhaps some others. CAMILLA URSO is bespoken for Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which she will no doubt render in as exquisite a style of art as she did that of Mendelssohn. Mr. LEONHARD will play Chopin's E-minor Concerto; Mr. LANG, the first of the five Beethoven Concertos, the only one that we have not yet heard; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos will be contributed by Messrs. PARKER and LANG; and there is hope that we shall hear again the great E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, that by Schumann, &c., for we have other masterly interpreters who know these concerts cannot spare them. Mrs. CARY, too, will give us some more of the sincere, deep melody of Bach and others; and other singers will be announced from time to time; for it is proposed this time to keep the piano-playing within more moderate limits, one piece only in a programme, and that of course with orchestra, and to call in the voice more often, if the fine voice, when found, prove not too coy.

Mr. ZERRAHN is earnestly schooling his Orchestra, which will soon be larger and stronger than ever before. Certainly the wind department is materially improved, and the strings will be at least as many and as good as before, and are likely to gain in number and quality as the concerts go on. We shall greatly miss the Quintette Club, to be sure; but they will resume their places ere long; if not, means will be found to make their places good, even if the Association have to "call spirits from the vasty deep."

Meanwhile, large as the subscription has been, there are plenty of good seats left; and every one now taken goes so far toward building up the orchestra into the full strength and proportions which Beethoven and the Music Hall demand.

Concerts.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY. The Teachers of this thriving young institution gave their pupils and friends a musical treat, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 16, at the Tremont Temple. Mr. THAYER opened with the smaller Bach Fugue in G minor on the Organ, which did not sound as if in very good condition,—at least to ears accustomed to the Organ of the Music Hall. Three movements from Schubert's wonderful E-flat Trio, op. 100, were excellently well played by Messrs. EICHBERG, A. SUCK and LEONHARD, giving to true music lovers all the pleasure that such music could in so large a room. Mendelssohn's "*Zuleika*" and Schubert's "*Posthorn*" were sung in sweet, clear voice, with good conception, but timidly, by Miss POLAND. Next came a sentimental cornet solo, (*Salve Maria*, by Mercadante), skilfully played, with excellent tone, by Mr. ARBUCKLE, well accompanied on the piano by Mr. SHARLAND. Messrs. Eichberg and Leonard followed with the *Adagio Cantabile* and *Scherzo* from Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonata in C minor, op. 30, No. 2. Mr. KREISSMANN sang the tender *Aria grazioso* of Pylades in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and, returning after some grotesque Organ variations on "Old Hundred," Schumann's impassioned "*Du meine Seele*," instead of "Songs" (as set down on the bill) by "Franz." The whole ended with Mr. Eichberg's *Ave Maria*, for violin, piano, cabinet organ and 'cello, played by himself, Messrs. Dow, Thayer and Suck. Mr. Kreissmann's song pledges may well have been disorganized by the intervention of these Variations! And indeed all the classical pieces, always welcome to musical souls, suffered by intermingling with such things as that and cornet solos. That the taste of the crowd, so fresh and pleasant to look upon, was very juvenile and unripe, was plain from the fact that the only *encores* were awakened by the cornet and the pedal hurry-skurry on the Organ. With a little easy modification it would have been a nice concert.

MR. PECK'S "GRAND SACRED CONCERT," last Sunday evening, drew a large audience to the Music Hall, which has been so long under his faithful superintendence. There were not a few good things in the Concert, and some that would have been good by any name but "sacred." Sig. FERRANTI, frank, genuine Buffo that he is, pretending to nothing else, must have had an awkward sense of being in a queer position. But it is not so much the fault of the singers or the concert-givers, that all the concerts on a Sunday have to make believe "sacred;" it is the fault of the Law, or rather of the sustainers of the law, of the strict Sabbatarianism which a part of a free people insist upon imposing upon the whole, who may be as religious, as virtuous and as wise as themselves for aught they know or have any right to assume. Certainly it is a tyrannical invasion of the rights of Art, which, to have life and truth, must first of all be *free*, and which, better than many of the Churches, knows how to use without abusing freedom. Is the experience of old Europe, then, so little worth in comparison with ours? And dare we pretend that all the genuine pervading piety of a people is on our side of the Ocean? Our common people may be more enterprising, more educated, more church-going, but are they *better* than the Germans, who spend their Sundays cheerfully, like grateful children of the Father? Can there not be airs from Heaven, quickening truth, in a Symphony, an Opera, and can there not be blighting frost in services and sermons? It is at least worth thinking of.

Well, Sig. Ferranti is delightful to hear, where there is no profession of seriousness. As it was he exchanged the Rossini "*Dom Magnifico*" for the Mozart "*Non più andrai*," as if that were a whit more sacred! He also sang Mattei's "Fisherman." While we are upon the men, we may as well say what a pure Italian-like ring there is to Mr. HALL'S noble bass, and with what power and grace he sang the "*Pro peccatis*." Mr. MACDONALD, too, won favor by his clear, firm tenor in the air from *Elijah*; his singing gives good promise, though maturity of style is yet a good way off.

CARL ROSA seemed as popular as ever. He has gained in purity and sweetness of tone since he was here last, and played the "*Trille du diable*" of Tartini very beautifully; as well as the Andante Variations of the "Kreutzer Sonata" with Mr. LANG; the performance was highly enjoyable on both parts. The "Mouth Harmonica" playing of Professor WALLACH was truly a great curiosity, the tones exquisite.

But the chief feature of the concert was Mrs. KEMPTON'S singing. Her rich contralto has lost some of its freshness while she has been abroad; but she has won instead that which is even better, a sound, ripe, noble style. Truly we have not heard "He was despised" sung with such chaste, artistic beauty, such simple yet sufficing expression, such absence of forced pathos, for a long time; she let the music tell its story in its own way, and that is far the higher kind of art, compared to what is called pathos on the operatic stage. Mrs. SMITH sang "Show me thy ways," by Torrente, and the "*Quis est homo*" with Mrs. Kempton, with clear, telling voice and easy execution, though a little coldly. And we were much pleased with Miss BARTON'S voice, style and feeling in the English song "Ruth and Naomi."

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society announces the larger features of its programme for the five concerts of the season. The orchestra, it is said, will be increased to *one hundred* active members. Here is the list:

Nov. 16:—Symphony, "Pastorale," by Beethoven; Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Poem Symphonique, "Mazeppa," Liszt.

Dec. 21.—Symphony in C, Schubert; Overture, "Othello" (first time), Ritter; Overture, "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage," Mendelssohn.

Feb. 1:—Overture, "Jessonda," by Spohr; Choral Symphony, No 9, Beethoven.

March 7.—Symphony No 1, in G minor, Mozart; Introduction to "Lohengrin," Wagner; Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn.

April 18:—Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Schumann; Poem Symphonique, "Heroïde Funèbre" (first time), Liszt; Overture, "Freischütz," Weber.

NEW ORGAN, for the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J. The Messrs. HOOK have just completed an instrument for this church, which is so remarkably successful as to be worthy of a more than passing notice. For several days it was exhibited at their factory to admiring visitors by our leading organists and won the highest praise from both performers and audience. On Tuesday, the 14th inst., its many fine and admirable qualities were ably displayed through a very wide range of style by Messrs. J. K. Paine, S. P. Tuckerman and J. H. Willcox, of Boston.

The organ is enclosed in an elegant and imposing case of black walnut of much originality and beauty of design, displaying richly, yet delicately decorated front pipes of sixteen feet, and contains the following registers, pipes and appliances.

GREAT MANUAL.

No.		Pipes
1	16 ft. Open Diapason,	58
2	8 " Open Diapason,	58
3	8 " Doppel Flöte,	58
4	8 " Viola di Gamba,	58
5	4 " Octave,	58
6	4 " Flute Harmonique,	58
7	2⅔" Twelfth,	58
8	2 " Fifteenth,	58
9	3 Rank Mixture,	174
10	3 " Scharff,	174
11	8 ft. Trumpet,	58
12	4 " Clarion,	58

SWELL MANUAL.

No.		Pipes.
1	16 ft. Bourdon (divided)	58
2	8 " Open Diapason.	58
3	8 " Stop Diapason,	58
4	8 " Salicional,	58
5	4 " Octave,	58
6	4 " Violina,	58
7	4 " Flauto Traverso,	58
8	2 " Piccolo,	58
9	3 Rank Mixture,	174
10	8 ft. Cornopean,	58
11	8 " Oboe and Bassoon,	58

SOLO MANUAL.

No.		Pipes.
1	8 ft Geigen Principal,	58
2	8 " Dulciana,	58
3	8 " Melodia,	46
4	8 "Stop'd Diapason, div.	58
5	4 ft Octave,	58
6	4 " Flute d'Amour,	58
7	2 " Piccolo,	58
8	8 " Clarionet,	58

PEDALE.

No.		Pipes.
1	16 ft Open Diapason,	27
2	16 " Violone,	27
3	16 " (tone) Bourdon,	27
4	8 ft Violoncello,	27
5	16 " Posaune,	27
6	10⅔" Quint Flöte,	27

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

1 Swell to Great Coupler.
2 Choir to " "
3 Swell to Choir "
4 Great to Pedal "
5 Great to Pneumatic"
6 Swell to Pedal Coupler.
7 Choir to " "
8 Tremulant "Swell."
9 Bellows Signal.

COMPOSITION PEDALS.

1 Forte for Great Manual, bringing out the Full Organ.
2 Piano " " taking off all but 8 ft. Stops.
3 Great to Pedal Coupler.

Compass of Manuals from CC to A3, 58 notes.
" " Pedale " CCC to D 27 "

SUMMARY.

No. of pipes in Great Manual,	928
" " " Swell "	754
" " " Solo "	452
" " " Pedale "	162
Total No. of pipes,	2296

No. of Speaking Stops.	37
" Mechanical "	9
Whole No. of draw-stops.	48

The pneumatic action is applied to the great manual, by which the touch, even with all the couplers drawn, is made as light and easy as that of a grand piano-forte. With this action the keys, instead of acting directly upon the pallets, are only required to open a little bellows (one to each key), which instantly expands and lifts all the valves belonging to the keys pressed down, or, if applied to the register action, adds or removes the stops required. Over the great manual, and within easy reach of the fingers of the player, there are some small ivory knobs by which the Swell and Solo manuals can be coupled to the pneumatic action when desired, a contrivance of the greatest utility and convenience. There is also in each manual a blank draw-stop with all its appliances and connections, including room on each wind chest for future additions whenever desired; this provision is of great importance, as there remains nothing to be added but the pipes which may be chosen.

In the power and grandeur of its diapasons, the clearness and resonance of its octaves and harmonies, and the proper quantity and quality of its reed stops, to give boldness and character, we believe this instrument to be unsurpassed by any previous efforts of its eminent builders.

The effect of the full organ is particularly satisfying; so clear and brilliant—*éclatant*—is its quality, yet withal so well blended and balanced, that no stop has undue prominence, and to listen to it is a continual pleasure. The 16 ft. Open Diapason on the great manual imparts great dignity, and the Doppel Flöte and Flute Harmonique great breadth and fullness to the full-organ tone; and the Viola di Gamba gives a peculiar crispiness and pungency to the stops of eight-feet pitch. The very complete Pedale, with its six stops, affords a full, abundant support to the grand pyramid of tone, and yet contains stops of rarely beautiful tone, perfectly adapted to the accompaniment of the softest manual stops.

Among so many beautiful and characteristic stops, or voices, as the Germans appropriately call them, it is hard to select any for particular mention; for some time past, however, the Hooks have been constantly improving in the voicing of string-like, or violin sounding stops, until in this instrument the stops of this *timbre*, as the Viola di Gamba in the great manual, the Salicional and Violina in the swell, the Geigen (or violin) Principal in the solo manual, and the Violone in the pedale, are so successful as to leave nothing further to be desired. The last mentioned stop is of remarkable beauty; when skilfully used it is difficult to believe that one does not hear the "bite" of the bow on the strings of a contra-basso. The Flauto Traverso in the swell has a lovely, clear, travelling tone, and the Flute d'Amour in the solo manual is also very beautiful. Of the reeds it is only necessary to say that they are the work of the Hooks, so renowned is their excellence in this special and difficult department of organ building.

Though this firm has erected many larger instruments, this, the latest jewel in the chaplet of their noble works, seems the brightest and most perfect.

May they continue to fill our temples with better and better specimens of their art, and may our people appreciate more and more their long continued endeavors to increase its dignity and to elevate it from its former low estate, until, when an organ is to be bought the question shall not be, who will build cheapest? but who will build best?

RIPIENO.

The Welsh Eisteddfod.

The annual fuss by which the Welsh delight to glorify themselves, fancying that thereby they are maintaining "the truth" of the Principality "against the world"—the Carmarthen Eisteddfod—is over. To every one except the speakers of blustering orations and the readers of dreary papers without value, the main life of the celebration must have lain in the musical contributions from Welsh singers and players who have learnt their art in England—such as Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Brinley Richards. It is true that one gentleman, exclusively trained at home, known by the charming bardic name of "The Roaring Lion," figured on the occasion, and that an attempt was made by his section of patriots, ignorant of music, to disturb better performances, in order to force a hearing for his incompetent "native talent," although his exhibition might have been vouchsafed (our contemporaries assure us, and past experience confirms it) to show English-nurtured artists how *not* to sing. What do the violent orators, such as "Talhaiarn," who tickle local prejudice by talking of preservation and progress, and maintaining insulation and bigotry as righteous objects of patriotic Cambrian care, make of such facts? The *Times* puts the matter pithily when contrasting the proceedings of this Carmarthen "Mutual Admiration Society" with those of former meetings, at which a Braham and a Stephens were called in to aid, or of later ones at Rhuddlan and (last year's) Chester. There was no orchestra this year. The triple harp seems falling into desuetude, only one competitor for the prize having presented himself. The best part-singing, as in 1866, was that of the Merthyr choir. A very young lady, Miss Moulding of Swansea, is said to have distinguished herself on the pianoforte. A sensation was excited by a letter from Mr. Edmund Yates, to whom the delicate task of adjudicating the prize for the best song in English had been entrusted. This conveyed the startling fact that the ninety-three specimens submitted for his perusal were, one and all, so devoid of merit, as to be utterly unworthy of any prize. The epistle has put the local blood up; and, in the true Little Pedlington style, an irate journalist warns Mr. Yates to tremble and anticipate just retribution, seeing that HE will keep his eyes on *Tinsley's Magazine*. By way of setting a crowning seal on the absurdity, it was determined to ignore the malicious judgment of the invited English arbiter, and to hand over the ninety-three lyrics to be reconsidered by a Welsh gentleman and lady! Mr. Brinley Richards is said to have announced his determination to take no further part in celebrations so futile and foolish. He is wise.—*London Paper.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The solitary tear. Song. *Carl Zerrahn*, 70
Poetry by Heine, with translation, and music ably adapted.

Hurra for the sports of the field. Q't. *Weaver.* 35
Old farm house on the hill. Song. *H.B.Funk.* 40
Mary Grey and I. " " " 30
To Kathleen. " *E. Linwood.* 30
Good morrow to my love. " " " 30
Why art thou weeping. " " " 30
What Norah said. (Reply to Norah O'Niel). *Wellman.* 35
We are growing old, my brother. S'g. *Fairlamb.* 35
I've had pleasant dreams. " " 35
I'll think of thee. " " 35
Our paths were once together. " " 35
The shepherd and the rose. " " 30
From over the wave. " *Gaston Lyle.* 35
If thou wilt remember. Song. *A. L. Traventi.* 35
Little Jim. Ballad. *C. A. White.* 30
A long list, but in the multitude of songs one can only notice by classes. These are "songs for the people" by persons who understand what "the people" like.

Pal o' Mine. Comic Song. *Vance.* 35
A clever, good hearted thing.

Robin Adair. Song for guitar. *Haydn.* 30
Good arrangement.

The Lord's prayer. (Adaptations). *Clouston.* 35
An excellent adaptation of the well-known words.

I have found thee. (Rilla). Song. *Gordigiani.* 50
Finely finished Italian song.

My heart ever faithful. Song. *Bach.* 40
It does a man good to hear Bach's robust music, and this, in oratorio style, shows the strong hand of the master.

Instrumental.

Monthly melodies, in the major and minor keys. *E. Mack*, ea. 50

January March.	July Barcarole.
February Waltz.	August Polka.
March Galop.	September Varsovienne.
April Waltz.	October Schottische.
May Polka.	November Quickstep.
June Reverie.	December Mazourka.

Pupils who should take one lesson a month, would find these just the things; but they will be considered good instructive pieces for any one, and the quaint titles will help make them acceptable.

Grand Valse Brillante. "Romeo and Juliet." *J. S. Knight.* 40
Gems of the opera, made to shine by *Knight*, so as to add lustre to nightly pleasures.

Between the mountains. Waltz. *A. Rottenbach.* 30
Love's messenger. Polka. *Aubert.* 50
Tout à vous. Galop. *G. P. Kimball.* 35
La Perle de Nuit. Valse brillante. *Aubert.* 40
Fine specimens of dance music. About of easy-medium difficulty.

Crown of Glory. For Piano. *Aubert.* 50
Tasteful and brilliant. Illustrated title.

Tell me darling. Quickstep. For brass band. *Bond.* 1.00
Favorite melody,

Happy days. Pensée fugitive. *G. D. Wilson.* 35
Merry bells. Morceau de Salon. " " 30
Pieces of much merit and beauty. Medium difficulty.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music) Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 694. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 17.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Castilian Prisoner.

Was this genuine Spanish romance (A D. 1550)—doubtless founded on well-known facts, like the majority of folk songs, —the original source from which the plot of Gaveaux' opera "Leonore" was drawn? An opera only now remembered because its libretto was subsequently appropriated and immortalized by Beethoven.

——"'Twas in May, the flowery May-time,
When the south winds softly blow,
When the larks are singing loudly,
Nightingales responding low,
When, to serve their noble ladies,
Lovers with a light heart go,
That they brought me here, a captive,
Hot with anger, worn with woe.
Long, long have I pined in darkness,
Breathing cold and fetid air;
Not of sun, and not of seasons,
Not of night or day aware;
Naught to soothe me, naught to comfort,
Save one distant birdling's lay,
Through the damp walls of my prison
Sometimes finding airy way,
Wafting round me morning memories,
With delight and love aglow;
Malison upon the archer
Whose sharp arrow laid her low!"——

If this were thy will, dread sovereign,
Well; for thou art lord and king;
If it were the governor's doing,
He hath done a treacherous thing.

——"Would some other bird could find me,
Lark, or thrush, or nightingale,
Like a friend to feel my sorrow,
Like a friend to tell my tale,
Bred among most noble ladies,
Versed in gentle ladies' lore,
Who for me could bear a message
To my sweet spouse, Leonore!
She would swiftly send to aid me
Silent axe, and viewless file,
Ope the doors and break my fetters,
Gaolers' cruel heart beguile."——

But the good king heard the story,
And the truth at once descried;
Freed the captive from his fetters,
Oped the dungeon portal wide.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

"The Goose of Cairo."

A POSTHUMOUS OPERA BY MOZART.

In a former number of our paper, says the editor of the Berlin *Echo*, we told our readers that Mozart's unfinished posthumous comic opera, *Die Gans von Cairo* (*the Goose of Cairo*), had ben produced at the Theatre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, where it met with a very favorable reception. According to the Paris papers it has been very skillfully remodelled, that is to say, the plot has been condensed into two acts by M. Victor Wilder, and the omissions in the score have been filled up in the proper spirit of veneration for the composer. M. Wilder, to whom the notion and successful realization of the performance are due, gives the following details of the history of this opera from its commencement, and of his arrangement of it for the stage:—*The Goose of Cairo* is not, as might be supposed, says M. Wilder, one of Mozart's youthful works; on the contrary, it dates from the most fertile and brilliant period of his career, the period which witnessed the birth of *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Don Juan*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. Written in the year 1783, the place of this opera is between *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782) and *Figaro's Hochzeit* (1786). Mozart, who unfortunately was doomed to die at the age of thirty-five, was then about twenty-eight. In addition to a large number of symphonies, sonatas, &c., he had already written a dozen operas, among which were *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung*. It will no doubt interest the reader to learn under what circumstances Mozart composed *The Goose of Cairo*, and I may therefore be allowed to describe them. I will do so in the form of a notice intended to be placed at the head of the score. After twice travelling through a large portion of Europe, Mozart settled at Salzburg. The Archbishop had attached him to his person with a salary of 400 florins. In this small provincial town, where the great artist was exposed to the abuse and insults of his master, who treated him worse than the meanest of his servants, Mozart felt his genius was being suffocated. It was, therefore, with childlike joy that he received the command to follow his master to Vienna, which place he reached in March, 1781.

Vienna was then the true home of art. Joseph II., who was passionately fond of music, had collected in his capital an Italian operatic company which was unrivalled. The writers of that time are perfectly unanimous as to its excellence. "Our operatic company," says one of them, "is truly superior to all others in Germany and Italy, for, during his journey through the peninsula, the Emperor visited all the large theatres, and engaged the most celebrated *virtuosos*. It is not uncommon to find our second and third singers leaving Vienna to appear as *prime donne* in Italy." In addition to the *opera buffa*, Vienna possessed a second theatre. This was devoted to *German* music. Unfortunately, there was a deficiency of good composers and good singers, and, with the exception of a few national works, translations formed the staple entertainment of the establishment. For a short time, Mozart restored its fortunes by his *Entführung aus dem Serail*. The reader may easily imagine what powers of attraction such a place as Vienna exerted upon the genial young composer. He trembled at the mere thought of having to return to Salzburg. But how could he avoid the sad necessity? Leopold Mozart, his father, attached great value to the Archbishop's four hundred florins, and dreaded his son's being exposed to the vicissitudes of life. He feared, too, that the fact of Wolfgang's breaking with his master might endanger the situation which he himself, Leopold, held at the Court of Salzburg. Under these circumstances, Mozart's permanent stay in Vienna became an exceedingly difficult problem. But the Archbishop's brutality succeeded in solving it. Most profoundly wounded in his dignity as a man and an artist, Mozart listened only to the voice of his just indignation. He bade farewell to the choleric Archbishop, and knocked at the hospitable door of C. Weber, whose daughter he was afterwards to marry. He now was settled in Vienna. After he had provided for his livelihood by lessons and concert-speculations, he turned his attention principally to the stage. He first thought of the national theatre. This was natural, as there were neither rivals nor any other serious obstacles in the way; besides, he could refer to the success of his previous work (*Die Entführung*). It appears from his correspondence that he had in his possession for some time a piece entitled *Rudolph von Habsburg*. He proposed, also, getting some one to translate a comedy of Goldoni's, *Il Servitore di due Patroni*, but the German theatre was at its last gasp, and the Emperor had already condemned it to death. There was, therefore, nothing but the Italian theatre left.

Mozart's most ardent wish was to write an *opera buffa*. Despite his Germanic descent, his taste drew him to Italian art, for we must not forget that, though, as the composer of *Die Entführung* and *Die Zauberflöte*, he is the real founder of the German musical drama, we behold in him more especially the impersonification and last representative of the great school of men like Pergolese, Paesiello and Cimarosa. Unfortunately, he had many obstacles to overcome in order to attain his end. The great thing to be first done was to overcome the prejudice entertained by Joseph II., who did not value Mozart's dramatic talent very highly, and did not care much for *Die Entführung*. The next thing was to conquer the intrigues of Salieri, who was greatly respected in Vienna, and enjoyed the especial favors of the Emperor. Finally, it was necessary to obtain a book. Being exceedingly anxious about the matter, Mozart wrote, on the 7th May, 1783, a letter to his father, complaining that he had read at least a hundred Italian pieces, without finding a single one of any use. For the moment there was nothing to be done with the Abbé da Ponte, who had promised him a piece, as the Abbé was then busily engaged on a libretto for Salieri. Mozart commissioned his father, therefore, to come to some arrangement about a book with Varesco. If, he said, Varesco consented to write one, they might work together during Mozart's stay in Salzburg. In the month of July, Mozart really did set out for Salzburg, as he had married a short time previously, and wished to present his wife to his father. He found Varesco already at work, and carried away with him the first act and the plot of the two others to Vienna.

In his ecstasy in finally obtaining a libretto, Mozart set about his task with feverish eagerness. His ideas flowed easily and abundantly, and the first act was speedily finished. It was now that he thought over, for the first time, the whole plan of the piece, and became aware of the defects inherent to it. On the 6th December, 1783, he wrote to his father to say how pleased he himself was with the numbers he had completed, and what a pity it would be were such music never performed, as might be the case, if Varesco would not consent to certain indispensable alterations in his book. This letter gave rise to a long correspondence between father and son. In it, Mozart detailed the subject of *The Goose of Cairo*, suggested the necessary alterations, and spoke very sensibly of the value of the book. Unfortunately, Varesco was, to judge at least from Mozart's letters, an obstinate man, difficult to manage, and appeared moreover to be firmly convinced of the great merit of his work; in a word, he opposed every important alteration. The unhappy composer was in despair. Luckily for him, Da Ponte had quarrelled with Salieri, and was ready to fulfil the promise he had formerly made Mozart, and thus *The Goose of Cairo* was forgotten for *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and locked up in a dusty press with other manuscripts condemned to oblivion. If the reader bear in mind the correspondence mentioned above, together with the date, 1783, which marks a new period in the development of Mozart's dramatic genius, he will easily believe that the fate to which the unfortunate score was subjected was something to be deplored. In worth, if we look away from the frame, *The Goose of Cairo* may take its place by the side of

the master's best efforts. Happily, it was not lost. While the earthly remains of the poor great man were flung into a pit where they could never be found again, his manuscripts, carefully collected by his widow, passed into the hands of André, who purchased them *en bloc* for 1000 ducats. His successor, and the present owner of them, Herr André, music publisher at Offenbach, published *The Goose of Cairo* in 1861, and it was then I conceived the notion of producing it on the stage. Starting from the same point as Varesco's piece, with the plot of which I was acquainted through Otto Jahn's work, I constructed a completely new libretto, guiding myself conscientiously by the existing musical numbers, so that, for instance, the endings of the acts corresponded with the analogous situations in the original book. As most of the numbers written by Mozart, especially the concerted ones, were out of proportion for a one-act opera, I thought I ought to extend my frame, and make the opera in two acts. It is true that this plan compelled me to interpolate in *The Goose of Cairo* three pieces not in the original work. Mozart wrote neither an overture nor an introduction, but at the very time he was busy on *The Goose of Cairo* he had an idea of setting to music an old opera, *Lo Sposo deluso*. He soon abandoned the project, but this overture and an introductory quartet, possessing, by a remarkable chance, a close resemblance to the first scene of *The Goose of Cairo*, were completed and fully scored.* This overture and this quartet occupied naturally the place of the absent introduction. Isabella's rondo, also scored, I found in one of the master's scores, of which the title and book are lost. The final trio (No. 6) concluded the first act of an opera by Bianchi, *La Villanella rapita*, which was produced in 1785 at Vienna, and for which Mozart, like a terrible spendthrift, composed this delicious number. After doing thus much, I required a talented musician well versed in classical music, and impressed with the veneration due to the works of genius. Mozart's mode of composing is well-known. As he himself relates in one of his letters, when he was travelling, at table, out walking, or unable to sleep in bed at night, a stream of musical ideas kept flashing through his brain. Such as pleased him he retained in his memory, to work up subsequently. He seldom forgot them. He worked, therefore, always mentally at first, and did not take up his pen until his idea was quite matured. He then began his score; wrote the parts and the bass; and, reserving for a future period the task of fully scoring his work, contented himself with scoring certain passages and ritornelles, marking repeats, &c. This is the shape in which *The Goose of Cairo* has come down to us. A talented young musician, M. Charles Constantin, conductor at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and a pupil of the composer, A. Thomas, undertook the delicate task of completing Mozart's instrumentation.

* These fragments were published by Herr André simultaneously with *The Goose of Cairo*.

Marvellous Musical Invention.

(From the Home Journal, Oct. 9.)

* * * Electricity is but in its infancy; its mission has not been half fulfilled. Constant experiment is teaching the student new discoveries of its usefulness, and has led to the latest and unexpected purpose to which it has just been put—that of *producing music*, such as no human agency can accomplish.

The manner in which the idea of this new invention occurred to the inventor is not devoid of interest. It was first suggested to him by noticing the operation of the telegraph apparatus in the back office of Messrs. Steinway & Sons' warerooms, in Fourteenth-street. Mr. Eugene Trastour de Varano, a native of New Orleans, now residing in this city, and a gentleman well-known in musical circles as a gifted pianist, as well as the author of a very successful work on the "Rudiments of Music," had, a few days previous to his discovery, exhibited to Mr. William Steinway, certain plans, on which he was then engaged, the object of which was a system for teaching musical sight reading by machinery. A *caveat* was already obtained, but the system was not made public on account of certain contemplated improvements which the inventor had not perfected. On the day in question, a clerk was transmitting telgraphic despatches from Steinway's warerooms, in Fourteenth street, to their factery on Fourth Avenue, when the attention of Mr. Trastour was attracted by the process. While looking on, it occurred to him that the up and down movement of the "arm" which holds the pen, was very similar to that of the motion of the human fingers when striking the key notes of a piano-forte. This analogy came to him like a flash of light. He seated himself near the apparatus, and was soon lost in the examination of its different parts. He was at last aroused from his deep thinking by Mr. Steinway, who tapped him gently on the shoulder, and remarked: "You look as if you had found an improvement on this instrument." Mr. Trastour was startled by the remark, yet it is to be supposed that Mr. Steinway little thought, at the moment, that his apparatus had just given birth to the idea of the Electric Automaton Piano Player, or *Pianoautomaton*, as it is called; which we will now describe to our readers.

The instrument to which this name has been given, is a long wooden box, of the length and width of the keyboard of a piano-forte. It is so constructed that it can be easily and quickly fastened above the keyboard of any piano-forte, by means of clamps. The box is provided with a crank, which sets in motion a magneto-electric apparatus contained within it. By introducing, in an aperture, made for that purpose, the paper upon which the musical composition to be performed is written, or rather perforated, a series of axial bars protrude from underneath the box and, in striking the keys of the piano-forte, perform correctly the musical composition contained on the paper so introduced. The instrument can cause these axial bars to strike the key notes with four different degrees of strength—from the *pianissimo* to the *fortissimo*; it can gradually swell the sound, when necessary, and afterward diminish it in the same proportion; it can cause the axial bars to strike the key notes either with a *legato* or *staccato* touch, and can produce *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages without the help of the pedals. Each instrument has a pedal attachment, which can be clamped to the piano. A wire, connecting this attachment to the box situated above the keyboard, enables the instrument to use the loud or soft pedals as either is needed.

The instrument to which the name of Organautomaton has been given, is similar to the Pianoautomaton in its construction, and is governed by the same principles. The only difference being that one is constructed so as to play on the single key board of the piano-forte, and the other to perform on the three keyboards of church organs. The pedal attachment of the one is similar to that of the other, only it is longer, and has more pedals to act upon.

The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments: one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another provided with a galvanic battery, and also worked by a crank; and last, but not least, a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any winding up, or any visible or apparent aid. In inserting the perforated paper in the aperture of this last instrument, it pushes a small lever, which, coming in metallic contact, completes the electrical circuit, and sets in motion a small electric machine, and the instrument thus *plays by itself*. When all the musical paper has passed through the aperture, the lever, being no longer held up, falls down by its own weight, and the electrical circuit being broken, the instrument stops of its own accord.

The most ingenious, as well as the important part of the invention, is the roll of sheet music containing the notes of the musical compositions to be performed by the instrument. In fact, this roll of paper is the soul and motor of the instrument. The different combinations which can be devised on it, can be made to produce effects of execution on the piano or the organ which no living artist could think of attempting. For example, the instrument can be made, in this manner, to run a chromatic scale in octaves, thirds or tenths, from the lowest to the highest note of the key board, with a velocity which would cause the whole scale to sound like the snap of a whip, although every note shall have been heard distinctly and clearly. In the same manner the instrument can be made to produce the same effect, as if four, six, eight, or more hands were performing. It will easily be understood, therefore, that the roll of sheet music for the instrument is the most important feature of the invention, and that its preparation will, necessarily, create a new branch of industry; a consideration which, commercially speaking, renders the invention one of general public interest.

As most of the masses, oratorios, hymns, operas, dances, and all new compositions will be arranged on rolls of paper prepared for the instrument, the income to be derived from the sale of the music alone will be large. The process of preparing the paper rolls is so simple, that the *perforation* of a musical composition will cost less than engraving the notes on paper, as is ordinarily done, and the oldest music, therefore, be supplied at a lower rate than the present publications; and the instrument itself is so simple in its construction, that its price will enable every owner of a piano to purchase it.

The advantages of the invention will be better understood when one thinks of the number of churches throughout the country whose congregations have not the means of sustaining an organist, and whose organ is consequently silent; of the quantity of piano-fortes in our parlors which are dumb for want of a performer. This invention brings within the reach of the poorest church the facility of securing, for a trifling sum, the services of something more than a skilful organist, and to every parlor the possibility of continually possessing a most brilliant piano ist.

The instrument will not be confined to a certain set of airs, like a hand-organ, or to a limited *repertoire* like a human artist, but will play, "at first sight," the most difficult pieces which may be procured, without any previous study, and without hesitation.

To the student it will be a great help, inasmuch as it will perform correctly, and in the requisite movement, those musical compositions which they may desire to learn. To the singer it will be indispensable in efficiently accompanying any of their songs.

For balls and parties, it may even be preferred to a living artist, on account of its mathematical correctnesss of time in performing quadrilles, polkas, and dances.

For churches it will prove an economy, so far as the organist is concerned, and a great acquisition, on account of its inexhaustible *repertoire* of voluntaries, masses, oratorios, and hymns; also for its unerring efficiency in sustaining a choir.

To the public it will be a source of general enjoyment, and a means of popularizing the appreciation of fine music, as it will perform any and every musical composition, with strict regard to all the shades, accents, signs, and movements marked by the composers, and not, as is now the case, according to the whims and fancies of the different performers. It will accustom the public ear to the correct execution of the different musical compositions, and will surely elevate the standard of musical criticism.

Taste can be reduced to certain rules: all ascending passages from grave to acute, should be played *crescendo*; those descending from acute to grave should be played *diminuendo*; certain notes should be played louder, others softer. As the instrument is susceptible of four shades of *forte* and *piano*, can play *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, can use both pedals, and especially, as the most delicate shades can be effectively regulated on the roll of perforated sheet music, it will easily be understood that "Trastour's Pianoautomaton" will not perform like a hand-organ, a music-box, or other mechanical apparatus, but will play with taste and feeling, and effectually imitate a living artist.

This invention will shortly be given to the public, and Mr. Trastour will have the honor of not only creating a revolution in the musical world, but will assuredly be entitled to rank among the ingenious inventors of the age.

Music Fancies.

When Leigh Hunt spoke of the strains of a bagpipe as representative of "the agonies of a tune tied to a post," he said, we are convinced, not only a new, but a true thing. There is a feeling and a sense in a piece of music which cannot be hurt or violated without protest; the melody exclaims on its own score against its tortures, and will appear to shrink, to wriggle, to sigh, and to moan desperately, under bad treatment. When a vagabond assails the quiet of a street with his clarionet, you can hear the miserable Italian airs quivering first a reproachful remonstrance, and then emitting abrupt and dismal petitions for release; but the fellow shows no mercy to "Casta Diva;" on the contrary, he pursues that unfortunate tune up and down the scale, and seems to wring its neck with a vicious shake at the finish. Why should we not have a Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Tunes? What base uses are not those poor brain-children turned to? Did their originators ever intend them to assist (with a monkey) in bringing coppers into the greasy cap of an organ grinder? Would not a Christy minstrel or so satisfy the wretches? If there are necessities in the case we might slightly abate the principle, and license the hawking of "Poor old Jeff," although not without qualms for the degradation of the ebony Belisarius. As for brass bands and their atrocities, they deserve the treadmill. It is bad enough to hear a

tune racked by a single inquisitor; but when a mob, armed with cornets, ophiclides, trombones, and cymbals, surround it, make it run the gauntlet, and finally tear it asunder, the act becomes a crime of unmitigated atrocity. The tune, say, is started, and allowed about five bars law. The cymbals, however, are fastened to its tail, and the creature is bewildered, and refuses to go further. Then comes the butchery: a kick from the trombone, a bayonet thrust from the cornet, and a knock on the head from the drum.

Tune cruelty is not confined to the streets. Murders are committed in the drawing-room, especially under cover of "variations." The victim is frequently executed amidst a roll of obstreperous notes, which drown even its dying voice, as did the cruel rataplan played beside the guillotine on which the French King was beheaded. But there are exceptions. For instance, when a sound musician prepares a melody for display, if his directions are fairly carried out the effect is not unpleasant—quite the contrary. He throws a colored light upon the picture, or he gives it a charm of distance, or he surrounds it with a new and a brilliant atmosphere, or he—treating it as though it were a beautiful woman—offers bouquets of notes, or spreads out a *parterre* of chromatic flowers through which it passes; but he never interrupts, disfigures, or destroys it. Take a set of Chopin's waltzes. Listen to—or watch rather—the lines which the music illuminates, growing into beautiful shapes, which are your own thoughts in part. Here is "emotion singing." Here are moods pensive and gay, joyful and sorrowful, starting into a life of sound. Poor Chopin! what a diary may be read in his music! What hysterical vehemence of passion, what sad uncertainties, vague ambitions, exquisite sensitiveness, and an almost morbid delicacy one can detect in the Tarantelle! Nobody could dance to that dismal piece of hilarity; it is as melancholy as the hearse-like rumble, and the mysterious minor chanting of the "Marche Funèbre" which Chopin wrote for his own obsequies.

Goethe called architecture "frozen music." The expression was truer perhaps than he suspected. Dr. Hay some years ago broached a theory of harmony and form, in which there was a wonderful conjunction of mathematics and poetry, and the Parthenon was made out to be literally "frozen music," and its proportions discovered to have been regulated by relative proportions of the diatonic scale. The walls of Thebes rose and the towers built themselves up to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Pythagoras insisted that the universe was but a gigantic organ. "There's music in all things, if men had ears." The poets are never done with this image. They use it in a thousand ways, even to the description of a woman's face. "The mind—the music breathing from her face," wrote Byron of his Zuleika, and he thought it necessary to explain his meaning in a note. "I think," the poet interpreting himself says, "I think there are some who will understand it; at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea, for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory—that mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments only beholds the reflections multiplied." Moore, commenting on the same line, tells us that Lovelace wrote "the melody and music of her face," and old Sir Thomas Browne has it that "there is music even in beauty."

The best index to character may be found in music. Of course the man who has no music in his soul cannot be made out on this plan, but we have excellent authority in the words which follow the well-worn quotation that such a person has no character at all. Notice how great authors supply their book creatures with invariably significant instruments. A strong boy has a fancy for a cornet, a shy lad will take to a fiddle. A boy has been known to deliberately select the triangle as *his* instrument, and after working it in the college band for years, brought it home to play upon in the bosom of his family at vacation. Dr. Johnson used to put his ear to the drone of a bagpipe, and expressed great pleasure at the sound. This was a queer taste, but it was more curious that he should with such a taste have been able to say of music—"That it was the only sensual pleasure without vice." Imagine the *sensuality* of the bagpipes!

Bos. "Pray, sir, did you ever play on any musical instrument?"

Johnson. "No, sir, I once bought me a flageolet, but I never made out a tune."

The gentleman whose claim to be considered a German scholar rested upon the fact of his brother's acquaintance with the German concertina, appears to have had as clear a notion of the language as the lexicographer had of the "tune." It would seem as if he considered, when he "bought him" the flageolet, he also purchased the airs that were hidden within it. When the "pilot of the literary whale" mentioned that *he* was subject to nervous disturbances on hearing music, and could weep at it, "Sir," said the whale, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Music, we are told, can cure sickness. Vigneul de Marville relates a story of a gentleman of distinction suddenly seized by violent illness, and instead of a consultation of physicians, "he immediately called a band of musicians, and their band of violins played so well in his inside that his stomach became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours was harmoniously becalmed." Here is a hint. Suppose "I Puritani" could be substituted for a pill, not only to purge melancholy but measles; or "Il Ballo" given for a bolus?

Can music speak? We are afraid not, at least, not distinctly. A clever essay in the *Fortnightly Review*, some time since, maintained that a tune, of itself, was colorless and vague. "There are no definitely agreed upon successions or combinations of sounds which necessarily recall certain clearly understood ideas to the mind. We cannot express love by a major third, or anger by a minor third, or describe the skies by arpeggios, or gardens or fields by a diminished seventh." We remember the unfortunate "cries of the wounded" in the "Battle of Prague," and shudder at representative pieces, and the strident clangor and drumming of war quadrilles at monster concerts. The famous "Songs without Words" seem troubled with an effort to record vague and indefinite emotions in the terms of music, and the struggle possesses a sort of plaintive interest for us; it is as though a spirit desired to take shape and appear to us, and was only permitted to make itself heard. If music had a distinct character of its own, sacred and profane pieces would exhibit an intrinsic difference when played, but as a fact they do not. Many negro melodies are of Church origin, and, strange to say, the once popular "Dandy Jim" is *not* a native of Carolina but of Italy, where it has positively done service in High Mass. The tunes, like people, mix in strange company. "Don Giovanni" quavers libertinism in strains which suggest a Gothic cathedral. Music, however, no matter how reduced, retains some of the angel, and "Bones" occasionally raises his tenor with absurd words to certain intervals, which serve as an incantation to sentimental ideas very different from those contained in the stuff written for him.—*London Review.*

"The Original Source of Gregorian Music."

By James Finn, Esq.

(From the London Choir.)

It is no new idea to refer the music of primitive Christianity to an eastern origin; but with some persons it seems to be a question of how far eastwards we are to go in search of the source of traditional Church music.

The option in their minds seems to lie between the Hebrew and the Greek derivation.

Now, in respect to the historical propagation of Christian doctrine, as gathered from the "Acts of the Apostles," we might imagine that, while tenacious of traditions received in childhood, these traditions would run in the separate lines of their original nationalities, Grecian or Hebraic.

But I think it may be fairly concluded that in matters of religious custom (we are now considering that of music,) they did not feel themselves at liberty to follow one or other of these schools indiscriminately, as merely a matter of national taste.

First, with regard to the Hebrew converts. Let us imagine these believers, three thousand in one day, besides large numbers on other days, converted to the true and perfected faith in Jerusalem, gathered into communities and holding religious services, "singing hymns to Christ as a god," as Tacitus expresses it. Is it to be supposed that they would resort to the Grecian idol temple for musical airs or chants, and not rather to the glorious ceremonial worship of Jerusalem and the traditional airs received from their fathers? nay, more, would they not look to the type as far as possible, which their Divine Lord and Master followed when he and the disciples sang the Passover hymn before going out to the Mount of Olives?

I think there cannot be two opinions as to this class of the primitive Christians.

Next, with regard to the class derived from Gentile nations in Greece or Asia minor: those of Corinth, or "the seven churches," when they came to be formed into public assemblies for worship, and to have "customs" of their own (see 1 Cor. xi. 16), under stringent apostolical injunctions to "keep themselves from idols" (1 John v. 21,) and to "abstain from all appearance of evil" (1 Thes. v. 22), even to abstain from eating meat offered to idols, lest they should wound the weak consciences of the brethren (1 Cor. viii. 12,) surely it is not to be believed that they would have recourse to the ceremonial worship of the Temple of Diana, or to immoral celebrations elsewhere for musical airs in which to "sing hymns to Christ as a god."

Having accepted the prophets and psalms of the Jews, to them they would naturally look for aid in all that could render their services delightful or attractive. They could not but be aware of the Hebrew origin of their creed and its primitive teachers. Before conversion, the religion of Jesus had been to them "foolishness," but after embracing the faith that was sufficient to nerve them to willing martyrdom for its sake, they could have had no school of music ready at hand for use so well adapted to their object as the Hebraic.

I conclude, then, that the Grecian converts neither resorted to melodies inseparably connected with the worship of devils, nor invented a religious music of new character for themselves.

With regard to European nations embracing Christianity, it seems to be included within the opinions above alluded to, that they were obliged to choose between Hebrew and Greek sources for their sacred melodies.

If it could be shown that they derived the new religion at second hand through the Greeks, and with it the "customs" and characteristics interwoven with it, their music might also have been of a Greek character.

But, inasmuch as from the day of Pentecost itself there were believers who were "strangers of Rome," and inasmuch as on the arrival of S. Paul at Appii forum, there were brethren from Rome to meet him, inasmuch, also, as very shortly afterwards there were "saints in Cæsar's household"—we are certainly not limited to that idea. The European Christians, then of Rome, and afterwards of other nations, evangelized from the Eastern countries, were not driven to a Greek derivation for "customs" or music in their assemblies or churches—they had an alternative between the Hebraic school of music and an indigenous school of their own country, whatever that might be.

Having that choice, the same reasons would apply to them for rejecting the contamination of idolatrous worship, mainly the same as that of the Greeks, as the Greeks had in their country—in relation to whom the Europeans were contemporaries, not disciples or successors.

In confirmation of this my belief, reference may safely be made to that mine of genuine evidence in religious feeling and practice, the Roman catacombs, where among the inscriptions and emblematic designs, we find everywhere allusions made to the incidents of Hebraic Scripture as "part and parcel of Christianity," nay, the very root of it, but nowhere any leaning towards Grecian mythology, or even Grecian historical events or persons.

Roman Christianity was, therefore, based upon Hebraic Christianity, and not derived through a Grecian channel; and if Gregorian Church music be derived from the Roman Church, Gregorian music would have no connection with a Grecian origin.

The same may be said of other European nations, as Spain, Scythia, or Britain, who received the gospel from Asia direct, not from Greece.

From the little we know of music among the classical Greeks, of their musical instruments, and especially of the character of their hymns for worship, it appears to be entirely of a light and florid character. We may confidently assert that the Gregorian music bears no resemblance whatever to it, while it does partake of the grave and lofty essentials of Hebrew ceremonial; and at this point of the consideration I may mention that among the fragments of Rabbinical sayings in our middle ages, collected by Buxtorf in his "*Florilegium Hebraeorum*," there is a metrical saying to the effect—

——'what saith
The art of music among the Christians?
Indeed I was stolen out of the land of the Hebrews."

This last line is an adaptation, such as particularly marks a Jewish character, of a phrase from the Bible narrative of Joseph in the Egyptian prison (Gen. xl. 15;) but it shows what impression, as a matter of taste, the cathedral services of the Christians made upon a learned Jew, without reference to religious doctrine, in the correspondency in style, if not identity of melody, existing between their solemn music and that of the ancient Hebrews.

The above observations have all been made by way of reasoning, without consideration of the intrinsic nature of music.

Mr. Macfarren argues that the ancient musical system of the Jews, "like those of all Eastern people, differed from the Gregorian system in the division of the scale into smaller intervals than semitones;" but in order to assign a Grecian origin to the Gregorian

music it would be necessary to show—first, that the Grecian music was not likewise framed upon a system of smaller intervals than semitones; and secondly, that Grecian music was framed upon the same system in general as that named the Gregorian.

But what proof is there that "the Jewish musical system, like those of all Eastern peoples, differed from the Gregorian in the division of the scale into smaller intervals than semitones?"

In the ancient Jewish music still in use, although the minor mode is common, the intervals are not different from those of our scale.

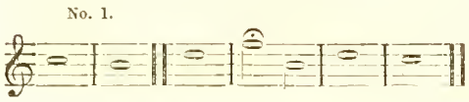
Perhaps this was just the difference between Hebrew and other Eastern music. At any rate, it is unreasonable to assume without positive proof that the Jews divided the scale into smaller intervals, as the Arabs do. They have differed from all other Orientals in their system of vowels in grammar, and have also invented an elaborate system of accents, indicating niceties at once of punctuation and of musical phrasing—why then should they not have differed from them in their development of the science of music?

It is a fact that there are extremely ancient Hebrew melodies that have been from time immemorial sung in synagogues, which can be and have been reduced to staves, bars, and tones, according to our system and our scale, for modern practice, and I would recommend to the particular attention of Mr. Macfarren the collection of Sephardi synagogue music, edited by De Sola, together with the learned dissertation prefixed to the same.

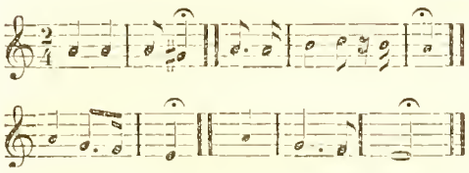
For gratification of musical curiosity in a style not commonly known, that small volume well deserves attention; some of the airs there produced we have tested while in the East, and found them recognized as their own by Sephardi Jews of Jerusalem conversant only with their own synagogue melodies.

If such results can be produced by our notation from antique Hebrew composition in their hymns and canticles, most of which bespeak a period of high cultivation in the science of music, I confess that I have no difficulty in believing that the primitive Gregorian chants could have had their origin in Hebrew melodies such as the following:—

No. 1.



No. 2. Spanish.



[The double bars have been inserted, so as to point out more clearly how easily this melody falls into the form of a double chant.]

The Hebrew synagogue music of the Sephardi section consists of plaintive or joyous airs traditionally preserved in connexion with *their own definite hymns* or anthems, and it must be remembered that Jews were settled in Spain before the Christian era, possessing their system of religious worship from the earliest times. It is very likely that they carried with them, as others had done to Babylon, the melodies used in the First Temple, "the Lord's song," which they would not sing for amusement of strangers. It is in the highest degree improbable that they would have allowed a single note to be altered, far less that they would have borrowed from either Greek or Christian. Indeed, they were unlikely to come into contact with Greeks at all. It is further to be remembered that Spanish synagogues in all countries still keep and use the melodies which their ancestors used in Spain more than three centuries ago, when they were banished thence, and some of them went back to Palestine.

The early Spanish Church music, say that of the Mozarabic liturgy, would probably furnish interesting illustrations of this subject.* It might be compared with the earliest of the Greek Church, and both with the old Hebrew music.

The result may be that all these, the Gregorian included, will be found to be tuneful daughters of a most venerable mother, namely, the Ritual of the Temple of Jerusalem, as ordered by David, or even of the Tabernacle, as ordained by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

* Cardinal Ximenes endowed a chapel at Toledo, expressly for keeping up this relic of national antiquity, just as there is an endowment in Milan Cathedral for preservation of Gregorian services. Possibly some of that Spanish music could still be brought to light.

Offenbach.

The name which at present is most widely celebrated throughout the theatres and concert rooms of Europe is unquestionably that of Offenbach. Wedding Music and the Drama together, after a fashion altogether unprecedented, he has produced a class of music, half-opera, half-burlesque, which belongs to himself alone. The burlesques of the old school are enlivened by popular airs or selections from the operatic stage, and the music is altogether of a light kind; but Offenbach when most in fun is most in earnest, and some of his best comical effects are brought about by elaborate concerted pieces, such as none of his predecessors would have dreamed of composing—save for the purposes of avowedly high art. A thorough master of melody and harmony, he has made them subservient to the spirit of grotesque humor, which preëminently characterizes the present age. We may almost call the middle of the nineteenth century the age of Offenbach.

Nor is the popularity of this most orginal genius confined to any class of the several communities which hear his creations with delight. No sooner has one of his masterpieces been produced at Paris than it is at once brought out at all the German capitals, to awaken the laughter and applause of everybody. Each of the works, on a large scale, which he has brought out of late, may be said to have marked an epoch. The effect of "Orphée aux Enfers" has not died out yet. After being performed on every stage of continental Europe, it has furnished quadrilles for the fashionable ball-room, tunes for the humble barrel-organ, songs and choruses for the music hall. The people of the old world may truly be said to live and breathe Offenbach.

It is not enough to assert that this greatest of musical humorists is still in the prime of life and vigor. Each of his later works has been better than its predecessor, and the last, "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," brought out at the Théâtre des Variétés, the scene of his more recent triumphs, is the most successful of them all.

Jacques Offenbach was born at Cologne, on the 21st of June, 1819, and at the age of fourteen he became a pupil of the French Conservatoire. In 1847 he succeeded M. Barbereau as leader of the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, and at about the same time gave signs of a talent for composition, by setting to music the Fables of La Fontaine. These fables are, as a matter of course, committed to memory by every educated child in France, and, deriving a new charm from the music of Offenbach, they soon made their way through all the best circles of French society. Offenbach had also become celebrated as an artist on the violoncello. Nevertheless his career was then only just beginning, and his present fame dates from 1850, when he obtained the right to open the world-renowned Bouffes Parisiens. This theatre, erected in the Champs Elysées, at once became the rage of Paris; and, when summer had departed, and the brilliant Champs could be no longer visited, the hall in the Passage Choiseul, once named after M. Comte, became its winter home. The enterprising spirit of Offenbach has been fully commensurate with his genius: to secure vogue for his productions, he established competitions, offered rewards and prizes, and, in 1857–58, gave a new impulse to his European fame by travelling to England and Germany with his own vocal company.

The pieces brought out on the opening of the theatre in the Champs Elysées, in the summer of 1850, were "Les deux Aveugles" and "Une Nuit Blanche." Thus was begun a long list of successes, among which we may name "Batnelan" and "Le Violoneux," produced in the same year; "Tronib Alcazar," "Le Postilion en Gage," "Le Rose de Saint Fleur," "Le Financier et le Saretier," all produced in 1856; and "Croche Fer," brought out in 1857. These, which were operettas of the lightest kind, were soon followed by "Les Baisers du Diable," a phantasmagoria in three tableaux, and then came the famous "Orphée aux Enfers," which drew crowds for three hundred successive nights, and furnished airs for the pianos of every fashionable drawingroom in Paris and London. Other popular works are "Le Chanson de Fortunio," "Le Pont des Soupirs," "Apothecaire et Perruquier," "Le Roman Comique," and "M. et Mme. Denis," the last in 1862.

In the season of 1864–65 Offenbach achieved a triumph in a theatre of larger dimensions, the Variétés, honorably known for many years as one of the chief temples to the comic muse. Here he brought out "La Belle Hélène," an exquisitely humorous version of the old Homeric myth.

Offenbach's last and greatest success is "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," which was recently produced at the Variétés, and is now the grand sensation of Europe. It charms every ear and shakes all sides with laughter.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

Music Abroad.

Germany.

Leipzig. We translate the following from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Oct. 11.

"Yesterday the Gewandhaus re-opened its doors, which had been closed since Easter, and summoned the faithful to the first subscription concert of this winter's cycle. On entering, our eyes were agreeably surprised by a renovation of the hall, which has clad the familiar room in a new dress (*Gewande*), without marring its chaste simplicity, which held all distracting ornaments aloof. In the string quartet of the orchestra we were glad to see Concertmeister Dreyschock, recovered from long illness. The programme, for a Welcome, gave us first Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe.* Its tones swiftly, as with Faust's magic mantle, bore us away from the turmoil of everyday life into the moonlit realm of the Romantic, which Weber rules as most peculiarly his own domain; and the poetic, finely elaborated rendering of the work brought it before our inner sense with all the dreamed of majesty and splendor.

"The second part of the programme, on the other hand, led us upon true classic ground. It consisted of Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, the greatest Symphonic Poem, the richest in ideas, that ever was created. Here too the orchestra followed the bold flight of the master with penetrating understanding and an accuracy hardly to be surpassed. We would only hint to the trombones, that the *fanfares* of the Finale, powerfully as Beethoven makes them stand out, still belong always within the frame of a Symphony and therefore must be essentially distinguished from the crash of military Janissary music.

"Between the orchestral works two 'guests' appeared in solo performances: Fräulein Therese Seehofer, from Vienna, and Herr Henri Wieniawski, from St. Petersburg, both for the first time in the Gewandhaus. The former is a young singer of much promise, with an agreeable soprano voice, and already far advanced in its artistic cultivation. She won the applause of the assembly with the second grand aria of the Countess in 'Figaro's Marriage,' in which that Mozart-ish type of noble womanhood laments the loss of her youth's ideal in tones of such incomparably warm, deep feeling; and still more in the scena: '*Ocean, du Ungeheuer,*' from Weber's *Oberon.*—Herr Wieniawski, a Pole, who studied in Paris, and since 1860 has held the place of first solo violinist to the Emperor of Russia, counts among the renowned violin players of the present day. In Mendelssohn's Concerto he attested the excellencies of the Parisian school: elegance, grace, flexibility and tenderness of bowing, to a distinguished degree; equally obvious were the weak points of the same; the want of nerve and a sweetish manner without energy. Wholly contrary to German taste was his own Fantasia upon themes from Gounod's *Faust:* a virtuoso piece so superficial and tedious, so barren of all higher aspiration, the walls of the Gewandhaus perhaps never heard."

Another critic (in the *Nachrichten*) says of Wieniawski's Fantasia: "The motto of the tastefully renovated Gewandhaus, freshened up with new color: '*Res severa est verum gaudium,*' should have been covered with a curtain during the performance of that composition."

A concert has been given by Professor Mulder, at Frankfort on-the-Maine, in aid of the Cathedral Building Fund. The pieces performed were: Overture to "La Chasse du jeune Henri" Méhul; Page's air from "Le Nozze," Mozart, and fragment from the fifth act of "L'Africaine," Meyerbeer, sung by Mme. Lucca; duet from "Don Juan," sung by Mme. Lucca and Herr Verger; rondeau brilliant in E flat major for pianoforte, played by Herr E. Pauer; and overture to "Le Siège de Corinthe," Rossini. Mme. Lucca was greatly applauded, and, in consideration of the alacrity with which she gave her services, has been presented with the honorary freedom of the City.

The following works were performed at a concert lately given in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche at Worms, Germany: "Overture to St. Paul," Mendelssohn; air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from "The Messiah," Handel; prelude and fugue for organ, and sacred song, S. Bach; "Ave Maria," Schubert; recitative and final chorus from the first part of "The Creation; "Ave Verum," Mozart; "Mit Würd' and Hoheit," from "The Creation;" duet and chorus from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; variations for the organ, Hesse; air from "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; and the "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah," Handel. The vocal solos were entrusted to Mme. Peschka-Leutner, Herren Hill and Ruff. The organ pieces were executed by Herr Lux.

The musical feuilleton of the new journal *Süddeutsche Presse*, which appeared on the 1st inst., is edited by Richard Wagner, who has given up the idea of expounding his theories in a special journal of his own.

Foreign journals assert that Wagner's comic opera, "Hans Sachs," which was to have been given at Munich on the anniversary of the wedding-day of the composer's "kingly friend," will be withheld, the work being just six hours long.

Simon Sechter, court organist and professor of the Vienna Conservatoire, died recently in that capital, at the age of seventy-nine. He was one of the most learned contrapuntists of this century, and has left a number of compositions. He enjoyed much reputation as a teacher, Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Pauer and Doehler being numbered among his pupils. Schubert intended to study under Sechter, but his too early death prevented him.

The interest excited by the recent disinterment of Schubert's instrumental compositions, and the knowledge that a mass of manuscripts yet remain in Vienna, says the London *Athenæum*, have led to the departure of a known amateur, with a professor, for the Austrain capital, expressly for the purpose of research and examination. There has been no such treasure unearthed in our time.

Revivals of Gluck's "Armida," "Alcestis," and "Iphigenia in Tauris" are announced as forthcoming during the winter season at Berlin.

The *Saturday Review* thus adverts to Ludwig Nohl's "Life of Beethoven:" "The life of Beethoven is a subject of which the world seems never to tire, so numerous and important are the contributions made to it almost annually. Herr Nohl, known as a high authority on music in general, and as the biographer of Mozart in particular, is probably as well qualified for the task as any living man, unless it be the American Thayer, whose extraordinary diligence and knowledge of the subject are amply recognized by Nohl himself. The principal claim of the latter would seem to consist in his more elaborate investigation of the history of Beethoven's youth, which he considers to have been comparatively neglected by his predecessors, and which is certainly much less known than the painful history of the composer's latter days. He has collected a vast amount of detail, little of which can be regarded as irrelevant; his style is clear and fluent, the leading circumstances are ably narrated, the illustrations judiciously introduced, the biographer's own observations sensible and appropriate; and on the whole, whether destined to be ultimately superseded by Thayer's or not, it cannot be doubted that this Life of Beethoven will obtain a large and deserved measure of success. The two volumes now published bring the work down to 1814."

To condense our German notes—Herr Joachim has been playing at Hamburg; M. Rubinstein at Leipsic. The four artists led by Herr Becker, who make up what is called "the Florentine Quartet," have given performances during the past "bath season" with success. A travelling orchestra is going the round of the principal cities, headed by Herr Bilse, who, adopting an English title, advertises "monster concerts," with an orchestra of only sixty performers. Concerts have been and are being organized in aid of the Freiligrath Fund. The one at Darmstadt, the other day, was more than usually productive. Herren Brahms and Joachim are about to give concerts in company at Vienna next month. A new Philharmonic Society is to be founded in Berlin. While people interested or disinterested, as may be, are blowing up rumors of war between France and Prussia, one of the most redoubtable French military bands, which of late has been heard at Aix-la Chapelle, Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, and other towns of the district, to every one's satisfaction, gave a concert the other evening in the noble Gürzenich room at Cologne, and was received in the most cordial fashion conceivable. A pianoforte "monster" concert, calling itself historical, was the other day given in the City of the Three Kings by M. Mortier de la Fontaine. The programme consisted of twenty pieces of music, ranging between the days of Dr. John Bull and the Abbé Liszt.—*Athenæum.*

Posthumous Works of Mendelssohn. We translate from the *Signale*: "Mendelssohn's son, the young Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who lives in Heidelberg, having been appointed Professor of History there, has been resting from his arduous labors for some weeks in Baden-Baden. He is at present occupied with the publication of a second series of the works left in manuscript by his illustrious father. The first of these, the Trumpet Overture, in C, (composed in 1826,) has recently appeared as op. 101; and others will soon follow. The first to be expected is a new book of 'Songs without Words,' composed between 1841 and 1845, that is to say in his last period. Next will come a posthumous Symphony, the so-called 'Reformation Symphony," in D minor, written for the Festival of the Reformation in 1830 and at that time performed in Berlin and London. We have furthermore to expect a set of *Etudes* and a Piano Sonata (composed in 1827), besides a funeral March for wind instruments, which Mendelssohn wrote in 1836 for the funeral of Norbert Burgmüller. This beautiful March, arranged for orchestra, has been performed in Baden-Baden, exciting a lively interest among the friends of music.

An important posthumous work by Schubert has been published by Spina, of Vienna—the cantata of "*Lazarus.*" It is planned on the scale of a full Oratorio, but only two parts are completed; the composer did not live to write further than the death bed, the house of mourning, and the grave. The grief of Jesus—the awe and glory of the miracle, are wanting. That which exists, however, shows Schubert's genius in its highest form; exceeding in sublimity, and equalling in originality and beauty, the finest portions of his Mass in E flat. In "*Lazarus,*" however, as elsewhere, is to be felt his tendency to prolixity; arising probably from a want of opportunity to hear his compositions executed. *The Athenæum* says it is impossible to perform that wonderful fragment as it stands, but a selection of half a dozen numbers may be made with ease.

Paris

The San Francisco *Musical Monthly* translates and condenses from the *Paris Guide* the following account of the *Orphéon* singing schools:

"The Orphéon furnishes to the youth of the Communal schools instruction in the elements of music, and by making them acquainted with the beauties of the best poetry, and revealing to them the primordial laws of harmony, cultivates the ear, and teaches them to speak their language with a purer pronunciation. There they acquire the taste for elevating recreations, and learn above all, how from the union of voices, may spring the union of hearts. For, at the Orphéon, all classes meet together—masters and workmen, townsmen and soldiers, rich and poor, peasants and citizens;—all liberal minds are interested in this useful institution, as yet hardly thirty years old. It is after the *Liedertafeln*, of Germany and Switzerland, that the Orphéon has been modeled.

"The first German Liedertafel was founded at Berlin, in 1808, by the musician Zelter, assisted by Goethe; and another poet, none other than Béranger, contributed to the success of the Orphéon by proposing B Wilhem as Singing Master in the schools of mutual instruction, when in October, 1818, the study of music was introduced into them. It was not until 1835, however, that the Municipal Council of Paris, ordered the introduction of singing into the Communal schools. Three years later, singing was regularly taught in all the universities.

"There remained the working classes, both at Paris and in the departments. At the suggestion, and under the eye of Wilhem, M. Hubert, an excellent professor, opened, in 1835, in the Rue Montgolfier, a course of vocal music for working people, and the pupils of these evening schools were able, at the end of a few months, to sing in chorus. This first success led to the opening of similar schools at the Halle aux Draps, the Rue de Fleurus, the Rue d' Argenteuil, and elsewhere; and to-day, according to official documents, there are in France, 3,243 choral societies, numbering 147,500 singers.

"The Orphéon had thus, at its disposition, hundreds of tenor and bass voices to reinforce and complete the choruses of our Communal schools.

"The more the public performances were multiplied, the more clearly manifest became the interest felt in the cause of the Orphéon. In 1852, the functions at first discharged by B. Wilhem, and afterwards by M. Hubert, devolved upon the distinguished composer, M. Ch. Gounod. This eminent musician handed in his resignation in 1860, and the Orphéon, continually growing in prosperity, was then divided into two sections; that of the left bank of the Seine under the direction of M. François Bazin, and that of the right, under M. Jules Pasdeloup. M. Hubert was appointed inspector of the Communal schools on the right bank, and M. Foulon of those on the left.

"Such is, in brief the history of the establishment and progress of the Orpheon.

"Every Thursday evening, the adult pupils receive a lesson from their director, and, every Sunday afternoon, adults and children meet together to repeat the choruses. The division under the charge of M. F. Bazin meets at the Sorbonne; and the division of the right bank of the Seine has hitherto met in the hall of the Grand Orient Rue Cadet, but will soon be obliged to move.

"Every spring there is an exhibition of the progress made, at which, 1,200 chosen pupils, sing before the Prefect of the Seine and the Superintending Committee, the new pieces which they have learned. Their répertoire is very rich, for our best composers take pleasure in adding to it every day. Adolphe Adam, Halévy, M. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Ch. Gounod, Fr. Bazin, and other masters have furnished for it fine choral compositions.

"Thanks to their directors, our Orphéonists cultivate by turns Pergolesi and Lesueur, Handel and Rossini, Gluck and Mendelssohn, Gretry and Weber, Mozart and Schubert, the old masters and the new, the Classical and the Romantic school."

A foreign critic writes: "The *reprise* of L'Elisir d'Amore,' at the Theatre Italien, has recently been the principal musical feature in Paris. Of course, Adelina Patti was the *Adina*, and certainly it is one of her most finished and exquisite impersonations—perhaps, indeed, never so faithfully and bewitchingly sustained. And this may be averred in spite of the powerful reminiscences of Mme. Persiani, the original, Mme. Frezzolini and Mme. Bosio. Nothing more *piquante*, more graceful and refined, more coquettish and more truthful to nature has been witnessed on the operatic boards. As for the singing, it is inimitable throughout, and is in all probability the greatest vocal achievement of Mlle. Patti, who was well supported by Signor Gardoni in the part of *Nemorino* and by Signor Scalese in *Dulcamara*. Signor Agnesi played *Sergeant Belcore*.

A short opera, "The Bride of Corinth," by M. Duprato, will be shortly produced at the Grand Opera.

Rome.—A private letter to a gentleman in this city (says the San Francisco *Musical Monthly*) criticizes Liszt's new Oratorio, as follows:

"On the 6th of July last, at 8½ P.M., there was given in the Sala Dantesca the Commendatore F. Liszt's Oratorio of 'Christ,' with the accompaniment of a full Orchestra of 130 artistes.

"The merits of the composition and its acceptability to the audience may be guessed at from the following facts: *ten* rehearsals were found necessary to prepare for the performance—(this shows the inequality of the parts); and when at last performed, the hearers showed the greatest irritation, and the evening ended in uproar and tumult. Many of the audience even demanded their money back.

"The fault of all this was thrown on the sopranos and altos (who were boys) and, in accordance with somewhat novel ideas of justice, they were deprived of their pay. During the rehearsals, entire satisfaction; at the performance, quite the contrary.

"The fault was not with the boys, but with the character of the composition. Liszt would do well to play the pianoforte, on which instrument he cannot be surpassed. We might even say, without hesitation, that he is the *only one* who possesses the art of playing on the piano; but he ought to abandon the attempt at composing for voices, unless he wishes to become the laughing-stock of Europe.

"There are many utterly ignorant of music who run after him, because of his renown as a pianist, and who one day will be obliged to confess their er-

ror. Public opinion cannot be suppressed; it will make itself known. Neither is it given to man to be perfect in everything. Liszt may run his fingers over the key-board; he possesses the mechanical part of music, but it does not follow that he can compose for voices.

"These two different branches are reached by different paths. Neither one of them supposes the other. The *real* scientific part of music, and especially that which regards the human voice, Liszt does not possess; and his works prove this to all unprejudiced hearers."

The writer says, elsewhere:

"The 'Sala Dantesca' is a hall here at which are given concerts, both vocal and instrumental, in order to dupe foreigners, and pocket a little cash.

"Old compositions, baptized by the name of this or that school, and assigned to any century, are performed; and to this amusement is given the name of 'Historical Concerts.' That you may know where we stand in the matter of vocal composition, it is only necessary to state that they have lately performed a piece of vocal music by Liszt!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 9, 1867.

Draping the Flag.

Saturday, November 2, 1867.

Oh, Flag! that o'er my quiet home
Has often floated, now I bind
On thee a mournful badge of woe,
As thus I give thee to the wind.

In hours of joy and glowing pride
I oft have flung thee broadly out,
Seeming to hear the rallying cry,
The bugle call, the victor's shout.

Yet ever, 'mid thy stripes and stars,
I saw the hero's life blood stream,
As from rebellion's hands were torn
These colors in the death fire's gleam.

Now, purified by blood and tears
From the dark blot of slavery's stain,
I ne'er had thought to gaze once more
Upon thy folds with bitter pain.

Yet soon with tears thy banner broad
Was closely bound by mournful band,
When the whole world with us deplored
The Leader, Father of our Land.

Again amid thy folds there floats
The mournful sign of household grief;
(Even so slight a token seems
To wounded hearts a fond relief.)

Oh, Flag, thou art embalmed by tears,
And sanctified by Heroes' fame,
Yet on the record thou dost watch
None higher stands than ANDREW'S name.

Droop, then, 'mid thousand other signs
Which signal through our land to-day
What heavy loss befel the State
When in his prime he passed away.

Not passed away; his well earned fame
Shall with his country's banner be
Entwined; to each true heart the sign
Of Faith and Hope and Liberty.

—*Transcript.* W.

Music in Boston.

Mr. L. F. HARRISON'S first concert, last Monday evening, brought back to us Madame PAREPA-ROSA, and her husband, with Signor FERRANTI, and for a new and singular attraction the pianist whom we all thought so wonderful twenty years ago, LEOPOLD DE MEYER. It was the Parepa troupe somewhat shorn of its old proportions, and without an orchestra, so that there was no particular propriety in styling it a "Grand" Concert. But the Music Hall was remarkably well filled, and the favorites of two years past were very cordially welcomed. Mme. Rosa's cheerful, generous presence still bespoke the favor, which her noble voice and song confirmed. The voice was as clear, as pure, as all-sufficing as before, and the delivery as perfect; only at times, in stronger passages, it sounded a little hard, and in the strength we missed something of the old sweetness; not so at all in the *mezza voce*, which was singularly beautiful and even, with all her artistic fineness, certainty and ease of execution. We wished the selections had been better; they were mostly of the very ordinary English ballad kind:—"Tripping through the meadows," by Molley, set down as "new," but merely another specimen of that never new "Five o'clock in the morning" school, which sells so well and employs so many manufacturers in England;—a French Romance: "*Si tu savais*," by English (Irish) Balfe; a ballad or two more for encores,—all of course sung with spirit, and captivating to the less musical part of an audience. The one good thing was the little Duet: "*Crudel, perchè finora*," from Mozart's *Figaro*, which she sang with Ferranti.

Equally ordinary and without claim upon really musical ears and feelings were the violin selections of our friend Carl Rosa, whose very presence always wins one's sympathy, and whose playing this year, as we intimated before, by its greater evenness and smoothness and the absence of forced tone, shows the good influence of a more quiet, settled life. But beautiful and searching as were the tones, and fine the execution, one expects from such an artist something quite different from mere Bellini *Souvenirs* and fantastical Fantasias on themes from the *Freyschütz*.

But the object of most curiosity was the piano virtuoso, our old friend DE MEYER. As he hastened upon the stage, hat and gloves in hand, bowing and smiling, greatly changed by years, we knew him more by the fire of the eyes and by a certain *vornehm* air, than by anything else. Seated at the piano, the old ways and motions, the characteristic touch, so nervous, and in softer passages beautifully clear and limpid, the eccentric dash and energy, the wilful and superfluous force thrown into the accent of a single note; the exciting promise of now and then a marked opening and then the wandering away into indefinite prolixity of ornamental passage work (for all his pieces were of his own composition); but all the time an individuality, a mingled sense of a once fine but fitful fire and grotesqueness, brought back the man. He is still a remarkable player, but not what he was. Yet there is enough individuality about it to make it (for a while at least) interesting. If he would only play good music! But we suppose the *virtuoso* tendency, too long indulged in, becomes at last an unconquerable fatality, a sort of nightmare spell paralyzing the very will that would return. He did, to be sure, on being recalled, play a familiar thing of Chopin; you of course recognized the features, and yet half doubted them, so little was there of the Chopin soul. For the rest, his own "Depart et Retour" was delicate and tender, although somewhat commonplace, in the first part, and fiery in the second; and his *Norma* Fantasia, opening with a really stately transcription of the Druid march, soon began to wander, automatically, up and down the keys in thin conventional bravura, brilliant, but bringing no new thought, only at times startling by a fit of fiery accent. The Steinway piano, extremely sweet in tone when softly or moderately played, jingled as if taxed beyond its power in the strong passages.

The rosy, rollicking, rich-voiced Ferranti, put to it for new buffo songs, could only put us off with third-rate ones. Balfe's "Postilion" has not *genius*, without which fun is weariness: and that crying, scolding air from Fioranti's "Columella," relies on the quick, angry reiteration of the word "*Femmine! femmine!*" for any witty point it has, while the *boo-hoo*-ing was too buffoonish for an artistic concert. In short the Concert, as a whole, was not artistic, fine as the execution was, of course, with such superior artists. In place of Orchestra, there were Organ pranks at beginning and end by Mr. Thayer, and rather dry piano-forte accompaniment by Mr. G. W. Colby.

The second of the five Parepa concerts takes place this evening, and the third to-morrow (Sunday), when we look for a programme at least worthy of a week day.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The habits of a fortnightly paper compelling us to go to press upon the very Thursday of the concert, we cannot report yet of the first one. We can only speak from our knowledge of the programme (how rich it is, how well contrasted in its two parts, we have shown in our last) and of the rehearsals; and we doubt not we shall be able to say in our next that it did not disappoint the glowing hopes of the unusually large and generous subscription audience. We know pretty well, too, how fine a surprise the public will have experienced in the beautiful tenor voice and the true musical spirit of the young member of the Harvard Association, the last graduate taken into its ranks, the sweet college singer of a year ago, who now makes his debut in his native city, where he proposes to devote himself to the best classical (including Oratorio) music, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

To the full effect of that Dedication Overture (op. 124) of Beethoven especially, as well as of the "Jupiter" Symphony, the Gade "Highlands" "Overture" and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, we do need a greater force of strings in our Orchestra. The musical means are not so great as the musical heart of Boston. But let the heart continue earnest and the means will come. Surely, a public, which gives *nearly thirteen hundred season subscribers* for eight purely classical Symphony concerts, deserves to have a noble Orchestra! And this large list has cost scarcely any effort; the simple knowledge that the good plan of pure programmes would be persevered in, and that the nucleus of the right audience was guarantied beforehand in the very character of the Association that provides the concerts, has proved enough, as was anticipated, to draw the real music-lovers in such numbers. Verily we have not our fair share of good classical violin and 'cello players here, when larger cities, which abound in them, show so much less of the right sort of appetite. We are sure, there is room in Boston for a dozen first-rate orchestra musicians in the string department, in-

cluding another fine Quartet for Chamber Concerts; and, with a little patience, they would find support here. The higher kind of occupation for such will steadily go on increasing; those who come, if they are competent, can take the first places, not a few of which are just now vacant.

The second concert (Nov. 21) reverts to last year's plan of programme—instead of two Symphonies, one Symphony and a Concerto. Part I. Cherubini's Overture to *Medea* (new); a Bach aria, sung by Mrs. CARY; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos, played by Messrs. LANG and PARKER. —Part II. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (B flat); Songs by Mrs. Cary; Overture to *Oberon*. The Symphony in the third Concert will be by Haydn.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are rehearsing Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, with selections from "Solomon," &c., for the Saturday evening, and "Samson" for the Sunday evening, after Thanksgiving. We are happy to learn that Mr. George L. Osgood is engaged for the tenor solos in the "Messiah" at Christmas time.

Shall we be a Musical People?

The following appeared some months since in the leading Methodist journal of this city, *Zion's Herald*. We must confess much sympathy with the ideas expressed in it, and it is certainly hopeful when Methodists begin to entertain them.

The love of music has become so widespread and so deep among us, that henceforth the divine Art must be counted among the vital interests of this people. Music must enter largely into the education of freemen. To love freedom and to trust to that as the very soul and principle of all our institutions, the keystone of the arch of all political and social order, and yet to neglect the culture of the ideal arts,—especially that art which is the most ideal, the most free, the most spiritual, and the most sympathetic of the Arts, the Art of Tones,—why, a great people might as well hope to live and realize true liberty without religion. The instinct of liberty in the individual, the pursuit of one's own pleasure (what he fancies his own life,) will always be more or less in conflict with the restraints of general order; freedom of thought, the free play of the inquiring and insatiable intellect will call in question every creed and system; the genial element in human nature will ever prove too strong for unæsthetic diet. Positive legal enactments, positive forms of religion, moral prohibitions can do much, can at least preserve a certain outward decency and show of order; but they cannot satisfy the great thirst of the soul, which is for a real taste of the divine life, of heavenly freedom, harmony and beauty even here in this world, amid these mortal cares and struggles, with and through as well as in spite of the natural man.

For, after all, our creeds, our politics, our social ambitions and distinctions, our very pursuit of the outward means of life, divide us; not even religion, in any recognized outward form or organization, can be said truly to unite men; yet the great inmost yearning of the devout soul is for unity, to be made one, consciously and freely, with the Life that is in God. Now in a republic, more than under any system, the free play which there is for every sort of competition, the "free fight" (to borrow a slang term) of individualities, the rush and scramble for distinction, and for wealth, the absence of the old paternal tenderness of governments providing for the children play things, beautiful amusements and surroundings, galleries of Art, parks, etc., makes it particularly indispensable to the whole social education that we promote in every way the culture of the Beautiful. It is not enough that we are taught right moral principles; we must form a *taste* for what is good and true and beautiful; a man's *tastes* mould him by a more unintermittent, unseen, silent pressure than even the convictions of his mind or traditions from without, or conscience from within. Let the American people grow up with a sincere taste for harmony and beauty, taste for Art, for Music, in the highest sense; let them learn through Art the meaning of the word *genial*, and in this culture we shall have the silent, sure corrective of so much that is violent, obtrusive and uneasy, so much that is prosaic, hard, pretentious, egotistic, in our national character. Saintship is beautiful, heroism is beautiful; but they are exceptional also, they are sublime, and all cannot be sublime. But the sense of the beautiful in Art (and that is sure to quicken the sense of beauty in nature and in character), tends insensibly to round off the sharp corners of our offensive democratic individuality, to make us forget ourselves, to supply the unseemly lack of reverence which has been charged upon us, to fill us with the instinct of harmony, good order and good manners. Taste is conscience absorbed into the very nerve and fibre of one's life; with a sincere *taste* for what is beautiful, it is less easy to offend.

Our people, pre-occupied so long with the first cares of laying the foundations of their political and social fortune, were slow to recognize the need of æsthetic culture. Religion, politics and business—these were the only interests we dared to be in earnest about. But Art, the culture of the love of the Ideal, had to come in to keep these from becoming acrid and unendurable. Mere amusement, mere play without art or beauty, soon sinks to the bestial; we must *believe* in play, believe in amusement and in joy, as we do in the soul itself; we must believe in the senses if we would have the senses minister to the soul; and to believe thus we must have Art for a mediator; for Art shows us, sings us the Ideal in forms speaking to and through the senses. Art reconciles the spiritual with the material. Our people are becoming alive to this thought. There is, we verily believe, a great awakening among us to the need, the value, the divine influence of Art. A great activity in all the walks of Art is developing in this utilitarian people. Especially do we seem smitten of late with a love, or at any rate a strong desire, for that which is at once the most ideal and the most popular of the Arts, Music.

It would be presumptuous to call ourselves as yet a musical people, in the full sense, for instance, that the Germans are, or that the Italians were. But the vigor with which we seize upon all musical opportunities, both of enjoying and of learning, is fast becoming a great sign of the times with us; the activity goes on increasing in a compound ratio, that looms most formidably ahead. Certainly it is a social fact of great significance. Its value of course is in proportion to its earnestness, and we do not believe it is a mere passing fashion. There is a deep musical movement in this community, strongest and deepest just where there is the most of general culture and the most of faith and true humanity; strongest in New England, and in such centres of intellectual and moral life as Boston, and more or less all the great cities; but in the other cities we cannot help thinking that it is more an imported enthusiasm, while here it springs more sincerely from within, a deep-felt want of our whole social and religious nature.

Think of the oratorios, the operas, the concerts, in greater numbers and variety than ever, and of higher, purer quality, which our people of all classes have thronged to this winter, spending as if for a necessity and not a luxury when the question was of hearing a great artist or a great work of Beethoven, or Handel, or Mozart, or Mendelssohn! Think how classical the general appetite has grown (of course there is always at the same time a large audience for superficial medleys and all sorts of claptrap—there is everywhere, even in Leipzig and Vienna), how many symphonies we crave each season, how fond we are not only of "The Messiah" and the "Creation," (the two only oratorios known here fifty years ago, and which led the founders of our venerable Oratorio society to couple in its titles two names so remotely related to each other as Handel and Haydn), but also of "Jephtha," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Hymn of Praise,"—all such great works, and only such—for it would be hard now to revive much interest in such a work as Neukomm's "David;" think how steadily the mere sensational, "effect" music, tried here many times, as all new fashions are, has been losing ground in Boston programmes, while the true masters, those who wrought in all sincerity and not for to-day's applause, have held their own; think how the Chamber Concerts, where one hears music in its most abstract, pure form of Quartets, etc., for stringed instruments, or the piano-forte Sonatas of Beethoven and Schubert, and other classical works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin,—works of such rare genius and earnestness almost exclusively, to the avoidance of mere show-pieces and displays of wondrous feats of execution—have hardly found evenings enough in a week to give all the artists, each with a faithful *clientele* of admiring listeners, a chance. Think how many admirable pianists, skilled interpreters of all the best that has been written for their instrument, whether solo or in concert with others, have found encouragement to settle down here, both as public players and teachers! Think, too, what pianos we have manufactured here,—how the Chickering Grands are the theme of wonder at the Paris Exposition now,—and what church organs, how many of them and how large and perfect; of the superlatively *great* Organ, one of the world's three or four best and largest, that stands all the time with ever so much quiet back-ground of reserved force in our noble Music Hall; and think of the Hall itself, and of our many halls. Then finally think of the great music schools that have sprung up so rapidly among us, two of them taking the ambitious name of Conservatory, and already boasting their three hundred and their five hundred pupils,—and of the eagerness there is among our young men and women, and even children, to learn all that they possibly can, within their means, of music theoretically and practically. It really seems as if all New England were fired with the idea of becoming *en masse* a musician. And so, naturally, at the same time music is becoming an immense branch of business, both in the way of trade and manufacture and profession. Verily there is machinery enough at work, and there is motive power enough behind it, to work out a great musical culture here. Blindly or wisely, a great musical movement is accumulating momentum at a formidable rate. The more important, then, that it should understand itself, that it should recognize true landmarks, and be kept in a sound and true direction.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts on the 23d and 24th were very successful. Case Hall was filled on both nights with lovers of good music, and we can safely say, none were disappointed, for more really enjoyable concerts were never given in this city. We have not space to give the programmes, which comprised selections from Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Mozart, &c. The thorough sympathy of the Quintette Club, and the delicacy of their execution, renders their interpretation of classical music very nearly perfect. Miss Addie S. Ryan, who made her first appearance here in these concerts, proved herself an excellent artiste. She has a voice of rare compass and beauty, and seems to *feel* what she sings. She sang a number of charming English and German ballads in an admirable manner.—*West. Res. Herald.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The 167th regular concert of the old Musical Society (Oct. 12), with an orchestra of nearly fifty, had the following programme:

Overture—Magic Flute ..... Mozart
Song for Soprano ..... Reichardt
Funeral March—(Orchestra) ..... Chopin.
Male Chorus with Solo Quartet, (new) ..... Abt
Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream ..... Mendelssohn.
Lorely—Scene for Soprano Solo, Chorus, etc., (Orchestra) Mendelssohn.

We have just had seven nights of German Opera: *Faust* (of course,) *Martha*, *Fille du Regiment*, *Stradella*, *Der Freischutz*, &c.

Lecture on the Piano-Forte.—Mr. B. J. Lang, the well known musical teacher, made his debut as a lecturer Saturday afternoon in Chickerings' Hall. The lecture was delivered to the pupils of the New England Conservatory of Music, but there was quite a number of listeners outside of that now large circle. Mr. Lang's subject was, "The Piano." He gave its history from the earliest period, and traced its course and influence down to the present day. In relation to pianos, Mr. Lang quite disbelieves in the "Squares," and hopes they may be displaced by the "Uprights," the only kind, in his judgment, which should be tolerated. He thinks there are too many who attempt to learn to play the piano. None should do so who do not in some manner exhibit a talent for it. Mere practice, however long continued, will not make a player unless there is an original capacity behind it. When abroad Mr. Lang saw the best pianos of the world. Among the most exquisite was a Spanish; and the worst from Galway. He regards those made in Boston as unsurpassed in the world, and believes the perfection of piano construction has been about reached. A Boston piano, made by Boston mechanics, is good enough. Mr. Lang gave much good and practical advice as to learning and teaching the piano. He uttered some pretty severe things against some of the music of the day, and regarded miscellaneous concerts as crude and unsatisfactory. Entertainments in which a whole symphony is given he regards as something worth while to listen to. In this connection he commended the concerts of the Harvard Musical Association and Orchestral Union. The music of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and kindred composers was eulogized, while the "hodge-podge" school was kicked and cuffed with hearty vehemence. Touching those ornamental articles of furniture known as piano stools, he said they were abominations and ought to be banished. The ordinary chair with a back to it, against which an occasional rest could be had, was worth a dozen stools. Some of the English peculiarities of playing the piano were adverted to, and their absurdities pointed out. The English have their way in the matter of piano playing just as they do in some other things, and stick to it whether good or bad. As to the "art" of playing, and the manner, he said he could not state it. It defied language to express. It was a thing to hear, not to describe. He thought ladies were naturally better players and teachers than men, as they have a power to easily acquire and impart. Mr. Lang spoke about three-fourths of an hour in an off-hand and rather pleasant manner. The merit of his lecture was in the practical suggestions he threw out, which were evolved from his own experience as a teacher. He promised at the start that he should be crude, and he was a little so, but the information imparted was more than an offset. Some of his anecdotes were a little musty and not always apropos, but he gave on the whole satisfaction to his hearers. For a first attempt it was fair. But it is no injustice to Mr. Lang to say that he plays better than he preaches.—*Post.*

Philadelphia. Mr. Carl Sentz is giving Orchestral Matinées, in each of which a Symphony by Haydn or Mozart is the principal feature. Last week he gave Mozart's "Jupiter," which interests our Boston readers just now. A writer in the *Evening Bulletin* thus describes it for the Philadelphians.

The name of "Jupiter" has been given to this Symphony, probably, to indicate thereby its brilliant, majestic character. The first movement, Allegro vivace, common time, opens with a bold, defiant unisonous passage for all the instruments in two measures, which is followed by two measures taken by the string quartet, piano. Another four measures of slight variation from the preceding follows in the harmony of the dominant G. The following period, entering by a martial rhythm of the wind instruments, relieved by short rapid figures of the violins and violas intervening, is given a somewhat jovial expression. After a close on the second of the key, D, a new motive of soft, expressive character is introduced by the violins in the key of the dominant G, which is happily imitated by the basses, who, seemingly anxious to retain the beautiful first motive which has been so gracefully introduced by the violins, repeat it in the key of G. A vigorous incidental phrase, after a measure's pause for the whole orchestra, in C minor, soon passing, however, to the major, with intertwining of the first and second motives, leads to the end of the first part in the key of the dominant. The change from the dominant G to E flat is as simple as striking, passing through three notes only (g, f, b flat) in unison, and leads to new motives and frequent changes in harmony. Much wonder and admiration have been expressed in later times at the bold unisonous modulations occurring in Meyerbeer's works, and they have been regarded as something new; but here, and in other places in this Symphony, we have them in the greatest simplicity and in most imposing grandeur. An eminent German critic, whom we cannot quote at any length, says: "But this outer beauty is not the all-essential; a genuine noble thought, a solid strength and manly dignity, a brilliant marching on, are, by their daring and freedom, the characteristic attributes of the eagle."

The Andante Cantabile in three-four time, F-major, maintains such a peculiar grace throughout, that the violins and violas should be muted. It is rich in situations of effect, particularly in the suddenly changing shading of piano and forte, which seem impassionately to interrupt the even, quiet flow of the melody, but in reality only the more to elevate it. The three principal motives are interwoven in a masterly manner; the modulations and harmonies are exceedingly interesting and pleasing to cultivated ears, in fact, rich, exuberant and modern for all time.

The Minuetto Allegretto is the picture of a life-enjoying man, undisturbed by care or anxiety, cheerful, serene and joyous, yet not entirely free from longings, which seem to crop out in the Trio, which also is enriched by its beautiful harmonic concatenations. The Finale, Allegro Molto, in common time, contains the Fugue, which also is one of the distinguishing traits of this wonderful composition. Mozart stands in this noble work of art inimitable and unapproachable, for no other composer has ventured to introduce the Fugue form with such an elegant, free handling as pervades it throughout. It has been remarked of Beethoven, Spohr, Schumann, Gade, and others, that when they attempted to treat the Fugue in this free manner, they soon fell off from its support, as if they felt their strength insufficient to carry them through an elevation of thought and style from beginning to end of their work. But Mozart has left us another exemplar of this masterly command of never-failing resources of melody and harmony in the wonderful overture, *The Magic Flute*, a work which must sound as well a century hence as to-day.

The first four measures of the Allegro will bring to recollection the fact that this motive has already been used by Mozart in other works, in his Masses and in his Sonatas, only here it has arrived at its highest acceptation. A precise analysis, however, of this Fugato movement cannot be given here, for space fails us, and we should be seduced into paths wandering through tangled forests of combinations and beautiful melodic landscapes, o'er which we might linger longer than the patience of our readers might permit us. Let this suffice for the present, and although a Nägeli, from some hidden cause, may rant and abuse this grand work of Mozart, as "without style and full of platitudes and confusion," let us remember that he alone of all critics, of whatever time or clime, dared to bespatter with gall and bitterness a work which stands among its class as the mighty Jove among the gods of Mount Olympus. It is a *Jupiter Tonans.*

New York.—Mr. Theodore Thomas gave his first symphony soirée at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening week. The programme was exceedingly attractive, skilfully selected, and faithfully rendered. The opening piece, a "Suite in D," (overture, air, and gavotte,) by Bach, and performed for the first time here, is a charming piece of melody, pure and simple, and was handled with delicacy and grace. Cherubini's introduction to the third act of "Medea" is a composition worthy of the great Italian master, full of originality, deep and earnest, boldly conceived and vigorously marked out. It received full justice from the orchestra. The two movements (allegro and andante) from the unfinished "Symphony in B minor," are genuine specimens of the genius of Schubert, rich in melody, elaborate in modulation, and unmistakable in identity. The great feature of the evening, however, was the production of Beethoven's magnificent "Fifth Symphony," (so well known to the lovers of music,) which was grandly rendered. Never did Mr. Thomas's orchestra bend more earnestly to their work than in the interpretation of this sublime poem. It was clearly a labor of love, and, from beginning to end, the execution may unhesitatingly be pronounced faultless. It was a fitting culmination to such a programme, and Mr. Thomas deserves credit for placing the symphony at the close of the soirée, instead of at the beginning as formerly. Mme. Parepa-Rosa was the soloist. She appeared in two operatic selections, fully sustaining her well-earned reputation, and winning an unanimous encore in the aria from Mozart's "Figaro." The audience was thoroughly appreciative, and, though not as large as it should have been, yet, thanks to Mr. Thomas's indefatigable endeavors to cultivate a classical taste, was larger than it was wont to be in previous seasons. The whole affair was a decided success.—*Sund. Times.*

Special Notices.

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And is it true? (Mon Dieu! que je sois bête). "Grand Duchess." 30

I wear on my heart. (J' tai sur mon coeur). " 30

It is a legend old. (Legende du Verrre.) " 30

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Varied and rich.

Angel Millie. Ballad. *H. A. Tuckerman.* 30

Another fine ballad.

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It's a pity to be waked out of a sound sleep, even by a serenade; but if it must be, give us a nice song like the present.

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The pieces are also published separately, Te Deum, $1.75 Jubilate, 60. Thanksgiving chant, 40; and Gloria, 70.

Recommended to choirs.

I am a merry maid. (Son giovin giuliva). "Leonora." 35

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Well selected from Mercadante.

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Here one may waltz while on the billows, or listen to the musical stream, or "quadrille" by the lake at pleasure.

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Contains many passages of great beauty, and is the work of a talented blind composer.

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Easy, and nicely arranged.

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A very sprightly piece, named in honor of the ladies.

Young Dr. Balthazer. Polka Militaire. *Engelbrecht.* 30

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 695. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 18.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Two Words.

Oh dear beyond all grace of human speech!
What language can express thee—what approve?
Only two words come drifting to my reach:
My love! my love!

The farewell lingers 'till the lips are dumb,
Oh my love!
And long and longer with the hours that move,
The slender chain that binds us will become,
My love! my love!

The chain is slender, but I feel no fear,
Oh my love!
Whose faith I need no tender word to prove,
The days are weary—but the waiting dear,
My love! my love!

I ask for nothing—nothing hope to gain,
Oh my love!
I offer little—nothing can behove,
Only two words, from lips grown pale with pain,
My love! my love!

August 12th, 1865.

Music in Musicians' Letters.*

(From the London Chronicle.)

Lady Wallace has a real enthusiasm for musicians, and, probably, for music also, though her translations furnish evidence of her unacquaintance with even the rudimentary technicalities of the science. Before she published the present volume, she had already given us the letters of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Like Herr Ludwig Nohl, the industrious gatherer of these collections, Lady Wallace seems to think that she is doing some special service to the art and science of music by making them known. And yet we find little relating to art in them, beyond such facts as these—that Haydn thought Mozart the first of musicians, and admired greatly Clementi's sonatas; that Mozart despised these sonatas, which, however, he honored by deigning to pilfer them; that Beethoven had a real admiration for Weber's *Freyschütz*, while Weber, in the early part of his life, could only find interest in Beethoven's earlier compositions, and thought his later ones—among which, as he wrote in 1810, he included the Symphony in B flat, and the Eroica—merely a confused chaos, an unintelligible struggle after novelty, illuminated with occasional gleams of genius and fancy. Such opinions are interesting as serving to show the wide interval between the creative faculty and the critical faculty in the artist's mind; but they have not the slightest tendency to show us on what principles the artist worked or what were the rules which he imposed upon himself. We get a much greater insight into Beethoven's way of working from the boisterous contempt of his criticisms on archaic pedantry in his *Studien*, or from his observation on the old rule which forbids the second voice to enter on so difficult an interval as the fourth—"I think singers ought to be able to do anything but bite their own noses." This was really a principle with him; and however smoothly his compositions may run in the ear of the listener, the unfortunate performer has often to lament the obstinacy with which the master refused to accommodate himself to human infirmity, or to write kindly for his instruments.

But in reality these collections of musicians' letters, which Herr Nohl has gathered and Lady Wallace translated, can in general only be thought to belong to a literature of art by those who seek a new and compendious way into its sanctuary. For art is supposed, besides the narrow way which leads up to its front door, to have also a back door, with a wide, easy road up to it, if it could but be found. Lady Wallace is an enthusiast for discovering this north-west passage—this way of understanding the works of great musicians, not as music, but as the mystical expression of their lives and thoughts. It is as though a man should try to become a Shakespearian scholar by studying the topography and antiquities of Stratford, or as if a collegian should literally follow Biron's advice, and attempt to draw his stores of learning not from the study of books, but from the pleasanter and easier occupation of gazing into a lady's eyes. Lady Wallace thinks to approach the musical creations of the great masters, and to understand their drift and their meaning, by reading their letters, and seeing how they expressed themselves to their publishers or their patrons. This mint and cummin she tithes conscientiously, but the weightier matters she neglects. What can she learn from a letter of Haydn's asking his correspondent to send him a symphony, when even in copying its opening bars she does not know whether it is in E flat or E minor? Or what musical profit has she gained from all her devotion, if she still thinks that the key of A flat is equivalent to "four B flat minor?" (p. 159).

The letters have their own biographical interest, but very little musical importance. There are, however, two wide exceptions to this sweeping conclusion. It is not true either of the letters of Gluck or of those of Mendelssohn. Both of these were, to some extent, men of artificial, self-conscious, and self-made genius, capable not only of reflecting upon the creative processes of their minds, but of communicating, or attempting to communicate, them to the world. It is only a genius of the second order that is able to do this. The greatest artists cannot teach their art, because they have not learned it. Their learning is generally rather a cutting away of their own redundancies than a gradual amassing of wealth. The genial artist by one flash of imagination projects himself further into space than the critical artist can do by years of patient toil. The genial artist produces in the lump, and files away the rough corners. The critical artist builds up his productions by the square inch, and works out his design by line and rule. Gluck, who was one of the greatest musical reformers that ever lived, can never be reckoned more than a musician of the second rank. It was a powerful critical faculty, which showed him where the faults of contemporary music lay, which enabled him to see the whole imbecility of its plan or want of plan, and which drove him to seek and to find a remedy. And it is precisely because he sought this remedy outside the sphere of music that he is able to express it in such clear sentences. "My purpose," he says, "was to restrict music to its true office, that of ministering to the expression of poetry." For him music was not a self-guiding art. It was not architect, but only decorator. And he sought in an extraneous art, in poetry, the guide which should tell him how to weave together the march and the dance, the rush and the reaction, the noise and the silence, the screaming discords and the murmuring returns of concords and sweet sounds, which are the materials of the fairy palace of music. The plan of his musical edifice was to be prescribed by the character of the poem; the details were to be governed absolutely by the words and dialogue. His only purely musical principle was the constant preference of a "noble simplicity" to a "parade of difficulty at the expense of clearness." "I did not consider," he says, "a mere display of novelty valuable unless naturally suggested by the situation and the expression, and on this point no rule of composition exists that I would not have gladly sacrificed in favor of the effect produced." If we were to take a soliloquy of Hamlet, and after studying its organic rhythm, and the sequences and connections of its moods and passions, were to abstract these from the words, and to strive to represent them in their original order through the medium of music, we might possibly compose a very effective piece, but still one that could not be called a product of pure musical inspiration. It would be a transcript, an echo, not an original production. It would shine with a borrowed, not a self-generated light. That musical compositions of the highest order can be produced in this way, we have not only the dramas of Gluck to prove, but an example of such singular sublimity as the *Credo* of Beethoven's Mass in C, the music of which is so sensitive as to change its character with each word, breathing nothing but affection while it sings *Patrem*, and nothing but force while it shouts out *Omnipotentem*, and yet by some hidden principle of order binding itself together, and out of these contrasted and contradictory elements building an edifice of the most continuous unity and most refined harmoniousness. Still in all such pieces the musical art is not supreme; she is a mere servant of a higher art, whose behests she faithfully works out. Gluck's rules cannot apply to pure music, where the musical idea is supreme, not governed by any extraneous dictation of rhythm or pathos.

Both Gluck and Mendelssohn were artists whose fancy was made of brains. Each of them had an exact knowledge of the place he was to occupy in the field of his art. Each of them tried to explain his position and to formulate his principles. But Mendelssohn is as obscure as Gluck is clear. Mendelssohn did not seek any extraneous guide for musical thought, but tried to deduce it from musical principles. He was quite satisfied that he had done so, but he quite fails in communicating his process of thought. Indeed, he only approaches to articulate utterance when he is false to his thought, and makes music depend on moral principles. Then his meaning becomes intelligible, though his theory is fanciful and false. It is in the sphere of music exactly what Mr. Ruskin's is in the sphere of the arts which appeal to the eye. One finds classical architecture to be licentious, meretricious, mocking, scoffing, profane, pagan, and diabolical; the other finds nothing in Auber's music but braggadocio, degrading sensuality, pedantry, epicurism, and parodies of foreign nationality. Music to Mendelssohn was a serious affair, and he considered that he was tampering with conscience and uttering an untruth if he composed anything that he did not feel. "Notes," he said, "have as distinct a meaning as words, even perhaps a more definite sense." For him, therefore, the musical sentence had sense, and the symphony, like a romance or a poem, stood on its own merits, had its own meaning, proclaimed its own dogmas, quite apart from any words that might be adapted to it. Thus much we learn from Mendelssohn's letters: that in music he thoroughly meant what he said; that his tones and modulations were a true transcript of his moods and thoughts. But what kind of moods and thoughts they were that were thus transcribed, and what was his secret for translating the blind feeling into articulate tone, what dictionary and grammar he used to help him—all this he

* Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. (London: Longmans).

has failed to reveal, however anxious he might have been to say it. And he has failed because the problem is an impossible one. One may note what Mendelssohn studied—how he studied Beethoven's last style, and meditated on the chord of the 13th, and analyzed Bach, and furbished up Martin Luther's hymn tunes. The technicalities of his art may be gathered from his musical works. But that which chiefly occupied his mind, and which he attempted to explain in his letters—its moral aspect and its æsthetic principles—he has failed to make known to us.

Weber was an art critic as well as a musician. But his criticism only tells us what he liked and disliked, what sounded ill or well to him. He never attempted to get to the bottom of things and explore any fundamental principles of his art that were not merely technical. He was a genial rather than a self-conscious artist. His mind was allied to the storm-and-stress school of Schiller's Robbers. Hence he had not the artistic squeamishness of Mendelssohn. It would be difficult to imagine the younger artist still bestowing his affections on a lady whom he had first loved for her artistic powers, after he had discovered that they were only mechanical, and that she had no feeling for art. Weber, however vexed he was when he found that Caroline Brandt's views of high art did not rise beyond the commonplace notion of its procuring soup, roast meat, and shirts, did not allow the discovery to prevent his courting and marrying her. For really, art was not much more to Weber himself. It was a delight, but not a conscience. It was an end, but it was much more a means—a means to fame, popularity, and wealth.

These letters, however, though they contribute very little to our musical education, are, in other respects, welcome reading. Mendelssohn is always delightful; his playfulness, his affectionateness, his fancy, and his polish make him one of the best letter writers of the century. Weber is lively and clever; Haydn is prudent, modest, but, withal, aware of his superiority, and liable to ebullitions of temper. Bach's letters are all on business. Both he and Haydn furnish short but very interesting autobiographies. Gluck writes like a scholar, who knows exactly what he has to say, and how to say it. All the writers were men of powerful intelligence, though their minds were devoted to that art which seems the most foreign to the intellect; and the letters deserve a place in libraries, as the records of great men.

Musicians' Letters.

(From the London Review).

The growing public interest in music and musicians is in no way more evidenced than by the publication, in recent years, of translations of memoirs and correspondence of foreign composers, which would have found few, if any, English readers a quarter of a century back. The letters of Mendelssohn, of Mozart, and of Beethoven, rendered by the present work and published by the same firm, have appeared within the last four years, besides, in the same interval, Spohr's autobiography and lives of Carl Maria von Weber and Schubert by other translators and publishers. So many publications of the kind within so short a period is sufficient proof of the increased importance attached by our reading and thinking public to an art which has for too many years, in this country, been considered in the light of a mere popular amusement rather than as a possible exponent of feeling and sentiment as pure and noble as those which find their expression in the hitherto more generally recognized forms of poetry and painting. The musician, that is, the creative musician, is now beginning to be recognized among us as holding as high a title to consideration, and exercising as high a mission, as the literary man or the artist; and all who derive any pleasure from the works of a great composer are now interested in such personal details of his career as can be gleaned from his memoirs and correspondence.

The present volume (collected by Dr. Ludwig Nohl) forms a worthy pendant to the previous works of the kind above referred to, and has a special interest as illustrating the lives and careers of five composers whose productions ranged from the middle of the last to the middle of the present century. The book commences with a series of letters by Gluck, the first of which (addressed to the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany) consists of his comments on his own opera of "Alceste"—the work in which he first realized that art revolution which was the result of his long and mature reflection on the artificial conventionalism and inapt expression of the dramatic music of the period. The philosophic and reflective power of Gluck's mind is nowhere more admirably shown than in his communication, dated Vienna, October 30, 1770, to the Duke of Braganza, to whom he dedicated his opera "Paride ed Elena." In subsequent letters, to Louis XVI., to Marie Antoinette, to Klopstock, to M. de la Harpe, and other celebrities of the day, Gluck's energetic thought and confidence in the truth of his principles and his art mission are most characteristically shown, including some interesting references to the production of his "Iphigenie" and "Armide," specially for the Parisian opera stage, and his well-known feud with the rival composer Piccini, which divided even members of the same family with all the animosity of a political quarrel. Rugged and self-asserting as Gluck was, he must also have been somewhat of the courtier, since, in some interesting extracts given from the diary of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, we are told that this uncompromising composer, whose self-confidence was almost arrogant, "often told her that he always improved his music according to the impression that it made on the Queen" (Marie Antoinette). Again, "he said to the Queen that the air of France had redoubled the powers of his musical genius, and the sight of her Majesty had given such a wonderful impetus to his ideas, that his compositions had become, like herself, sublime." Many such characteristic personal touches, as well as illustrations of his art career, are to be found in this interesting series.

The next portion of the volume consists of a few somewhat meagre letters of Charles Philip Emanuel Bach (born in 1714), son of the great John Sebastian, and himself the immediate pioneer of the modern school of pianoforte music. A slight autobiographic sketch gives the few leading incidents in his most uneventful life, together with a passing indication of the principles which led him to adopt a style of expression rather than of scientific combination in composition and performance.

A rather copious collection of Haydn's letters forms the next portion of the volume, the first authenticated date being 1780. A large portion of these, addressed to the publishers—Artaria of Vienna, and Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipsic—are occupied with details of his business arrangements and contracts for the price of his compositions—the amounts in most instances standing in absurd contrast to the present estimation of the works. Even after the composer had become eminent we find him agreeing with the publisher Nadermann (October 25, 1784), to supply "three new and very carefully composed symphonies, neatly and correctly written out, for the sum of 150 ducats, payable at the end of November." Especially interesting are portions of his diary, and the letters relating to Haydn's visit to London, where he was at once received as a composer of world-wide fame. In a letter written from 18 Great Pulteney street, dated January 8, 1791 (only a week after his arrival), he says: "Every one seems anxious to know me. I have already dined out six times, and could be invited every day if I chose; but I must in the first place consider my health, and in the next my work. Except the nobility, I admit no visitors, till two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I dine at home with Salomon." It was Salomon who brought Haydn to London, where the great composer produced his twelve grand symphonies at the then renowned "Salomon Concerts." In his diary Haydn records his presence at the Lord Mayor's Banquet (November 5, 1791), where, among much that appeared strange to the simple-minded German musician, he noticed that "the strangest thing of all was that one part of the company went on dancing without hearing a single note of the music; for first at one table, and then at another, songs were shouted, or toasts given, amidst the most crazy uproar and clinking of glasses and hurrahs." The civic festivities of the London of that day were doubtless not a little startling to the foreign visitor.

It is not a little remarkable that none of Haydn's letters refer to Beethoven, notwithstanding that he was, for a period, a pupil of Haydn. The grand and independent originality of the younger composer, however, could scarcely be appreciated by one who, however great, belonged to a school of art in which structural form and symmetrical proportion were absolute essentials. This is sufficiently evidenced by the well-known story of Haydn's disapproval of Beethoven's pianoforte trio in C minor (No. 3 of op. 1), by far the finest of the set of three to which it belongs. On the other hand, there are several passages in the letters and diaries of Haydn recording his intense admiration and reverence for the genius of his contemporary Mozart, whose death, in 1791, was bewailed by Haydn as a personal affliction as well as an irreparable loss to art. There is but little in reference to Haydn's second visit to London (1794), also at the instance of Salomon; and the remainder of the correspondence chiefly relates to his oratorio, "The Creation" (produced at Vienna in 1799), which with the "Seasons" (brought out at the same place in 1801) formed the closing triumphs of the veteran composer, who died in 1809, at the age of seventy-six. This series of letters, like those of Gluck, includes a copy of the master's last will and testament.

The letters of Weber contained in the present volume, consist chiefly of those addressed to his friend and fellow-pupil, Gänsbacher; much of the interest of which has been forestalled by reference to the same materials in the biography of Weber, published two years and a half since.

Weber's correspondence commences with a letter dated "Freyberg, December 9, 1800," interesting as conveying to Artaria, the publisher, an offer to engrave music on stone—the practice of the then new process of lithography having, in his youth, for some time diverted Weber's attention from his musical studies. In the next letter, dated 1810, Weber informs Nägeli (the well-known musician and publisher of Zurich), I have once more entirely devoted myself to art"—and, speaking of his own musical tendencies, he states, "my principles differ far too much from those of Beethoven ever to come into contact with him." This strange want of appreciation, by a man of special original genius, of the productions of another of a far higher order of imaginative power, must ever remain an art paradox; more incomprehensible in the case of the innovative Weber than in the more formal Spohr, whose standard of excellence was the classical precedent of the finished structural school of Mozart. We need not follow Weber's correspondence over ground which has previously been more completely traversed in the biography above referred to, further than to say that it contains interesting details of his struggling art-life, and some passing references to his productions. The letters, however, only come down to August, 1825, nearly a year before Weber's final triumph in the production of "Oberon" in London, and his death here in 1826. The last communication given is a letter to his friend Bärmann, the celebrated clarinet player of Munich, for whom Weber wrote his beautiful duet sonata in E flat (for pianoforte and clarinet), besides concertos for his instrument.

The letters of Mendelssohn here given (now published for the first time) are mostly addressed to the celebrated clarinet-player just referred to, Bärmann of Munich. They commence with the date of 1826, when Mendelssohn was seventeen, at which age his compositions had already attracted much notice. Some of these communications, belonging to the period of his Italian tour (1831), are full of that genial vivacity which was a marking characteristic of his temperament

until clouded by the successive losses of parents and relatives. Other letters are from Paris (1832), and fully bear out Mendelssohn's known want of entire sympathy with French musical art—almost the only antagonism (and this not a very active one) in his amiable nature. The letters are full of agreeable gossip and playful humor, but have slight reference to either his own or other great productions of musical art. There are doubtless many letters of more importance in this respect still withheld from publication; but, it is to be hoped, only temporarily, since so accomplished a writer and so acute a critic must have written much of value in reference to an art which he loved so dearly and practiced so gloriously. Of his modesty and severe self-judgment we have several traces. Even in a letter dated 1834, after he had produced many masterpieces, we find him saying, "Should I ever succeed in writing something entirely to my own mind (it need not give pleasure to any one else), then I shall be able once more to write a becoming, sensible letter, and gladly tell you about myself; but as yet I am much dissatisfied, and should like to try to write better, for my works often please others better than myself." Be it remarked that this was penned by one who had already composed symphonies, overtures, quartets, piano-forte pieces, and songs, which now rank as classical productions, and who was only then about to commence his first oratorio, "St. Paul." What a contrast to some recent instances of gentlemen making a sudden dash at fame by rushing at once into public with a crude attempt at this *ultimatum* of musical art and genius!

The volume is illustrated with good portraits of Gluck, Haydn, and Weber—that of Haydn, however, being somewhat more heavy-looking than the German likenesses to which we have been accustomed. The translation is executed with the facility and smoothness which have distinguished Lady Wallace's several previous productions of the kind; and the book should find a place on the shelves of all who are interested in music and musicians.

Decorations of the New Opera House of Paris.

The reports of the intended decorations of the new Opera House have been so extraordinary, that most people believed them to be exaggerated; this, however, is not the case, as the following list supplied by M. Garnier, the architect of the new building, to the *Moniteur des Arts*, will show:—The paintings ordered, and in course of execution, are, for the grand public saloon, ten subjects for the covings of the ceilings from mythology and history: "Orpheus," "Education of Jupiter," "Bacchantes," "Judgment of Paris," &c., by M. Paul Baudry; "Parnassus," terrestial and divine, to fill two large covings; and ten oval medallions over the doors, by the same. A room to the left of the above, to be decorated by M. Delaunay, the ceiling with "The Glorification of Singing," and three tympans, continuing the subject. The corresponding room on the other side, "Harmony," in a ceiling and three tympans, by M. Barrias. The great saloon for the ballet: four panels representing the various phases of the dance, and twenty portraits of famous dancers, by Gustave Boulanger. Grand staircase: four subjects, "Art," "Music," "Poetry," and "The Dance," in large compartments, by M. Pils; and twelve works in enamel, by M. Emile Solier, representing as many cities where famous operas have been produced, London included. A grand cupola, by M. Jules Lenepveu, "The Gods and Goddesses on Olympus," representing the symbolic arts; three landscapes by MM. Félix Thomas, Lanoue, and Harpignies. The above are all ordered and the following are proposed to be added to the list:—Four grand panels, and three tympans, with figures on a ground of gold, for an anteroom; a grand allegorical ceiling for the Imperial saloon, and five panels for the antechamber to the saloon; panels and friezes for the Empress's boudoir; eight tympanums in the Imperial vestibule. Smoking-room: eight historical figures, with plans, representing the eight places which have been used for operas in Paris; a ceiling and eight medallions for the large ice-room; friezes for the small ice-room; twelve panels, containing figures representing as many kinds of dances, for the café; and lastly, twenty portraits of celebrated singers, by Gérôme, de Curzon, Chifflard, Laëinlin, Brisset, Giacomotti, Biennoury, Lévy, Auber, Leconte de Roujou, Balleroy, Ph. Rousseau, Monginot, Gendron, Landelle, Hamon, Marchal, Giraud, Saintin, Wetter, Français, and Benouville. The sculpture is in keeping with the painting. On the principal façade of the building above, four groups by M. Maillet; below, groups representing the "Dance," "Harmony," "Comedy," and the "Drama," and "Singing" and "Music," by Carpeaux, Jouffroy, Perrand, and Guillaume; and in the centre, statues representing the "Idyl," "Elegy," and "Mythology," and "History," by Aizelin, Chapu, Dubois, and Falguières. On the two frontons of the same façade, figures of "Architecture" and "Industry," by Jean Petit, and painting and sculpture, by Gruvère. On the two lateral façades, frontons representing "Comedy" and the "Drama," by Girard; "Art" and "Science," by Maniglier; the "Drama" and "Music," by Ottin; and "Singing" and "Poetry," by Cabet. The grand galvano-plastic groups, by Gummery, representing "Poetry" and "Music," supported by figures of Fame. Over the centre of the proscenium, a galvano-plastic group, "Apollo holding the lyre," and two allegorical figures, by Aimé Millet; and in the angles, "Pegasus restrained by the Muses." On the frontons of the Imperial pavilion, the arms of France, with attributes, by Pollet and Travaux. On the Imperial staircase, four "Cariatides," by Elias Robert and Mathurin Moreau. On the principal façade, gilt bronze busts of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Spontini, Beethoven, and Auber, by Chaband; and of Halévy, Rossini, Quinault, and Scribe, by Everard. On the lateral façades, busts in stone of Cambra, Cambert, J. J. Rousseau, Philidor, Piccini, and Paisiello, by Hasse; Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo, Weber, Bellini, and Adam, by Denécheau; Monteverde, Durante, Jomelli, Monsigny, Grétry and Sacchini, by Walter; and Lesueur, Berton, Boïeldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, and Verdi, by Bruyer. Medallions on the façade, of Pergolesi, Haydn, Bach, and Cimarosa, by Gummery. Two grand candelabra, allegorical of the moon and the stars, by Chaband. In the interior of the building, four seated statues of Lulli, Rameau, Gluck, and Handel, representing Italian, French, German, and English music; artists not yet appointed. On the grand staircase, two "Cariatides" in colored marble, by Jules Thomas. In the grand saloon, two "Cariatides," flanking the chimney-piece, by Carrier Belleuse and Cordier. In the theatre itself, "Cariatides," at the Imperial and opposite boxes, by Cranck and Lepère. It is proposed, in addition to the above, to place twenty plaster figures in the grand saloon, with busts of living composers, bas-reliefs, and ornaments. Over the Imperial pavilion are eagles, by Caën, while others by Jacquemart and Rouillard crown the columns and guard the entrance.

A Visit to Rossini.

The friendly old gentleman, who was seated at the writing-table in his little study, rose with some difficulty, but with the most winning cordiality, and held out his hand to us. We soon forced him back again into his arm-chair. Suddenly he asked us if Mozart's monument in Vienna was completed, and also Beethoven's. We three Austrians were rather embarrassed. "I remember Beethoven remarkably well," continued Rossini, after a pause, "though very nearly half a century has elapsed; when I was in Vienna, I lost no time in going to see him." "But he did not admit you, as Schindler and other biographers inform us?" "On the contrary," said Rossini, correcting me, "I got 'the Italian poet,' Carpani, with whom I had previously been to Salieri's, to introduce me to Beethoven, who received us immediately and in a very polite manner. The visit, it is true, did not last long, for all conversation with Beethoven was absolutely painful. On the day in question, he happened to hear worse than usual, and could not understand me, though I spoke in an exceedingly loud voice; perhaps, too, the little practice he had may have rendered the task of conversing in Italian still more difficult for him." I own that this statement of Rossini's, the truth of which was corroborated by many details, pleased me like an unexpected present. I had always been annoyed at this trait in Beethoven's biography, as well as at the party of musical Jacobins who glorify the brutal Germanic virtue of shutting one's door in the face of a man like Rossini. But there is not a word of truth in the whole story. We accepted with pleasure Rossini's offer to take us down stairs to the ground floor. We entered the light, spacious drawing room, with its fresco-adorned ceiling, and its lofty windows, through which rose-bushes peep. In the middle of the room there stands one of Pleyel's Grands. As we all know Rossini, for the last few years, has exhibited a great partiality for playing the piano, and this virtuosity deferred till so late affords him an opportunity for a continuous succession of jokes, several of which are stereotyped. He began at once to complain that Schulhoff would not give him a chance of getting on as a pianist. "It is true that I do not practice my scales every day like you young people, for when I play them the whole length of the piano, I fall off my chair either right or left. During the winter, Rossini gives six or eight musical *soirées* at his town residence, No. 2 Chaussée d'Antin. For an artist possessing so eminently the sense of the beautiful in music, the style of decoration adopted for his apartment is strikingly devoid of taste, with a touch of the *baroque*. Next to a copperplate engraving of the Madonna della Sedia is hung some Parisian ideal in a very low-necked dress, and all along the wall are bronze saucers with histories of the saints in relief. On the side-board, a crucifix rises out of a confused medley of small Japanese figures and Chinese pictures, for which Rossini appears to have a great partiality. In the way of portraits, the only ones I remarked were the small photographs of the King of Portugal and of Adelina Patti upon the mantel-shelf. Of Adelina Patti the maestro speaks with admiring esteem, always excepting her when he indulges in lamentations to the effect that the race of great vocal artists has completely died out. "Look there!" he said, pointing to the new opera-house, which rises, surrounded by scaffolding, before his windows. "We shall soon have a new theatre; but we have already no more singers. Shall you be better off when your new opera house is finished at Vienna?" To attend the *soirées* of the celebrated maestro is the ambition of every one in Paris. The most distinguished persons frequently take more trouble to obtain an invitation to Rossini's than to the Tuileries, and the papers never neglect giving, next day, an account of what took place. I was enabled to attend the last of these musical evenings, and own to having felt more honored than pleased. Rossini's residence is very far from being large enough to accommodate the number of persons invited. The heat was something indescribable, and the pressure so great that the most desperate efforts were always necessary whenever a fair vocalist (especially one of the weight of Madame Sax) had to make her way from her seat to the piano. A host of ladies, sparkling with jewels, occupy the entire area of the music-room; the gentlemen stand, jammed together so as to be unable to move, at the open doors. Now and then a servant with refreshments worms through the gasping crowd, but it is an odd fact that only very few persons (and those mostly strangers) take anything worth mentioning. The lady of the house, it is said, does not like their doing so. About the present Madame Rossini I have nothing further to tell than that she is rich, and was once beautiful. A boldly sculptured Roman nose rises, like a tower that has been spared, from out the remains of her former beauty; the rest was covered by brilliants. The programme of the concert (made up mostly, as was natural, of Rossini's music) included Italian and French vocal pieces, executed by the leading members of the opera, Mme. Sax, Mlle. Battu, Faure, and others. Two new Rossinian piano-forte pieces (played by a young virtuoso of the name of Diemer) were not so remarkable for originality, as for the piling up of difficulties in them. They bore the strange titles, "Deep Sleep and Sudden Awakening," and "Tartarian Bolero." The vocal pieces are more serious and beautiful. They are not unfrequently original, and invariably models as regards the treatment of the voice. The master of the house himself accompanied two of the vocal pieces on the piano with entrancing delicacy. Otherwise, on such evenings, he generally sits, silent and tired, in the little entrance room, with his old colleague Caraffa, or some other intimate friend, and is delighted if the pack of his adorers will leave him awhile in repose. I regret not having heard Rossini's new Mass. This work (like all the others, carefully guarded, and kept unpublished by its composer) is said to contain some very striking beauties. "It is not the kind of sacred music fitted for you Germans," said Rossini, on declining to accede to my request, "my most sacred music is never aught more than semi-serious." He calls his "Napoleon Hymn" (for the distribution of prizes on the 1st of July) "pot-house music" and his operas "antiquated stuff." It is, indeed, impossible to talk seriously with the celebrated maestro; he feels at home only in quiet jokes and mild banter; and when he jokes about his own compositions, it is always a matter of doubt whether he is laughing more at himself or at those whom he is addressing. Though we may blame the exaggeration in this grotesque self-depreciation, it is based on a motive of feeling which we cannot fail to recognize on looking more nearly into the circumstances of the case. Rossini lives in the midst of a system of uninterrupted adoration and petting. There are but few men in the world to whom such homage is forever being paid. His room is never free from visitors; the highest notabilities of aristocracy, wealth

and art come and go. He is overwhelmed with costly presents and tender marks of attention; out of a hundred persons, ninety-nine think themselves bound to say flattering things to him. Were Rossini to receive all such expressions of admiration with the self-satisfied, vainly modest smile peculiar to so many celebrities—who, so to speak, refuse with one hand while they pocket with the other—there would be no existing in his house a quarter of an hour. Every one in it would be suffocated with incense. Serious disapprobation or warmth of feeling is not to be found in Rossini's character; he prefers knocking, with good-natured self-ridicule, the casket of incense out of the hand of his worshipper, and enjoys the latter's embarrassment. "What shall I call you?" lisped a young and beautiful lady, recently, when speaking with him; "great master? prince of composers? or divine genius?" "I had much rather," replied Rossini, with a confiding smirk, "that you would call me *mon petit lapin!*" Rossini never visits any one—never passes an evening from home—has been to the theatre only twice, probably, in twenty years; and as a matter of course, has not seen the Exhibition. Taking carriage exercise, receiving visits, and indulging in a little music constitute his sole occupations. He willingly allowed himself to be named honorary president of the musical jury appointed to decide on the merits of the prize cantatas and hymns of peace on the express condition that he would not be required to attend any of their meetings, or have the slightest thing to do. He said jokingly that he was willing to be elected a member of other committees on similar terms. The joyous maestro takes, perhaps, nothing quite seriously except the care of his health. He cossets himself up most scrupulously, and entertains the greatest horror of death. Woe to the visitor who causes him to defer a siesta, or any other important source of bodily comfort! *"Allez-vous en!"* he exclaimed lately to an unfortunate wight: *"ma célébrité m'embête!"*—*From Pariser Briefe in the Neue Freie Presse.*

Music Abroad.

London.

Opera.—A short winter season was opened at Her Majesty's Theatre on Monday with the *personnel* of the Italian Opera, the principals being Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Sinico, Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Demeric-Lablache, Mlle. Baumeister, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Foli, Casaboni, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Tom Hohler. Two singers, new to the London public, have also been secured—Mlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, from the New York Academy of Music, and Mlle. Clara Doria, from some of the principal cities in Italy. These will appear in the course of a few days. The opening performance was *"Lucrezia Borgia,"* Mlle. Tietjens in the title-part, Sig. Bettini as *Gennaro*, Sig. Gassier as *Il Duca*, and Mme. Trebelli *Maffeo Orsini*. Such an opera, and in this wise cast, calls for no special comment: it is sufficient to state that the singers were in good voice, the audience warm, the house well filled. Sig. Bettini claims notice, for his *Gennaro* is a novelty to London. His assumption was a success: he looks well, sings well. Mlle. Tietjens came in for her usual share of applause. Band and chorus, if not strong, were efficient for the numbers; Sig. Arditi at his post again demonstrated the vigor and zeal of an accomplished conductor.

On Tuesday the *"Nozze di Figaro"* was given, on Thursday the *"Barbière,"* on Friday *"Il Trovatore,"* and on Saturday the American prima donna, Miss—or Mlle., as she is now to be called, by that mysterious rule which is so despotic in the musical world—Clara Louise Kellogg appears. Opera-goers are curious concerning her arrival, for a very favorable report precedes her, and Brother Jonathan is *fanatico per la* Kellogg.—*Orchestra, Nov. 2d.*

It is curious to note the ecstacies of the London critics about Miss Kellogg. Is it possible that so high a strain can hold out? Here is our veteran expert of the *Times*, for instance, (yet we were pained to read in a paper of the same date with the debut, November 2d, that J. W. Davison was seriously ill at Malvern:)

"Never did operatic heroine find so many admirable representatives within so brief an interval of time; and now we have to welcome, and right heartily to welcome, another in Mlle. Kellogg, the original Margaret of America, one well worthy to figure in the brilliant gallery. We are tired of making comparisons between one Margaret and another; and the distinctions after all are neither so broad in outline nor so subtle in detail as to be worth repeatedly dwelling upon. Enough that Mlle. Kellogg takes the exclusively sentimental view, in direct opposition to Mlle. Lucca. She appears to possess every requisite, physical and mental, for the full and satisfactory delineation of the character, unquestionably one of the most engaging in the entire repertory of modern lyric drama. Her voice is a legitimate soprano of extremely agreeable quality, flexible, as was shown by her facile delivery of the well-known apostrophe to the jewels in the garden scene, telling and resonant, rather than distinguished by any extraordinary degree of power, always at ready command, and—merit not to be overestimated!—always in tune. Mlle. Kellogg has a voice, indeed, that leaves little to wish for, [!?] and proves by her use of it that her studies have been both assiduous and in the right path. She is, in fact, though so young, a thoroughly accomplished singer—in the school at any rate, towards which the music of M. Gounod consistently leans, and which essentially differs from the florid school of Rossini and the Italians before Verdi.

"One of the great charms of her singing is her perfect enunciation of the words she has to utter. She never sacrifices sense to sound, but fits the verbal text to the music as if she attached equal importance to each. Then her phrasing is highly finished, her cadences being so well rounded off as to satisfy the most tutored and exacting ear, and this notwithstanding an occasional tendency to drag the time and over-elaborate expression. Of the Italian language she seems a thorough mistress, and we may well believe that she speaks it both fluently and correctly. These manifest advantages, added to a graceful figure, a countenance full of intelligence, and undoubted dramatic capacity, make up a sum of attraction to be envied, and easily explain the interest excited by Mlle. Kellogg at the outset and maintained by her to the end.

"A favorable impression was produced in the very beginning by the brief reply to Faust in the scene of the Kermesse, which, nevertheless, was in our opinion a little overstrained for what is merely a quiet rebuff to the advances of a somewhat forward stranger. The garden scene, from the plaintive romance at the spinning wheel to the end, was full of genuine expression, and marked by high dramatic intelligence. Each salient passage was at once understood and applauded by the audience, and the curtain fell upon a success that left no further cause for apprehension. Mlle. Kellogg may have felt nervous in this important scene, but she rarely allowed it to be perceptible; and the perfect ease with which she executed the more trying passages of the 'jewel song,' beginning with the not always by every Margaret too evenly-balanced shake, showed an undisturbed command of her resources. The air was called for again unanimously, but wisely not repeated.

"Into the beautiful duet with Faust, the 'gem' of the opera, Mlle. Kellogg threw herself heart and soul, making every point tell—at times, perhaps, a little too much, as though she anticipated every point that was coming, a peculiarity, however, which may not be a fixed habit, but on such an eventful occasion attributable to a very natural anxiety. To desist from further particularizing, the last two scenes—the scene of the Cathedral, where Margaret vainly endeavors to pray, and that of the prison and the apotheosis, where the good triumphs over the evil principle—were alike forcible and impressive. In her delivery of the final trio, where the melody rises higher and higher as the resolution of Margaret grows in strength, Mlle. Kellogg exhibited tokens of a physical power which until then had been less apparent. In conclusion we may add that there was evidently not a dissentient opinion as to the merits of the new singer, who was called before the lamps after every act and overwhelmed with applause."

And here is what the *News* says of her:

"For many years past some of the best artists, vocal and instrumental, of the old world have been heard in the new, and America seems likely now to repay the obligation by sending us executants of an equally high order. Mlle. Adelina Patti, it is true, is neither American by birth nor training, but she is inseparably identified with that country by her residence there since childhood, and the triumphant recognition and popularity which she first gained there. Mlle. Kellogg, however, is a native American who has never until recently been out of her own country; and, as above stated, has made no public appearance in Europe until the occasion now referred to.

* * * * * * "This lady, indeed, appears to have every requisite to command here that popularity and success which she has enjoyed for the past four or five years in her own country. She is young; her face is full of intelligence and expression; her figure, of middle stature, graceful whether in repose or action; and her gestures and by-play were invariably appropriate and unembarrassed even under the inevitable anxiety of a first appearance. Her voice, commanding a compass of two octaves, is brilliant in its upper range without being weak in its lower tones—the quality resonant and sufficiently powerful even for the large space of Her Majesty's Theatre—while it possesses that rare sympathetic tone without which the most faultless execution and brilliant style must fail to realize the true object of musical expression. To these natural and personal advantages, Mlle. Kellogg adds that of finished training in the best school of vocal execution—her performance throughout having evidenced the thorough preparation of studentship in all those executive details so essential to the formation of a great singer, and so frequently neglected or hurriedly passed through by aspirants for such a position.

Germany.

(From the London Athenæum.)

"Tell it not in Herr Wagner's kingdom of Bavaria," writes our Correspondent, "that all which he and his subjects, kingly, priestly and lay, have written, said and done, has not availed to avert the invasion of the operas of that pernicious Italian, Signor Verdi—a composer not, like Herr Offenbach, to be tolerated by the sublime with placid acquiescence, as one licensed to delight fools of quality, silly students, and frivolous girls, but as shocking and serious in his way as the author of Lohengrin's self. What is more, Signor Verdi's music is as little genial to German singers as music can be, owing to the excess of southern accent required. No matter. After having left 'Rigoletto' at Frankfort, I found 'Il Trovatore' at Würzburg. It was some compensation, in the grand and rich cathedral there (which, by its splendor, not without much florid false taste, always seems to me the fit scene for Mozart's unequal Masses), to hear a burial-service, on a modest scale, so reverentially performed and so well chanted as to merit a note. The accompaniment of the organ was admirable for its resource, reserve and gravity. Here was the real effect for which so many composers have strained without success, and which has never been approached more closely than by M. Gounod in the opening of the church-scene in 'Faust.' To come back to the present plight of opera in Germany,—even in Herr Wagner's own capital, Munich,—his productions fare but badly. For October Festival there, an annual sort of fair, the operas chosen were Meyerbeer's 'L'Etoile' and 'L'Africaine'; Lortzing's 'Undine,' 'Norma,' and 'Le Nozze.' Calderon's 'Magico Prodigioso' was also played with incidental music by Herr Reimberger. While play-bills are our subject, 'Cosi fan tutte' may be mentioned as having been given at Frankfort; 'Il Barbiere' at towns as widely apart as Hamburg and Augsburg; and in the latter town, a small *Sing-spiel*, with the title 'Franz Schubert'—another proof of the increasing interest gathering round the name of that man of genius. M. von Flotow's sickly 'Stradella' seems to hold the public at Cologne. It is possible that the very high terms demanded for the permission to represent 'Romeo and Juliet' may limit the performances of that opera in Germany, where everything that bears Gounod's name seems to excite curiosity. M. von Hulsen, the Government head administrator of Prussian operatic affairs, has thought it worth while to publish in the papers an explanatory manifesto. The opera, however, is to be given at Dresden."

"You have mentioned Herr Bilse's touring monster concerts. They are worthy of attention in spite of a name which raises false expectations, and is thus calculated to create a prejudice. Herr Bilse is wisely catholic in his programmes, showing himself afraid neither of the ancients nor of the moderns, and thus affording his public good opportunities for comparison. He conducts with no ordinary spirit and power. His band is not a very good one—only sixty in number, and the stringed instruments are overbalanced by the wind ones, especially in modern scores; many of them being in the hands of mere boys. But it plays *con amore* as a band inspired and controlled by the baton. The evening I heard it, it was severely taxed—first in Herr Gade's dreamy 'Ossian' Overture (so near, yet not quite, being a first-rate musical poem). Next came Herr Abert's 'Columbus' Symphony, now clearly established as one of the best modern German works of its class. This was wrought up superbly; and great was the impression made by the picturesque slow movement, 'Evening on the sea,' and the stirring *finale*. Thirdly, we had another work of the romantic school, the 'Tannhäuser' Overture. It was a real pleasure to hear orchestral music performed so earnestly, without the slightest affectation. The exhibition is one to rank with those by which Herr Manns has made himself famous in England, or (to take a German parallel) with that of the miniature band conducted by Herr Liebig, which pleased me so much, a few autumns ago, at Berlin."

To offer a few more foreign notes made on the spot—"The German winter season of instrumental music has set in," writes our Correspondent. "To judge from the programmes of orchestral and choral concerts, no less important than those of Berlin, Cologne and Stuttgart, the 'new ideas' have as yet not shot far. At the first Gürzenich Concert at Cologne, besides Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Abencerages,' which is as good as unknown in London, and besides other excellent but more familiar masterpieces, a new composition for voices and orchestra, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, was performed; also Herr Gade's 'Frühlingsbotschaft,' one of the most graceful specimens of his peculiar talent. At Stuttgart, on a similar occasion, M. Félicien David's 'Desert' Symphony made up the second part; and Fräulein Mehlig played Chopin's Concerto in the first. In the North the violinists in request seem to be Herren Joachim, Lauterbach, and Wilhelmj; at Cologne was to be heard Fräulein Friese, of whose very great promise mention was made here after a hearing of her at Leipzig."

"While Herr Bilse was giving his good Symphonic Concerts in Munich, another conductor, better known by name in England, though only as the successor of Strauss, Lanner and Labitsky, Herr Gung'l, was there with his 'chapel' of musicians. His selections were amusing and miscellaneous. In those wonderful Caves of Trophonius, where the tobacco reek is so thick as to remind one of the Irishman's graphic description of a smell 'strong enough to hang a hat on,'—and where the beloved Bavarian drinkable is served at the allowance of some half-dozen huge glasses to each thirsty soul by smart looking *bier*-maids in pinafores,—Herr Gung'l, who goes the round of 'the Shades,' ventures all manner of music, and attends to the execution of the same, whether it be frivolous or extra-mystical, with as much spirit as if anything more sterling than a polka was really responded to by his beer and tobacco public. It was strange in such a locality to hear Beethoven's Overture to 'The Ruins of Athens.' It was interesting, in spite of the suffocating atmosphere, to make acquaintance with the Abbé Liszt's 'Huldigung's' March. This might have been as noble a procession-tune as any in being; for its first thoughts have pomp, brilliancy and distinctness, suggesting regular motion, set off with rich and delicate instrumentation, —had not the writer been led away by the demon who is perpetually whispering in his ear, and tempting him into the commonplaces of erudity on the false pretext of warning him away from the commonplaces of platitude. There is in musical history no matter for deeper regret and graver speculation than the career and the compositions of this noble man of genius."

"Herr Leschetitzky's opera, 'Die Erste Falte,' was the other day produced at Prague; also, another new musical drama,' 'Der Wald zu Herrmannstadt,' by Herr Westmeyer.—During the past month, 'Dinorah' has been played at Frankfort; 'Tannhäuser' at Berlin, and 'Rienzi' and Halévy's 'L'Eclair' at Dresden; M. Auber's 'La Part du Diable' (an opera which, in Germany, retains a place not held by it in France) at Vienna. There, too, has been given Mr Balfe's best opera, 'Les Quatre Fils Aymon;' at Carlsruhe, Lortzing's 'Wildschütz' and 'Don Juan;' at Wismar, the imperishable 'Nozze' of Mozart; at Osnabrück, 'Don Juan;' at Bremen, Signor Rossini's 'William Tell;' at Cracow, 'Lucrezia Borgia;' at Düsseldorf, 'Norma;' at Augsburg and at Stuttgart, 'Martha;' in the Swabian capital, also, 'Rigoletto;' at Brunn, Lortzing's 'Waffenschmied;' at Ulm, Lortzing's 'Czaar' and 'Il Trovatore,' and at Mannheim, Lortzing's 'Wildschütz.'—Having said that Herr Offenbach's burlesques are everywhere, it has been needless to swell the list with reiteration of their titles. To describe how they are vulgarized in translation and execution, and yet how they seem to supply a German want, would be no pleasant task, save for chroniclers of *Mr. Croaker's* family. There is danger in dogmatizing from data such as the above desultory list contains; yet they have a value and instruction. There is a consistency in their inconsistency, which it would be well worth the trouble of analyzing by any one not compelled to write to the moment of 'folly as it flies.'"

"The Guide Books stand in need of revision as regards what is to be met with in Germany north and south. Some twenty years ago the Michaelis-Kirche in Munich was reputed to be almost the only place on our side of the Alps where the choral unaccompanied Masses of the old Italian masters could be heard well executed. The writer has again and again tried in former years to verify this recommendation, (which still stands in the Red Book,) without success, and many other tourists have shared his disappointment. On the other hand, a very fine unaccompanied musical service was to be heard, a Sunday or two ago, at the Theatiner Kirche: fine as regards the execution;—the composition not being of extraordinary merit. But the charm of true pure, voices singing in concord, especially when given in conjunction with the stately ceremonials of Rome, defies analysis. There is no criticizing service music from hearing it in church. It becomes almost difficult to estimate its intrinsic worth when it is removed from the scene for which it was prepared. A place of worship, no matter what the creed, and a concert-room have, and should excite, different associations and emotions."

"A morning may be profitably given to Ulm by any one desirous of breaking the journey betwixt Strasburg and Vienna, especially if he takes interest in that great musical mystery, the organ. The enormous instrument built for the Cathedral by Herr Walker, of Ludwigsburg (it has been said almost to the ruin of the builder,) is now to be heard, by appointment, for a fee of two *kronthalers* (eight shillings, or thereabouts,) one-half of which goes to the fund in aid of the works of restoration in progress. The organ—curiously described in the Red Book as having one hundred '*pipes*' (*for stops*)—deserves a place in the first rank of organs. The full sound is stupendous; and, by ingenious combinations, readily within reach of the player, any amount of climax is attainable. The tone of the choir-organ (to employ our English term) is also rich and sweet—perhaps not equalling that of the Silbermann organs, nor the admirable and picturesque instrument not far from Ulm,—Mynheer Gabelaar's organ at Weingarten; but far more satisfactory to English tastes than the thinner and more nasal tone, to which such skilled builders of the grand new French organs as MM. Ducroquet and Cavaille-Coll are not averse. With all this fullness, the upper octave of the great Ulm organ, when all its stops are drawn, is not made unpleasant by that shrieking indistinctness which we have too often to put up with in England. Of course there is no end of show or *solo* stops; some of these, however, are exceeded elsewhere, as at Haarlem, Fribourg, and one or two other places. The instrument has no common advantages of position, owing to the great height of the church. The supply of wind is equal to its requirements. It is fairly well exhibited by a player who takes obvious pride in his charge. Were Ulm not the picturesque old city it is, with a physiognomy of its own, the cathedral organ, it may be repeated, is well worth waiting a few hours to hear. But four-fifths of tourists calling themselves musical, it may be feared, would prefer to enjoy some coarse presentation of a hackneyed opera in translation."

The journals speak well of Mlle. Milde, at Weimar, as a singer of promise. This is the daughter of one of the most agreeable German singers in our recollection.—M. Roger is announced as engaged for one of the opera-houses at Vienna.—The newly-appointed state-conductor for the Kärnther Thor Theater there, Herr Esser, is described as giving satisfaction.—Signor Marchisio, brother of the two well-known singers, has been singing *buffo* parts at the Italian Opera in Berlin.—A monument to Graun is in contemplation. —Mr. A. S. Sullivan's Overture 'In Memoriam' was performed at the second *Gewandhaus* Concert at Leipzig, under his own direction.—There is a rumor that Herr Rietz may succeed Herr Hauptmann in his functions at the music school there.—It would seem that the sum subscribed there in aid of the funds for Mendelssohn scholarships at Leipzig has been allowed to sink into the ground—otherwise, to have been absorbed—without reckoning or inquiry.—The new theatre is to be opened before New Year's Day.

Popular Concerts of orchestral music are coming into fashion everywhere. A series is to be opened in Brussels on the 17th of this month, directed by M. Simon, who already announces the programme for his first entertainment. This is worth citing for its originality and enterprise, which includes Cherubini's Overture to 'Ali Baba,' Herr Abert's to 'Astorga,' a *Scherzo* by Herr Jadassohn (of Leipzig?), and one of Handel's Concertos.

'Mignon,' the best, because the least forced, of all the clever operas by M. Ambroise Thomas, after having kept the stage of the Opéra Comique for a twelvemonth, is now to begin its travels in Germany at Berlin, with Mlle. Lucca for the heroine.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—The first Conservatory of Music Matinée came off at the New Horticultural Hall, Saturday, November 2, giving promise of a series of entertainments of the highest order. The programme opened with the great Beethoven Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 47, in the difficult violin part of which Mr. Gaertner is the finished violinist, and the high-toned sympathetic artist. As Mr. Jarvis in the piano part also displayed much excellence, the Sonata proved a great treat. The other pieces in the programme were Schubert's "Wanderer," as Horn solo, performed by Heineman, and that lovely Mozart Clarionet Quintet, played by the "Philadelphia "Classical Quintette Club," under direction of Mr. Gaertner. It was very pleasant to hear the Club once more, and the old attendants of years are looking forward to the rest of this series of twenty matinées with much pleasure.

The attendance was good, so that the Hall, although large for a chamber concert, was quite respectably filled. The stage was adorned with handsome bouquets of flowers, placed in the vases intended for use in the Horticultural displays, which struck us as a very pretty idea. It was interesting to watch amongst the audience the large numbers of the pupils of the Conservatory, for whose cultivation the concerts are given. On the very front benches sat a party of bright faced boys, who were doubtless attending their first classical concert, and amongst them might be noted more than one earnest little listener. It is an excellent thing for these children thus early in the course of their musical training to be made to listen to the works of the masters; for although they cannot, of course, be expected to appreciate, they will in time, from only hearing the highest and best, acquire a taste that will prevent their caring for anything else.

The Conservatory has had an unprecedented success in Philadelphia, which can only be accounted for by taking into consideration the unwearied labors in its behalf of the gentlemen associated in its direction, Mr. Carl Gaertner, Musical Director, and Mr. Jefferson E. Williams, President. To them are due the thanks of the public for the sixty free scholarships, for three years' tuition, offered to pupils of our public schools, as well as for the advantages to be derived from the entire institution. In the paying departments of the school there are five hundred scholars of different degrees of advancement, and as all the classes come under the supervision of Mr. Gaertner as musical Director, we may rest assured that the studies prescribed all tend in the true direction.

O'MITRE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—To furnish the musical news of this vicinity judiciously watered with *talk*, at first sight seems easy enough. And so it would be were it not for the "judicious" part of the programme. Seriously, every body is so busy out here, minding their own business, that little news is manufactured. Just now we are assisted by Max Strakosch and his troupe, who give us ten nights and two matinées of Italian Opera. Last week they gave *Il Trovatore*, *The Barber*, *Norma*, *Lucia*, *Ernani*, and, by way of *da capo*, *Il Trovatore* again at the matinée. Mme. LA GRANGE appeared successively as Leonora, Norma, Lucia and Elvira. Her impersonations were received with enthusiastic admiration by the brilliant and overflowing audiences of the past week. Although her voice is not quite so fresh as it once was, her lyric and dramatic talents are so great as to cause the audience to quite lose sight of whatever of short coming an impassible critic might discern. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has appeared as Azucena, Adalgisa, and Rosina. In the first and last of these impersonations her success was "immense." Her Rosina is pronounced superior to any hitherto heard in Chicago. So also is La Grange's Norma. In his appropriate line we have had BRIGNOLI, with more than his previous success; SUSINI, who has been nearly *hors de combat* as to his voice; MASSIMILIANI, RANDOLFI, MARRA, COLLETTI, and SARTI. All of these have been well received. The chorus is fair, but light. The orchestra is fuller and better than we have usually had here in opera. Taken all in

all, Chicago thinks Max Strakosch is a "brick," and pats him on the back and tickles his pocket accordingly. To-night is *Martha*; *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Don Giovanni* follow.

In the Sunday School and clap-trap line we have had concerts by four hundred children at Farwell hall, in the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association. These have been reasonably well attended. Perhaps I ought to have said "*un*reasonably well."

J. W. Adams is drilling a chorus in connection with the Chicago Art School, and a concert is on hand. This Art school has four "strings to its bow" —which is a very proper musical arrangement— teaching Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Elocution and Light Gymnastics. The later two come under the head of Oratory. It is suggested to add presently a theological chair of Heavy Gymnastics. Mr. Robert Goldbeck gave a piano-forte matinée in Crosby's Music Hall last Thursday afternoon. The programme embraced Beethoven's Sonata in D, op. 10, No 3, Thalberg's *Lucia*, Liszt's "*Miserere* of Palestrina," Willmers' "Hungarian Rhapsody," and "Lake Mahopac," and an "Auld lang syne" and "*Sogni d'Amore*" of his own. Mrs. Carrington, a very pleasant soprano of local celebrity, sang Goldbeck's "Invocation" and Moeden's "Song of Home." Not being present I cannot give a more particular account. Next week we are promised your "Quintette Club."

And now by way of exhortation, suffer me a word to Bostonians and other Down-Easters coming west. If there is any human being more cockney-ish than one born "within sound of Bow bells" it is a Bostonian on the western tour. The rawness, greenness, boorishness, ignorance, stupidity and general mal-appropriateness they manage to discern in western people and ways, is so very surprising as to raise a suspicion that some of these parties look through colored spectacles. The order and motto of their going is emphatically "*Nil admirari*." All of which is respectfully submitted by

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

FARMINGTON, CONN., NOV. 14. Again we have been visited by the three Magi from the East, bringing rich offerings! Our annual little music feasts here (at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School) are always an event with us, eagerly anticipated, and bearing fruit long afterwards; and so we like to spread the joyful news for the benefit of all who are like-minded. The programmes speak for themselves and for the object of our striving.

31*st Concert, Nov.* 13.

Sonate for Piano and Violin, A major, op. 47 Beethoven.
Variations Concertantes, for Violoncello and Piano, op. 17. Mendelssohn.
Romanze, Scherzino and Intermezzo, for Piano, op. 26 Schumann.
Aria and Gavotte, for Violin..... Bach.
Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, E flat, op. 100. Schubert.

32*d Concert, Nov.* 14.

Sonate for Piano and Violin, E flat, No. 380.....Mozart.
Adagio for Violoncello . .. .Nardini.
Polonaise for Piano, E flat, op. 22.....Chopin.
Sonate for Violin, D minor.....Rust.
Presto Scherzando for Piano (Posthumous)..Mendelssohn.
Trio for Piano, Violin and 'cello, E flat, op. 70, No. 2. Beethoven.

The execution was, as might be expected of such artists, faultless. THOMAS, MILLS and BERGNER have for years belonged to "our's"; they play here as it were *en famille*, and with double zeal and enthusiasm for a public that meets them sympathetically. (By the way, the last appearance of Thomas and Mills, before their trip to Europe, was made here with us, and so was the first since their return).

In the way of novelties, they gave us this time a Violin Sonata by F. W. Rust (1739–96), a contemporary of Friedemann Bach,—a work in a large, broad style, somewhat in the Tartini school, and in respect to form distinguished by a charmingly sportive *Gigue*, which, interrupted by other movements, constantly comes back again. It is a grateful, but difficult piece, for violin players, and Ferd. David has done a good service in digging up this old treasure.

Also new was a Larghetto from a Violin Sonata by P. Nardini (1722–93), a pupil of Tartini. This is a soul-ful, noble song, which lost nothing by being transferred to the violoncello; both in melody and harmony it sounds quite *modern*.

The *Intermezzo* from the fantastical "*Faschingschwank in Wien*" (Viennese Carnival), op. 26, of Schumann, is one of the most beautiful piano pieces that he wrote. In its dark, impassioned feeling it reminds us of the mood of the well-known song: "*Ich grolle nicht*." We commend it especially to all piano players.

As additions to the programme, Mills played the Romanza from the first, and the Larghetto from the second Concerto of Chopin; and Thomas played Schumann's "*Abendlied*," as transcribed for the violin by Joachim. K.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 23, 1867.

Music in Boston.

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT. Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 9. The third season of eight concerts, already guarantied by 1,300 season subscribers, 250 more than last year, opened with such a goodly show of audience, and of the best kind, as makes it the duty of the Harvard Musical Association not only to persevere in the good work they have begun, but to neglect no means of strengthening and perfecting their orchestra, and making the concerts better and better, until their very *character* shall place them beyond the possibility of failure. Many think that this is already accomplished; it will not do to forget, however, that what does not go forward is pretty sure to fall behind. Surely no better encouragement could be desired than such an audience as that was; artistic sensibility, refinement, love for what is best, respect for what is nobly and sincerely meant, looked out from all those faces; they were true listeners, and the *tone* of the occasion seemed to pervade all. Through two long Symphonies you saw no sign of attention flagging; the smile of real pleasure did not fade away. There were some restless ones, to be sure, who left the Hall during the last minutes of the last piece, and, as the *Advertiser* truly observed, in its wholesome lecture the next morning, had the concert been only fifteen minutes long, instead of two hours and a quarter, such persons would think it necessary to get out in the thirteenth minute. Some doubtless had good excuse for going; but the majority on all occasions start up before the time is out, merely from the selfish motive of securing a clear exit before the crowd, not caring how much they disturb others. But a few dozen such disturbers do not destroy the fact that the mass of that great audience sat and listened with delight to the last note.—The programme was as follows:

Dedication Overture, ("Weihe des Hauses"), in C, Op. 124.....Beethoven.
Tenor Aria, "Coostanze!" from "Die Entführung aus dem Serall".....Mozart.
George L. Osgood.
Symphony, in C, ("Jupiter,").....Mozart.

Overture, "In the Highlands".....N. W. Gade.
Songs—a. "Suleika".....Schubert.
b. "Schöne Fremde".....Schumann.
G. L. Osgood.
"Scotch" Symphony, in A minor, op. 56...Mendelssohn.

That Overture of Beethoven had been heard only once before in Boston. Mr. Zerrahn gave it at the end of one of his concerts in March, 1860, after the Seventh Symphony, one of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," Mendelssohn's G-minor Concerto, parts of a Chopin Concerto, &c. The note we then made of it was as follows:

"One is of course thankful to make acquaintance with another of Beethoven's famous overtures. That called "*Die Weihe des Hauses*" (the dedication of the house) is essentially an *opening* overture, and would have had much more effect at the beginning than at the end of a concert. It was written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna, and bears the *opus* number 124 among Beethoven's works, the Choral Symphony being op. 125. . . It did not strike us as at all comparable to the *Leonore*, *Egmont* or *Coriolan* overtures. The opening is solemn, festal, grandiose, but sounding *common* for Beethoven; after the fugue-like theme sets in, however, the real Beethoven fire kindles, and it grows more and more interesting to the end. A key to much of its peculiarity is found in the fact that in Germany it goes often by the name of 'the Overture in Handel's manner.'"

This time, hearing it at the beginning not only of a concert but of a noble series of concerts, and otherwise under more propitious circumstances, we think it did make a decided impression on the audience. By no means as perfect a work as the three above named, it opens solemnly and grandly, in a religious vein indeed (for some of the harmonies are church-like), attuning the mind to noble thought and exciting a great expectation; which the Handelian theme, bursting out with uncontainable nervous fire, and wrought up with exhaustless ingenuity, quite realizes. Now and then in its unexpected modulations it reminds you for a moment of the *Leonore* overture, and sometimes it touches the vein of the Ninth Symphony. It only needed a very powerful body of violins; otherwise it was played with vigor and precision, and it is a theme of general surprise that nine first violins (so many of the old leaders gone) could tell so efficaciously. Mr. ZERRAHN had rehearsed them earnestly, and they had gone into it with zeal.

The two Symphonies have been too often heard and discussed here, to need any description. Both were so well played as to bring out admirably the contrast between them. The one, pure musical creation, without thought of any purpose, perfect in form, concise, complete, felicitous in development, exquisite in detail and coloring, full of fascination. Well could the Englishman call it the Jupiter of Symphonies. And there is something essentially classical, as it were Grecian, in its smooth, rounded symmetry. The wonderfully complex Finale, with four themes worked up all at once in fugue form, never came out so clearly and enjoyably before from any of our orchestras; the individual vitality of each theme, each little fragment of a theme, was felt,—although of course a greater mass of strings would have been better. The exquisite wind passages, too, in the earlier movements, especially the delicious dialogue of the two bassoons, so thoroughly Mozartish, must have stolen away the senses of the most obstinate anti-classicist.

The Gade overture: "*Im Hochland*" was a congenial prelude to the Scotch Symphony:— both perfect specimens of the modern romantic, picturesque vein of orchestral music. It is an exquisite strain of tone color; such rich, rare blending of instruments, fresh, wild, full of charming surprises, soothing and invigorating as wide

mountain views. Once a great solemn silence makes itself audible as it were in the hush of all but an instrument or two; again all is life and jubilation; nature's holy quiet is invaded by the ringing hunting strain of enterprising mountain climbers.—The Symphony, too, often as it has been heard among us, became new for us, richer, finer, grander than ever. Of course the *Scherzando*, with its enticing, playful theme (so delightfully played by our new clarinet), and its marked and positively mocking emphasis of a little characteristically Scotch cadence, was the thing most applauded. But the large and rich unfolding of the first movement, the great *crescendo* where its elements swell to a storm, and most of all the deep, calm, solemn music of the Adagio (in which we scarcely missed our leading 'cello, so well did Mr. SUCK's instrument sing the *cantabile*), held the hearer even more deeply spell-bound.

The vocal pieces between each Overture and Symphony made the concert longer by the clock, but only shorter to the sense and feeling. They formed a graceful and delightful recreation between the more earnest efforts of attention; for a good song costs no effort to the hearer. The selections, exquisite in themselves and rare, were beautifully sung. The spirit of each, especially the *Lieder* in the second part, was finely caught and rendered. Mr. OSGOOD's voice, though thus far lacking all the weight desirable in that great hall, has yet a singularly vital, telling kind of vibration, and a lovely quality of tone; if it is slightly nasal, there is a sort of purple, fruity bloom upon it, so that it seems all the more interesting. He has evidently studied well in his one year in Germany; his method is sound; he knows how to economize his power; and he flings himself into his song with such hearty, unaffected zeal, so full of its beauty, so forgetful of himself, that the pleasure you derive from hearing is really artistic and poetic; you are not taken physically by storm; it is not the cheap commonplaces of singing that bring the house down. Voice and style of singing show unusual refinement. As for power, there is more yet to be developed, we are sure; Mr. Osgood is very young; it was his first attempt in a great hall and with orchestra; a complete tenor requires the whole man physically and mentally built up and mature.—The Aria from *Die Entführung*, in which the lover waits with trembling, palpitating joy for sight of his Constanze (Mozart was wooing his own Constance when he composed that most love-inspired opera) is perhaps the finest of all Mozart's tenor airs. Its expression is warm and true to the life; and how significantly and sympathetically the instruments in those little figures catch their breath and imitate the heart's quick beating! The accompaniments might have been played more sensitively, but the singer succeeded in carrying the song to the heart of his audience. Schubert's "Suleika," composed to one of the little Persian-like love poems in Goethe's *West-Oestliche Divan*, is about as perfect and thoroughly original a song as he ever wrote—for not a few of even Schubert's several hundred songs is commonplace. This was beautifully sung, and so was the impassioned little strain by Schumann. The singer was constrained to round off the little group by singing another of the most beautiful of Schubert's songs, called in French "Le Secret;" he sang it in English. The unsurpassable excellence of Mr. DRESEL's piano accompaniment, inspiring to a singer who has any soul in him, was of course a very important element in the success of these songs.

The Second Concert (past ere this appears) will show a material gain of power in the violin and 'cello part of the Orchestra, which will be felt in Beethoven's B-flat Symphony, and in the Overtures to *Medea* (Cherubini) and *Oberon*. The programme further includes a Mozart Concerto for two pianos, played by Messrs. LANG and PARKER; and a most noble, comforting Bach aria, Mozart's "*Deh vieni*," and songs by Franz and Dresel, sung by Mrs. CARY.

In the third Concert (Dec. 5,) the experiment of two Symphonies, which worked so well when we had long ones, will be repeated with two short ones; namely one by Haydn, in G, never played in Boston, and another one of Gade's, No. 4, in B-flat. As those do not employ the full powers of the modern Orchestra, the two overtures are selected with a view to supplying that contrast; they will be Weber's *Euryanthe* and Schumann's *Genoveva*, both very rich and brilliant, and needing to be better known, though they have appeared in the programmes of the two last years. For vocal refreshment, Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON, she of the rich contralto, who has come back from Europe an artistic, finished singer, with a noble style, will sing "*Non più di fiori*" from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, and one or two smaller pieces.

Mr. LANG will play a Beethoven Concerto in the fifth Concert; CAMILLA URSO will play Beethoven's Violin Concerto in the sixth; HUGO LEONHARD, Chopin's E-minor Concerto in the seventh; and the Ninth Symphony will crown the season in the eighth.

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY. Our old German Männer-Chor, still flourishing under Mr. KREISSMANN'S leadership, and only too prosperous with their great accession of "passive" members, invited their friends on Saturday evening, Nov. 9, to one of their pleasant Soirées. This time it was held at the Boston Museum, which was full. The programme, altogether choice, was largely composed of interesting novelties.

Hymn. "Herr unser Gott, erhöre unser Flehen." . Schubert
Trio Piano, Violin and Cello. E flat major. . Schubert.
Song. Barcarole . . . . . Schubert.
Chorus. "Nachtgesang im Walde . . . . . Schubert.
Choruses. Scenen von "Friedjhof's Sage, No. 1 and 6 Max Bruch.
Chorus. "Lebenslust" . . . . . Hiller.
Andante and Variations, from Sonate, op. 47 . . . Beethoven.
Songs. *a* Maria. *b.* Am Rhein. *c.* Dedication. Franz
Chorus. "Ossian" . . . . Beschnitt
Duet From the "Marriage of Figaro" Soprano and Tenor. . . . . Mozart.
Chorus. "Auf dem Rhein." . . . . . Kucken.

The Schubert Hymn (Quartet and Chorus of male voices) was quite impressive, but, owing perhaps to the unaccustomed place and the heat, suffered in its rendering. The other choruses went better; especially the scenes from the new composer Max Bruch's "Frithiof's Saga," in which Mr. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER gave the frequent cantabile recitative with fine voice and expression; and the music was decidedly interesting, flowing naturally, very delicate and refined in style. We hope to hear the whole work, which is written for male voices. Mr. S. also sang, with his usual unction, the three songs by Franz. Another charming, happy composition was Hiller's "Zest of Life," a soprano solo, with background of male quartet, sweetly sung by a pupil of Mr. Kreissmann's, who also sang the Mozart duet with her teacher. Messrs. LEONHARD, EICHBERG and A. SUCK were the interpreters of the fine Schubert Trio and the "Kreutzer" Variations, and of course they were done artistically. Would that such choice feasts came oftener!

The HARRISON CONCERTS, as far as Mme. PARIPA-ROSA was concerned, were mainly Ballad Concerts, addressed to a ballad public, which here as in any other city can always outvote the really musical public. She did sing "*Deh vieni*," and "Angels ever bright and fair;" but the rest was nearly all English ballads. And cannot a great singer show her quality even in a simple ballad? Certainly; but then it seems a pity that so great an artist should not be greatlier employed; there is so much of the finest music always waiting for such singers!

The other elements of the five concerts—we have spoken of the first—were the Buffo songs of Signor FERRANTI (who under the name of "Sacred Songs by Handel and Mozart" sang with a solemn face on Sunday evenings something in the very modern Italian taste,) and the instrumental virtuosity of ROSA and DE MEYER, whose playing was fine, but their selections, especially on Sunday, hacknied and of the *ad captandum* order. We may except the Romance in G, of Beethoven, and (had it not been heard so often) the Haydn Souvenir, as played by Rosa. De Meyer, however interesting, would always work himself up into a grotesque *furore*, which of course pleased the groundlings. If *encores* are the measure of a good Concert, they were as thick as blackberries all the time. The Organ *introits* and *exits*, had the grotesqueness, without the individuality which saved the veteran pianist.—Never mind, each kind of thing has its audience; we shall soon have Mme. Rosa in her great sphere of Oratorio.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, in remarkably good force and condition, judging from the zeal shown in rehearsals, announce public performances for this and to-morrow evening. The first will consist of selections from "St. Paul" and the "Creation," besides Mendelssohn's beautiful Cantata: "As the hart pants," entire, Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON and Miss HOUSTON being the soloists. For Sunday evening, Handel's Oratorio, "Samson," with the same two ladies, Messrs. JAMES and M. W. WHITNEY and Mr H. WILDE in the solos. The orchestra is that of the Symphony Concerts with its new accessions. Mr. LANG plays the Organ and CARL ZERRAHN conducts.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society, last Saturday evening, at the Academy of Music, appears to have been a great success. We copy from the *Evening Post*:

The orchestra numbered just a hundred performers, the list of whose names on the programme included a majority of the best known soloists in the city, while the direction fell into the hands of Mr. Carl Bergmann, whose equal as a leader of large orchestras it is difficult to find anywhere. With such material, under such leadership, the inspiration of the immense audience of Saturday evening was all that was needed to ensure a perfectly even, artistic and spirited performance, and this was exactly what was enjoyed on this occasion.

The opening selection was "Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony," whose massive grandeur, wonderful harmonies, tranquil and idyllic beauties, and delicate gradations of light and shade have never been more correctly and feelingly interpreted here. A single performance of this kind more than justifies all of the labors incident to the organization and training of a society like the Philharmonic, which conferred an inestimable public benefit by giving this great and incomparable work in a style so admirable. Mr. Richard Hoffmann played Mozart's Concerto (Op. 8, in D minor), with an orchestral accompaniment. The purity of Mr. Hoffman's style of playing was never better exemplified, nor the remarkable quality of his touch. In these days, when the piano has to endure so much torturing at the hands of the gymnastic school of performers, it is delightful to hear a player who can interpret simply and with feeling such pure music as that of the concerto referred to. The other soloist of the evening was Mme. Camille Urso, who performed Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin (op. 64, in E) with all of her usual excellence of execution, and won a most enthusiastic storm of applause. In some respects she surpassed herself, and, in particular, exhibited somewhat more than her ordinary animation. As a mere executant she probably has no equal in this country. Such accuracy, exquisite taste and entire control of the resources of the violin as she displays would provoke a *furor* of admiration, were there more of that indefinable something which may be called inspiration or genius.

Schumann's "Manfred" overture, which transmutes into musical expression the spirit of Byron's famous poem, was given with animation, and a fine appreciation of its wild and supernatural elements. Somewhat more strong and less musical in its character was the "Poeme Symphonique" of Liszt, which concluded the concert. Those who like this class of music must have enjoyed the performance.

We cannot close without a word of commendation for the audience, which not only showed itself unusually appreciative, but was free from those pests of our public places of amusement, the people who advertise their lack of breeding by their annoying clatter. This is a nuisance which has been so observable of late that we are glad to be able to speak so well of a pleasing and bright exception.

Maretzek's Italian Opera re-opened last week with Gounod's new work, of which the *Weekly Review* says:

To judge from the demonstrations of an immense audience, the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet," last evening, at the Academy of Music, was a complete success. This however is, to a great extent, due—as in the case of "Faust"—to the libretto. Operas on the same subject have been written by Zingarelli, Bellini, Vaccai, and others; but, on each occasion Shakespeare has been slaughtered by Italian librettists. The present edition, in operatic form, has not only the merit of following closely, act by act, the incidents of Shakespeare's tragedy, but the great beauty of adherence to the individuality of each character. The music of Gounod is original, in so far that it resembles no other compositions save his own. There is plenty of French sentimentality in it, and a strong flirtation is carried on with the new German school of the "future." Those who expect to find the martial strains and exciting choruses of "Faust" in this new opera will be somewhat disappointed; but they will be amply repaid in listening to the love duets, in the second and fourth acts, which far surpass the merits of those that mark similar situations in "Faust." It is impossible to give an elaborate criticism after one hearing of this opera; but we noticed, in the first act, a charming valse, sung by *Juliet*, and a madrigal for tenor and soprano, both of which are sure to become popular. The second act contains a romance for tenor, and a duet—representing the famous balcony scene—that is excellent. The third act seemed the weakest. The fourth concontains another duet, between *Romeo* and *Juliet*, which is the gem of the opera, and the best thing Gounod has ever written. It will survive all his other compositions. The fifth act represents the tomb-scene, and consists of reminiscences of the preceding four acts—so well managed, however, in its effects, that the fifth act alone could be called a musical poem and, as such, a masterwork. The performance was as good as a first performance could be. The honors of the evening were won by Miss Hauck, and Signors Pancani, Antonucci, and Medini.

New York abounds in concerts. Mr. Harrison's seventh Sunday concert, at Steinway Hall, presented Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer, the piano virtuoso, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, and the Herren Listermann, violinists, newly arrived from Germany.—Mr. Theodore Thomas, besides his classical Symphony Soirées, has opened, in a lighter vein, a new place for musical and other entertainments, called Lyric Hall.—At the first Philharmonic concert in Brooklyn (Saturday week), in the Academy of Music, they had Beethoven's fifth Symphony played by an orchestra of sixty, directed by Theo. Thomas, who was fêted, presented with a hundred dollar baton, bouquets, &c. Mme. Rotter sang the Scena from *Der Freyschütz* and the Romanza from "William Tell."—Several novelties are thus reported in the *Review:*

The Arion Society gave a very interesting concert last Thursday night, at Steinway Hall. It opened, under Mr. Carl Bergmann's safe direction, with Bargiel's overture to "Prometheus," which ought to be heard more often. Since Schumann, nothing better has been written in the old form. Mme. Kapp-Young sang the romance from "Robert," in a truly artistic style. This lady improves upon better acquaintance. She has a fine voice and expression, and could not fail to be successful with the large audience. The members of the society shared the same honor: they sang with taste and discretion, reflecting great credit upon their conductor. Unusual interest was felt in the first appearance of the young pianist, Mlle. Topp, who played Liszt's concerto in an admirable manner. Her technics are superb, but, what is still better, she has fire and soul. There is individuality in her performance, which stamps her at once as a true artist. She made deservedly a favorable impression.

Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer made his second appearance this season last Sunday, at Steinway Hall. He repeated his andante and rondo for orchestra and piano, which won him renewed sympathy and applause on the part of the audience, which seemed so well satisfied with the performance that it insisted upon an encore. Mr. Pfeiffer complied by rendering a new and charming polka of his, which perhaps better than anything else reflects the vigorous style of this pianist. The polka is brilliant, dashing, and very effective. In the second part of the concert he gave his "Lucrezia Borgia" fantasia and, as encore, his "Pardon de Ploërmel." His success was such as his extraordinary technic, his powerful touch, in fact, his remarkable piano-playing fully deserve. For the first time, in this concert, we heard Mendelssohn's "Trumpet" overture, a very elaborate work, deficient in ideas, and not at all likely to enhance the reputation of the master. Mrs. Jenny Kempton sang several times. She has many good qualities, but her delivery is such as will, in our opinion, rather impair than enhance the beauty of her voice.

Philadelphia.—The Richings Opera Troupe (English) still perform to crowded houses in the Academy. *Linda*, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Cinderella*, *Martha*, and Auber's *Crown Diamonds* have been the principal pieces of late. Mrs. Seguin is said to sing deliciously, and Messrs. Bernard, Seguin and Campbell to be very acceptable.—The feature of Mr. Sentz's Orchestral Matinée, last week, was Mozart's G minor Symphony. Mrs. Behrens sang *Robert*, and Mr. Wm. Stoll, Jr. played one of Rode's violin solos.—The following programmes show of what material the public Rehearsals of the Germania Orchestra are made up:

Nov. 9.

Overture—God Save the King.....Schneider.
Thema, with Variations.....Haensel.
Die Sonderlinge—Waltz.....Lanner.
Meditation.....Seb. Bach.
Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.
Aria—Shipwreck of the Medusa.....Reissiger.
First Finale from Attila.....Verdi.

Nov. 16.

Overture—Daughter of the Regiment.....Donizetti.
Thema with Variations.....Haensel.
Die Flotten Waltz.....Lanner.
Andante con moto from Third Symphony.....Mozart.
Overture—Rosamunde.....Schubert.
Duet—Semiramide—Solo for Clarinet & Bassoon. Rossini.
Reminiscences on R. Wagner's Tannhäuser.....Hamm.

Mr. Mark Hassler is giving popular afternoon concerts at Concert Hall, with a small orchestra.—Habelmann, the sweet German tenor, gives Operatic Concerts at Concert Hall. The *Bulletin* says of them:

Mad. Ackermann, the debutante of last night, proved to be a singer of remarkable powers. Her voice is a rich soprano of sonorous timbre, great sweetness and extended compass. Both her voice and manner are highly sympathetic and enable her to carry her hearers with her. Her opening air of Marguerite, in *Faust*, was rendered with skill, taste and effect, but did not tell upon the audience as it should have done, for the surprise in having before them such a fine cantatrice seemed to bewilder them. Mad. Ackermann sings again to-night, and we advise all to hear her. Mad Johannsen, Wilhelm Formes, Jean Louis, Mr. Habelmann and pupil also appear. Messrs. Habelman, Formes and Louis—not to forget the amateur, who has a superior voice—sang most acceptably, as might be expected. The chorus and orchestra were good. To-night selections from the *Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, *Stradella*, *Night in Granada*, and second act of *Fidelio* will be given. Mr. Habelmann sings a new song by Abt.

The Handel and Haydn Society began their season on the 21st inst., in Horticultural Hall, with Haydn's oratorio of *The Creation*, Mme. Parepa-Rosa taking the soprano part. Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* is announced to be given during the season.

The Mendelssohn Musical Society announce that they will give the first of a series of three subscription concerts at Concert Hall on Monday evening next. The overture to *Dinorah*, by Carl Sentz's orchestra and the chorus of the society; a bass solo with chorus, by Costa; a female chorus from Wallace's *Lurline*; a four-part song by Mendelssohn; the Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, played by Mr. Thunder and the orchestra, comprise the programme.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Here's a health to King Charles. S'g and Cho. *F. Boot.* 35
The combat approaches. Song. *L. W. Wheeler.* 60
There is a pair of little hands. Song. *Keller.* 30
The forgotten song. *W. Ketchum.* 30
Central Park skating glee. " 30
O Mary dear, I love thee still. " 30
She is so dear to me. " 30
My love and I. Ballad. *L. Behrens.* 50
Songs and choruses whose titles alone would recommend them. Good words to appropriate music.
Advance in maiden beauty. (Nous amenoes.) "Grand Duchess." 30
Discipline, 'tis my pride. (Piff, paf, pouff!) " 30
The first is a charming wedding march and chorus, and is commended to those who are about "to take the (bridal) veil." The second is capital, and highly comic.
Pretty little Sarah. For guitar by *Haydn.* 35
The birds will come again. " " 40
Robin Bedbreast. " " 60
Favorites, well arranged.
Abide with me. Sacred song. *Rimbault.* 30
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Angel's voice. " *Hon. Mrs. Norton.* 30
Great and Marvellous. Chorus. *Merz.* 1.00
Three fine sacred songs, and a 6-part chorus or sextet. All worthy additions to sacred music literature.
I'se a travelin' to the grave. Southern melody. *Stocckle.* 3
Will do for a sacred "colored" song.
My own. Song. *Perring.* 40
Robin's song. *G. B. Allen.* 30
All along the valley. Song. *Claribel.* 30
Maiden's lament. " *A. P. H.* 40
Specimens of able compositions and melodies.
Shall I ever get married? Song. *G. D. Spaulding.* 30
Single gentlemen, how do you do? " " 30
Sung "with applause" at the "bell-ringers" concert. Very piquant comic songs.
Gentle Amy Lee. Song and Cho. *A. B. Hoag.* 30
Good "song for the people."

Instrumental.

Potpouri. Romeo and Juliet. *Cramer.* 75
Romeo and Juliette. Repertoire. *Beyer.* 40
" " Bouquet of Melodies. " 75
Players will do well to get acquainted with the airs of this opera, which bids fair to have a great popularity.
Swiss dance for piano. *Gretscher.* 30
Leap year Quickstep. "Crystal gems." *Kinkel.* 30
Charming Schottisch. " " " 30
Silver star Quickstep. " " " 30
Easy pieces, and the "Gems" are unusually good for learners.
Serenade Nocturne. *C. W. Marston.* 50
Charme de Salon. Caprice. *Leybach.* 50
Queen of the Fairies. Fant. Bril. *Mack.* 50
Three taking pieces, the last with a handsome title.
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Sweet music, tastefully illustrated.
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Delta Upsilon Galop. *J. S. Knight.* 40
Stirring music for dancers, the last especially intended for collegians and their fair friends.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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A "Kapellmeister" of the Seventeenth Century.*

It is not very often that we meet with a *Kapellmeister*, or conductor, who is all that he ought to be; that is to say, who does not care merely about properly filling his position, and performing punctually and conscientiously what is required of him, but is equally anxious for his subordinates; a prince on a small scale, who takes a greater interest in the weal or woe of his subjects than in his own. A nature of this kind is most plainly shown at a period when men are grasped by the powerful hand of harsh misfortune, when want and misery reign supreme, and all the bonds of society appear about to be burst asunder. Such a period, and such a model man in it, are without doubt the period of the Thirty Years' War, and the *Kapellmeister*, Heinrich Schütz. How he received his musical education in Venice; how he was entrusted by Fate with the musically-historical, or, rather, intellectually-historical task of transporting into Germany the new era just commenced in Italy, of bringing about an alliance between Italian and German art, of becoming the leading supporter and introducer of pleasing forms of Italian free art as opposed to strict, scholastic music—all this has been sufficiently discussed and appreciated on other occasions. We here want to contemplate the most important luminary in the then musical firmament of Germany when actively employed in his capacity of *Kapellmeister*: to record his ever willing and ever joyous self-sacrificing efforts for the members of the establishment under his charge.

The "chapel" at Dresden, where Schütz was engaged from the year 1617, may be looked upon as a model establishment for the period. As early as the commencement of the seventeenth century, we find, at the Electoral Court in the above capital, a complete chapel, which, under the name of the "Cantorei" (chantry) required for its support a considerable sum for those days (about 3,000 florins). It consisted of fourteen singers and nine instrumentalists. At its head was a conductor or chapelmaster (Michael Roger), a vice-conductor, who was, also, Court-Cantor, and a preceptor (Andreas Petermann) for the singing boys. It will be seen from the constitution of the establishment that singing was greatly predominant, while instrumental music was only an unimportant department, still in the first stages of its development; what the Elector demanded above all things from his chapel was church singing, choral and solo. On this account, the members of the chapel were usually formed in the chapel itself, or, at any rate, they laid there the foundations on which, thanks to travelling, they might subsequently build. Chapel-boys and table-boys, as they were termed, used to be confided to the care of the conductor and of the eldest members of the chapel, in whose families and under whose superintendence they lived entirely, the conductor and members of the chapel being responsible for the boys' education, especially in a musical sense. For this they received rations, besides an extra salary of 25 florins for private instruction in singing. Singing was the principal consideration, and it was solely an aptitude for singing which generally regulated the admission of a candidate into the chapel. If one of the boys, however, was to learn a special instrument as well, his master was paid extra. This was, however, an unusual case, for, as a rule, the chapel and table boys were the sopranos and altists at the musical performances, and thus constituted the lowest degree in the musical corporation. Castrates were not then known in Germany; it was not till nearly the end of the Thirty Years' War that they first appeared on this side the Alps. When the boys' voices broke, and the boys could no longer be employed for the above purpose in the chapel, they learned some instrument, if they possessed the necessary natural talent. The most skilful among them were then generally allowed a certain sum to proceed to Italy, at that time the high school of music, in order to perfect themselves on the violin, theorbo, cither, etc., educate themselves thoroughly, and, on their return, become the leading instrumentalists in the chapel.

Every person who, in those days, seriously entertained the intention of devoting himself to art made his pilgrimage to Italy. Any one who had failed to go through his studies there was not regarded as properly qualified, or able to do anything really good. This was not mere prejudice, for it was in Italy that Palestrina, Gabrieli, and others had delivered music from the fetters of Netherlandish counterpoint, which threatened to crush it completely: it was there that the above masters founded those celebrated schools for composers which continued to flourish for centuries, and everyone endeavored to draw from these springs. Like others, Heinrich Schütz received his education in Italy, having studied in the Venetian school under Giovanni Gabrieli. There being no other course open for him, in the year 1589, when he was thirteen, he entered as chapel-boy the chapel of the Landgrave Moritz of Hesse, and, though his parents had determined he should receive a learned education, and he had gone in consequence to the university of Marburg, he was gained over by the Landgrave for music exclusively. This art-loving prince, well capable of appreciating the boy's great talent, offered Heinrich a yearly stipend of two hundred thalers if he would go to Italy, and study in one of the celebrated schools there. Schütz accepted the offer, and, in 1609, went to Venice, to become a pupil of Giovanni Gabrieli. What good use he made of his time is proved by the fact that, at the expiration of three years only, he was able to send his noble patron a book of five-part madrigals "with the especial praise of the leading *musici* in Venice" (*"mit sonderbarem Lobe der fürnembsten 'musicorum' zu Venedig"*). His venerable teacher died soon afterwards, and Schütz returned, in consequence, to Germany in 1613, with the intention of studying in secret several years longer, in order then to be able to come out at once with some work of importance. His parents and relatives, however, would on no account hear of his making music a "profession." They urged him to re-enter the learned career he had abandoned, and by so doing obtain some appointment in keeping with his merits. In a letter which he afterwards wrote, and in which he recorded the events of his youth, he says of himself: "But God the Almighty, who, without a doubt, had set me aside from my mother's womb for the profession of music, ordained that *anno* 1614 I should be summoned hither to Dresden, to attend the approaching christening of Duke Augustus, and, after the specimen I gave, the directory of the Elector's music was most graciously offered me in his name. My parents and relatives probably perceived with me the immovable will of God at work, and so set a goal to my wandering thoughts."

But the reader must not imagine that the matter was arranged so speedily and simply as is recorded in the words just quoted. Musicians in those days could by no means boast of so respected and favored a social position that such an appointment should be conferred as a matter of course. We know, from the case of young Mozart at a much later period in Salzburg, what treatment was considered at Courts proper for musicians, though Mozart's case was certainly a dishonorable exception. Schütz certainly went to Dresden, in 1614, to attend the christening festivities to which he alludes, but the thoroughly educated Hessian Court Organist had, so to speak, been merely sent as a loan by the Landgrave Moritz to his Electoral cousin. Johann Georg I, Elector since June, 1611, held the very promising musician fast, thanked his Landgravish cousin very heartily in April, 1615, for giving his organist up to him, and added: "We entreat you to do us the favor of graciously allowing Schütz to remain here a year or so, until we get those persons whom we have sent to Italy and elsewhere for the purpose of learning this art." Being compelled to do so, the Landgrave granted Schutz two years' leave of absence, but asked for him back before the time had expired. The long and short of the matter was, however, that Schutz could not be spared from Dresden. Though this and that member of the chapel who had been sent to travel might have returned from Italy as a skilful instrumentalist, Schütz towered so high above them all that such a tribute as the following was paid him: "If the music in the church and before the table is to be continued in the same style as hitherto, it is impossible to give up such a man, who is equally skilled in composition, in the use of instruments, and in the arrangement of the concert, in all which the w ter knows no one superior to the above Schütz, who has already shown, to his especial credit, before his Electoral Highness what he is capable of doing." At length the Landgrave made a friendly and neighborly offer to share Schütz, who, he proposed, should act as chapelmaster at the Electoral Court at Dresden, but at the same time, retain his old place and duties at the Margrave's Court in Cassel, so that the Margrave also, might enjoy the musician's art on fitting occasions. Now Johann Georg was by no means a man calculated to bear up against the serious events of later times, but, as regards his personal requirements, and especially his musical pleasures, he was very stubborn, and not to be dissuaded from a resolve once taken. By dint of all kinds of argument and persuasion he at length succeeded in moving the Landgrave Moritz to cede him the musician altogether.

For fifty-five years was Heinrich Schütz the Saxon Elector's chapelmaster, attending with indefatigable care to the duties of the office "as the very best German composer and most admirable chapelmaster."

There now came ten years of the most comprehensive exertions on the part of the chapelmaster, then thirty-two, but in that time he succeeded in rendering the Dresden chapel one of the most celebrated of the age. It was increased to thirty-two members, the greater number of whom had been educated under his direction at Dresden, or at places which they had visited on their travels, while some had been sent for direct from Italy. After 1620, it became more and more the custom at the Courts of Germany to entice these singing birds, and give them salaries which for that time were enormous. Of course the singers augmented their pretensions in proportion, the more so when they perceived that regular jealousy and enmity were caused between different courts on their account.

The simple arrangements of the Electoral chapel at Dresden did not permit such extravagance. Despite the high position to which Schütz had raised his *corpus musicorum*, as he was fond of calling his chapel, the original expenditure of 3,000 florins had remained comparatively the same. The ordinary members had a salary of

* From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung. ated for the London Musical World.

from 150 to 200 florins each; the vice-chapelmaster received 350 florins, and the chapelmaster 400, to which sundry additions were made in the shape of a tankard of wine, a load or two of wood, a court-coat now and then, a sum of money for special lessons, etc. In return for his services, Schütz was enabled to fulfil his long cherished and fond wish of making another journey to Italy. What, perhaps, contributed most to this result was that in the year 1627 he gave the most brilliant proof of his great talent and thoroughly solid education. This was neither more nor less than the composition of the opera of *Daphne, the first German opera ever written.* The text was translated into German, from the Italian of Rannccini, by Martin Opitz, the head of the first Silesian school of poets, and Heinrich Schütz set it to music. The opera was produced at the festivities got up in honor of the marriage of the Saxon Princess Sophia Eleonora with the Landgrave George of Hesse. Unluckily, none of the music has been preserved. It perished probably in the great Dresden fire, 1760, during the Seven Years' War. The text, however, still remains. How immense a sensation was excited by this first opera is evident from the fact that, despite the unfavorable state of things at the time, all the more important towns competed with each other in appropriating this new branch of art.

(To be continued.)

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.*

We remarked on a former occasion how strongly developed, nay, perhaps more strongly developed than any where else, sacred plays appear to have been in the heart of Germany, in Bautzen, Dresden, Meissen, Zerbs, Torgau, Leipsic, and Eisenach. Now if we recollect that all these towns are situated in Thuringia and Saxony, that the roots of Protestantism are to be sought more especially in these two German provinces, and that, furthermore, Mysteries were first represented there in the German language, that is in the most popular manner, we shall instantly be struck by their intimate connection with the spirit out of which the Reformation grew. From this point of view, the Eisenach Mystery, already mentioned, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, becomes peculiarly significant and prophetic. We find it represented, as early as in the 14th century, by the same monastic order to which Martin Luther was destined subsequently to belong, at the foot of the Wartburg, which, by the residence of the great Reformer there, was to become a watch-tower of the mind,* only a few hours' journey from Möra, the Thuringian village where Luther first saw the light of day, and at Eisenach, the town which gave birth to Sebastian Bach, the master who lent its purest and most sublime expression to the specifically *protestant* spirit in church-music, and consequently in oratorio.—The *tendency* of this same old sacred play stands forth in still more wonderful and presageful connection with Protestantism and Protestant art.—Throughout the rest of the world, the intercession of the Saints and of the Virgin Mary was considered in the 14th century capable of releasing from sin and guilt. The Augustine monks of Eisenach were the first who dared to preach a *new* belief. When the moment has arrived in this old play for the heavenly Bridegroom to approach, and the foolish virgins, who have sunk to sleep in the midst of a revel, to become aware, too late and full of dismay, that their lamps are forever extinguished, they call on all the Saints to intercede for them. An avenging Angel orders them back. The cry of woe, now louder than before, of these sinners, who perceive the jaws of Hell already opening, finds its way to Mary, the mother of God. She experiences a feeling of indescribable pity, and begs for pardon for the mourning creatures of her divine Son, who now appears. But even so illustrious an advocate finds her intercession fruitless on hearing the simple words of the Saviour, who says He has to fulfil his Father's will. Mary proceeds to utter reproaches that the Lord will not listen even to her, who has suffered so much for Him. Hereupon Christ disappears, and the Angel, addressing the Queen of Heaven, pronounces imperiously the word, "Silence!"

Who will deny that, in this disappearance of the Saints and even of the blessed Virgin before the form of the Saviour coming forward so sublimely and grandly, and centering all importance in Himself, the spirit of the *Reformation*, like the first blush of morning, is already announced! We must be the more forcibly convinced of this by the fact that it was precisely the day for the performance of this sacred play, representing all power of remission in its nothingness, as well as convinced of the tremendous influence it exerted upon those living at the time. It is historically attested that Friedrich of the bitten Cheek died in consequence of the performance of this mystery. The vain appeal to the intercession of the Saints and of the Virgin Mary, at variance with the popular belief, wrought so strongly upon the Margrave, whose conscience probably sometimes proved a heavy burden for him when he thought of his father, that, interrupting the actors, he called out: By what means are grace and forgiveness of sins to be obtained, if the intercession of the holy Virgin is of no avail." A fit of apoplexy, caused by the mental shock he had sustained, threw him on a bed of sickness, which he never left to his dying day, the 16th November, 1324.

It was but natural that, with such a tendency of the sacred plays in central Germany, church-music, and oratorio particularly, when the Reformation took up both, should be developed in a *closer* connection with the Mysteries, than was the case in the Netherlands. In music, as in the old Thuringian play, Christ, and redemption through His death to the exclusion of all intercession, and hence, above aught else, the history of the *Passion*, became the central point of representation and of the increased depth of musical expression. It is, therefore, natural that we should find as early as the time of Luther, and caused partly by the powerful impulse emanating from him, examples of Passion music in Germany. The first of these compositions, which bore the name of "Passions," we meet with in the works of the German masters, Johannes Galiculus, born near Leipsic, in 1475, and Heinrich Isaak, born probably in the Fuldau district, about 1480. We find them further in the works of Isaak's pupil, Ludwig Senfll, of Basle, whom Luther so admired, a composer who was born in 1490 and died in 1560, as well as in those of Luther's intimate friend, Johannes Walther, who was born at Torgau, in 1490, and died in 1555. All the Passions of these masters, as likewise those of their contemporaries, Cellarius, Eckel, and Lemblin, have Latin texts. We find, too, in these authors, as we do, also, in Hobreecht and Berchem in the Netherlands, an almost invariably four-part and, therefore, more lyrical treatment of their subject, which even now properly demanded a more marked epico-musical construction. It is the "Moralities" or comedies of the students and the schools, works immediately springing from the Mysteries, and, to a certain degree, presented to us merely as a translation of the latter into the spirit of the period that had just dawned, which first bear a really epico-musical stamp. Interesting in this light is *The new, highly excellent, and thoroughly Christian Comedia of the State of Things in Heaven and Hell*, by Andreas Hartmann, Theologian and Magister of Philosophy, which was performed at Torgau in 1599. We are distinctly informed that, after the Prologue, a "common Musica or playing of the Town-pipers" opened the piece. As the personages are distributed in choruses, it is very probable that the spoken dialogue was interrupted by choral-songs.* Belonging to the same category are, also, the sacred comedy of *Esther* (1604), and that of *Joseph* (1612), both due to the Theologian Andreas Cotta, who was rewarded for them by the living of Hartha.

While the above efforts were being made in the way of a popular representation of sacred or Biblical subjects, J. von Burck, or Burgk, born in Magdeburg at the commencement of the 16th century, had in the domain of *art music* ventured to write Passions in the *German* tongue. The first of these appeared in 1568, and the second in 1577. He was followed by Lachner with a German Passion published in 1594, and we are thus gradually conducted to the great master, Heinrich Schütz, named, in accordance with the fashion of his time, Sagittarius, who was born in 1585, in the Saxon Voigtland, and who died at Dresden in 1672. It is in his Passions that we first meet with the artistic forms, which have, on the whole, maintained their ground in oratorio down to the present day. Schütz, too—like the Eisenach Mystery already mentioned, like Luther himself and all that was closely connected with him, and, lastly, like the first composers of Latin and German passions in our native land—we find again in *Saxony*. For more than half a century he was *Capellmeister*, at Dresden, of the Saxon Elector. If we remember, in connection with this fact, that the greatest number of the most important Moralities and Students' Comedies produced during the period of the Reformation belonged to Saxony, Thuringia, and the parts immediately adjacent, we shall once more feel convinced that the focus of *Protestantism* was likewise the centre of Protestant *musical art*, and it was on this account that *oratorio*, also, as a half Protestant art-product, derived from these provinces the most powerful incentives to further development.

But other influences, besides Protestant influences, had worked upon a master like Schütz, before he was capable of presenting the world with productions so full of thoroughly epic, and, within the limits of the Epos, dramatic life as his Passions. It was for this reason that we said Oratorio was only half the child of the Reformation.

To show that other factors co-operated in its creation we must once more go back a step.

* From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.

* Watch-tower;" in the German "Warte." The "Wartburg" signifies "Fortress of the Watch-tower."—Ed. M. W.

* This piece, of which unfortunately we have not a copy, was published in 1600 by the author at Magdeburg and dedicated to the Council of that town.

(To be continued).

Kleptomaniacal Choir Boys.

(From the London Orchestra.)

During the last two weeks the acumen of Mr. Elliott, the Lambeth police magistrate, has been tasked in the attempt to unravel the mysteries of a singular abstraction of property from various stalls in the Crystal Palace. For some time past the stall-holders in this splendid suburban bazaar had missed a number of articles, and the officials of the Palace Company had communicated with the authorities at the Lambeth office the fact that robberies had of late become very numerous, and that in every case of suspicion the alleged delinquent would be treated with such fare as the letter of the law would authorize. On the afternoon of Monday, the 4th inst., the young persons at the stalls of the opticians, perfumers, cutlers, and the other depots for the sale of articles of *virtù* and fancy, were put into a state of commotion by discovering that a raid had been made upon their properties; and suspicion falling upon some boys who were loitering about, a watch was at once set upon them, and in a short time that was seen which fully justified the apprehension of two lads named Greenwood and Higgs. Greenwood, it appeared, was a choir-boy of some years' standing in All Saints Church, Notting Hill, and obtained some sort of celebrity by his solo singing in that church. Both he and Higgs were of the choir school attached to the church, and on their appearance before the magistrate they were charged "with stealing an opera-glass, a microscope, a telescope, a globe, bottles of perfume, knives, a silver pencil case, a comb, a brush, and other similar articles, the property of the stall-holders in the Crystal Palace." After the evidence had been taken, the advocate for these young choristers directed the magistrate's attention to this "most exceptional case." The younger boy had evidently acted under the direction of Greenwood, the solo singer; and Greenwood, quite old enough to know right from wrong, was yet by bodily affliction incapacitated from taking advantage of this knowledge. It appeared that when Greenwood saw anything that it would please him to possess, he immediately suffered from a jactitation of the heart; his pulse became quick and jerking; and it would seem that

these symptoms are one of the earliest indications of what, in medical nomenclature, is known as "incubation of insanity." The first disturbance of intellect is, it is said, always accompanied by a perversion of moral habits. A change in the body takes place, there is great irritation of the nerves of sensation, and there is much inflammatory action in the tips of the fingers. The patient who suffers under this triple mischief, of aberration of the moral sense, a jactitation of the heart, and high irritation of the digital nerves, is in a state approaching either *pyromania* or *kleptomania*. Pyromania is that species of dementedness which urges its victim to acts of incendiarism. John Martin set York Minster in flames; he was a pyromaniac. There have been two churches lately burned down in Notting Hill, and those burnings have been attributed to pyromaniacs. The lawyers for the young alleged culprits never for a moment insinuated that Greenwood, his unfortunate patient and client, suffered under any hallucination for setting churches on fire. All that he maintained was that poor Greenwood, like Oscar the King of Sweden, and the celebrated countess at Frankfort, and the no less distinguished countess in England, was a kleptomaniac, a miserable victim of hyperphrenie. Everybody knows that the will alone constitutes sin; and the head boy at Notting Hill Church suffered under an absolute want of control of the will with regard to the property of others for which he had a longing. The disease belongs to one of the mysteries of the inner mental life; and whether its beginning be subjective or objective, whether its origin was centrifugal or centripetal, doctors have not yet determined. As the dipsomaniac must drink, the monomaniac must prate, the pyromaniac must fire, so the kleptomaniac must steal. But as the pilfering was insane, it was only dangerous to the owners of the tempting property. Persons suffering under this cacodemoniacal titillation of the tentacles could never be charged with petty larceny, for taking other people's property was simply the natural medicine of patients of this sort; such possession subdued the inflammation, quieted the heart, and soothed the nerves of the fingers.

In support of this theory of *kleptomania* was called the curate of the parish, who deposed that Greenwood was a good boy, and had carried off a prize, but being subject to epileptic fits, he could never keep his hands quiet, either at home, in church, or at school; and that without thinking he was doing wrong he would take any article, whether in the sight of a constable or not." The defence now became double, for epilepsy is not kleptomania. Epilepsy is a choking fit, a laryngismal spasm, accompanied with a screech so dismally melancholy that it scares dogs away, and so affects parrots that they drop off their perch. True it is that this disease often terminates in idiotcy, but the boy Greenwood had not arrived at this point: he never jumped up to read the lessons, or got into the pulpit to preach the sermon, or seized an offertory bag; all that could be said for or against him was the fact of his being a simple kleptomaniac. He could gain prizes, learn his solos, sing them, and sing the right ones; he had a clear perception of right and wrong in his singing, and there was no aberration with him of the artistic sense, whatever there might be with regard to the moral. Besides, his case as a kleptomaniac is not at all an aggravated one. The disease in its most formidable shape will not permit the patient to eat anything that he has not first stolen. Greenwood would eat a dinner bought for him, just as he would sing his solo or chant his psalm. It appeared from evidence that is described as "voluminous" that the carpenter's son was well known as a kleptomaniac. But is there no remedy for this disease? Is it altogether incurable? Is restoration of the moral sense impossible in these cases? Was nothing done on the part of the authorities of All Saints, Notting Hill, to alleviate these digital irritations? Greenwood has, it is said, a fine voice and a fair reputation as a chorister. Choristers are in demand, and a boy of his natural and acquired endowments is worth at least fifteen shillings a Sunday. The solo boys well know this; they know that the thronged nave and aisles of the churches is the consequence of their singing, and that it is neither the prayers nor the sermon that brings together these crowds.

What if Greenwood never received a farthing for his singing, and the only return that he had for all his work was some instruction in the three R.'s? A small weekly salary, given as "medicine in sickness," accompanied by exercises in the Catechism, might possibly tend to arrest the progress of his disorder. Possession of fancy articles honestly acquired, the fruit of his own labor, might give rise to a clearer notion of moral sense; and, if persisted in, tend to a perfect convalescence. Choir churches most commonly bring in large returns, and yet how miserably paid are the officials chiefly employed in securing this result! It was but the other day that a scene took place between a bellows-blower and a high official in a church, respecting a miserable pittance of £1 a year, deemed a full equivalent for blowing the organ on Sundays, festivals, rehearsals, and general practising. And this in a church bringing in a revenue of £1700 per annum. What is worse, the poor bellows-blower is never treated as a member of the worshipping congregation, for he is put in a hole behind the organ, oftentimes in the dark, out of the hearing of every part of the service except the booming of the pedal-pipes, and all this that a seat or two may not be lost to the revenues of the church.

It is not so long ago that Mr Ingham, of Hammersmith, committed a bellows-blower from this very All Saints for three months for stealing eighteen pence from one of the offertory boxes. What this man's salary was did not appear in the newspaper reports, but there was no defence set up of his being a kleptomaniac. His dementedness consisted in having a wife, and we know not how many children struck down with the small pox in the sad home he left for that time. Possibly a seat in the church beside his fellow Christians, a course of catechism, and pocket money, might have saved both the sin and the misery.

After all, kleptomaniacs are much to be pitied, for it seems with the medical authorities the disease is one of those things that follow on to the third and fourth generation. Kleptomania is too often the result of hereditary predisposition, and in cases where the great grandfather had been notorious for unconscientious accumulations the disease has broken out with the great-grandson; but in this case accompanied with a total want of moral principle. If these things be true, diseases are great moral lessons, and doctors the most eloquent of preachers.

John Sebastian Bach.

(Concluding Chapters from His "Life and Writings," by C. L. Hildenfeldt.)

X.—Opinions of Bach's Contemporaries.

In the eyes of those who believe that they must seek for the acknowledgment of an artist among his contemporaries, in the grant of splendid honors and enormous rewards, and in loud and general applause, Bach would appear to be every way neglected. Of all these distinctions very little fell to his share. But the question arises—Was the style of his works such as would demand such acknowledgment and praise? By no means, not even in its outward aspect. The scene of his functions was the church and the school, both (in his time, more than in the present) inaccessible to such rewards. But his mind, his wonderful and universal genius, it will be said, did not receive the ovation it merited. This, however, was not the case. If that which he created was not immediately accepted by the greater masses, it is only in the common nature of things—and to complain is foolish. Superior genius, in every range of the human mind, has only received in a later age perfect acknowledgment, and there is no reason why the age of Bach should have made an exception.

It has been said that this great musical genius had to be satisfied with a miserable organist's situation scarcely bringing him seventy thalers (ten guineas) a year!—that he suffered poverty and died poor!—that he was buried at Leipsic nobody knows where; these are assertions not proved. He who made them first must have been a perfect stranger to the period, circumstances, and condition in which Bach lived. The statements are not only untrue in themselves, but the conclusions drawn from them are erroneous.

Modest, contented, wanting little—in spite of the enormous superiority of his genius—Bach lived solely for his art, which, nevertheless, without his efforts, helped him to distinction, fortune, and honor. Already in the eighteenth year he was "Concert Master" at the Court of Weimar, and a year later organist at Arnstadt, where the emoluments were by no means insignificant. It is true his salary was small, but then he had the advantages of free residence, garden, land, tythes, and accessories of all kinds. Bach's fame spread, and he received favors of fortune without seeking them. When he took up his residence at Leipsic he was esteemed and honored in all circles. Artists and laymen paid court to him, and princes and dukes bowed to his reputation. Even Frederick the Great honored him with his attention when Bach visited him at Potsdam.

Bach was at no period of his life, after his eighteenth year, poor. His appointments supported him in ease and comfort, and enabled him to bring up an unusually large family. At his death, the universal esteem in which he had been held during life shone in an unusually splendid light. The whole of Leipsic mourned him. His memory was celebrated, not only by public musical performances, but individual offerings were made in commemoration of his mighty genius. Far beyond Leipsic was his death mourned. The centre, the great head of German music, was gone. Many a mourning cantata, and many a poetical elegy, expressed the feeling which seized the musical world at his departure.

It would carry us too far to record all the expressions of Bach's eminent contemporaries concerning his wonderful abilities. One need only compare what Adelung, Telemann, Mattheson, Marpourg, Mitzler, Burney, and others say, to see the estimation in which his genius was held in by artists of every class. So much to refute the unjust reproach thrown upon the contemporaries of Bach.

XI.—Portraits of Bach.

The finest and most lasting memorial of the mind of the great master who has formed the subject of our essay, are his works. But the other arts have not been idle, each in its kind helping to preserve the memory of Bach's genius to his many admirers. The poetical essays in this way belong to the last century, and their language and expression have now become obsolete. A most lasting memorial is preserved in the works of the painters and draughtsmen which have been handed down to us.

During his lifetime Bach was often painted. The oldest portrait is one which was in the possession of Kittel, Bach's last pupil. It passed into his hands from the Duchess of Weissenfels, and was regarded by him almost as an idol. It hung in Kittel's library over his clavier, with a curtain before it, which was only removed on special occasions to gratify the wish of some favored friend or pupil.

A second portrait was in the possession of C. P. Emanuel Bach. It was painted by E. G. Hausmann, a famous painter of his time, and measured one foot eight inches by thirteen inches.

A third painting, also by Hausmann, is preserved in the saloon of the St. Thomas' School at Leipsic. It was presented by Bach, according to the statutes of that society, in 1747. It is a fine picture, representing him in the prime of life. The face is happy and contented, as if expressing joy at the realization of an idea, or the fortunate accomplishment of a work. In his hand he holds a music sheet, marked "Canon triplex a 6 voc." The painting is unfortunately much damaged by age.

A fourth portrait is deposited in the "Joachimsthal Gymnasium" at Berlin. It came from the Princess Amelia of Prussia, and was probably painted by Geber.

There are also some successful old copper-plate engravings and some lithographs. The oldest in copper, a good copy of Hausmann's picture (before mentioned), dates as far back as the year 1774. It is by J. C. Kuettner. The same picture has been again engraved by Bollinger. Both prints are very rare.

Several lithograph portraits have appeared in modern times. We may particularly notice one by Schlick after the picture in the S. Thomas' School, reproduced in 1849 by Hartmann of Leipsic.

A finely modelled bust, eighteen inches high, has been produced by the statuary, Kraner. It is considered a good work of art. There is also a small bust, four and a half inches high, in biscuit porcelain, published by Klemm of Leipsic.

XII.—Conclusion.

It occurs but seldom that a memorial is dedicated to an artist a hundred years after his death. A kindred spirit, one of the greatest musicians of modern times (now alas! gone from among us), Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a devout admirer of Bach, first gave the impulse to erect a monument to his memory. His efforts were crowned by brilliant success, and on the 23rd of April, 1843, a noble memorial was uncovered in the space opposite the S. Thomas' School, Leipsic, where the great master had passed so many happy years in the patient exercise of his calling.* The uncovering of the monument was preceded by a concert arranged from Bach's works, by Mendelssohn, in which all the eminent musicians of Leipsic took part.

At this commemoration was present the last grandson of Bach, Wilhelm Bach, since dead, son of the so-called "Bückeburg Bach;" with his wife and two daughters. He was an old man, eighty-one years of age, who had long lived in retirement at Berlin, and who came over to assist at the celebration of the memorial to his great ancestor.

*The memorial, a richly ornamented canopy supported by elegant pillars, and surmounted by a bust of the great composer, was designed by Bendemann, of Dresden, and executed by the statuary, Kraner, of Leipsic.

Mr. Dickens's First Reading in America.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Dec. 3.)

Those who arrived early in Tremont Temple last evening, not having an audience to gaze at, had plenty of time to speculate and ponder upon the somewhat peculiar nature of the furniture for Mr. Dickens's reading, and so it is, perhaps, not remarkable that the fancy should have seized some of them that the curiously shaped crimson reading desk, with its methodical arrangement of water *carafe* and glasses, and with the background of crimson behind it, was the table of a conjurer, who would presently change the colorless fluid into ink and play other fantastic tricks with the senses of his audience. And these imaginative people were after all not so far wrong. Mr. Dickens proved himself a magician, though one of no common kind. At his bidding all his characters rose up one after another, not as filmy creatures, but in bodily tangible shapes; by the wave of his magical wand *genius*, his audience, albeit people not used to give their feelings free expression, were nevertheless led to laugh and almost weep in the same breath, and to burst out at every moment in those little signs of exhilaration and delight with which nature will at times assert herself, in spite of the trammels of what Mr. Turveydrop calls "Deportment."

Mr. Dickens began by reading "A Christmas Carol," very nearly, but not quite in full, as at first published. Everybody knows how Scrooge was visited on Christmas Eve by the ghost of his old partner, Jacob Marley, and by the three spirits of Christmas, Past, Present and To-come, and how his miserly heart was softened by the visions which these unwelcome visitors showed him. Everybody knows how Scrooge was shown the jolly party which old Fezziwig gave his apprentices; and the merry gathering at the nephew's; and the gay but humble festivities at the little house of poor Bob Cratchit. The story well illustrates Mr. Dickens's strongest point, his broad humanity and his power of drawing character; and shows least his greatest fault, exaggeration. Its tone is pure and healthy, and hearty and genial from first to last; there could be no better Christmas story written, and it is no wonder that Mr. Dickens, himself, has never given us its equal. It is a ghost story, as of right it should be, written as it is for such a season, but Mr. Dickens can hardly keep down his wit, even when he writes of the supernatural. Scrooge, looking *through* Marley, sees the buttons on his coat behind and has also grave doubts as to whether his spiritual visitor can take a chair. The warmth of Mr. Dickens's humor takes the chill off one's marrow very pleasantly, and his spirits have more *body* than other writers', if we may be allowed to use an expression generally applied to spirits of another sort. But at this rate, we shall never get on to the reading.

Promptly at the hour of 8, Mr. Dickens appeared and came briskly upon the platform. He simply said, "Ladies and gentlemen—I shall have the very great honor and pleasure of reading first to you this evening, 'A Christmas Carol,' in four staves," and then, laying his book upon the sort of pommel which rose from one side of his desk, he began to read quite rapidly. As he opened the narrative, people had time to see that Mr. Dickens's pictures, shown in the shop windows, are quite like him; that he is a little spare, though well formed, and that he has a face handsome rather for its expression than from its regularity of features; that he wears a moustache and a beard long, but not pointed, and that his complexion was a little florid, although this last might have been accidental. When he began, the peculiarity of a transatlantic accent was quite perceptible in the upward intonation at the end of his sentences, but as he went on, this impression quickly faded away, and indeed the peculiarity could not be detected in the dialogues, even by one watching for it. Mr. Dickens's reading is essentially dramatic. He takes no thought of the text spread out at his left hand, and gives up his whole soul to the personation of the characters, which he imitates in tone, looks, and even gestures. Thus, nobody could mistake old Scrooge with his hard, rough tones and pursed mouth, or Scrooge's nephew with his blithe, merry accents and careless face, and when Mr. Dickens all at once assumed the plaintive countenance and deprecatory voice of the poor clerk, Bob Cratchit, the illusion was so perfect that the whole audience burst into a round of applause. We have said that Mr. Dickens's reading was dramatic. So it is, but he is never theatrical; we hope we convey our meaning. Only once did he at all approach extravagance of tone or gesture,—where Bob Cratchit, after the death of Tiny Tim, breaks down in his efforts to bear the blow with resignation,—and here we think the audience observed the fault. Mr. Dickens does not act, after he is a little warmed to his work. He *is* for the moment the character who is speaking—and more than once these characters did not speak to a word the language set down for them. Mr. Dickens plainly sympathizes with the emotions which he excites in the audience, and his face ever and anon beams with fun, as he takes breath between the passages of some comical dialogue.

Mr. Dickens read, in conclusion, the trial scene from Pickwick, and we should like to tell how well he pictured to the audience the sleepy Justice Stareleigh, the profound and eloquent Sergeant Buzfuz, the blandly inane Winkle, the imperturbable Sam, and the distant beery bass of old Mr. Weller in the gallery. We should succeed very poorly even if we attempted such a description. It was pleasant, though, to notice how when Sergeant Buzfuz said "Call Samuel Weller," the whole audience began to applaud very loudly, as if that faithful servitor was really in the act of coming on the witness stand, in the flesh. It was a little disappointment that the voice of the cheery, moist-hearted Mr. Pickwick was at no time heard, but this was of course unavoidable.

It may seem to those of our readers who had not the good fortune to be present last night, that what we have said is only a fulsome panegyric. But we only echo the word which was in every one's mouth at the close, when we say that Mr. Dickens is no less wonderful as a reader than as a writer.

We have not thought it necessary to say anything about the fashion, beauty and intelligence of the audience, or about the cordial welcome which Mr. Dickens received. Everybody will take all this for granted. It was pleasant to see that people were punctually in their seats, and as for sitting to the close, none of them would for their lives have stirred before Mr. Dickens made his retreating bow.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—The third Gewandhaus Concert dipped into the last century for much of its programme. The *Neue Zeitschrift* says: "It opened with the overture to "*Semiramis*" by Catel (1773–1830), which, modelled upon Gluck, is quite dramatic and contains many significant and genial moments. Then followed an Aria from "*Lucio Vero*," by Gluck, sung by Frl. Thoma Börs, from Hamburg, a pupil of Stockhausen. The work itself is mainly in the Italian style, but shows a deeper dramatic character in several passages. The singer has a somewhat veiled, but pleasant voice, of good compass, and fair schooling, and was called out after her second piece, the 'Letter' aria in *Don Juan*. The other solo performances were in the hands of Concertmeister David, who played Mozart's Violin Concerto, op. 76, and a Sonata with unfigured bass by Pietro Nardini (1760), with all his usual taste and fineness. The evening closed with the B-flat Symphony of Beethoven."

A great deal of activity has reigned in musical matters lately. There has been the fourth Gewandhaus Concert: Overture: *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, Raff; Pianoforte Concerto, Schumann (Mdlle. Marstrand); three pieces for the orchestra from the ballet of *Prometheus*, Beethoven; Violin Concerto, (Herr Deecke); Pianoforte Solos, Mendelssohn and Chopin (Mlle. Marstrand); and Symphony in C major, with the concluding fugue, Mozart. Next came a musical performance in St. Thomas's Church to celebrate the third centenary of the Reformation—cantata, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, Bach; the 95th Psalm, Mendelssohn; and choruses and air from *The Messiah*, Handel. The solos were entrusted to Mlles. Schilling, Martini, Herren Rehling and Hertzsch; this performance was succeeded by the second "Euterpe" concert: Overture to Schiller's *Wallenstein*, E. Buechner; "Sappho," soprano solo with orchestra (Mlle. Spohr); Solos for the harp (Mlle. Stör): the 23rd Psalm, Liszt (Mlle. Spohr); and Symphony in D major, Lassen.

MUNICH.—The so-called "Paris pitch," *diapason normal*, was tried for the time in Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and generally considered an improvement on the old pitch.—Herr R. Wagner has completed the composition of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. The work will be put in rehearsal in the beginning of December, and the first performance takes place in February. Herr Beck, of Vienna, has been selected for the part of Hans Sachs. Meanwhile, the Musician of the Future himself has gone to Paris. His friend, the Abbé Liszt, has returned to Rome.—On All Saints' Day, the members of the Royal Orchestra, under the direction of their conductor, Herr F. Wullner, gave a concert, at which they performed *Missa a 5 voci*, Johann Eccard (1598); "Offertorium a 8 voci," Palestrina; and "Graduale a 4 voci," Vittoria.

DRESDEN.—Herr J. Von Wasielewski will give this season, a series of six Soirées for Chamber Music. The first took place on the 27th October, when the pieces played were: Trio, Op. 1, No 1 (E flat major), Beethoven; Stringed Quartet (G major), Haydn; and Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 3 (B flat minor), Mendelssohn.

COLOGNE.—Ferdinand Hiller, who is one of the most genial of writers about music, as well as one of the first of living composers, has collected and published the interesting letters which have appeared during the last fifteen years in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and many of which have been translated in our columns. The title of the book is: "*Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit, Gelegentlich*" (Out of the Tone Life of our Time, Occasional), by F. HILLER (complete in 2 vols.), Leipzig: Mendelssohn, publisher.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes:—Cologne is now one of the centres of German musical activity. This picturesque, thriving city, with its intelligent, if somewhat outspoken, burgher population—now much more vigorous and individual than the faded and genteel world of "good society" to be found in the small Court towns of Germany!—is doing good things for Art. Not to speak of the rapid progress made towards completing the Cathedral, which, they say here, is to be entirely finished seven years hence, even to the tops of its two spires—nor of the other judicious restorations in progress—it holds a place and a power of its own in the world of imagination to which this column particularly refers. I recently referred to the capital programme of the first winter Gürzenich concert. At the second, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given; at the third, which will fall on the anniversary of Schubert's death, it is in contemplation to repeat a portion of his Mass, which has already been given there. It is needless to add that all this music is safe in the hands of so excellent and experienced a conductor as Herr Ferdinand Hiller. There has never been a dearth of great instrumental players proceeding from the music schools of Germany. But the Cologne music-school may now send out some good singers—good professors who understand the real method of training the voice being attached to it. I heard a satisfactory example of this in a young lady, fresh from her schooling, Fräulein Scheuerlein, who sang, and sang well (so far as I followed it), the arduous part of *Alice*, in 'Robert,' with a pure, pleasing *soprano* voice, more elastic and less vehement than is the ordinary rule with the German criers of notes, male and female, who distractedly fancy themselves vocalists. The opera was not well given; but not having heard it for years, and never even in Paris performed "up to the mark," I was surprised, as almost with a new pleasure, by the brilliant vivacity of the music.

VIENNA.—Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which had not been heard here for 57 years (though frequently of late in Berlin and Dresden) has been successfully revived. The principal rôles were rendered by Mmes. Dustmann and Benza, and Messrs. Walter, Beck and Draxler. The choruses and orchestra are declared to have been perfect, and Esser, the conductor, won new esteem with the public by the minute care he gave to the representation as a whole. There was some thought of opening the new theatre with *Iphigenia*: but Gluck's Armida is the piece now proposed.—Mozart's posthumous opera, "The Goose of Cairo," first brought to light so recently at the Fantaisies-Parisienoes, is announced at the Carl-Theater.

BERLIN. The famous Liebig Orchestra has undergone a revolution. After so many years of Symphony, the members of the band, complaining that their leader and founder was too arbitrary, and having tried in vain to bind him to conditions, have *deposed* him and taken to themselves a new director in the person of Prof. Stern. Liebig has gathered around him a new orchestra and will still give con-

certs.—Joachim has given several concerts with Mme. Blume-Santer and Liebig's late orchestra. The programme of the second (Oct. 3) included Bach's A-minor Concerto, Violin Concertos by Beethoven and Joachim (the latter a new one, in G major), and Arias from *Idomeneo* and *Cosi fan tutte*. —On the 4th occurred the third Quartet Evening of Hellmich, and the second Monday concert of Blumner, with the chamber singer Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek and the violincellist Grützmacher from Dresden; on the 7th, the first Quartet Evening of De Ahna.—On the 6th, the first Soirée of the Dom Chor: Lotti's *Crucifixus* for eight parts; *Responsorium* by Palestrina, for double choir; the 100th Psalm, by Bach; *Pater Noster*, by Meyerbeer, &c.—On the 9th, Mendelssohn's *Paulus* was performed, in memory of the composer, by the *Stern-sche Verein*.

Nov. 2nd, second Philharmonic Concert of B. Scholz, with the lady violinist, Frl. Friese: Symphony in B flat by Volkmann; fragments of B-minor Symphony by Schubert, Violin Concerto by Viotti, &c.—On the 7th the first Salon Soirée of the "Symphonie-Capelle" (formerly Liebig's) under Stern's direction, with the brother and sister Friese: Overture to *Iphigenia* (Wagner's arrangement), prize Symphony by Würst, &c.—11th, fourth Quartet Evening of Hellmich.—16th, third Philharmonic Concert of B. Scholz, with Clara Schumann: Orchestral *Suite* by Handel; Schumann's A-minor Concerto; Gade's "Message of the Spring;" "Song of the Woods," for chorus, by B. Scholz, &c.—On the 24 , the Singakademie were to perform the Cantata "Gottes Zeit" by Bach and Cherubini's *Requiem*.

At the Royal Opera, Gounod's *Faust*, first performed here on the 5th of June, 1863, was given lately for the hundredth time. A number of new operas, not so likely to achieve their first *hundred* in a hurry, are in preparation; for instance, *"Die Fabier,"* by Langert; *"Mignon,"* by A. Thomas; "Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod. Also the home-made opera by Würst, *"Der Stern von Turan,"* is to be newly studied, with Lucca and Niemann in the chief parts.

Paris.

Symphonies for the People. On the first Sunday of November M. Pasdeloup resumed his *Concerts populaires*, "which have now become (says *Le Menestrel*) a real want for true musicians, more and more numerous from day to day. Since the Conservatoire can only open its doors to a small number of the elect, those not so favored take refuge in the vast Cirque Napoleon, eagerly grouping themselves in the great circles round the excellent orchestra of Pasdeloup. Of course he found all his faithful *habitués* at their posts, with ear and mind attentive. Of the well varied programme the piece expected with most curiosity was certainly the *Rienzi* overture, by Wagner—its first hearing in Paris. There is no disputing its uncommon power; but it is a brutal power, more apt to revolt the hearer than to subjugate him. Still it is in the first manner of the master, which in our opinion is his best." . . . "Then came the C-minor Symphony of Beethoven—a perfect chef-d'-œuvre that, one of the seven wonders of music!—then the Hymn of Haydn, for stringed instruments, encored by acclamation; and finally some fragments of Meyerbeer's *Struensee*, a tragedy of sombre and vigorous colors. The whole ended with the *merry* overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which made but a small figure by the side of the great works that preceded it."

The programme for the second concert was as follows: Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Air from Beethoven's music to the Ballet of *Prometheus*; Symphony in E-flat by Haydn (first time); Adagio from Mozart's G-minor Quintet, executed by all the strings of the orchestra; Hungarian March, Berlioz.

Third Concert: Beethoven's Heroic Symphony; Andante and Variations from the *Imperial* Symphony, Haydn; Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 52, by Schumann; Adagio from Beethoven's Septuor, executed by MM. Griscz, clarinet, Espeignet, bassoon, Brunel, horn, and all the strings; Overture to *Freyschütz*.

Opera. At the Grand Opera they have been playing *Don Giovanni*, a young tenor from the Conservatoire, M. Colin, making his debut therein. Voice "fresh and sympathetic, not robust." Mme. Marie Sass was Donna Anna; Mlle. Manduit, Elvira; Mlle. Battu, Zerlina; M. Obin, Leporello, and M. Faure, the Don.—Rossini's *Comte Ory* has been alternating with "*La Fiancée de Corinthe*;" of which last named novelty a correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes:

In the *Moniteur* of this morning Theophile Gautier gives a feuilleton about the theatres. It so happens he has a charming subject for his delicate and artistic pen in "The Bride of Corinth," now played at the Theatre Imperial de l'Opera.

You, perhaps, remember Goethe's Bride of Corinth, sad and fascinating vision of the distress of a new religion and an old love, evoked by the genius of the poet? Has modern literature any note so vibrating with antique music, or does it ever touch the imagination more potently than in that strain of a mysterious love? Well, it has been dramatized and successfully set to music, according to Theophile Gautier. For myself, as yet, I know only that it has served as a motive of several beautiful paragraphs from his pen, which Goethe himself might welcome as a prose rendering of his subject.

It would be well if our own dramatic critics would profit by the example of the French *litterateurs*, and accept their function as a literary means capable of being the source of great pleasure to their readers. If the literary side of the contemporary Paris teaches anything, is teaches that. Jules Janin and Theophile Gautier, certainly two of the most brilliant and artistic of French writers, find in the theatres of Paris the occasion of some of the most delightful writing—occasions for a natural expression of a most vivid sense of literary beauty—the beauty of fitting words to varied and natural sentiments—in truth, displaying all the charm of the exercise of a cultivated and artistic mind.

Theophile Gautier writes that the charming poem is written in true verse and "embroidered" with fresh and delicate music—fine pearls for the pit—by Duprats; and quoting a few lines written by Locle, he comments thus: "This verse, of a marvellous beauty and a sentiment profoundly antique, which mounts like a flame in the azure, purifies with its fire the idea (disagreeable to the modern man) of vampirism. I have no doubt that you will soon have the opportunity to judge for yourself how you like Goethe's Bride of Corinth transposed into an opera of one act; words by Locle and music by Duprats.

London.

The eighth of the Winter Concerts at the Crystal Palace brought forth a programme which contained little novelty, but the execution of which left nothing to be desired. The selection was as follows:

Overture (Preciosa).....Weber.
Aria, "Constance," (Il Seraglio).....Mozart.
Grand Scena, "Tacea la Notte," "Di tal Amor." (Il Trovatore).....Verdi.
Symphony in F, No. 8.....Beethoven.
Songs, a. "Morgengruss".....Mendelssohn.
b "Nach Sevilla".....Dessauer.
New Ballad, "Little bird, so sweetly singing."G. B Allen
Concerto for Violoncello(the last two movements)Molique.
Valse Brillant, (Il Ballo).....F. Schira.
Overture (Prometheus).....Bargiel.
Conductor.....Mr. Manns.

The novelty of the concert was an overture by a *compositeur incompris*, Herr Bargiel, of Rotterdam, whose work, entitled "To Prometheus," was heard for the first time in England. In the words of Mr. Manns, "This young composer and his works are scarcely yet known even by name in England, and it will not be out of place to say that he was formerly Professor of the Conservatoire at Cologne, and has been for the last year or two "*Städtischer Musik-Director*" at Rotterdam, and that musical Germany classes him amongst the most worthy of its young composers, as his works have found their way into the programmes of the celebrated concerts of Leipsic, Vienna, &c." We doubt whether the "et cetera" will ever include London to any great extent. The present work seemed diffuse and purposeless: perhaps it was heard under disadvantages. We have honorably to record the action of Herr Reichardt, a gentleman, who, however much he be interested in the advertisement of his own songs, does not intrude them on serious occasions. His choice of vocal pieces at this concert was excellent; and as he was in good voice, no qualification can be made to the good things said of him. Not so irreproachable was Mlle. Liebhart, who in her selection of G. B. Allen's ornithological trifle, erred by too much flippancy. Nevertheless it was encored, so shallow is popular judgment in respect of genuine art.

If longevity affords any claim, the Monday Popular Concerts have certainly a right to their name. On Monday the tenth season was opened in presence of a crowded audience, before whom the following programme was laid:

Serenade Trio, in D major, Op. 8, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.....Beethoven.
Song, "Swedish Winter Song".....Mendelssohn.
Songs, "To Chloe," "May Dew".....S. Bennett.
Fantasia Sonata, in G major, Op. 78, for Piano-forte alone.....Schubert.
Sonata, in D major, Op. 12, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violin.....Beethoven.
Duet, "Per valli, per boschi".....Blangini.
Quartet in D minor, Op. 76, No 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.....Haydn.
Conductor.....Mr Benedict.

The masterful beauties of Beethoven's sonata—one of the three dedicated to Salieri—constituted the novelty of the evening. From its inspired Andante con Moto to the end the execution was irreproachable—a treat of the fullest magnitude. So with the Serenade Trio, now well known to frequenters of the Monday Populars. The Polonaise in this work was redemanded, and indeed the whole of the composition met with considerable applause. A good deal of interest was centred in Mme. Goddard's artistic interpretation of the so-called Fantasia Sonata by Schubert, a second performance, and one fraught with very pleasureable recollections. The quartet of artists were fully up to their work; Miss Cecilia Westbrook sang charmingly, and Mr. Cummings with his usual taste. In every respect the first concert of the season sustained the old prestige.

The Tonic Sol-fa Choral Society gave a performance at the St. George's Hall, on Monday night, of Mendelssohn's *"Elijah."—Orchestra.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 7, 1867.

Memorial Services in Honor of John Albion Andrew.

Our Boston Music Hall never was the scene of a more impressive, sincere, beautifully inspired tribute, and never held a multitude more deeply moved, than on the occasion of the Eulogy upon the great-hearted Governor,—personal friend of all the people, far-seeing statesman, genial, loving, wise, true, noble *man*—pronounced before the City Government and hosts of citizens on Tuesday morning, Nov. 26. All the arrangements were in perfect keeping; to ear and eye, to sense and mind and heart all spoke significantly, with poetic and religious exaltation, of the one theme, of the great grief and the great faith springing out of it. Music, poetry, eloquence, sculpture, floral emblems, prayer, lent their aid to one uplifting, wholesome influence; all so fitly present, so suggestive of that life, which snatched away bodily, has passed into these forms to visit us henceforth more intimately. The good never die, even in this world.

We cannot speak too highly of the taste and feeling shown in the decoration of the platform by the ladies of the Church of the Disciples (of which Governor Andrew was a member) under the direction of Miss Lucy Goddard. The prevailing color, (so much better than the conventional black and white hung around the body of the hall) was a clear, glowing violet or royal purple. Against such background the white marble

busts, the ferns and flowers and green leaves, stood out transfigured, as against heaven's own warm, rich, positive, inspiring light:—how infinitely more sacred than merely negative funereal black! On the edge of the platform, in the centre, was placed Gould's bust of Gov. Andrew, in which the sweet and sunny side of his nature is beautifully caught. This was the centre of a group of heads, showing how many-sided were his sympathies, how largely related to the best. On his right was first a bust of the martyr President, by Mrs. Ames, and then that of Col. Shaw, the first effort of the young colored artist, Miss Edmonia Lewis, for whose race he was a hero and a martyr. These were balanced on the left by Brackett's head of old John Brown, and that of Everett, by Powers. We should have been glad to see the head of Quincy likewise; but another would have disturbed the balance. Beneath these busts, upon a broad background of purple cloth, which covered the whole front of the platform, floral emblems were arranged, appropriate to each. Under Andrew was a wreath of crysanthemums within a circlet of evergreen, meant (the *Transcript* says) "to typify the sunny life of the illustrious dead." Directly back of the bust, enclosing the Beethoven statue in its recess (also a fit presence there), a pointed arch of the same lustrous purple, overrun with delicate tracery of green vines, culminated in a star, "symbolizing the high position he had held in the State and Nation." Under Lincoln was a floral cross to represent Faith, "while a Maltese cross under the bust of Colonel Shaw indicated the sacrifice of his life in his country's cause." The anchor of Hope lay under the sanguine, patriarchal John Brown, and a civic wreath beneath Edward Everett. Between these symbols there were wreaths of evergreen, and immortelles and flowers, together with clusters of fern leaves exquisitely arranged in snow white conch shells, "in their bright colors indicating that Gov. Andrew died in the early autumn," and, why not add, telling the sympathy of all beautiful things in Nature with a life so sweet.

The body of the hall, as we have said, was more conventionally decorated. Yet there was much to relieve the black and white with which the balconies were hung. It was not all funereal; for this was not a funeral, but a commemoration; not the death, but the life of a true man was what we had met to contemplate. "At the front of the second balcony, in a very conspicuous position, an arch had been raised, bearing the name of John A. Andrew, underneath which was a shield with the word 'Union' upon it. The inscription at the right of the arch contained the statement that ex-Governor Andrew was born March 31, 1818; that on the left mentioned his death, Oct. 30, 1867. The seals of the city were displayed at proper intervals in front of the two balconies, which were fittingly draped with black and white cloth, looped by becoming rosettes [of royal purple]—the national ensign, arranged in tasteful folds, forming a beautiful addition."

We record all this with the more interest because the action of the City Committee in the matter gave signal evidence of the growing respect for Music in the community—Music in the highest sense, as an expressive Art, fit to figure, not as unheeded intermission and relief, but as an equal element, a mutual complement with Speech and Poetry, in bringing out the meaning of so solemn and significant an occasion. There was no blaze of brass bands in the streets, and no procession to create delay. All were quietly seated before eleven o'clock, the time fixed for the beginning. The old conventional way of covering the stage with dignitaries and distinguished guests had been sensibly dispensed with, and the whole space (with the exception of Mayor Norcross, who presided, with Alderman Slack, Chairman of the Committee, Weston Lewis, President of the Common Council, the Orator and Clergymen of the day), was given up to the Orchestra (of the Symphony Concerts), under Carl Zerrahn, and a chorus of about a hundred mixed voices, mostly from the Handel and Haydn Society, but strengthened by the hearty participation of some of our best solo singers. When the City consented to employ an Orchestra, instead of a mere band, it became a certainty that music would speak out of the very soul of the occasion, and help to blend together all the other elements, heightening the peculiar eloquence of each. And indeed, while the Eulogy was the main point of interest, the Music moulded the whole programme into order and consistency.

Precisely at eleven, the ceremonies began with a sad, pensive, tender piece upon the organ, played by Mr. J. K. Paine; it was the concluding chorus of Bach's Passion Music: ("We sit us down in tears and call to thee in the grave: Softly rest!") After an impressive prayer by the Rev. James Freeman Clark, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony was played by the orchestra; and never before did we so truly feel the power of that wondrous composition as the grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, that can be found in music or in any other language. The whole audience felt the music and listened to the last note.

Then was read this little poem, woman's tribute, sadly true and simple, written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

I stood before his silent grave,
And heard a record long and low,
How he was merciful and brave,
How his swift help sped to and fro.

Great deeds of heart were told of him,
And musings whispered at the fire,
Whose burden stirred in thought and limb
The energies of high desire.

The honors of the State were his,
The better crownings of esteem;
Faith yielded him her mysteries,
And Charity was not a dream;

And Hope her steadfast anchor threw
To match God's promise in the storm;
When billows roared and tempests blew,
He left us that consoling form.

No snare was in his ringing speech,
Nor malice in his sunny smile;
No passion, hidden out of reach,
Drugged his pure manhood with its guile.

A champion in our hour of need,
A prophet armed with forethought wise,
He flung our banner on the lead,
He gave our watchword to the skies.

Poorly our blended efforts try
To set his image in his room;
We lift the Poet's laurel high
To lay it on the Patriot's tomb.
And this I said when, laid in earth,
His funeral song was asked of me:

"The world has few to match his worth,
And none to praise it perfectly."

This elegiac strain was fitly followed by the Chorus, full of comfort and of peace, from Mendelssohn's *St Paul*: "Happy and blest are they who have endured! For though the body dies, the soul shall live forever!" It was beautifully sung with orchestral accompaniment; though the greater breadth and fulness of thrice the number of voices was desirable. The stage would accommodate no more.

Then all were in a calm listening state for the Eulogy, by Edwin P. Whipple, which all who heard it then or have read it since, felt to be as nearly perfect as anything of the kind in their remembrance. In a short hour, wisely avoiding for the most part mere biography, it described the elements of that rare character, and out of them built it up before us in all its fulness, nobleness and beauty. It was in the fullest sense a eulogy; such praise it is rarely possible to bestow on man; yet every hearer knew that it was *all true!* A grand, encouraging, inspiring character! One feels immortal in the contemplation of such a life. The eulogy was all the more impressive that it was calmly analytic, though at the same time it was heartfelt and very earnest. There had been no end of tributes out of the full heart; this was the one we had been waiting for; this set the very image of the man before us. It was for music to continue the strain, thus eloquently begun, of Governor Andrew's life and character. And none so great for that, as Beethoven, and no music could so fitly follow up the eulogy, as that heavenly Andante of the Fifth Symphony, so reassuring and uplifting, so as with heavenly authority, with angel voices, enforcing the lesson of a great life, exhorting all to press forward to the prize of the high calling! Heavenly assurance is the key note of that Andante. And it was played as if all the musicians felt its meaning and how apposite it was; and we are sure it was never listened to with deeper realization of its power and beauty than just then.

Then the voices, supported by the full tones of the Organ, sang the Choral: "*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan*," as harmonized by Sebastian Bach, to these words:

What God does, surely is well done,
On Him be our reliance!
O, may our will with His be one,
And bid the world defiance!
No foe can harm,
No fear alarm,
For God is alway near us,—
Call Him and He will hear us.

What God appoints is surely right,
His will I would not alter;
If o'er rough ways, in darkest night,
He lead, I will not falter.
He reigns above,
And He is love!
His eyes do still behold me,
His tender arms enfold me.

It was well sung, for only a hundred voices, the rich, religious, buoyant harmony flowing smoothly and evenly along, with solemnizing, tranquillizing influence.

A benediction was pronounced by the venerable Father Taylor, the Seamen's Friend, and thus ended the most impressive, beautiful memorial services within our experience. It was good to be there. No one could have left that place with any conscious meanness in him unrebuked, or without new motive and new courage for a nobler life.

Music in Boston.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The second (Nov. 21) was perhaps the most enjoyed, and by the largest audience, of any thus far in the three winters. The Orchestra was materially strengthened, now numbering 56 in all, with 12 first violins, at the head of whom sat Mr. EICHBERG, whose return was generally welcomed, and whose presence seemed to give new life. (By the way, Mr. Eichberg has since been appointed by the Harvard Committee, to the office of *Leader*, or adjutant, under Mr. Zerrahn,—what in the German orchestras is called the *Concertmeister*, sometimes *Vorgeiger* (head and front of the violin force.) His function is to preside over all the string department, to ensure unity of bowing, in the manner of attacking and handling passages and phrases, &c.; and we have no doubt the fruits of such care and conformity to one head will soon appear in the more wholesome unanimity and vitality of the string quartet, which is the soul of any orchestra.—But to the second concert; this was the programme:

Overture to "Medea." ..... Cherubini.
a. Alto Aria: "Well done, ye good and faithful servants, whom God hath called to homes above."—From a Cantata ..... J. S. Bach
b. Song: "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome." ..... R. Franz.
Mrs. CARY.
Concerto for two Pianos ..... Mozart
(*Cadenzas by* MOSCHELES.)
B. J. LANG and J. C. D. PARKER.
Fourth Symphony, in B flat ..... Beethoven
a. Aria: "Deh vieni," from "Le Nozze di Figaro." . Mozart
b. Songs: "Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge," (Supplication"). ..... Franz
"Come into the garden, Maud." ..... O. Dresel.
Mrs. CARY.
Overture to "Oberon." ..... Weber.

The orchestra never played better; the strings telling with more fullness and decision than before; only, in the B flat Symphony especially, the need of greater body in the middle parts is still felt. There is also still some lingering chronic infirmity in certain of the reed instruments; they need a quickening life to brace them up to sure and healthy pitch. But this will come, for there is a new life in the band, a spirit of improvement; the performers are all interested in their work. That fascinating Fourth Symphony, the *loveliest* of the nine! How eagerly its every tone was listened for, with glowing faces. The Overture to *Medea* is the fourth of Cherubini's which these Concerts have introduced or made for the first time appreciated here, and it is, both as to poetic substance and artistic symmetry, conciseness, clearness, perhaps his best. It was new to nearly al that audience. Full of suppressed passion, with a fine nervous fire delicately thrilling on the strings (for its is written mainly in the violin genius, the bassoons starting the quaint little theme for imitation now and then), concise and earnest, it reminds one not a little of the *Coriolanus* overture; that, however, takes hold deeper down with stronger grasp. The visionary, brilliant fairy overture to *Oberon*, capitally given as it was, was the right thing to end with.

The Mozart Concerto, for the two pianos, proved exceedingly effective. With nothing particularly striking in its themes, none of the *great* thoughts of Mozart, it is so full of grace and spontaneity, the passages are so happily divided and imitated from one piano to the other, the unity of form so perfect, and the sympathy of the orchestral voices so rich and delightful, blending their piquent individualities without losing them, that it was thoroughly enjoyed in all three movements. Mr. LANG and Mr. PARKER played it admirably. The first *Cadenza* by Moscheles is too long, and, interesting as it is in itself, not wholly in the vein of Mozart's composition. The second is shorter and more to the purpose.

With entire satisfaction we remember Mrs. CARY's singing, as well as the choice selections. If her contralto voice does not carry as much weight as some, if she compete at disadvantage with the cheaper and more outward qualities which catch but do not edify the crowd, she has those fine, interior qualities of the true singer, with the corresponding beauty in her voice, which rightly claim the sympathy, indeed the partiality, of true appreciative criticism. We have no contralto singing in public whose voice is so sympathetic, no singer of whatever kind of voice who sings in so sincerely, finely musical a spirit, with such pure expression, entering into the spirit of the song, with so little egotism. That Aria from Bach has the very soul of music in it, tender, sweet, heartfelt and pious. The instruments (string quartet and two flutes only, Mr. Dresel at the piano helping out the harmony) flow on in full, rich, even stream, most comforting to hear. The melody seems to summon its own accompaniment about it by pure sympathetic charm. Anything so unpretending, so free from modern *ad captandum* arts, while so artistically complex, had of course to be listened to with close attention; and it was; we are sure the listeners felt rewarded, and would welcome more of Bach after that taste of him. Franz's deep, rich, tranquil strain about "the Rhine, the holy river," made the right impression after it.

The singing which was best appreciated, however, was the Mozart Aria, which was exquisitely sung, and with Mr. Dresel's fine accompaniment, was even more admired than when the same lady sang it last year. Franz appeared again in his most simply melodious and profoundly serious phase, in "Supplication." Mr. Dresel's "Maud" was quite felicitous, delicately true to the poem, with a charming accompaniment, and was very much applauded.

The third Concert takes place while this goes to press. In the fourth (Dec. 19) the Symphony will be Schumann in D minor (given only once before;) another picturesque Overture by Gade, "Echoes from Ossian," will open and Beethoven's great *Leonore*, No. 3, will close the feast. And Mr. ERNST PERANO will play the great Beethoven Concerto in E flat (No. 5, sometimes called in England the Emperor Concerto.)—Our hopes of CAMILLA URSO in the 6th Concert are, we regret to say, disappointed, as that lady is going to Havana; but the audience will be reconciled to the loss when they learn that OTTO DRESEL has consented to play at that time, probably the D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn.

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ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society had not their usual crowded audience at the first concert of the season, on Saturday Evening, Nov. 3. This was partly owing to the multitude of exciting announcements; partly (we are inclined to think mainly) to a spell of natural reaction and rest after exciting years; and partly to the miscellaneous character of the programme, which with the Directors of the Society was a mistake. The selections were excellent, but the continuity of interest was continually broken. This made it not always easy for the chorus voices to find their pitch at once with certainty. Moreover the impression of each chorus obliterated that of the one before, and left the mind distracted. The solos, especially, were thrown into bad perspective by the medley. Yet Mrs. KEMPTON, although suffering from illness and therefore a little tremulous, sang "But the Lord is mindful" and "O rest in the Lord," with power and feeling and with true conception; and Miss HOUSTON sang "Jerusalem" very impressively. The Duet "O lovely Peace," from *Judas*, was finely sung, though the two qualities of voice do not blend perfectly. The Choruses, four from *St. Paul*, and "The Heavens are telling," from the *Creation*, have been sung better, but were still impressive. The Orchestra was unusually large, but, owing to the difficulty of perfect unisoo with the Organ pitch, some of the instruments sounded rough at times.—Mendelssohn's Psalm: "As the Hart pants," given entire, was much more enjoyable.

Handel's "Samson," on the next evening, drew a considerably larger audience, and on the whole went admirably. We have in times past made much of it tedious, but not so this time; it was judiciously abridged, and given with a great deal of spirit. The great choruses some of Handel's best, told most effectively. Miss HOUSTON fairly carried her audience away by the clearness and brilliancy of her high tone, and by her sure and admirable singing in the ringing trumpet song "Let the bright Seraphim." In all her pieces she sang better than ever, but there she seemed inspired. Mrs. KEMPTON too won sincere applause in the part of Micah. Mr JAMES WHITNEY gave the touching tenor air: "Total eclipse," with expressive tone and style, showing careful study. This was his best effort, his strength hardly holding out for the entire part of Samson. Mr. H. WILDE has a strong, resonant voice, and did good justice to the part of Manoah; and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY's ponderous bass was heard to good advantage in that of Harapha.

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OPERA. The LAGRANGE-BRIGNOLI Italian Troupe, under the direction of Mr. Max Strakosch, occupied the Boston Theatre for a fortnight, exciting more interest than was expected, and really doing a good business. Mme. LAGRANGE, although her voice is sadly worn, is still one of the world's great artists; her finished style in singing, her admirable acting, with the bearing of a lady, still give a rare satisfaction in such parts as Mozart's Donna Anna and Lucrezia Borgia. Miss PHILLIPPS, never in better voice, never more full of life and skill, sang Zerlina's songs capitally, and was excellent of course as Rosina, Azucena and *La Favorita*, though we did not witness these last. BRIGNOLI was in his best voice, and for once took uncommon pains and put life into his parts. SUSINI's basso is but a wreck, and he made a very coarse and awkward buffoon of Leporello. The chorus was respectable; but the orchestra, under the capricious lead of an Italian by the name of Rosa, was far from staisfactory.

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The RICHINGS English Opera which has had so long a run in Philadelphia, opened last Monday evening at the Boston Theatre, with a performance of *Martha*, which appears to have given very decided satisfaction. The "Bohemian Girl," and Wallace's "Maritana" have followed.

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On Monday evening, MAX MARETZEK, having made peace with his chorus singers in New York, will open with his Italian Opera, at Selwyn's Theatre, for a short season of two weeks. Mme. PAREPA ROSA is the principal star. The opening piece will be the latest novelty, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Tuesday, *Lucrezia Borgia*; Wednesday, *Romeo* again; Thursday, *Ernani*; Friday, *Don Giovanni*, Saturday (Matinée,) the "Barber of Seville." Five operas, by five different composers, in the first week,

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We have not left ourselves room, and if we had should lack the power to express the unqualified delight with which we have heard CHARLES DICKENS read, and reproduce before us, by apparently as fresh acts of genius as originally invented them, the characters in his novels, like live realities most individual and unmistakable. To us no reading ever had a charm to be compared with it. The professor of elocution may find faults in it; the voice is not that of Fanny Kemble, it is somewhat husky; but it is rich and sweet, has heart and substance in it, and is wonderfully flexible and apt for imitation. The upward inflexion, "so English," in the rapid narrative portions, is not only rhythmical and economical in respect to time, but serves admirably to distinguish the connecting narrative from the actual impersonations, in which it disappears altogether. His heart and soul, his humor and imagination, his whole genial humanity are in these readings of his own creations, and because he evidently enjoys them as heartily as we do, we enjoy it all the more. And to set such a sea of life, as *such* an audience is, in such delicious motion, alternating between tears and laughter, with the artistic sense, the "higher law" of the Ideal, all the while approving,—that must have been to him a pleasure like condensing the sense of the world-wide success of all his writings into one perfect moment. But we have no room nor power—the piece from the *Advertiser* in another column will give our distant readers some idea of what sort of an event Mr Dickens's first reading in the Tremont Temple was.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 20.—Last week witnessed the organization of the "New Haven Philharmonic Society," numbering some 20 members, and composed, of course, mainly of amateur musicians.

We like to see ambition, and find no fault with the title of this club, though it does call to mind a little experience of ours concerning the great "American Bureau for Literary Reference"—which by personal investigation we found to consist solely of one dyspeptic looking young man and a chest of drawers. Success therefore to the N. H. P. S., whose advent we hail as a step at least in the right direction.

Meanwhile the "String Quartette" has shown signs of returning animation and given a concert of chamber music—which took place on the 8th inst., with the following programme:

String Quartet in E flat, No. xiv. ..... Mozart.
Song,—Zuleika. ..... Mendelssohn.
Piano Solo,—Songs without words, ... "
a. "Regrets." Book 1st, No. 2.
b. "The Return." " 7th, " 4.
Solo,—Andante con var. in D, Op. 17. ..... Mendelsson.
Violoncello.
Songs. ..... R. Schumann.
a. "Aus meinen Thränen spriessen."
b. "Ich grolle nicht."
c. "An den Sonnenschein."
Grand Quartet, in E flat, from Op. 16. ..... Beethoven.
Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.
Albert Mallon, 1st Violin. Bruno Pope, 2d Violin. C. W. Chapman, Viola. M Steinert, Violoncello. Vocalist, Mrs. H. F. Dupee. Pianist, C. W. Chapman.

The effect of the String Quartet was—to state the case mildly—somewhat marred by the breaking of a string on the 1st Violin, which fact, together with a certain harshness and lack of unity in the performance, left a sense of something lacking.

In the Beethoven Quartet, however, the players seemed to enter more into the heart of things, and the piece—the *Andante Cantabile* in particular—sounded well.

The vocalist, we regret to say, persisted in singing Schumann's songs in villainous German, with a French accent, notwithstanding the fact that she had the English words before her eyes. Heine's despairing little love song was rendered "Isch grolle nischt," and phrased in a heartless, mechanical way, which, though it may do very well for the melodies of the late Stephen C. Foster, will not answer for Schumann.

The second of these Chamber Concerts will be given early in December, with this programme (the vocalist being J. Sumner Smith):

String Quartet, op. 76, No. 1. ..... Haydn.
Vocal Solo,—Rondo. ..... Mozart.
"Deh per questo istante solo." [La Clemenza di Tito.]
Violin Solo,—Andante con moto from Op. 12, No. 1.
Tema con var. ..... Beethoven.
"Gott Erhalte," from Op. 76, No. 3. ..... Haydn.
String Quartet.
Song,—"The Message". ..... Blumenthal.
(Poem by Miss Adelaide A Proctor).
Piano Trio,—Op 1, No. 2 ..... Beethoven.

Mercurius.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 16.—Joyous the greeting and blessed the day, when old friends meet the same as of yore; and quicker the throbs and warmer the blood, when stirred by undying, familiar tune. Like a perfect June-day, like spring-time returned, the days seemed, when after many a year we first heard your Mendelssohn Quintette Club again; when flooding back came the festive memories of days that were filled with the delicious music of your artists; when Chickering's and Bumstead Hall, your Studio-building and the Music Hall were present again with their delights, and made us forget that we have them not, nor the wealth of melody that periodically fills and sanctifies them.

There is no need to speak of the playing of our friends in your paper. Nor would you, surfeited with sweets, believe how well they did for us, how our musicians alike and the audiences were carried away with delight. For to you their art is a thing as usual as the air you breathe, as the sweet sunlight that warms and quickens you. But to us it was exactly what dear Chaucer says of Rosial. It

" . . . seemed lich a thing celestial
In bounte, favour, port and semeliness
. . . . . mirrour of delight, gracious to . . . . "

hear. They did well to come to us. And if you miss them, as you do, in your Symphony Concerts, do not forget that their mission here is an apostleship of true art and of noble beauty. Their playing has grown deeper, warmer, and it did not fail to preach loudly to people who had been satisfied before, because the standard was wanting whereby to judge and measure. At the three concerts we could attend they had good houses. As to the three others we can only echo the delight of musical friends. Haydn, Quartet in G, No. 75; Mendelssohn, Quartet in E flat, Quintet in B flat, op. 87; Beethoven, Quartet in E flat, op. 74; Schumann, Mozart, Schubert, the great masters all, not to forget Handel and Gluck, (Bach alone excepted), were heard again, and the pleasure was great and will be lasting.

And as we are speaking of apostles of art, there ought to be mentioned two other earnest and gifted men whom we have here with us. Mr. H. G. Andres, whose excellent playing was spoken of before by your correspondent, gave two concerts last spring that were not noticed. In them we heard: of Mozart, the Quartets No. 1 and No. 3, in E flat (the latter being the Piano Quartet); of Beethoven, the *Sonata quasi una Fantasia*, op. 27, No. 2; of Schubert, the Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, op. 99, and the Serenade; of Chopin, the *Berceuse*; of Spohr, a Violin Concerto and various smaller things. Mr. A. excels in a clean but sympathetic rendering of the masters; his touch is silvery and delicate, and his fancy is brilliant, as he proved by several of his own compositions. Of the Transcription of the German popular song, "*Muss i denn zum Städtele 'naus,*" we spoke last year. This year we had a *Fantaisie Militaire* (published by A. C. Peters & Bro.), in B minor, full of bold, original thought and effective; and we are promised a Scherzo, which, if the first hearing deceive us not, will be equally good. Mr. A. is the director of the Caecilia Society, which lately (Nov. 7th) gave the first concert of their twelfth season. Haydn's "Spring," the Choruses, "Lord, Lord," and "How pleasant are the Messengers," from *Paulus*; Grimm's Cantata "*An die Musik*," represented the vocal; the Adagio and Finale from the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven, and a Transcription of Schubert's *Les Adieux* formed the instrumental part of the programme. We were prevented from attending.

Mr. George Schneider, the younger of the two artists, gave a concert, Nov. 12th, in which Miss Dunnie sang two songs, the only pieces not classical. The Messrs. Brand played with Mr. S. Mendelssohn's Sonata for Piano and Violoncello in B flat, op. 45; Schubert's Rondo for Piano and Violin, op. 70, in B minor; and Beethoven's Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in D major. M. G. Andres assisted Mr. S. in Schumann's Variations in B flat major, for two pianos, op. 45; and Mr. S. played Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat, op. 47. The concert was delightful, if we except the singing; and Mr. S. showed by his fine and delicate playing that he has made good advance on the road toward the Ideal.

The Symphony Concerts have begun again, and Mr. Hopkins, the gentleman who built the hall and pays the musicians, has made us thankful anew for the music we should not hear without him.

We only wish—vainly we are afraid—that the musical season, so beautifully opened by the week of pure delight furnished by your Mendelssohnians, may continue so propitious. It is barely possible that the critic of the *Commercial* may help us along, who has made the discovery that we might start just such a Quintette Club here, with the material we have on hand. We wish him sincerely "God speed" Many things are done that seem past belief. We are afraid however, that his remark is worth no more than his criticism. For he has discovered the greatest of all overtures. Listen Universe! It is Littolf's "Robespierre!" Pity that Beethoven used the motives of Mr. Littolf half a century before, in his *Egmont*. A great pity Mr. *Commercial*-Man, in troth. *†.

Special Notices.

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A song for the "tender and true" to sing.

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How dear is home to me. Song. *F. S. Clark.* 30

Two sweet home songs; only the homes diff-r.

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Instrumental.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 697. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21. 1867. VOL. XXVII. No. 20.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."*

BY DR. EDWARD HANSLICK.

"Romeo and Juliet! Can finer matter for an opera be imagined, than this Solomon's Song of Love? Numerous composers, the Germans Steibelt and George Benda, the Italians Zingarelli, Vaccai, Bellini, and others, have found inspiration in it. Only one mountain stands in the way, and that is named Shakespeare! Who will fly after him, or seek to bear him higher in his flight? The more closely the composer cleaves to Shakespeare's own words, at the more risk to himself does he proceed. For musical purposes, therefore, I would rather choose a paraphrase, which should give merely the outlines of the Shakespearian action, filling them out unpretentiously with one's own diction. Gounod has followed the opposite view, keeping to as much of the original poem as is compatible with the vital conditions, musical and scenic, of an opera. From this point of view the libretto is formed with propriety and skill. It does not catch the fancy by the rich alternation of contrasted figures and scenes like *Faust*; but on the other hand it avoids unsuitable spectacular effects, like the Walpurgis Night, the final Transfiguration, &c.

Exacting critics, who perhaps would like to have the servants' talk and the "*salve dicta*" of the nurse also musically illustrated, blame unfairly the caprice of the arrangement. The only two departures from the original worth mentioning consist in the transformation of the servant Balthasar into a "Page," and in the introducing of the wedding ceremony of Juliet with Paris, during which Juliet, stupefied by the drug, sinks down. The "Page" was necessary, to gain a soprano voice for the ensembles; the Wedding, to interpolate a picture of somewhat fresher coloring between the friar's cell and the vault of the Capulets.

Shakespeare's words are very frequently retained; Gounod has not even allowed the Prologue to escape him, but has used it for a musico-pictorial introduction, the singular charm of which is not to be denied. After some sombre preluding measures of the orchestra the curtain rises, and we see before us a motionless pictorial group of young men and ladies, somewhat like the well known picture of Boccaccio's Florentine party. This chorus sings in simple, mostly unaccompanied chords the short Prologue: "*Verone vit jadis deux familles rivales, les Montaigues, les Capulets*," &c. The whole appears and vanishes, with the auditorium darkened, like a magical image of light.

The first act begins with the ball at the house of Capulet; Juliet sings out her artless gaiety in an aria, whose waltz-like character is justly found objectionable. Evidently this number (like the jewel aria in *Faust*) is a concession to Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the powerful directress and prima donna of the Théâtre Lyrique. Romeo appears, masked, with his friends; Mercutio sings the description of Queen Mab. Then follows the first meeting between Romeo and Juliet, and then the strife between Tybalt and Romeo, which is quelled by Capulet. The second Act consists almost entirely of the Balcony scene, preceded by a short male chorus of the friends of Romeo and an Arioso by the latter. The rendezvous of the lovers at the cell of Friar Laurence, who unites them, opens the third Act; a mocking chorus and a song in strophes (Canzone) of the Page lead in the Finale, which ends with the fight between the two hostile parties and the death of Mercutio. The first half of the fourth Act is filled entirely by the great love duet of the young newly wedded pair, musically the most prominent piece of the opera. This is followed by an Aria of Friar Laurence, who hands to Juliet the benumbing potion, and the wedding ceremony with chorus, march and a short dance; the Act concludes with Juliet's supposed death. The fifth Act is played in the burial vault exclusively between the two lovers, over whose corpses locked in the last embrace the curtain falls.

We defer a close musical criticism of the opera the more willingly, as it is just about to be performed here (in Vienna), and we would not anticipate the first impression of the public and the critics. There can be no contradiction of the assertion that the composer has given himself to his difficult task with singular devotion and perseverance. Gounod is a very earnest man, somewhat inclined to enthusiasm, who comprehends the mission of Art from the highest standpoint and serves it with an almost religious zeal. On the composition of the *Romeo*, which he began immediately after the *Faust*, Gounod (with a few necessary interruptions for smaller works) has labored eight years, and surely with the purest striving to achieve his best. We must never forget that Gounod is a Frenchman, and cannot possibly quite emancipate himself from his nation's way of seeing and of feeling. Moreover Gounod—an enthusiastic worshipper and connoisseur of German masters—has approached the German operatic ideal and the hearty, genial character of our music more nearly than any other Frenchman.

With all due recognition of Gounod's artistically pure aim and lofty aspirations, we cannot at the same time conceal from ourselves, that his *Romeo and Juliet* on the whole betrays a weakening of the creative faculty. The wealth of melody, the freshness and vivacity of the *Faust* we find again only in the happiest moments of *Romeo*. These appear the most richly in the tender, lyrical scenes; where a high-strung and persistent dramatic strength is required, Gounod's strength is lame. This will be perceived in the quarrel scene and the Finale of the third Act, where a poor, almost note-for-note reminiscence of the mocking chorus in the *Huguenots* passes with our composer. Compared with the figures of Romeo and Juliet, which are executed *con amore*, the others fall off materially; Capulet's rather Philister-like honesty and Friar Laurence's monotonous unction leave the hearer indifferent. Of fine, ingenious detail, of charming characteristic traits, we find rich store, as we should expect with Gounod. But his dramatic power in *Romeo* has short breath, and the musical invention not seldom a monotonous and feebly trickling flow. Both as to melody and harmony, *Romeo* reminds you strongly of the music to *Faust*: the finest number of the opera, the love duet in the fourth Act, is pervaded by the same sweetly narcotic Acassia odor, which has made us so willingly captive in the garden scene between Faust and Margaret.

* Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.

A "Kapellmeister" of the Seventeenth Century.*

(Continued from page 146).

The Elector for a long time refused his consent to the Italian journey; he now, however, yielded to the repeated and urgent solicitations of his Kapellmeister, and granted him permission to go. Schütz's efforts during this trip were not directed to gaining over and engaging distinguished singers or instrumentalists, but zealously observing, and, if possible, obtaining possession of all objects connected with music which could tend to improve the Dresden establishment, his beloved *corpus musicorum*. That his own means would not go far in making purchases is evident, but he did not hesitate incurring considerable debts, in the firm conviction that his art-loving sovereign would liberally supply the wanting funds.—As the fearful war, which had been raging in Germany for the last ten years, had hitherto pretty well spared the Saxon territory, the Elector made no demur, but acceded to Schütz's request to give something more than usual. Schutz first received four hundred and then three hundred thalers. But Schütz and his master were not destined to profit at once by the brilliant acquisitions made for the chapel, as, shortly after Schutz's return, Saxony became almost the focus of the war. Distress burst out, and in the following year the general misery was endless.

As a matter of course, any cultivation of art was, under such circumstances, out of the question. Where was the Elector to find the means of alleviating the wretchedness of a few musicians and their families, when he required his money so pressingly for other things? In this crisis, it was Schütz who assisted the sufferers by word and deed: who, with kind arguments and not inconsiderable sacrifices, alleviated the deep misery of the members of his chapel. All his urgent representations at Court were insufficient to procure the payment of arrears, and how far could his own means reach? This fearful period strode with iron foot over musicians just as it did over other people, and the most heart-rending pictures are presented to our gaze. The musicians wanted the very necessaries of life; some went one way, some went another, and the chapel that had been created with such trouble and such industry was partially broken up. He would rather, Schütz writes, be "Cantor" or organist in his own little town than remain longer in such a position. If things continue thus, he said, he should be compelled to seek an asylum elsewhere, for he had already advanced at least three hundred thalers to the poor people.

It was not till after the year 1640 that there was a change for the better, though it was long

* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

before the distress ceased. In 1641, Schütz was able to make proposals to his sovereign for the re-establishment of the *corpus musicorum*. It was too costly a process to engage new members; so he admitted fresh chapel-boys and instrumental boys to assist the members who still remained. This was decidedly the cheapest and surest plan for establishing a new chapel. The Electoral Prince—afterwards Johann Georg II.—took a greater interest in music than even the Elector himself, and thus a new chapel gradually grew up, though its condition previous to the termination of the war cannot be described as particularly gratifying.

It may easily be imagined that, after a period so full of labor and care, Schütz should yearn for repose, and we cannot feel surprised that, in 1651, when he was 66, he begged permission to retire. He was impelled to make this request principally by misunderstandings with the Italians, whom the Electoral Prince had attracted to Dresden for the purpose of forming a chapel of his own. Schütz, who was better versed than any one else in the Italian style, had to exert himself most actively in carrying out the Prince's wishes, till, at last, he was so over-burdened with work that he felt his strength stagger beneath it. He represented that his eyes were becoming feeble, and that he was by no means sure of being able to maintain in his old age any little reputation he might have achieved in his younger years; that scholars could not estimate the great difficulties of his post, as no studies of a similar nature to his were pursued at German Universities. Notwithstanding all his entreaties, the Elector would not let him go, although he gave him, in 1653, his pupil, Christoph Bernhard as a substitute. Even when Johann Georg I. died, in 1656, and the Prince's chapel entirely disappeared, being partially blended, by the way, with the Electoral chapel, Schütz was appointed chapelmaster, and performed the duties of that post during quite sixteen years, though, of course, not with his old strength and freshness. In this situation he gained, however, the affection and esteem of the Italians themselves in the highest degree, and, when the venerable old man died at the age of eighty-seven, he was accompanied to the grave by the love, gratitude, and admiration of all his friends and contemporaries.

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.*

(Continued from page 146).

It is a well-known fact that, even as early as the 13th century, a warmer interest began to be felt for the treasures handed down from classical antiquity, and the code of morals contained in them —a code *opposed* to the specifically Christian views of the Middle Ages. Until then almost exclusively confined to monasteries and school-divines, classical literature now began to be the intellectual property of poets, artists, intelligent princes, and other leading men. It is true that care was still taken, as is proved by Dante's poem among other works, to subordinate the elements of classical teaching to the views of the Middlo Ages, so that the antique element could present itself effectively only as tolerated by the imagination, and not as independent, and, therefore, affecting the life of the Present in a new and independent manner. It did not do this till the 15th and 16th century, when in consequence of the discoveries in astronomy, at variance with the tenets of the Church, the discovery of America, the progress of the burgher class in commerce, art, and industry, and, above all, in consequence of the Reformation, the limits of the old ideas and the former state of things were everywhere broken through. As one of the most important results of these tremendous mental shocks and material revolutions was a new and joyous return to this world, a secularization in the best sense of the term, and therefore, an uninterruptedly progressive reconciliation of Christianity with the world, from that period down to the present day, as if, so to speak, the various peoples once more felt at home in their own country, their own language, and their own nationality, it was only natural that Antiquity should be more deeply, and, at the same time, more popularly comprehended in all the peculiarity and originality of its teaching, than it was in the 13th century. It may be said that the partiality for Antiquity degenerated, in the 16th century, almost into mannerism. At Florence, Rome, and Venice, on festive occasions, public processions were got up, in which the figures of the gods and heroes of the Greeks traversed the streets. Raphael wrote his enthusiastic letter to Pope Leo X.; Michael Angelo sank into entranced contemplation of the Farnese Hercules; poets, painters, and sculptors, began to take their subjects quite as much from the world of ideas belonging to the *classical* times as to those of the *Middle Ages*. It was the fashion to compare the great ones of this earth with Mars, Cæsar, and Titus, while the great ones themselves thought it an honor to raise their capitals, Courts, and universities into nurseries, where art and science, striking root in the Antique, might blossom afresh. Under such circumstances, it was only natural that the elements of classical culture should begin to influence *music* as well as other things. Here again, it is wonderfully and convincingly apparent how closely connected *Poetry* and *Music* have come down to us from the earliest period of history.

To revive the tragedy of the Ancients, an association of artists and lovers of art was formed, in the year 1580, at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte de Vernio, in Florence. It comprised among its members the Mæcenases, Vicenzio Galilei, Giacomo Corsi, Pietro Strozzi; the poets, Ottavio Rinuccini, Orazio Vecchi; and the composers, Emilio del Cavalieri, Giacomo Peri, and Giulio Caccini. One result of the efforts of this society was the composition of the first lyrical opera, *Dafne*, the poem by Rinuccini, produced at Florence in 1594. This was followed by the first tragic opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, the poem by Rinuccini, the music by Peri and Caccini.—As already stated, the sole object of these enthusiasts for classical Antiquity was to revive the antique *Drama*. They thought, therefore, principally, of enriching *poetry* rather than *music*, to which latter it was their intention to assign merely a secondary part. That *music*, however, should reap the largest harvest from their efforts, as it did, since an entirely new kind of composition, *opera*, sprang from them, is one of those wondrous phenomena of which we meet with more than one instance as the elements of progress appertaining to different epochs of civilization cross each other's path.

However little the rise of *opera* we have here described appears at first to have to do with *Oratorio*, every one must admit that it exercised a most important influence on the last named branch of art, when we show that precisely in these earliest dramatico-musical attempts was discovered the formula by virtue of which Oratorio was first enabled to attain the importance of an *epic* tone-poem; we mean developed *recitative*. This was like the recitations in the Mysteries at an earlier period; it first rendered possible any kind of musical narrative, and yet it was entirely different from them. The recitations somewhat resembled the responsories and antiphonies which were declaimed on the same tone repeated, and musically limited by the same initiatory and concluding formula, such as we find them, even at the present day, in the Greek and the Roman Catholic Church, or in the Synagogue. But in the dramatic recitative of the Florentines above mentioned, the object proposed was a musical rendering of the text not merely corresponding in a general way with the meaning to be expressed, but adapted to each particular word, so that free scope was left to musical fancy and invention, and the declamatorily or melodically developed phrase took the place of the monotonous psalmodic style.

While this kind of recitative assumed a more and more *dramatic* coloring in opera, especially where the object was to represent a sudden change in the feelings and impressions of the different characters, or to work up the situation to a dramatic climax by means of laconic and passionate interpellations and replies, it was, on the contrary, marked in Oratorio by a more staid and calmer bearing, such as the spirit of *epic* music demanded. It is true that, even here, though more broadly and diffusely treated than in opera, recitative serves to afford the personages introduced as speaking an opportunity for expressing an abrupt change of feeling, or sudden and deep emotion; its chief and powerful object was, however, to *announce*, to inform, and to narrate; to animate, and fully express the purport of, the story; and to connect, with a due regard to form and style, as well as epically, the principal points now represented as more especially lyrical, and now as more especially dramatic, occurring within the framework of that story.

From recitative thus developed to the forms of the *air* and of the *duet* there was but one step.—Where formerly, in the recitative style, the sentiment willingly tarried awhile, and sought a resting-point, or found an opportunity for the utterance of its increased force, and, consequently, loved to spread out musically, in a melodic or pathetic manner, there now were introduced the air, the duet, the trio, etc., either as a developed lyrical, or a dramatico-musical fact, on attaining its complete expression. A great support for the development of the new art-form that thus arose was derived from the progress made meanwhile, up to a certain point, by *instrumental music*, which rendered it possible to accompany the recitatives, arias, duets, etc., in question, either on the organ or the manichord, or with string and wind-instruments, and to write a bass to them.

(To be continued).

* From the Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.

MS. Works of Mendelssohn brought to Light.

1. THE REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

(From the London Telegraph, Dec. 2).

* * * * A singular history is attached to the work to which we allude. The symphony in D minor—which, by-the-bye, both begins and ends in the major—was written expressly *zur Feier des Reformationsfestes*, in celebration, that is to say, of the tercentenary festival of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, solemnized throughout Germany on the 25th June, 1830. But party spirit ran high then, and although Mendelssohn had completed the symphony in ample time, he preferred to postpone its production until it could be listened to without passion and criticized without prejudice. But when two years afterwards, on his return from Italy, where his well-known symphony in A major had chiefly engaged his attention, he visited Paris, he bethought him of the earlier work, and arranged that it should be given at a Conservatoire concert. In one of his letters he writes that he "is looking forward to the D minor symphony, which," he says, referring, doubtless, to the fact of its having been composed for a Protestant festival, "I never dreamed that I should hear for the first time in Paris." Nor did he hear it there. For the cholera broke out, Mendelssohn himself was attacked, the city was deserted, and the composer arrived in London without hearing his work performed. The above extract from his letters proves that the "Reformation Symphony" had never been given up to February, 1832, and it has been generally supposed that the work was never publicly performed. In the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, however, for February, 1833, we have lighted upon the report of a concert said to have been given in the preceding November, at which three new compositions of Mendelssohn—new to the people of Berlin, that is—were brought forward. These were the Reformation Symphony, the G-minor Concerto, and the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Strangely enough, it does not state who played the concerto or who conducted the symphony. We can have no doubt, however, that it was Mendelssohn himself, for he is reported to have played at the same concert one of Beethoven's sonatas. The few words which the critic bestows upon the symphony may be worth repeating, inasmuch as everything is interesting that relates to a great man. "The symphony," says the writer, "begins solemnly, is then wildly agitated (*wild bewegt*), and has a humorous scherzo and artistic and lively concluding allegro. The frequent strains of well known chorale melodies, *e.g.*, '*Ein feste Burg*,' are cleverly interwoven; nevertheless, a more solemn rather than stormily wild and gloomy character would, on the whole have imparted to this tone-picture a more engaging coloring."

After such fashion was a great work by the foremost composer of his time commented upon in the most important musical periodical of Germany. If journalism reflected the opinion of the day, Mendelssohn can scarcely have been appreciated at his full value. The Reformation Symphony was never, so far as we know, repeated, and it is possible that its fastidious author had an idea of modifying it at some future time. Death, however, put an end to all such designs, and the executors of the composer, too careful of his reputation, refused to make the work public. Now that we have heard the Reformation Symphony we are utterly at a loss to understand the principle on which they have acted. They have given to us, at intervals, it is true, and with apparent reluctance, the music to "Athalie" and "Œdipus," the "Lauda Sion," the "Finale to Lorcley," the "Heimkehr"—known here as "Son and Stranger"—the Italian symphony, the F-minor quartet, the B-flat quintet, and the overture to "Ruy Blas"—all compositions which Mendelssohn himself had abstained from making public. And yet they obstinately refused to publish or lend the score of a work which, as it seems to us, is as valuable as any of the above-mentioned treasures.

Lately, however, a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream, and, thanks to Herr Carl Mendelssohn, the son of the composer, the Trumpet overture, the eighth book of Songs without Words, and, lastly, the Reformation Symphony, have been given up in rapid succession. The announcement that the latter work would be given on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace produced almost as much excitement among musical people as the production of an undiscovered play from Shakespeare's pen would cause among play-goers. Not a corner of the immense concert-room was unoccupied, and among the audience could be discerned the familiar faces of all the connoisseurs, professional and amateur, in London.

We have not the hardihood to attempt the analysis of so important a work after a single hearing, nor can we venture precisely to denote its position among the symphonies which have been left to us by Mendelssohn. In one respect, at least, it seems to us to excel them all. It has a distinctly defined aim and object. It has been inspired by one grand idea, which, from the first note to the last, is never once lost sight of. Written to celebrate the Reformation, in the faith of which Mendelssohn himself was brought up, it depicts in brilliant colors the rise and progress, the past and future of Protestantism. It is, in fact, a drama, the action of which is carried on by the orchestra. And in this we see an illustration of the advance which has been made in the most popular art of modern times. In the early history of music we find that the instruments are employed as gentle, submissive handmaidens of the human voice, the Queen of them all. Like willing slaves, they prepare the way for her approach; like considerate attendants, they support her on her progress, and give her time to breathe when she is tired; while, like discreet and well-trained courtiers, they lapse into hushed silence as soon as she opens her mouth. But, as time goes on, the "mechanical minded" instruments, like intelligent subjects of a weak monarch, pluck up a heart, and dare to let their voices be heard, even when royalty speaks. And so, in the orchestra as in the states, the spirit of insubordination and independence goes on increasing, until at length all the instruments combine, and form a republic in which none but the best man can play first fiddle. With these quick-tongued and eloquent citizens for actors, and with the stage for a concert room, does Mendelssohn play out the great drama of the Reformation.

He opens with a short andante of ecclesiastical character, the calm solemn beauty of which may denote the perfect contentment in which all nations lived when there flourished but one Christian Church. This slow movement, however, speedily gives place to an *allegro con fuoco*, in which is prominent a certain melody, which, taken from responses used in the Roman Catholic service, and much admired by Mendelssohn, may be supposed to symbolize that faith. But the mutterings of doubt begin to rise, and when these are quickly suppressed, they are exchanged for one of those long melodious phrases of wild, wailing melancholy such as Mendelssohn introduced into the Scotch Symphony, and which here may denote suffering to which the suppression of dissent gave rise. At the end of the elaborately written movement, however, the victory seems to remain with the established church, and here the first act of the drama concludes. But human nature cannot always be a prey to the sadness which waits upon serious doubt; so the second movement, an *allegro vivace*, is as lively as the first was sad. The scherzo—for such it really is—opens with a charmingly sparkling and exhilarating theme, and the merriment, as though it were the outpouring of exuberant animal spirits, gets more and more boisterous until, checked by a delicious phrase, which, stealing gently in, hushes the reckless confusion as though it were a voice from heaven, reminding the merrymakers that there is a peace above which far transcends the mere jollity of this life. Three times does this heavenly phrase recur, each time exerting the self-same tranquillizing influence, while the graceful flowing melody of the trio also arrests the prevailing cheerfulness of the movement; but gaiety at length gains the upper hand, and the *coda* is distinguished by a persistent playfulness that never flags.

The third movement, an andante, opening with a long and highly expressive melody, given out by all the string band, suggests most powerfully the despair of unbelief; but when this anguish has subsided into hopeless silence, the melody of the famous Lutheran chorale, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," allotted to the flute solo, falls upon the ear with the softness of the "gentle dew from heaven." Once announced, though in never such tranquil tones, the melody that signifies the protesting tenets gains gradually in strength and purpose. It perpetually starts up from different regions of the orchestra with unanticipated effect. Often suppressed and often struggling with difficulty to make itself heard, it is never long silent. Like the pure faith it symbolizes, which no blandishments could corrupt and no persecution could root out, the melody makes itself everywhere felt. A most masterly fugue begins to cleave its stubborn, unflinching way through all opposition, and the scarcely less determined chorale follows close in the path thus rudely made. But the road becomes broader, and then the hymn begins to march victorious, *pari passu*, with the fugue. We have scarcely time to note the splendid skill with which the two subjects are worked together, for a brief reminiscence of the first movement, suggesting the hold which the ancient faith still has upon religious minds, reappears only to be speedily absorbed, and the grand chorale, having overcome all opposition, is finally given out with all the force of the full orchestra—a symbol of the certain ultimate triumph and universal supremacy of the Church of Christ, in its simplest, purest, and holiest form. With this noble announciation of the Lutheran hymn doth the Reformation Symphony conclude. It is, at least, a graceful fancy that the spirits of the departed still haunt the earth. The spirit of the mighty genius whose "counterfeit presentment" was on Saturday crowned with laurel must surely have been present when one of his noblest creations was awakened from long slumber to a second youth.

The symphony was throughout listened to with absorbed attention, the scherzo was enthusiastically encored, and Mr. Manns, at its conclusion, was specially summoned to receive a tribute well earned by the marvellously fine performance of the orchestra he conducts so well.

II. EIGHTH BOOK OF SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

Musicians will need no telling that this eighth book of the beautiful effusions for the pianoforte which alone would make their composer's name a household word to the end of time, has hitherto been kept from the public by his executors. The repentance and amendment of those individuals have been tardy, but—better late than never—they have now seen the error of their ways, and have given a first instalment of the dead musician's treasures to the world. Leaving the other works out of the question, it is hard to tell why the *lieder* were so long withheld. Not even the most inveterate detracter of Mendelssohn would say that they are unworthy of publication; and no one else would be likely to adjudge them unworthy of their author. On a smaller scale, and in all respects less ambitious than their predecessors, they undoubtedly are; but every one of them contains more or less of Mendelssohn's characteristic melodies, and, so far from doing his reputation an injury, will have an effect the very reverse. This new book gives the master a new claim upon the love and admiration of all who have learned to love and admire him for his works' sake. On account of reasons which will readily suggest themselves, the six "songs" were not taken on Monday in the order they are printed. What that order may be we do not yet know, and therefore we are driven to speak of them according to the numbers by which they are known on this special occasion. No. 1 is an *andante un poco agitato* in E minor, and has a pensive, melancholy, almost mournful theme, with the syncopated accompaniment its composer so often used. No. 2, an *andante* in C major, is marked by quiet, lovely melody, and unpretentious four-part harmony, examples of which will at once occur as being found in the preceding books. The *allegro vivace* in A major, which stood as No. 3, is thoroughly Mendelssohnian in its delicate grace and refined gladness, which a dash of the pensive makes more interesting. With this the religious peace and calm of No. 4—an *adagio* in D major—was in admirable contrast. Here, again, Mendelssohn has resorted to four-part harmony. The type of No. 5—an *andante agitato* in G minor—is very familiar. It presents the charming theme and the *arpeggio* accompaniment every pianoforte player knows so well. No. 6 is a *presto* in C major, brimful of joyous *abandon*, which dashes along its course (taking the listener with it), and never stopping to breathe till the end is reached, when, as on Monday, the listener wants to make the journey again. Such, in very brief, are the new treasures shortly to be placed within the reach of pianoforte players. We congratulate them on the prospect. As regards the manner in which they were performed, we must at once say that Madame Arabella Goddard discharged her responsible duty to perfection. That lady's task might well have made her nervous; for it is no light thing to come forward as the first interpreter to the world of a great master's utterances. In some sort, not only the credit of the performer, but of the composer also, rested upon her, and must have been felt in proportion to the already-acquired fame of each. But, whether nervous or not, Mendelssohn was safe in Madame Goddard's hands, and needed no better exponent. Each "song" came forth, for the first time, true to the composer's ideal, in expression no less than in execution, and was at once accepted as being so with the "unerring instinct" of such an audience in such a case.—*Times.*

The Bavarian Sitting.

SCENE.—*In Apartment in the House of Wittelsbach. On the Throne is seated the one and only Wagner, at his feet the King of Bavaria.*

His Majetsy, the King—High-honored and heaven-gifted poet: another deputation has brought its ever-respectful feet to our door, and awaits the world-celebrated honor of receiving my revered wishes in reference to the about-to-be-passed treaty, which has been accepted by the almost unanimous voice of our Lower House.

H. M. Wagner—Majesty, don't interrupt. I am just beginning the fifteenth act of my never-too-much-to-be-praised-and admired operatic and dramatic entirety, entitled *Blutwurst und Geschrei, oder Musikalische Katzenharmonie*, by the only one Wagner—my honored self.

H. M. the King—How beautiful—how all-heavenly the title! Let us away to the mountains—to Starnberg—anywhere—where I may fill my eager-swallowing soul with thy real Wagnerian harmonies.

H. M. Wagner—*Halt's maul, Majestat.* My new work will take three days and three nights to perform.

H. M. the King—All-beloved heaven, how delicious! The hangman take politics, and my brother of Hades carry off Bismarck. I would give up Nürnberg, Augsburg, and Bamberg for an overture from thee, Great Poet!

H. M Wagner—Overture! Your Majesty is softening as to his royal brain. I never write overtures. Leave them to the cursed Italian-composition imitators. My genius awaits the descent, and not the rising of the curtain, to bring the all-stirring notes of the orchestra into play.

H. M. the King—But, Poet, even now I hear the door-knocking-knuckles of the different on-the-pavement-marshalled deputations. What must I say? Speak.

H. M. Wagner—Majesty, you're a decided fool. If your weak belief prompts you to these unseemly interruptions, I shall be guilty of a false discord—nay, I might even fall into a weak ebullition of melody, which might bring the Abbé Liszt's maledictions down on my to-noise-devoted head.

H. M. the King—But Poet-Brother, how can I decide without your consent? Hohenlohe is by no means conciliatory.

H. M. Wagner—Hohenlohe doesn't believe in the divine right of musicians of the future. Hohenlohe must be instructed. What's the row, Majesty?

H. M. the King—Divine composer—

H. M. Wagner—Stay, Majesty. A theme for five bassoons and thirteen side drums, in unison, flits across my Apollo-blessed brain. Give me my tablets.

H. M. the King—My noble Poet, I have that honor. But e'er thy seraphic inspirations vault on to harmonious back of Pegasus, strike the one chord in my people's heart through mine.

H. M. Wagner—In the name of all that's holy, Majesty, leave me alone, or I shall at once retire to the Court of Vienna.

H. M. the King—Heaven avert such calamity-pregnant disaster!

H. M. Wagner—Listen once, Majesty. Does Prussia threaten to tax the people's beer by a single kreutzer?

H. M. the King—*Warum nicht gar!* There's no fear of that.

H. M. Wagner—Then go ahead. Vote for Bismarck and *Baierisch Beer?*—*London Tomahawk.*

Music Abroad.

London.

ORATORIO. During the last week in November *Elijah* was performed both by the Sacred Harmonic and the National Choral Society. The former Society held in the same week its 35th annual meeting at Exeter Hall, the president, Mr. J. N. Harrison, in the chair.

The report, a document of considerable length, stated that the subscription list had been, as usual, as full as the committee considered it desirable to encourage; that the concerts had always been attended by crowded audiences, and that they had satisfied the committee that their exertions to maintain the society as the greatest choral institution in the world had been attended with success. Reference was made to the steps taken by the committee to maintain the efficiency of the orchestra, and it was stated that many of the elder members of the orchestra had retired, their places being occupied by younger members, who were only admitted after the strictest trial as to their ability and promise to attend rehearsals with regularity. The members were informed that the committee had entered into arrangements with the directors of the Crystal Palace for another Grand Handel Festival in 1868, and from the steps which were in contemplation in reference thereto no doubt was entertained by the committee that it would surpass its predecessors. Several of the oratorios and other works performed by the society during the past season had not been performed for several seasons, in addition to which Mr. Benedict's cantata "St. Cecilia," had also been performed by the society for the first time in London. It met with great success, and had since been performed at the last Birmingham Festival and at several other places in the country. Reference was made to the benefit concert undertaken by Mr. Costa and the society in aid of the fund for restoring the destroyed portion of the Crystal Palace. The thanks of the directors and of the shareholders of the company had been given to the committee, and it was hoped that the example thus set, and subsequently by distinguished foreigners, might be more generally followed.

The accounts of the society for the past year were read by the treasurer. The receipts had been £5091, 16s. 11d.; the payments for the year, including some considerable purchase of music and refitting the offices at Exeter Hall, £5,143 19s. 1d. The property of the society was valued at a little under £10,000, including £4,500 in the public funds.

The report was adopted, and the retiring members of the committee re-elected.

It was stated that the next concert would be the 500th given by the society in the large hall at Exeter Hall, and that the committee had requested Mr. Costa to allow his oratorio "*Naaman*" to be performed on this occasion as a slight mark of their esteem. Upon this a resolution was moved by Mr. Puttick and seconded by Mr. Hill that the receipts from this concert be handed over to the benevolent fund of the society, the society defraying the whole cost of the concert, and that the members and subscribers of the society be requested to aid in forwarding the benevolent object.

The cordial thanks of the members were given to Mr. Costa for his great exertions during the past year, to whom they offered their congratulations at the success with which those exertions had been attended.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the president, the treasurer, and other officers of the society; and the meeting separated without a dissentient voice having been raised during the two hours' proceedings.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. The second Monday Popular concert was interesting as presenting an eighth book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, second of the books posthumously published. The programme in which these *Lieder* formed a part was as follows:

Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello. MM. Lazarus, Straus, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti.....Mozart.
Song, "Where the bee sucks." Miss Cecilia Westbrook. Arthur Sullivan.
Lieder Ohne Worte, book 8, posthumous publication; first time of public performance in any country. Mme. Arabella Goddard.....Mendelssohn.
Sonata in D major, op. 58, for piano and 'cello. Mme Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti.....Mendelssohn.
Song "Pack, clouds away." Miss Cecilia Westbrook; clarionet obligato, Mr. Lazarus.....Macfarren.
Quartet in C major, op. 74, No. 1, for two violins, viola and 'cello; first time at the Monday Popular Concerts. MM. Strauss, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove and Piatti. Haydn.

The eighth book contains six *Lieder*, the dates and localities of their composition being mostly indicated. No. 1 was written in London on the 12th of June 1842, and No. 2 on July 5th in the same capital. No. 3 was composed at Leipsic on the 12th of December 1845, and No. 4 is from an undated manuscript belonging to Mrs. Klingemann, the wife of an intimate friend of Mendelssohn. Nos. 5 and 6 were composed February 5th, 1841, and December 12th, 1845, the place not being named in either case. Of the collection it may be briefly said that they show more power and beauty than the seventh book, published after the death of Mendelssohn. In every case they are calculated rather to advance than detract from the fame of the composer. For the manner in which they were rendered by Mme. Goddard we have only unqualified praise. An encore awaited her for Nos. 3 and 6, and the applause at the end was most hearty. These *Lieder* are published by Messrs. Ewer & Co. The clarinet quintet of Mozart was given to perfection. Miss Westbrook ably filled the post of vocalist, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan supplied the place of Mr. Benedict as conductor. At the third concert on last Monday we had no special novelty. A fifth performance of Schubert's quartet in D charmed the auditory, being unexceptionably played by MM. Straus, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti. A sonata in A major, for violin or German flute, composed by Handel, was introduced by Herr Strauss for the first time, and pleased considerably, notwithstanding its antiquated form. It is in four movements, with a piano forte accompaniment, not however Handel's. The adagio in F sharp minor is particularly fine. Mr. Hallé was the pianist, and selected Beethoven's sonata in G, Op. 31, a composition which he played with marvellous effect—especially the sweet and melodious adagio in C. Mr. Hallé was warmly welcomed. Mme. Sinico, the vocalist, gave us "My mother bids me bind my hair," "*Non temer*" with violin obbligato, and Gounod's ever popular serenade, to which Signor Piatti's violoncello formed a good accompaniment.

The first of a series of "historical performances of pianoforte music" was given by Herr Pauer in Hanover Square on Wednesday. The programme, made up of certain compositions in consecutive order of production, was apportioned into two parts; the pre-piano or clavecin age, and the pianoforte age. In the first we had Kuhnau, Handel, S. Bach, and Friedemann, all of whom furnished specimens for Herr Pauer's illustrations; in the second part we had E. Bach, Hässler, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Liszt and Thalberg. It is needless to say that all the illustrations, which are too numerous for specification, were given by Herr Pauer with his usual careful and artistic style of playing. As the concert was a matinée the audience were mostly composed of ladies.—*Orchestra, Nov.* 30.

BURNT UP.—A cable despatch brings intelligence of the destruction by fire of Her Majesty's Theatre, the largest in London, and one of the largest in the world. There are more traditions and recollections attached to this house than to any existing theatre. It was the first home of Italian opera in London, when that class of entertainment was patronized solely by the exclusive English aristocracy. It was the scene of the early triumphs of the greatest artists that ever lived, Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, Viardot Garcia, Lablache, Grisi and Mario, Jenny Lind, and, later, of Titiens, Piccolomini, and the ill-fated Giuglini; and the very week of its destruction witnessed the triumphant success of America's pet prima-donna, Miss Kellogg. Besides these great singers in opera, all the most famous dancers have graced its boards in the days when the ballet was an institution in London,—Fanny Ellsler, Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and many others, and it was the only house in England where ballet was ever made popular. The early directors, men of great wealth, successively lost colossal fortunes in trying to build up Italian opera in London, and the later ones, without exceptions, failed to achieve any pecuniary success. The loss will be greatly deplored by the aristocratic music-loving community of Europe.

Her Majesty's Theatre had a seating capacity of over 6,000 persons. The lessee of the establishment was Mr. Mapleson, who had during several seasons past conducted Italian opera in opposition to Mr. Gye at Covent Garden. It was, as we have said, at Her Majesty's that Miss Kellogg made her *debut* last month, the season being an extra one, occasioned by the sitting of the Abyssinian Parliament. Mr. Mapleson has suffered a heavy loss through the destruction of his fine wardrobe, catalogue of music and scenery. The disaster is all the more untimely for him, since the last season had entailed a large deficiency which he had hoped through the Kellogg *furore* to repair.

It is not impossible that Miss Kellogg's contract will now be transferred to the Covent Garden (Royal Italian) opera.

The destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre must seriously affect the gay world in London, unless Mr. Gye shall determine to occupy the gap at once, by instituting a campaign for which he had made no preparation.

Paris.

THE ORPHEON.—In the correspondence of the *Orchestra*, November 26, we have the following account of this important institution for the recreation and refinement of the French people:

The Orphéon furnishes to the youth of the Communal schools instruction in the elements of music and by making them acquainted with the beauties of the best poetry, and revealing to them the primordial laws of harmony, cultivates the ear, and teaches them to speak their language with a purer pronunciation. There they acquire the taste for elevating recreations, and learn, above all, how from the union of voices may spring the union of hearts. For at the Orphéon all classes meet together—masters and workmen, townsmen and soldiers, rich and poor, peasants and citizens;—all liberal minds are interested in this useful institution, as yet hardly thirty years old. It is after the *Liedertafeln* of Germany and Switzerland that the Orphéon has been modelled. The first German Liedertafel was founded at Berlin, in 1808, by the musician Zelter, assisted by Goethe; and another poet, none other than Béranger, contributed to the success of the Orphéon by proposing B. Wilhem as singing master in the schools of mutual instruction, when in October, 1818, the study of music was introduced into them. It was not until 1835, however, that the municipal council of Paris ordered the introduction of singing into the Communal schools. Three years later, singing was regularly taught in all the universities. There remained the working classes, both at Paris and in the departments. At the suggestion and under the eye of Wilhem, M. Hubert, an excellent professor, opened, in 1835, in the Rue Montgolfier, a course of vocal music for working people, and the pupils of these evening schools were able, at the end of a few months, to sing in chorus. This first success led to the opening of similar schools at the Halle aux Draps, the Rue de Fleurus, the Rue d'Argenteuil, and elsewhere; and to-day, according to official documents, there are in France 3,243 choral societies, numbering 147,500 singers. The Orphéon had thus at its disposition hundreds of tenor and bass voices to reinforce and complete the choruses of our Communal schools. The more the public performances were multiplied, the more clearly manifest became the interest felt in the cause of the Orphéon. In 1852, the functions at first discharged by B. Wilhem, and afterwards by M. Hubert, devolved upon the distinguished composer, M. Ch. Gounod. This eminent musician handed in his resignation in 1860, and the Orphéon, continually growing in prosperity, was then divided into two sections; that of the left bank of the Seine under the direction of M. François Bazin, and that of the right under M. Jules Pasdeloup. M. Hubert was appointed inspector of the Communal schools on the right bank, and M. Foulon of those on the left. Such is, in brief, the history of the establishment and progress of the Orphéon. Every Thursday evening the adult pupils receive a lesson from their director, and every Sunday afternoon adults and children meet together to repeat the choruses. The division under the charge of M. F. Bazin meets at the Sorbonne; and the division of the right bank of the Seine has hitherto met in the hall of the Grand Orient Rue Cadet, but will soon be obliged to move. Every spring there is an exhibition of progress made, at which 1,200 chosen pupils sing, before the Prefect of the Seine and the superintending committee, the new pieces which they have learned. Their répertoire is very rich, for our best composers take pleasure in adding to it every day. Adolphe Adam, Halévy, M. Ambroise Thomas, Félicien David, Ch. Gounod, Fr. Brazin, and other masters have furnished for it fine choral compositions. Thanks to their directors, our Orphéonists cultivate by turns Pergolesi and Lesueur, Handel and Rossini, Gluck and Mendelssohn, Gretry and Weber, Mozart and Schubert, the old masters and the new, the classical and the romantic school.

Germany.

VIENNA.—If any man living has a right to quote, in reference to himself, Virgil's well-known lines commencing:

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes,"

that man is Sig. Salvi, ex-manager of the Imperial Opera house, Vienna. For months did he devote all his energies towards the getting up, in *grandiose* style, of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis;" for months did the scenic artist wield his brush, and the wardrobe woman ply her needle to aid in carrying our Signor Salvi's purpose; but first one obstacle cropped up, and then another, the upshot being that Sig. Salvi retired from the management without realizing his purpose after all. This was annoying enough, but how much more galling must be the fact that all the trouble and exertions of Sig. Salvi—about one of the most abused managers who had ever to battle with the caprices of *prime donne*, and the airs of *primi tenori* in Vienna—have gone to augment the fame of Sig. Salvi's successor on the managerial throne, Dr. Dingelstedt to-wit, who has just produced the opera in question, with all his predecessor's spic-and-span new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The revival met with a most warm and cordial reception. In the bills, Dr. Dingelstedt introduced a judicious novelty. This was a short historical summary of the work. In this summary he informs the public that "Iphigenia in Aulis" was first produced in Paris on the 19th April, 1774; at Vienna (in a German translation,) on the 14th December, 1808; and at Berlin, on the 25th December, 1809. Till the other day, it had not been performed in Vienna since the 30th of March, 1810. It may, perhaps, interest the readers of the *Musical World* to know that the following was the cast at the period of its first production in the Austrian capital. Agamemnon, Herr Vogel; Clytemnestra, Mad. Milde; Iphigenia, Mlle. Lauchner; Achilles, Herr Radichi; and Calchas, Herr Saal. On the present occasion, Herr Beck was Agamemnon; Mlle. Benza, Iphigenia; Mad. Dustmann, Clytemnestra; Herr Walter, Achilles; and Herr Draxler, Calchas. On the first night Herr Walter was evidently indisposed, and unable to do justice to his part or to himself, but he came out very well at the second performance. The other characters were satisfactorily supported, except that of Iphigenia herself. M le. Benza is admirable in light, joyous parts, but wants everything calculated to achieve success in lyric tragedy. By the way, there is a report that Gluck is the composer chosen to inaugurate the new Opera house, the Emperor having ordered that the spectacular opera, "Armida," shall be performed at the opening. Mozart's "Zauberflöte" has been given with Mlle. Siegestädt as Papagena. This young lady has long been a favorite in small parts and has now proved herself capable of satisfactorily undertaking more important ones. Not so successful was Mlle. Wilde from the Breslau Stadttheater, who appeared as the Page in "Les Huguenots." She was a decided failure. Mr. Adams did not display much feeling as Raoul, though he sang the music respectably. But what is the part of the young Protestant gentleman if not acted with spirit? Herr Rokitansky maintained his reputation as the roughest of Marcels, past, present, or future. In Verdi's "Trovatore," Herr Ferenczy made his re-appearance after an absence of several months. As far as it was possible to judge from one performance, his voice appears to have recovered its strength and quality; but whether the recovery is permanent is another thing. Throat-disease is not so easily cured. However, let us hope that in this instance the surgeons have really done their patient lasting good. It was said, some time since, that the manager of the Imperial Operahouse—whether Dr. Dingelstedt, or his predecessor, Sig. Salvi, the writer will not undertake to decide—had consented to produce Herr Bruch's "Loreley," on condition that Herr Bruch would incorporate with it the well-known *finale* left by Mendelssohn and, of course, omit his own. Whether Herr Bruch refused compliance, or the manager changed his mind, I do not know, but the probabilities are that Herr Bruch's "Loreley" will now be brought out as the composer wrote it.

Not long ago, Herr Knapp discovered in the lofts of the Burgtheater, of which he is a non-dramatic member, a collection of old scores. He was informed that they had been lying there many, many years. Glowing with the notion, and cherishing the wish, that he had come upon some unknown musical El Dorado, Herr Knapp rushes to Herr Esser, the *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse. Herr Esser immediately set about examining the mysterious collection. Alas! the scores were those of the regular stock operas by Lesueur, Persuis, Méhul, D'Alayrac, Catel, Grétry, Salieri, Gluck, Mozart, and Cimarosa, which used to be given at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. On enquiry, it turned out that they had formerly been used there, and, when the theatre was let on lease, and ceased to be a government establishment, the scores, as Imperial property, were sent for safe keeping to the Burgtheater.

Great efforts have been made lately at the Theater an der Wien to restore what is here called "Spielopper," and in London "comic opera," to the place it once occupied in the estimation of the Viennese. The work chosen to inaugurate the experiment was "Des Teufels Antheil—La Part du Diable." Mlle. Geistinger was a charming Carlo Broschi. Herr Theodore Formes, however, was anything but a charming Raphael. It must be confessed that he acted well; nevertheless as singing, also, is required in opera, and Herr Formes has entirely lost his voice, his acting alone failed to convince the audience that the manager might not have found some artist more fitted for the part without expressly engaging Herr Theodore Formes, at a high salary, to perform it. Herr Formes appears to have felt himself that he was not a success, for he was content to let Herr Stampfer, the manager, cancel his engagement on payment of no more than 300 florins.

The manager, Herr Klerr, and the patentee, the Baroness Pasqualati, having at length patched up their quarrels, the Harmonie-theater re-opened its doors with "Die drei Küsse des Teufels," a one-act opera by Offenbach; "Karolina, oder ein Lied am Golf von Neapel," by G. zu Putlitz, music by P. Gumbert; and "Ein Kuss," by H. Wortull. "Die drei Küsse," etc., one of Offenbach's earliest efforts, was very favorably received. Herr Klerr conducted in person, and was warmly greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra.

The concert season bids fair to be a brilliant one. Herr Joachim will ere long be here, and a host of minor celebrities, also, have announced their intention of favoring the inhabitants of this capital. Herr Anton Rubinstein, who was known to the Viennese a quarter of a century ago as an "infant prodigy," began the campaign by a concert in the hall of the Musikverein. The programme was, naturally, of Anton Rubinstein, Rubinsteiny. There was Rubinstein's fourth Concerto with orchestra, in D minor; and there were songs by Rubinstein; and, last not least, there was a liberal amount of pianoforte playing by Rubinstein. The ex-director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory performed, also, at the first concert of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, when he selected Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia. In the latter, he achieved anything but a triumph. The concert was more than usually interesting, from the fact of Herr Herbeck's re appearance in the capacity of conductor. At the conclusion, Herr Herbeck received quite an ovation from the audience.

LEIPZIG.—The following pieces were performed at the fifth Gewandhaus Concert:—Overture to "Die Hebriden" and *finale* from "Loreley," Mendelssohn (Leonore, Mlle. Magnus, from Vienna:) Turkish March; Dervish Chorus; and Solemn March and Chorus from "Die Ruinen von Athen," Beethoven; three songs from "Frauen Liebe und Leben," Schumann; and C-major Symphony, Schubert.—Herr Bilse has given two concerts which were extremely successful.

COLOGNE.—On the 18th instant our Conservatoire had the great honor of a Royal visit, the very first one since its foundation. Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia, accompanied by their RR HH the G. Duchess of Baden, the Princess William of Baden, the G. Duc of Weimar and Suite, came expressly from Coblenz to visit this very best musical-academy in Germany. Some Choruses for female voices by F. Hiller, as well as some Solos were beautifully rendered by Mme. Marchesi's pupils, and obtained the high approbation of the Royal party. Among the different splendid voices and talents, an American young lady, Miss Sterling, an extraordinary Contralto, produced a very great sensation on the occasion. A declamation, and some violin and pianoforte productions alternated with the singing of the ladies. Her Majesty the Queen, as well as her Royal suite, addressed repeated the most flattering compliments to Madame Marchesi as well as to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the celebrated director of the Conservatoire. At the end of the Concert, F. Hiller had the honor to introduce all the different professors of the establishment to Her Majesty the Queen.

The second Gürzenich Concert brought out the Elijah of Mendelssohn. The performance was excellent on the part of the orchestra and chorus; not so was the case with the soli, Herr Hill (from Francfort) Bass, Frau Peschke-Leutner (from Darmstadt) Soprano, and Fräulein Kneiss (from Minden) Contralto. The first quartet-soirée, which took place on the 12th instant, was a very brilliant one in regard to the quality of the programme as well as to the execution of it. The third Gürzenich Concert was highly interesting. The first part of the programme included selections from Gluck's operas and Chopin's compositions; the second part was exclusively dedicated to Schubert's compositions. A pianist from Stuttgard, Fräulein Mehlig, created a very great and due sensation. A new pupil of our Conservatoire, Fräulein Bodinus, came out for the first time in this Concert, and was triumphantly received by the crowded audience. She met with a great success on singing the air with female chorus from the Iphigenie of Gluck, as well as after delivering two Lieder of Schubert. Her voice, a pure Soprano, is not a very strong one, but it is sympathetic as her appearance is charming and her method a very pure one.

AMSTERDAM.—The first grand concert of the season, the *Cæcilia*, was given on Thursday evening last in our municipal Theatre. The programme was exceedingly well selected, and included the following niceties:—1. Overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* (Mendelssohn); 2. Symphony in D (Haydn); 3. Overture, *Michel Angelo* (Gade), first time of performance at these concerts; 4. Symphony No 3, *Eroica* (Beethoven); 5. Overture, *Der Freischütz* (Weber). Seldom have I witnessed such a beautiful performance as this one. There was, so to speak, one spirit animating the whole execution from beginning to end, every piece was played with extreme regularity, brilliancy, and firmness. It really constituted the very highest pitch attainable: a perfect orchestra rendering the pieces almost with perfection.

This superiority of the *Cæcilia* band is chiefly due to Mr. Verhulst's untiring efforts, his energy, his severity. Fancy that when the last concert took place early this year, they immediately began studying the different pieces of Thursday's programme! First there was one rehearsal every week; it soon increased to three; in the last nine, however, there was a rehearsal every day, regularly at eight o'clock in the morning. Heavy penalties were enforced on absentees, who, though the band be very numerous, never escaped the watchful eye of the conductor. So it is practised year after year, and I have no doubt that the immense reputation of the *Cæilia* is principally owing to this rigid drill. The sweet *Meeresstille* and Haydn's gentle symphony were of course listened to with eagerness. There was evidently also much interest in the new overture, *Michel Angelo*, by Gade Verhulst likes Gade, and Gade likes Verhulst. Is this mutual affection a consequence of their being both pupils of the same master—of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy? Very likely, for Gade is virtually the only *living* composer whose works are from time to time introduced at the *Cæcilia*. Our excellent conductor has such strange fancies they say; because after all, I do not see why Schumann—and Wagner above all, should not be heard if Gade is almost every year, (I say Schumann, for, though dead, his music is always considered *new*, taking this word in its anti-classical sense). The *Michel Angelo* overture is a firm piece of music. I prefer it to *Hamlet*, which is in my humble opinion weak and vague. Curious difference between the two overtures; *Hamlet*, being an exclusively Danish subject, is not so Scandinavian as *Michel Angelo*, an entirely Italian one. The music of the latter composition makes us think more of Thor and Thorwaldsen than of the illustrious Tuscan. It is thoroughly northern in its expression; a natural defect, but still a defect. The performance of Beethoven's immortal *Eroica*, the most beautiful piece of music that was ever conceived perhaps, delighted us all through its marvellous superiority. The familiar and magnificent overture, *Freischütz*, closed this highly successful concert in a very satisfactory manner. The theatre was crammed, no room whatever being left. The net receipts of the evening amounted to about £125.—*Corr. London Orchestra, Nov. 25th.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 9.—The second of Theo. Thomas' Symphony Soirées took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. The orchestra numbered 80, and Leopold De Meyer was the soloist. The programme was as follows:—

Symphony, No. 2. D major.....Haydn
Piano Solo, Schubert's Serenade, transcribed and varied by Leopold de Meyer.
Overture, C, op. 124, "Consecration of the House" Beethoven.
Piano Solo, a. Nocturne, E flat.....Chopin.
b. Soirée Musicale.....Rossini
3d Symphony, E flat, op. 97.....Schumann

The Haydn Symphony was charming in its melodious simplicity: the last movement, a quaint little rustic dance in common time, was given with great *verve* by Mr. Thomas's well-trained orchestra, as was also the Menuetto and its beautiful Trio in B flat major.

The Beethoven Overture offered a marked contrast to the first work on the programme: massive, grand, and full of rich harmony it was "solid food." The fugal passage at its close was given with great spirit, and the different *voci* were clearly and distinctly defined.

The Schumann Symphony is a most attractive work, full of ideas and rich in subtle harmonies. The 2d and 3d movements are especially attractive; the former—a delightful Scherzo in C major—is very winning. In the third phrase, where the pedal point remains persistently and resolutely on C, while the upper harmony moves through that and the relative keys, the pathetic, *appealing* character is very noticeable.

In the 3d movement (marked *nicht schnell* and really an *andante con moto*) a peculiarly graceful effect is produced by the setting off, as one might say, of two beautiful themes, the one against the other, by the string and wind orchestras. The whole movement is full of quiet and peace.

With regard to Mr. De Meyer's performance it becomes the duty of a faithful critic to utter a few unpleasant but necessary truths. It would be far better if at *such* a concert that gentleman should play music of a classical character. His selections could could scarcely be dignified by that name, with the exception of the Chopin Nocturne, and *that* was murdered outright by the insertion of flourishes and embellishments which were thoroughly meretricious and totally devoid of the Chopin spirit. It may, perhaps, be superfluous to remark that it is useless for Mr. De Meyer to attempt to improve upon the works of the author just mentioned; any such attempt *must* result in failure; if we are to hear Chopin let us hear him, and not somebody else. Mr. De M.'s encores, also, were of a trashy character, the second one being apparently an ordinary (literally so) polka.

It is well that Mr. Thomas, with a most praiseworthy desire to please his patrons, should employ artists whom the musical world has acknowledged to be such, but it is not well that the character of such concerts as the Symphony Soirées should be lowered by such performances as those which I have mentioned; it is safe to say that such a display would not have been allowed in Vienna or London; nor, indeed, would it have been attempted *there*.

The audience, although not as large as could be wished, was an attentive and an appreciative one. The applause, however, was too indiscriminately bestowed, an error only too common with an American audience. F.

New York, Dec. 3.—Mr. F. L. Harrison began the series of six Oratorios, previously announced, by giving on Thanksgiving evening Haydn's "Seasons," with chorus by the N. Y. Harmonic Society, and with Mme. Rosa, and Messrs. Simpson and Thomas for soloists.

This is the least interesting of Haydn's two Oratorios, and it is difficult to imagine anything more barren and dead than the text, which is from Thomson with all the poetry eliminated. Yet, being Haydn's, the music cannot fail of being always fresh, sunny and healthful; breathing of Spring-time and violets, and green banks "whereon the wild thyme blows;" or, if of sorrow at all, it is a pure, trustful grief, a gentle, innocent sadness, like that of Nature herself. The music too has another claim upon our attention, for it is the inspiration of the master's declining years, and we know that, to him, the bird-songs and murmur of waters must have sounded faintly and afar. And so we are attentive and pleased, if not satisfied, though it is hard to realize that the same hand which penned this pretty music produced those sublime choruses, "Let there be light," and "The Heavens are telling."

Mr. Ritter was conductor and leader of orchestra, and the performance was a very successful one.

Next on the list we have Handel's "Samson," which will be given on the 11th of December, and from the number assembled to hear the "Seasons," we judge that Mr. Harrison's enterprise will be warmly supported.

The ninth Sunday evening concert [Dec 1st] witnessed the debut of a new prima donna, Miss Jenny Busk, whom we might easily believe to be a German, so faultless was her pronunciation in singing an aria from "The Magic Flute." She is, however, we are told, a native of Baltimore, and has recently returned from Europe, where she has received her education. Her voice is a pure soprano of excellent quality, with a freshness and flexibility which give promise of even more than she accomplished. Such faults of style as were discernible might easily be traced to a nervousness which on such an occasion was natural enough, and her reception was a very flattering one. Besides the Mozart aria, she sang the waltz from *Romeo*, and that difficult, because insipid ballad, "Coming thro' the Rye."

De Meyer coquetted with the piano, after his inimitable, half vexatious, half delightful fashion, playing of course his own compositions, and, in response to an encore, taking a theme from the "Duchess of Gerolstein," which he worked out in a very fanciful and brilliant manner.

Carl Rosa played the Ernst *Elegie*, and Mr. Colfield, at the organ, gave selections from Mendelssohn's Sonatas.

And now a word apropos of Sunday Concerts. We do not side with those who, having no idea of music, except as a means of amusement, would close the doors of the concert room on the Sabbath. On the contrary we know that there is more of truth in a Sonata of Haydn's or a song of Mendelssohn's, rightly understood, than in a score of sermons. We know also that all good music is, in a certain sense, sacred; but we wish to see all that belongs to the ball-room and all characterless piano-forte jugglery banished from the concert hall on the Sabbath, if at no other time. There is now certainly need of reform in this respect. A. A. C.

New York, Dec. 16.—The second Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert occurred on Saturday evening Dec. 14th, notwithstanding the keenness of the air and the snowed up condition of the streets, the audience was a large one, and the cheerful looking Academy of Music was filled with the beauty and fashion of the City of Churches. I append the programme:

2d Symphony, C major.....Schumann.
Cavatina, "Se Romeo,".....Bellini.
Miss Florence Rice (Contralto).
Violin Concerto, Op. 31, (first time).....Vieuxtemps.
Mme. Camilla Urso.
2 movements from unfinished Symphony in B minor, (posthumous).....Schubert.
Romance, Lurline, "Sweet Spirit".....Wallace.
Miss Rice.
Violin Solo. Mme Urso.
Poeme Symphonique, "Les Preludes".....Liszt.

In the Symphony we see the most admirable example of Schumann's genius. I shall reserve for a future occasion an elaborate analysis of the work, and have only space in this letter to particularize the 3d movement. I can but feebly attempt to describe the skill with which the serious and lovely theme is taken, (in one passage) now by the clarinet, now by the flute, and anon by the violins, when it merges into a sustained trill on high A by the latter instruments, gradually diminishing in sound, while softly steals in the oboe with the theme, the violins meantime slowly dropping down through intermediate semitones to E flat, and then vanishing into thin air. At the close of the movement occur two themes—or rather fragments of the first, the lower one taken by the contrabassi and sinking down, down into unfathomable depths. It is a complete and perfect poem.

The performance of the Symphony was in general satisfactory. There was, however, in the movement just mentioned, a certain shakiness in the high notes on the part of the violins.

In the two movements of Schubert's posthumous Symphony are plainly discernible traces of the genius which conceived the glorious work in C-major, of which Schumann said and wrote such noble and worthy things. The 2d movement (of the former), in E major, is quite Mendelssohnian in spirit and treatment.

Liszt's "Preludes" were doubtless interesting to those who can endure the orchestral works of that author.

Mme. Urso played with that admirable purity of tone and delicacy of touch for which that artist is so justly celebrated; had she a stronger bow there would absolutely be nothing to be desired. In the *accuracy* of her intonation she is second only to Joachim. The Concerto is a work of mediocre ability, noticeable only for abstruse harmonic changes, musician-like treatment and paucity of ideas.

Miss Rice sang badly. Her voice is hard and unsympathetic, and her method faulty. We would suggest to her that *drawling* is not taste, nor is it necessary to land upon particular notes with such hammer-like force.

The character of the programme is somewhat anomalous; it is evident that the standard of the Brooklyn Society is below that of the New York one. The former is, however, a younger institution, and one must not expect too much of taste while in a state of growth. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 21, 1867.

Symphony Concerts.

The third of the series (Dec. 5) appeared to interest the audience as much as any of its predecessors, although neither of the two Symphonies was a *great* one. Such an audience is in itself almost as harmonizing and inspiring as the music; indeed, with the one exception perhaps of that to which Mr. Dickens read, these Symphony audiences in character are about the best large audiences found anywhere. Better listeners to the best, we never knew; it is not their fault that a few restless exceptional ones disturb their enjoyment by coming in late or going out early. The orchestra still shows a better spirit and new signs of improvement. Never before has it been in so good a condition to make the following programme thoroughly appreciated.

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann.
Aria: "Non più di fiori" from "La Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart.
Mrs. Jenny Kempton.
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.....Gade.

Symphony in G.....Haydn.
Songs: a. "Allurement," (The Water Sprites)..Dessauer.
b. "Hunting Song.".....Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Jenny Kempton.
Overture to "Euryanthe".....Weber.

The novelties were the two light but very pleasing Symphonies. Particularly charming was the one by Haydn, which is not found in the usual set of twelve composed for Salomon in London, and which we suspect was never played before in this country. It is a delightful Symphony; so bright and gay and full of frolic and imaginative humor in the quick movements; so deep and sweet and tender, at once serene and solemn, in the beautiful Largo (perhaps some of the audi-

ence recognized in its theme an old psalm tune of their younger days, which "Music-of-Nature" Gardiner had clipped out of it, and which in the early editions of the Handel and Haydn Collection went, if we remember rightly, by the name of "Milton"). The theme of the first Allegro is a short, almost trivial little phrase in itself, but it is worked up most felicitously, dancing like a sunbeam all about the walls. The third movement is a most genuine Minuet, as distinguished from the modern Scherzo; and the Trio, with its quaint and subtle play of melody, upon a drone bass in fifths, tickles the ear and fancy as the play of opaline colors does the eye. But the most humorous of all is the Finale, the subject of which is homely enough for a contra-dance (a country dance, if you will); but then the dancers are so fine, there is so much life and wit and genius, so much contrast of character, such a wealth of good spirits, such quick invention, quick perception of everything that can be pressed into the service, all in motion to the homely tune:—in other words it is so artistically worked up, with all the arts of imitation, illustration, contrast of instrumental colors, that it seems to swarm with happy thoughts. Haydn is not great or deep like Beethoven; his forms, his orchestra, are small compared with the more modern Symphonists; but our musical public began with Beethoven, and know him now so well that it is high time we supplied the blank in our education and made ourselves familiar with those perfect models of the symphonic art, as such, the Symphonies of Father Haydn. They are so wholesome and refreshing! And why must we always crave a great excitement? It is a good thing to be children when we can. Now this is drinking child-like joy from goblets that are masterworks of Art.

Gade's fourth Symphony is not at all comparable for genius and originality to the first, the well-known one in C minor. It has the charm of the same wild Northern mood; the same images and snatches of old song and tradition haunt the imagination; and the style of workmanship is the same. But it is a feebler effort of creation, a vain attempt to say something new out of a remembered inspiration. The only strikingly original thing in it is the Scherzo. Yet all the movements are beautiful, particularly the Andante, and the whole a very pleasing thing to listen to for a few times. It was no fault of Mr. ZERRAHN and the Orchestra if it was not highly enjoyed, for it was nicely rendered, as was the Haydn after it.

The great things of the programme were the two Overtures, both of which were played for the third season in these Concerts. They were better played, and their power and beauty more deeply felt, than ever before,—although the noise of late comers blurred the *Genoveva* picture for not a few.

Mrs. KEMPTON sang the great Aria from *Tito* with taste and feeling, in a large and noble style; and the delicious orchestral accompaniments went to a charm; the florid clarinet *obbligato*, running all through the piece, claiming especial mention for the beautiful tone and style in which it was played. The smaller songs were choice and very nicely sung to Mr. Dresel's accompaniment.

An interval of four weeks occurs before the fifth Concert (Jan. 16,) of which the main features will be the great C-major Symphony by Schubert; a Schubert Overture,—either that to "Fierabras," or one not yet heard, to "Alfonse and Estrella;" and the first of Beethoven's Piano Concertos, in C, played by Mr. B. J. LANG,—the last one of the five which yet remains unheard in these Concerts.

Italian Opera.

Italian Opera, as managed in this country, is not an improving institution. We had the best of it, that we seem likely ever to get, years ago. From year to year, as a rule, it all the time grows worse. The only thing that is learned by so much experience seems to be, not how to do it better, but how to do it cheaper; how to make what is third-rate pass with a sufficient number of paying people for first-rate; for if the real music-lovers, if the cultivated and refined become indifferent to it, there is always a fresh public, of would-be fashionables, *nouveaux riches*, who have a notion that it is "the thing" and of course all very fine. It does not improve, and therefore must deteriorate, because it is not an institution, but is left altogether to individual speculation,—so that advertisement has as much to do with its success as Art.

This is only general comment on the state and endency of Opera in this country. It is not saying, that it never offers us anything good. Of course there must be something of real excellence on which to base an appeal even to an ignorant public, and the knowing ones must be to some extent conciliated:—how to do this the most economically, is the managerial problem.

The company at Selwyn's beautiful Theatre these two weeks past, has at any rate given a much better representation of *Don Giovanni* and of *Il Barbiere*, than we have had for a long time. Indeed, in most respects, the *Don Giovanni* was capital. Mme. PAREPA ROSA's all-sufficiency of voice, with her consummate vocal art, as well as fine dramatic verve and well-sustained, consistent action, made one of the most effective Donna Annas that we have ever known. The wonderful music and pathos of the first scene told for the first time almost for what it is worth. In the great recitative and aria: *Or sai chi l'onore*, she rose to thrilling heights of lyric declamation; and the "Letter" Aria (*Non mi dir*) was most nobly, beautifully rendered. She, although with less of the fine sympathetic quality than many singers in all else inferior, seemed to put life into the whole performance, so that all did their best.

Miss HAYCK made a charmingly coquettish, girlish Zerlina, acting it to the life and singing very finely; nor had her voice lost any of its fresh, true, vibrating quality, as we thought it had in Juliet, a character entirely too ideal for her. Miss RONCONI at least looked Elvira sweetly, and represented the part sensibly,—which seldom can be said of the Elviras; in the scene with Leporello she acted just right. Her singing is feeble, yet now and then, overcoming timidity, she gives a passage tellingly and sweetly, and the quality of the voice is musical and sympathetic. BELLINI really made a capital Don Juan; his sonorous baritone told at all points, and his action lacked neither liveliness nor dignity; but he spoiled the simplicity of the Serenade melody. RONCONI, in better voice than last year, made an exquisitely droll Leporello; if he make the farce sometimes too broad, as is the way with all of them, you still feel all the time that he is an artist. The orchestra, under Bergmann's sure bâton, was respectable; the choruses, scenery and all, uncommonly good, and there was more spirit than usual in the first finale (the Ball scene.)

We never liked Mme. ROSA so much as in Donna Anna, unless it were in Rosina. There she sang and acted with the greatest life and ease and fluency; and RONCONI's Figaro and ANTONUCCI's Basilio were so excellent, that "The Barber" was relished with a fresh zest. Sig. BARAGLIA did very creditably as Almaviva, as he did also as Don Ottavio; his voice is sweet, he sings with feeling, and has a nicely finished florid execution; only in large and even melody a weak *tremolo* besets him.

Of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which we heard only once, our first impression accords with that of the majority, we think. The opera as a whole falls far short of its home, and of Shakespeare. Musically it has fine passages, ingenious points of instrumentation, &c., but contains much that is trivial, more that is tame. Every one felt the family likeness with the *Faust* music; it is the same inspiration feebly recalled. Corresponding situations correspondingly treated: thus, the really fine thing in it, the lovers' duet in the fourth act, is the Garden Scene in *Faust* again, but not so good as that; the pretty Romanza of the Page answers to Siebel's song; Juliet's song of girlish joy in the first scene, a mere waltz, is not so interesting as Gretchen's Jewel aria; Mercutio's Queen Mab song, an utter failure with all the fantastical strivings, hardly humors, in the orchestra, answers to Mephisto's drinking song; the fight in the third act, to that in *Faust*, but with strong suggestion of the *Huguenots*. Perhaps the most original and happy thought of all is the Overture with the chanted Prologue by all the *dramatis personæ en tableaux vivants*.—But these are mere impressions. The performance was fair. Sig. PANCANI, a big and burly man for a Romeo, has a tenor of good volume and sweetness, and sang with delicate and chaste expression. The Juliet was rather too doll-like.

Mme. ROSA has also sung in *Il Trovatore* and *Norma*; and there have been indifferent performances of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Crispino* and *Ernani*. Another novelty, Petrella's comic "Carnival of Venice," we have not yet heard. The audiences were small until Parepa came.

Pianos at the Exposition.

We have not meddled much in the great controversy. In common, doubtless, with nearly all our readers, finding the newspapers full of it *ad nauseam*, we long ago had ceased to read. Moreover, with most musical persons hereabouts, we have come to our own opinions in our own way, hearing and judging for ourselves, and should prefer the average of Chickering pianos to any Steinway that we ever heard, in spite of French Juries, Mons. Fétis, or the Emperor himself. We never thought they needed any such endorsement. Merit makes its own way with or without medals. Indeed this medal competition at great Expositions stirs up excitement by so many questionable means, raises such a senseless clamor, such a dust, that calm, unbiassed judgment becomes almost impossible. How can one get a clear impression in such a turbulent arena? Anywhere else, in the concert rooms of one's own town, at home in his own house, can one judge better than in circumstances so exceptional. We wish the Emperor, should his ambition ever prompt him to give another World's Exposition, would have it absolutely without medals or awards; the comparison of products would be equally instructive, and the conclusions far more genuine.

But here has been a question of fact: Which party *had* the highest award? Touching which we once ventured, having got hold of a document not then published in this country, the "*Liste Officielle des Recompenses*," &c., to suggest an inference from it, which now appears to be the right one. In our paper of Aug 17, we translated a portion of the List, adding this comment:

It will be seen from the above that the *Decorations* are classed as the highest grade of honor; next comes the *Grand Prize*, awarded only to M. Sax; and third in grade in the *Grand Medal*. The piano-making house of Erard placed itself out of the competition by the fact that one of its members (M. Schaeffer) was on the Jury; but on this gentleman, as well as on Mr. Chickering, was bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honor; why, if not by way of recognizing these two as at the head of all the makers of Pianos? The French have long regarded the Erard as *the* Grand Piano of all the world, beyond competition; by this act now they welcome the Chickering to an equal place beside the object of their own pride.

That this obvious interpretation was the right one is now definitely settled by the following:

PARIS, Nov. 19, 1867.

LETTER FROM MR. C. F CHICKERING. My attention has several times been called to paragraphs and extracts in American journals, stating that the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which was conferred upon me on the 1st of July last, as the representative of the firm of Chickering & Sons, as an award from the Exposition Universelle, "was a mere personal compliment;" that I "had bought it;" that "it had nothing to do with the Exposition;" that "the order had been obtained by Mr. F. Chickering, who produced it personally, and upon personal application for the same, from the French Government;" that "it is a personal matter, outside of and without the slightest connection with the official awards of the Exposition;" that "I did not receive it till several days after the 1st of July;" and many other remarks of the same nature.

Knowing full well the source from which these statements emanate, and as the facts with official proofs had already been published, I had up to this time considered it unnecessary to make any denial of these reports; but, as I find that such statements are still being extensively copied and reproduced, I feel it a duty to myself and to the interests of the firm of which I am a member, to make a *positive denial* of all such statements, which are evidently written and published for the sole purpose of giving to this award a false and deteriorated value in the opinion of the American public; and in making this denial I beg leave to call attention to the following facts:

I never in any way, either directly or indirectly, asked for, nor did I ever use any influence, personal or otherwise, to obtain this high distinction.

My official notification of the award is dated June 30, 1867, and was received by me on the 1st of July. Its connection with the official awards of the Exposition can be understood from the following extract from the official organ of the French Empire, Le Moniteur, of July 2, 1867, which, in the list of awards, under the head of "Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor," places, among other names, that of "*Monsieur Chickering, Factor de Pianos, Exposant,*" and its *relative value* can be seen from the following extract of the report of Mons. Rouher, French Minister of State and Vice-President of the Imperial Commission, read before the Emperor and the Public, at the distribution of awards on the 1st of July.

"Thanks to an activity which had surmounted all obstacles, the decisions demanded for the jury for the first of July are all rendered, and the result can be proclaimed to-day before your Majesty. The jury has distributed to the exhibitors 64 grand prizes, 883 gold medals, 3653 silver medals, 6565 bronze medals, 5801 honorable mentions.

"The present solemnity is crowned by the proclamation of still higher rewards.

"Your Majesty has deigned to award to the most eminent of the exhibitors of this pacific strife 'The Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor.'"

It may be that the friends and correspondents who write in the interests of other exhibitors, who did not receive this award, know more of the value of the different recompenses than do those who occupy high positions in the management and government of the Exposition; but while I have the power to base my claims upon facts and proofs as well founded as the foregoing extracts, I shall still continue to claim and to announce as we have already done, that the Cross of the Legion of Honor is the "Highest Award" awarded by the "Exposition Universelle," and that Chickering & Sons are the only Competing Exhibitors of Pianos who have received the double recompense of the "Cross of the Legion of Honor" and a First Gold Medal.

(Signed) C. F. CHICKERING.

THE PIANOS. *Conclusive Proof of the Highest Award to Chickering & Sons.* The following letters have just been received from Paris by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, which clearly and very plainly prove that the Gold Medals at the Paris Exhibition were *all alike* and of *equal value*, and that the Cross of the "Legion of Honor" *was* awarded by a higher power than the Juries, viz.: by the *Emperor*, as a "Superior Award" over Medals for the *superior merit* of the Chickering Pianos:

Copy of a letter from Monsieur Fétis, Member and Reporter of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867:

[Translation.]

BRUSSELS, Nov. 19, 1867.

Mr. Chickering:

Sir,—I cannot refuse to declare, as member of the Jury of the 10th Class, that which is undeniably established by the Moniteur of 24 July, 1867, viz.:

That there is one single class of Gold Medals for the Exhibitors; that the Decoration of the Legion of Honor constitutes a recompense of a superior order, and that it had been accorded to you by the Emperor for the merit of your instruments.

Accept my salutation,

(Signed) FETIS.

Member of the Jury of the 10th Class of the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

Copy of letters from Ambroise Thomas and F. A. Gavaert, Members of the Jury:

Gentlemen:

I must tell you that whatever may be the Order in which the names have been inscribed in each kind of recompense awarded in the 10th Class, the Gold Medal—to speak of this one—is the *First Medal*. There are not two classes of Gold Medals.

Receive my salutations.

(Signed) AMBROISE THOMAS.

I am completely of the opinion of my confrere Thomas.

(Signed) F. GAVAERT.

NEW HAVEN.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed on the 10th inst. by the Mendelssohn Society, with the aid of some of our Boston singers, who no doubt deserve the compliment contained in the following notice from the *Palladium:*

The chorus, numbering between eighty and ninety, sang the difficult music allotted to them with great steadiness. The first and second chorales were given with a good volume of sound, and the smoothness so requisite for this species of composition. Their lovely melodies, especially that of "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," evidently deeply impressed the audience. The very difficult chorus, "Rise up, Arise! and Shine!" was sung with much precision and force, as was also that in the same part, "The Lord He is Good." The Gentile choruses, so perfectly contrasted in style with the Jewish and Christian music, were also finely done. Mrs. H. M. Smith more than maintained the favor she had already won by her admirable singing at the previous concerts of the Mendelssohn. She was in excellent voice and delivered the numerous recitatives which fell to her share with much dramatic force and admirable enunciation—the latter a rare quality. The beautiful aria "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" was sung with most delicate and touching feeling, and with a simplicity which showed the conscientious artist. Mrs. Smith also took the contralto air "But the Lord is mindful," and gave it with a rare depth of tone and beauty of expression. This is a vocal feat of which any singer might be proud. Mr. James Whitney rendered the tenor music very successfully; the air "Be Thou Faithful" was given with great tenderness. Of his brother, Mr. M. W. Whitney, we have only to say that he was in superb voice, and throughout the whole of his difficult part showed himself an admirable artist. We were willing to make allowance for the orchestra, composed as it was so largely of members of the recently formed Philharmonic Society, who have had, as yet, but slight opportunity of practicing together. They, however, did not need indulgence, performing their part very steadily, and giving every reason to anticipate for the new society a successful career, and that the day is not distant when New Haven will have an orchestra of its own. Dr. Anderson led with his usual ability.

PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Wolfsohn has been solicited to repeat the series of Beethoven Matinées given in the season of 1865–66, and has engaged the Foyer of the Academy of Music for that purpose. A matinée will be given on alternate Fridays, commencing January 3d, and the course will end on May 8th.

The whole number of Sonatas composed for Piano Solo will be performed, and, during the series, songs of a character to correspond with the general style of these performances will be introduced.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Beethoven's Seventh Symphony stirred "the heart of the Commonwealth," last Saturday evening. It was a new emotion, and came in the "Grand Army Course of Entertainments." A small orchestra of 24 of the best Boston musicians, with Zerrahn for conductor, performed it to the great delight of all. The Second Part of the concert opened with the Overture to *Der Freyschütz* and closed with that to "*La Siréne*" by Auber; the intervening space being filled with songs, trios, violoncello solo, Strauss waltzes, &c.—The Lagrange-Brignoli Opera troupe performed *Martha* here last week, Miss McCulloch taking the place of Mme. Lagrange, who was ill.—The Mozart and Beethoven Choral Union announce the *Messiah* for Christmas night.

DEATH OF PACINI.—A dispatch dated yesterday, at Florence, mentions the death of Giovanni Pacini, the Italian composer. His opera of *Saffo*, played some years ago here and in other American cities, is the only one by which he is well known; but during his long life he wrote thirty or forty operas, most of which had considerable success. Pacini was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, in 1790, but going to Rome in his youth, he became known as "Pacini di Roma." He studied composition at Bologna, under Marchesi and Mattei, and, when 18 years old, produced an opera at Venice, which succeeded. In after years he wrote operas for all the principal Italian theatres. Madame Pasta sang in his *Niobe* at the San Carlo in Naples in 1826, and that is considered one of his best works. In 1830 his *Giovanna d'Arco* was produced at La Scala, with Rubini, Tanburini and Mme. Lalande in the principal parts; but it failed, and the failure so mortified and disgusted its author, that he refused to write any more operas, and he has lived in idle retirement ever since. His style was modeled on that of Rossini's earlier works, and is more distinguished by graceful melody than by learning or originality. In addition to his operas, Pacini wrote a number of masses and other religious and secular works.—*Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Tender Green. Song. *Carl Zerrahn.* 30
German and English words, a highly finished character of composition, and a good melody.

Gather flowers in the summer time. *W. C. Baker.* 40

When leaves are falling round. Answer to "Leaf by leaf the roses fall." S'g & Cho. *Bishop.* 35
Two songs of, perhaps, equal beauty, and both decidedly good.

As pants the hart. 42d Psalm. Solo and Qt. *C. V. Morrison.* 40

Bow down thine ear, O Lord. Solo and Qt. *C. H. Gerrish.* 50

But the Lord is mindful of his own. S'g. *St Paul.* 50
The first two authors will not wish to compare their works with Mendelssohn's. But it is a gratifying fact that our musicians are continually improving in skill, and these and similar compositions are good enough "to go any ere."

Absence. Song. *S. D. S.* 30

Are you coming, Annie, coming? Song. *Kiene* 30
Very pretty and taking.

The fellow that looks like me. Song & Chorus. *Arlington.* 30

Oh! my heart goes pit-a-pat. Guitar. *Hayden.* 30
Comic, pretty, and the last one already well-known.

The Bird's Nest. Song. *Cherry.* 30
A very sweet and innocent song, suited to all ages.

Instrumental.

The star thou lovest. Valse bril. *En[illegible]* 40
Has the composer's characteristic elegance of construction, and brilliant. Of medium difficulty.

L'Africaine, Polka. Wayside Flowers. 4 hds. *Russell.* 35

Le Rève, Quickstep. " " " 35

Fairy Wedding Waltz. " " " 35

Crispino Galop. " " " 35
Four very welcome little pieces, conveniently arranged for learners.

The Oaks Polka. *H. Tissington.* 40
"Handsome" Polka, and elegant title.

Souvenir de Fète. Mazurka de Salon. *Mercier.* 50
Somewhat difficult, but graceful.

Ye merry birds. Trans. *W. C. Kidder.* 75
The beautiful song is well known, and the transcriptions or variations are well managed.

New Derby Galop. *Marriott.* 60

Guard's Schottisch. *Mack.* 30

Romping Galop. *Kinkel.* 30
Three pretty sparkles of melody, in which those fond of romping can go with the Guards to the Derby, and hear good music on the way.

The last dream. Meditation religieuse for piano. *Aubert.* 50
A sweet, musical meditation, for those who like to "meditate" with their fingers.

Books.

Vaccai's Practical Method of Italian Singing. Trans. by *T. T. Barker.* 2.50
Still another aid to teachers of vocal culture. An exceedingly valuable work.

Libretto of Romeo and Juliette. By *Gounod.* 30

" Don Carlos. *Verdi.* 30
Don't go to the opera without one of this set in your hand. The enjoyment of hearing is greatly enhanced by being able to follow the melodies as they are sung.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 698. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1868. VOL. XXVII. No. 21.

For Dwights Journal of Music.

Song.

I.

I do confess that thou art coy
And hardly to be pleased or won;
Yet in thy very pride I joy,
Thou't yield to me—or yield to none.

Thy heart's a jewel, dear and deep,
And through thine eyes I saw it shine;
Thy lips may still the secret keep,
But thou art mine.

II.

The fairest lily in the wood
Were robbed of half that makes it fair,
If open to the day it stood
And wooed by every wanton air.

Thy heart's a jewel, dear and deep,
And through thine eyes I saw it shine;
Thy lips may stil the secret keep—
But thou art mine.

Christmas, 1867.

Letters of Great Composers.

Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. (Longmans & Co.)

Mozart und Haydn in London. Von C. F. Pohl. (Vienna, Gerold; London, Williams & Norgate).

The first of these works is as pleasant a volume of light musical reading as has been lately laid before the public. It would serve no purpose again largely to descant on the peculiarities of Lady Wallace as a translator, seeing that there is small chance of their being amended. Her assiduity, however, is to be recognized as having done much to naturalize a large body of biographical material which can never henceforward be overlooked by those who deal with the masters of a lovely art. But it will not be safe to quote from her pages without close comparison with the originals whenever the meaning is at all obscure.

While going through these letters again, we have been anew struck by the credit done in them to a class of artists unjustly disparaged as deficient in intelligence and not rich in moral worth. The amount of industry and kindly feeling, the traces of keen observation they display among musicians, is worthy of all attention, and may be fairly propounded to those sour bigots, if such are still to be found, who have groaned over the debasing and enervating influences of Music as a pursuit. It would be as fair to decry the grave profession of Law, because unchaste Judges have sat in Courts where chastity had to be discussed,—as fanatical to demand that, because intemperance is largely abroad in the land, the vines should be torn from the hills. The world is becoming wiser in these matters than it used to be; and in the case under illustration good cannot but accrue from the publication of these unpremeditated utterances, confessions, and records of friendly intercourse. We are satisfied that the cause we are advocating would be strengthened could the correspondence be ransacked of musicians less distinguished than the five great men here grouped together.

Among these five Gluck is seen to the least advantage,—as a man pompous and self-engrossed, who met with small patience any opposition to the theories he propounded; theories, let it be added, of no such extraordinary novelty as he pretended; theories which he contradicted in his works with right royal insolence whenever it suited his views of effect so to do. It is possible, however, that Gluck was not precisely answerable for all that was written in his letters. In those relating to the famous Parisian controversy, he may have been helped by some of those eager paper-warriors who have been always busy in French green-rooms and French journalists' secret chambers. Such advocates rarely fail to exaggerate, to force facts, for the sake of brilliancy of period and climax. A tendency towards inflation is to be discerned in the dedications and rejoinders of Gluck. It may be urged that his humble origin, long struggle with life, and, lastly, the intoxicating patronage of that enchantress Marie-Antoinette might explain, if not justify, his vain glory when at last the gaze and the gold of the French public fastened themselves on him. But the humor of the second letter-writer in this gallery shows that Gluck's haughtiness may not have been of circumstances so much as of character.

No one will close this volume without increase of his love for the man Joseph Haydn. He was one, like Gluck, of humble origin and scanty education. His cheerful temperance and his unenvying industry are shown to have been as remarkable as his genius. His letters are delightful in their combined manliness and artlessness, and call up a picture of a state of society now, happily for patrons and the patronized, gone by; as regards himself of as useful, indefatigable a life of content without callousness or stupidity as the lover of artists could desire to look on.

He made, while a youngster, a bad marriage with the daughter of the wig-maker, Keller, and had to pay for its consequences all his life, in the form of incessant work. It is cheering to see how he could reconcile himself to a long household service of the Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, for whose baritone he was required to produce a supply of pieces, the number of which seems fabulous if there be no mistake in the figures,—and how, after so many years of bondage, he could, without servility or ignorance, enjoy all the profitable honor and glory of his London sojourns, which included lionism in the saloons of the rouged, over-dressed Mrs. John Hunter (whose canzonets he set so exquisitely), while her uncouth husband, the famous anatomist, stalked about, growling at his wife's foreign fancies. He equally enjoyed attentions from royal and noble personages; and sympathy from the sweet-hearted and prescient Burney, who, in him, as later in Mozart and Beethoven, could discern and appreciate the man of real genius. Nor can anything be better, because more thoroughly unaffected, than Haydn's perpetual praise and understanding of Mozart's genius,—than his patience with that inferior copy of himself, his pupil, Ignace Pleyel, who was brought to London by a speculative rival to Salamon, to be pitted against him,—than his homely, thoughtful will, religious in its justice and affection. A life of Haydn, with reference to his art and to his character as an artist, has to be written. But from this his sentimentalities, such as exhaled in his letters to Frau von Genzinger, must no more be left out than in any life of Burns can be the Ayrshire ploughman's inflated passion for his Clarinda. Haydn, though as uneducated a man as Burns, had a better taste in writing his raptures than our countryman had. It is fair to suggest, however, that neither would have written had their raptures been other than Platonic.

In pursuance of Haydn's career, the story of which has been re-opened by the English translation under review, we call attention to the second of the German volumes here coupled with it. Herr Pohl's book is written rather for his than for our country, as the details of our doings, artists and institutions, which he has collected with amazing industry, are to the English so much superfluous matter. It is to be regretted that they should be disfigured by such a disproportionate amount of press errors. For this reason, we shall be brief in our review, acknowledging as we should the great value of the work to foreign readers. It may tend to dispel the ridiculous ideas which so long prevailed in Germany as to the absence of sympathy for Music in this country. That Haydn was more caressed in its capital—and with no indiscriminating praise, but intelligently, by those whose regard was worth having—than he was as the retainer of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, is clear from every page recording the events of his two visits. Nor less evident is the fact that his richest and loveliest inspirations were begotten and nourished among his London experiences. The Symphonies which he wrote for Salamon were many a flight bolder than any other of his orchestral works. His Canzonets to English words are the only single songs by him which live. They remain unapproached by those of any other writer. It was to the stimulus of England's oratorio performances that the world owes "The Creation." These things have been too ungenerously forgotten by the Germans. It is clear, too, that, in spite of our late hours and usages, which are found particularly hard to bear by those habituated to an easier manner of living, Haydn found keen enjoyment in England, apart from the substantial gains he gathered here. It has not been possible to go through his notes of his London pleasures and performances without contrasting him favorably with a later guest, who also was honored amongst us. It might have been predicted that a man who had seen so much of courts and cities as Spohr had done, from his youth upwards, should have had a wider and more genial feeling for others than one who only emerged from a very narrow circle after the time of life when habits are formed. But the two composers were as far apart from each other as selfishness from generosity. A more genial example of the temper which every artist would do well for his own happiness and success to cultivate could not be cited than that of dear old Haydn.

We must now return to Lady Wallace's collection. The letters of Philip Emanuel Bach are of far less value than those of Haydn, being merely matter-of-fact notes on business. The contributions of Weber to the volume are more interesting, as was to be expected from one who commanded the pen of a journalist as well as of a musical composer. They show the bright side of his character in his warm attachment to his comrade Gansbacher, and his gratitude to his master, the Abbé Vogler; but they also present indications of the incompleteness which we noted in the badly-written but interesting biography by his son. Unlike the author of "The Creation," Weber could be bitter and unjust to any of his contemporaries whom he fancied rivals. A certain chronic soreness—that most unfortunate of habits of mind for persons of imagination, tempting him to despond and to dwell "on hope deferred"—is to be discerned in the earlier letters. The details of his failing health, ascribable in part, we fancy, to the irregularity of his life before his marriage, are sad to read. On the whole, there is fever in these letters—but there was fever in the writer's music.

Nothing save their both reflecting the possession of rich, original genius could well be more opposite than the lives and the spirits of the com-

posers of "Der Freischütz" and "Elijah." Mendelssohn's letters close this volume as with a strain of good cheer,—saddened though the same be by the recollection of the shortness of the happiest, healthiest, most brilliant, most complete life ever led by Poet. His reputation as one of the most charming among the letter-writers who have delighted the world will suffer nothing by the specimens here translated—principally addressed to his friend Bärmann, the clarionet-player. They are full of his liveliness, his enthusiasm, his shrewd, sound sense, his warm-hearted affection, and the admirable, never affected, choice of language which have so endeared him to every reader who knew him not, and deepened every precious recollection cherished by those who enjoyed the privilege of knowing him. The letters already published are only a part of those that exist. Even in what have been printed there may have been important omissions, out of respect to the feelings of persons who may be pained by a sharp epithet, which was often thrown out in the playfulness of the moment. We shall never cease to regret that, while those were alive who could have put together a rich store of anecdote and recollection, the detail of Mendelssohn's visits to England were not collected by those who had his memory in charge. The time is now past. Most, if not all, of his earliest hosts, and many of the friends to whom he trusted himself, heart in hand, with a frank unreserve which hesitated at expressing nothing, grave or gay, as it rose to his lip, have crossed "the bourn," and the store which could have been easily accumulated from their testimony has perished irrecoverably.—*Athenæum.*

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony."

(From the London Times).

Mendelssohn's reasons for overlooking such a work, even could they be made known, ought to claim little consideration now. Of all the great musicians—and he is surely among the greatest—not one exhibited such reserve and self-denial about his own compositions. Now that he is gone, it is for his survivors to render him that justice, which, with far-fetched punctiliousness, he too often denied himself. It is quite enough for them to know that for so many years he kept by him the *Italian Symphony*, which at the most is inferior, if inferior, to the *Scotch Symphony*, to justify the lovers of his music in attaching small importance to the hyper-criticism he himself was wont to exercise in its regard. That any alterations he might have made in his pieces would have been alterations for the better, no one for an instant doubts. But he can make alterations no longer; and the world of music is only too grateful to take whatever he has left, satisfied that not a work from his pen exists that does not contain at least something too precious for oblivion. In no single instance, looking at what has already been selected for publication from among his posthumous manuscripts, has this failed to be the case; and till an exception comes to light we may fairly persist in believing that no such instance is at all likely to occur. One thing is certain—Mendelssohn left no instructions to his executors that his unpublished works should be destroyed. On the contrary, he carefully wrote out and dated every one of them. What then, is to be done? Let us suppose a case that is by no means impossible. The MSS. might change hands. The careful guardians who hold them might bequeath them to others less qualified to look upon them as a sacred trust. And it is not extravagant to suppose that they might possibly come into the possession either of persons indifferent to music, who would eventually dispose of them as useless lumber, or, still worse, of persons not indifferent to music, but indifferent to other considerations, who, without ideas of their own, would find in them an abundant supply of that in which they themselves were wanting. That half a dozen musical reputations might be built upon the contents of Mendelssohn's *reliquiæ* will, as things go, hardly be denied. But better times have come. The scruples of his survivors, whatever they were, would seem to be set at rest; and it affords us real pleasure to state, in correction of a widely-spread belief, that to Herr Carl Mendelssohn, the son, and another near relative of the illustrious master we are exclusively indebted for the works that have recently been produced (the Trumpet Overture, the "Songs without Words," &c.), together with others about to be produced, the publishers having no further hand in the matter than belongs to them simply as publishers. It is well to state this, which we do on the best authority, inasmuch as it will go far to remove an entirely erroneous impression—an impression calculated to give pain and umbrage where neither are deserved.

The grand symphony in D—the *Reformation Symphony*, so called—though still in manuscript, was performed Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Herr Manns, in presence of the largest audience ever assembled in the concert-room of the Crystal Palace. A more admirable performance was never heard; a more complete triumph has rarely been achieved.

To convey any clear impression of such a work without resorting to the aid of examples in musical type, which would be only of service to musicians, is impossible. Nor to ordinary readers would a technical description of its plan, divisions, and general development be of the slightest use. Mendelssohn himself insisted that the meaning of a musical composition could not be explained through the medium of any other language than its own, and that if that language expressed nothing to the hearer it would be to no purpose attempting to translate it into another. But now that the unburied work is the universal topic in musical circles, and, through the splendid performance at the Crystal Palace, may be said already to have established its claim to rank as one of the master-pieces of its composer, it would hardly suffice to inform the many who, not having been present, are curious about the result, that the symphony in D "is a very fine symphony, in three parts, composed for the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession." We shall, therefore, in as few words as practicable, endeavor to give some account of it, and to state the impression which two hearings, at the rehearsal and at the public performance, produced not upon ourselves alone, but upon the great majority of those who attended either or both.

The symphony begins with a movement—*andante* (in D major)—the gravity of which at the outset proclaims the work in hand to be of serious import. The opening phrase, led off by the violas, is immediately answered by the violoncellos, and carried on in that imitative style which we are accustomed to associate with the higher order of Church music. When this has been developed, or rather in the course of its development, the wind instruments give out unisonically a second theme in strongly marked contrast, which the stringed instruments answer by a soft melodious strain, modulating in full harmony to the dominant cadence. With this, twice repeated, the short introduction is brought to a pause. It may be stated here that the cadence, or response, in question formed part of a Roman Catholic Church service; that it caught Mendelssohn's attention at Dresden, and that, being much struck with it, he adopted the resolution of giving it a place in the symphony which was then engrossing his thoughts. Those who choose to speculate upon his poetical intention may discover in this introductory prelude the earliest indication of what is to follow—the dawn of a new faith, striving against the mental incertitude that precedes conviction. Nevertheless, solemn and impressive, it suggests rather peace than conflict. Not so, however, the movement that follows—*allegro con fuoco* in (D minor). Here all is conflict, and that of the stormiest. The opening, in unison, for all the instruments except trombones—a conspicuous feature of the principal subject—bears a close affinity to, nay, immediately springs from, the unisonic preamble (already noticed) to the second theme of the introduction. Its frequent occurrence throughout the movement, either identically or in a modified shape, keeps attention incessantly awake to the fact that the Roman Catholic faith, as Symbolized in its music for the church, is still the predominant question.

The two important themes upon which this magnificent *allegro* is built, though forcibly contrasted, lend themselves readily to its almost evident design—that of a prolonged struggle between contending principles. The first (in D minor) has the breadth and vigor of Beethoven; while the second (in A major), the announcement of which again seems to spring from the unison passage in the introduction, reveals the fascinating individuality of Mendelssohn. Both are wrought out with masterly skill, in the midst of subsidiary matter which may be taken to represent the fierce and obstinate contest that is being waged. Just as the climax would seem to be at hand it is arrested by the re-appearance (in D major) of the harmonized cadence from the Catholic Church service—as it were the last lingering look back at a once cherished belief about to be abjured. After four bars, however, assigned as before to the stringed instruments, the prevalent character of the movement is resumed in a *coda*, or peroration, equal in interest to what has gone before. The preamble to this *coda* is a sort of condensed epitome of the *allegro con fuoco*, in slower time, more sparingly instrumented, and soft instead of loud—as though the last reminder of the old faith had brought with it regret without conviction. The idea of this is altogether new, and as strikingly effective as it is new. The remainder of the *coda* is in the same style as the *allegro*, before the intervention of the Roman Catholic cadence. An exciting *crescendo* leads up to a *fortissimo* for the whole orchestra; and the movement proceeds in a more impassioned style, till, with a repetition of the unisonic preamble to a few bars of the opening theme, it ends, somewhat in the manner of the first movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which is in the same key. To say another word about it would be superfluous; enough that this first part of the *Reformation Symphony* is in all respects worthy its author. Equally so is the movement that follows (*allegro vivace*), consisting of a *scherzo* (in B flat), with trio (in G). Only Mendelssohn himself could explain what this movement signifies in the main design of his symphony—supposing that design (as is generally held) to have been in immediate connexion with the rise, progress, and triumph of the Protestant faith. It little matters now, however; and when we say that it is difficult to decide which of its two divisions, the *scherzo* or the *trio*, is the more charming, we have said all that is requisite. The audience on Saturday pronounced a decision emphatically favorable, by encoring the movement, which was accordingly repeated from beginning to end. It was hard to resist the influence of melody so frankly rhythmical and unobtrusively captivating.

The third and last section of the symphony consist of four movements, linked together so as virtually to constitute one organic whole. We know of nothing in music more speakingly pathetic than the opening (*andante*, in G minor), and we can easily understand how it may be intended to convey a feeling of despondency engendered by hesitating incertitude with respect to the most serious problem of life. In this movement the violins speak in eloquent tones that go straight to the heart, and stir it to its depths; and just as it pauses, with a brief and unexpected allusion to the second theme of the *allegro*, upon the major harmony of the key, the theme of the Lutheran choral, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" (*andante con moto*, in the key of G), the first bars of which are heard from a single flute, unaccompanied, comes like a gleam of sunshine unexpectedly lighting up a chamber where before there had been utter darkness. Mendelssohn has recourse to the rough and popular version of this tune, not to that which appears three times in J. S. Bach's 371 *vierstimmige Choralgesänge*, and which Meyerbeer, overlooking the fact that the early French Protestants were not Lutherans, but Calvinists, has introduced in the *Huguenots*. How he has treated it; how, after the solitary flute has given out the first three bars, the oboes, clarionets,

bassoons and other wind instruments alternately enrich the harmony, joined ultimately by the violas and violoncellos (divided), the violins taking no part until the variation that follows (*allegro vivace*, same key), in which to a triplet accompaniment of stringed instruments, the broken snatches of the theme are heard at intervals from clarionet, oboe, flute, &c., the whole culminating in the vigorous and brilliant preamble of the *finale—allegro maestoso* (D major)—must be left to the imagination of the reader. In the final movement itself the most ingenious devices of counterpoint are brought to bear upon themes the one more bold and striking, than the other. Of these not the least important is the tune of "Ein feste Burg," which, however, does not make its re-appearance until the first subject, a fugal episode in the relative minor, and the second subject in the dominant major have been given out at length. From this point, however, the old Lutheran choral is heard struggling for mastery—now on one instrument, now on another, often seeming as if it would gain the victory, but as often, temporarily though never quite defeated. The second theme, first given out by the instruments of wood and brass alone, is of a jubilant character, as though to represent the inward conviction of one sure that in the end the truth must prevail. A fugue for stringed instruments occurs twice, the theme of which may recall that of an episode in the chorus, "Be not afraid," from *Elijah*. On the second appearance of this fugue, when the oboes join in the delivery of the theme, and it is much more elaborately worked, the choral, "Ein' feste Burg," dispersed among wind instruments, makes head against it; but the fugue goes on as independently as if it had encountered no antagonist, and the combination of the two is one of the most interesting and masterly points of the *finale*. Others might be cited, but we must be content to name the episode at the close of the first part, after the peroration of the jubilant second theme, where, first in snatches from isolated instruments, then in full harmony for the whole of the "wind," it pursues its way, to the accompaniment of a new and striking figure for the violins and other "strings," *staccato*. To conclude, the working up of the whole, after the second delivery of the fugue, in combination with the choral, and the re-appearance of the second theme, in the ruling key of the movement, is in Mendelssohn's best manner. The climax is put off with grand effect, and when at length it is reached, the leading phrase of "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" being given out in lengthened notes by the entire orchestra, *fortissimo*, we feel that a noble effort has been nobly and thoroughly achieved.

Upon the relative position which the *Reformation Symphony* is entitled to hold by the side of its composer's other great works, we need not speculate here. That it will obtain very general acceptance, as among his best, we cannot reasonably doubt. Meanwhile, if first impressions count for anything, the enthusiasm excited by the audience at the Crystal Palace may be regarded as a significant fact. It should never be forgotten that this symphony was completed in 1830; and that, as Mendelssohn was born in 1809, it was the work of one who had not yet attained his 22nd year. But it did not require the *Reformation Symphony* to prove that in regard to precocious talent its composer stands forth as the most wonderful phenomenon of which the musical art can boast. The very idea of such a work being devised and planned out by a mere youth is extraordinary enough; the fact of its thoroughly successful accomplishment is still more extraordinary. But now that we have got it it can speak for itself, and, or we are greatly deceived, it will speak to future times. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and Herr Manns, its admirable conductor, we have never been able to do so more unreservedly than now. What would Mendelssohn himself have said to such a performance? At Berlin, in 1832, he could have heard nothing like it—nor, with deference, at Paris either, even when Habeneck was conductor of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, much less now, with M. Georges Hainl from Lyons, at its head.

(From the Athenæum).

Yielding to none in our love for the fame and memory of the last of the great German composers, it may be recollected that we have not shared with many of Mendelssohn's friends and enthusiastic admirers their eagerness to bring to light the music which he withheld during his lifetime as incomplete. The case is not a common one. His orderliness and self-knowledge were as remarkable as his genius. His reserves, therefore, are not to be classed with the accidents and oversights which apply in other cases of posthumous manuscripts. Whereas Gluck, with all his boastfulness, exercised no care over his scores,—leaving interpolations unnoticed, faults uncorrected, and variations for his successors to decide on,—it was not so with Mendelssohn. The plea that an author's inventions must become public property, when once the breath has passed out of his body, however specious, is subject to limitations. There is something of authority after all in the Stratford-upon-Avon epitaph. Many wise and generous persons, however, have held diametrically opposite views in this particular case; and so it has come to pass that, in compliance with the pressure of their zeal, certain remains and relics are now appearing one by one.

The Reformation Symphony is probably the most important of the works left by the master which will see the light, since we cannot conceive that those who advocate the production of every scrap of writing which came from Mendelssohn's pen would dream of demanding the double pianoforte *concertos* which are in existence, or other of the items carefully noted by him in the Thematic Catalogue prepared by his own hand. That the production of the work at Sydenham occasioned an amount of musical excitement rare in England was to be foreseen. It is exaggeration to say that it was hailed as a new treasure almost before it was heard, and received with an enthusiasm which makes remark or qualification next to impossible. It is already thought to be set in its place among its composer's greatest works. Our conviction, however, that much remains to be said on the subject, is so sincere that, no matter at what risk of unpopularity, it must be respectfully expressed. Let it be stated, further, that under better conditions an unfamiliar work was never given. Every nerve had been strained to do justice to the memory of the modern musician most—and most justly—beloved in this country.

Mendelssohn's music is in nothing more admirable than in the characteristic that, whereas it is never shallow, it does not torment the listener by mysticisms. He wrote by the golden rule, that to be great one must be clear—the rule of Michael Angelo and Handel, of Beethoven in his best period, and Mozart, every step in departure from which is (disguise it how the pedants of mysticism will) a step downwards. In the works of what he laughingly used to call "his rebellious time" (as in his stringed quartet preluded by the *Lied* "Ist es wahr"), he was at times over-anxious to show his scholarship, not by "the sweet adulteries of art," but by ingenuities of knowledge and construction amazing in one so young, and which, it may be said, occasionally shut up that freedom of melody and idea which are indispensable to complete pleasure in music. That this was developed by many a stride with every year that passed "Elijah" shows, as compared with "St. Paul."

As the Reformation Symphony stands, we fancy it may have been composed and retouched at different periods. It does not present itself to us as an entire work. There is dryness in the first movement, and over-labor on a very limited phrase, howbeit disguised by the utmost felicity of instrumentation. The *scherzo* is charming, even among Mendelssohn's *scherzi*—the essential slightness, not to say frivolity, of the elegant theme of its *trio* being dressed with every orchestral device and grace conceivable: neither device nor grace forced a hair's breadth towards affectation or false effect. The slow movement is more mannered—a *Lied ohne Worte* scored. The Lutheran Chorale is wonderfully announced and amplified. Among the stories to which this Symphony has given rise, is one that Mendelssohn held it back, conceiving himself anticipated—or his idea pirated—by Meyerbeer, in "Les Huguenots." The *finale* is grand and spirited; but Beethoven had first written the *finale* to the C minor Symphony. The peroration is noble, rich, pompous—equal to, and in some phrases anticipating, the one to the violin *Concerto*. But, as a whole, "come what come may," cause is to be heard in this Symphony why Mendelssohn declined to send it forth, and cause may be found in it, should its settled acceptance fail to fulfil the expectations of those who have been immediate to announce its triumphant reception as among the masterpieces of symphonic art.

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

(Continued from page 151).

The results upon Oratorio of the various antagonistic influences now at work, influences springing on the one hand from the especially epico-lyrical Mystery developed in Germany, and, on the other from the musical drama invented by the Italians, are first recognized in the cropping-up of an androgynous class of production, which cannot be designated either Opera or Oratorio, but which so powerfully affected the development of the latter, that we must on no account ignore it. Such effusions we find in the German *Singspiele*, as well as in certain school-comedies of the first half of the 17th century. We will mention among them: *The spiritual Sylvan Poem or Comedy, called "Seelewig," set recitally in the* ITALIAN *fashion by Johann Gottlieb Staden. Nuremburg, printed and published by Wolfgang Endtern in the year* 1644.* The parts of three Nymphs and Shepherdesses are given to the treble, those of a Matron and several Shepherds to the alto and tenor, and that of a Satyr or "Wood-Devil" to the bass. The whole is accompanied by fiddles, flutes, shalms, a horn, and a theorbo. Not less remarkable is the Coburg comedy of *Jerusalem delivered by the dear Prince, Gottfried, Duke of Bouillon*,† the music of which is due to Melchior Frank—born about 1570 in Silesia, died about 1639—as we know, one of the most prominent masters of Evangelical Church-music. The comedy already bears the characteristic name of *Actus Oratorius*, which, however, as we shall see, was undoubtedly borrowed from Italy.

Much more purely and significantly affected in such labors than his German contemporaries by influences emanating from Italy, was Master Schutz. During the considerable period he resided in Venice and other parts of Italy, as pupil of the head of the Venetian school, the great Giovanni Gabrieli, he had adopted different and far purer notions both of Opera and Oratorio. While, on the one hand, he learned, on the spot, all about the commencement and effect of the former, from such men as Cavalieri (born 1550), Peri (born 1560), Monteverde (born 1560), and Carissimi (born 1582), profiting so much by what he learned that we owe him the first German opera,‡ on the other, coming as he did from Northern Germany, where people had accustomed themselves to seek a very deep significance in Oratorio, he brought to his task a degree of earnestness, and a moral elevation of sentiment, which, combined with Gabrieli's highly developed theories, could not fail to produce something imperishable.

It cannot, however, be denied that as regards epic construction and form even for *Oratorio* he still found much to learn in Italy. In that country Oratorio had a very different beginning to

* Das geistlich Waldgedicht, oder Freudenspiel, genannt "Seelewig," gesangweis auf "Italienish" Art gesetzet durch Johann Gottlieb Staden, Nurnberg, gedruct und verlegt bei Wolfgang Endtern im Jahre 1664

† This piece was performed on the 14th June, 1630, in the College at Coburg, to celebrate the birthday of Johann Casimir, Duke of Saxe-Julich-Cleve-Berg.

‡ Rinuccini's *Dafne*, translated into German, and set to music by Schütz. It was produced at Dresden in the year 1627.

where it had in Germany. While, in Germany, we had to seek its roots in the Mysteries, in Italy we find its existence due to the very same impulses, springing from classical Antiquity, which gave birth to opera.

Gothe's "humoristic" Saint, treated by Gothe with such fondness in the description of his Italian travels, the worthy Philippus Neri—born in 1515 at Florence; died in 1580 at Rome—gave most strangely the name to this whole class of works. Neri erected, in the year 1558, near the church of San Girolamo della Caritá, a hall for prayer or oratory, where he collected his followers for their spiritual edification. In order to elevate them by the aid of music, he secured the services of Johannes Animuccia, singing-master of St. Peter's in the Vatican, under whose direction the choral singing was cultivated. By the year 1575, the circle of Neri's followers had extended so considerably that by a bull dated the 15th July, Pope Gregory XIII. gave his sanction to the institution as: "Association of the Prayer-Hall," "*Congregazione dell' Oratorio.*" From that time forward, the musical works performed there, and most of which, as we know, were founded on legendary subjects and words, were called off-hand, "Pieces from the Prayer-Hall," and, at last, still more laconically, "Oratorios."—Animuccia is certainly the first master who cultivated this branch of the art; he was followed, though not at first in the fully marked oratorical style, by Palestrina (especially in his pieces treating of the Passion for Passion Week), Giovanni Maria Nanino, Felice Anerio, Luca Marenzio, etc. In the works of Carissimi, 1582–1673, we already find Oratorio properly so called, the titles, such as *Jephtha, the Judgment of Solomon*, being important, inasmuch as they mark its emancipation in the choice of its subject, which had before been restricted, almost exclusively, to the Passion. Domenico Mazzochi, born about 1590, even added an organ accompaniment. Both these masters were contemporaries of Schütz, who long outlived them. It is, therefore, more than probable that the free treatment of recitative in their oratorical works exercised a great influence on the *Passion Oratorios* composed by Schütz in 1666, when he had attained a very advanced age, though, in power and depth of expression, the *German* master left his Italian models far behind.

(To be continued).

Harpsichord and Piano.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Nov. 4.*)

Herr Ernst Pauer, one of our most distinguished pianoforte professors, has commenced a series of "Historical Performances," the second of which takes place to-day (Wednesday) at the Hanover Square Rooms. One curious feature in these performances is the introduction of the harpsichord (or "clavering," as it is called in the programmes), on which, with stern logic, Herr Pauer insists on playing all pieces originally written for that instrument. There are, doubtless, numbers of persons who, as a matter of curiosity, would like to hear the harpsichord of our great-grandmothers; but if the masters who wrote before Clementi composed music for the harpsichord, that, it should be remembered, was because the piano, that notable improvement on the harpsichord, had not yet been invented. Extend Herr Pauer's principle, and music written for the pianos of J. B. Cramer's time ought to be executed on such pianos as J. B. Cramer used; Beethoven's sonatas should be played on the pianos of the Beethoven period; while the most perfect specimens of the art of Broadwood and Erard should be reserved for the still more modern music of (say) Mendelssohn among classical composers, and Thalberg among composers of the fantasia school. Better still, in the same direction, would it be if Beethoven's sonatas could be performed on Beethoven's own piano, which, according to the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, has been lately discovered, and is, of course, for sale. The works of every composer on each composer's own piano would be a fine basis on which to give a series of historical performances. The worst of it is that the requisite instruments would be difficult to obtain, and, perhaps, when obtained, difficult to play upon. Chopin's piano, for instance, had a very violent fall in the agitated autumn of the year 1863, from the second-floor window of a house at Warsaw; and all the Czar's horses and all the Czar's men can never put Chopin's piano together again. But Beethoven's piano, to judge from the paragraph on the subject issued by the actual owners and would-be vendors (who certainly ought to know), is in admirable condition; and we have a dim recollection of a slightly asthmatic harpsichord said to have belonged to Handel, which was exhibited at one of the *soirées* of the Musical Society of London. The programme does not give the age of the harpsichord on which Herr Pauer, at his first concert, played pieces by Kuhnau, Handel, Sebastian Bach, and Friedmann Bach; but, to avoid anachronisms, several harpsichords ought to have been employed, the oldest of which should have dated, at latest, from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

To all our objections, which we have presented freely enough and just as they have occurred to us, Herr Pauer might, no doubt, reply that all he does is to play harpsichord music on the harpsichord-pianoforte music on the piano. But on what instrument does Herr Pauer imagine that Bach himself would have executed his Italian Concerto, if Bach could have been present the other day at the Hanover Square Rooms? Certainly not on the harpsichord, "Bach's forty eight preludes and fugues are so well-known," says Herr Pauer in his highly interesting annotated programme, "his English and French suites, when played by Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, are so often admired, that a less known work may be more welcome, and may serve to show how great Bach could be while blending his individuality with a foreign style." This is all very well; but Madame Goddard and Mr. Hallé have always played the English and French suites on the piano; and, performed on the harpsichord, the Italian Concerto—with all the respect due to Herr Pauer's remarkable talent—cannot be heard to the greatest possible advantages.

The second part of Herr Pauer's first "Historical Performance" included—a sonata by Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, Sebastian Bach's younger son, one of ninety-three written between the years 1779 and 1787; a *gigue* by Johann Wilhelm Hässler, a pupil of Emanuel Bach, who visited London in 1791, remained here a year or two, and afterwards went to St. Petersburgh, where he settled and in 1822 died; Mozart's Fantasia in C minor (No. 2); Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp minor; an *andante* by Hummel (Op. 18); Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," the presentation of which is made the occasion for giving in the programme a lively sketch of the pianist and composer's very varied career; and, finally, an original *barcarolle* by Thalberg, "whom," says Herr Pauer, "it has recently become the fashion to ridicule; but any one," he adds, "who will take the the trouble to examine Thalberg's compositions will find that he never wrote a commonplace one, and that, although his part-writing may sometimes occur strangely out of place, it is always clear and without fault. It will be evident," he continues, "to those conversant with the subject, in trying over Thalberg's music, that it has been composed on the piano and afterwards transferred to paper. Beethoven and Mendelssohn did not compose in that way, and it is possible Thalberg might have found it difficult to compose one of his well-known fantaias in any other." Nevertheless, Thalberg's results were good, and Herr Pauer concludes his excellent biographical and critical notices with the expression of a wish that Thalberg's best pieces, "the productions of one at least acquainted with the primary rules of musical grammar, were again in vogue, rather than the present trash which fills the windows, and, it is to be presumed, the pockets of the music-sellers."

Herr Pauer's "Historical Performances," especially when studied by the light of his programmes, will be found very interesting and instructive. The harpsichord is scarcely wanted. But everyone has his weak point, and a passion for the harpsichord may be the weakness of Herr Pauer.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

The audiences who were leaving the various theatres on Friday, the 6th inst., were met by a spectacle on which they had not calculated. The "Old Opera House in the Haymarket," as it was familiarly called, was being lapped up by the fiercest tongue of fire that had ever brought swift destruction on substantial property and visionary hopes. To some, the spectacle was before them—raging, defiant, overpowing. For others, the record of the catastrophe was flung upon the skies. For miles round the metropolis there could be seen a glowing, trembling canopy of flame-colored cloud, which denoted what fiery ruin was being accomplished beneath it. At eleven o'clock the flames had full mastery of the noble edifice; by one, their progress was arrested, yet not till after a fierce struggle against water to destroy the east side of Waterloo place. But daylight had gone out on Saturday evening, and flames still revealed themselves here and there, ready for more misdoing, but, cut off from an opportunity, quietly dying out.

In the last opera performed the night previous to that of the catastrophe, "Don Giovanni," *Ottavio* and *Giovanni* were sung by two Englishmen, Messrs. Hohler and Santley; *Zerlina* by an American, Miss Kellogg; and *Donna Anna* by a German, Mdlle. Tietjens.

The opposition to the first house was made early. Porpora, under the patronage of the nobility and gentry, opened Lincoln's Inn Fields; and when Handel left the Haymarket for Covent Garden, in 1735, the "nobility and gentry" faction occupied the Haymarket. At the end of about two years both parties were ruined, and Chesterfield bewailed the closing of the Operas as the suppression of an establishment which would be replaced by Conventicles, where abominable music would be set up for admiration. A quarter of a century later his enthusiasm had abated. "Whenever I go to the Opera," he wrote to his son, "I leave my sense and my reason at the door with my half-guinea, and deliver myself up to my eyes and my ears." He had got then to speak of the Opera as St. Evremond had spoken long before him: "Une sottise magnifique, mais toujours sottise!"

The queer old house, with its high, narrow windows and trellised railing, was destroyed by fire in June, 1789. As nobody had the slightest idea how that calamity came about, everybody came to be assured that an Italian "super," whose susceptibilities had been wounded, had confessed to a priest that he alone did it, out of revenge! The fine gentlemen met the blow with fine-gentlemanly indifference. "Have you shed a tear over the Opera House?" asked Walpole of the sisters Berry, "or do you agree with me that there is no occasion to rebuild it? The nation has long been tired of operas, and has now a good opportunity of dropping them. Dancing protracted their existence for some time! But *the room after* was the real support of both, and was like what has been said of your sex, that they never speak their true meaning but in the postscript of their letters. Would it not be sufficient to hold an *After Room* on the whole *emplacement*, to which people might resort from all assemblies. To be crowded to death in a waiting room at the end of the entertainment is the whole joy; for who goes to any diversion till the last minute of it?"

The first "Italian" house—where Horace Walpole and Gray and Lady Mary Coke and the Countess of Ossory figured, and criticized and made love and talked scandal, the house in which Senesino sang, and for which Handel and Gluck wrote their operas (to name but a few among the long list of brilliant associations of the last century), built by Sir John Vanbrugh—but burnt down in 1789. Till it could be replaced, Italian opera found its home in the Pantheon, then a theatre. That, too (as Lord Mount Edgecumbe's "Recollections" remind us), was destroyed in like fashion. The second Grand Opera-House in the Haymarket, opened in 1791, was built by one Novosielski (a Pole), and some twenty years later was revised, and its exterior beautified by Nash. As a theatre for the display of the voice, it was unequalled. When it was reared, the demands for scenic display in Italian Opera were trifling in comparison with those we have lived to see enforced during the last five-and-thirty years. The stage of late must have been felt as comfortlessly small and inconvenient. But the aspect of the theatre, especially when court plumes and full dress figured in the boxes and in "Fops' Alley," was brilliant and pompous in no common degree—a sight to be thought of and talked about even by those familiar with the grand musical theatres of Milan and Naples.

From the first, our Haymarket Opera House has commanded for its service all that was richest and choicest in Europe, before St. Petersburg and New York were thought of as markets, and before the great art of singing had followed the law of all arts, and, from a splendid noon, waned into a dull twilight. What a procession of queens of song rises as we recall the names of Billington, Banti, Grassini, Catalani (with her "five supplementary dolls,") Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, and the three last, but not three least, of the great vocalists, happily all living, Mesdames Grisi, Viardot and Lind! And what kings were there to match the queens? Only such consummate "singing-men" as David, Donzelli, Rubini, Lablache, and Signor Tamburini. Then, in the history of Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, it must never be forgotten how, during many a long year, the performances were wrought up by Mr. Costa to a point of perfection utterly unknown till then in this country.

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG. The 7th Gewandhaus Concert (Nov. 28) began with an Overture to *Aladdin*, a MS. work by a former pupil of the Conservatorium, C. F. E. Hornemann, a young Dane. The critics speak of it as a work of uncommon talent, fresh, original, imaginative, with a certain coloring of the author's nationality. A lady violinist, from Stockholm, Frau Neruda-Norman, who "takes first rank among her sister artists by the manly strength and fulness of her tone, its absolute purity, and by her faultless *technique*," played Rode's A minor Concerto and a Concerto by Vieuxtemps. The *Neue Zeitschrift*, alluding to Mendelssohn's motto over the stage of the Gewandhaus hall, thinks that such parade pieces can hardly be called "*res severa*." Another novelty was the singing of a Swedish male quartet (called in to fill a gap in the programme). They sung national compositions by Lindblad and others, and though the voices were not remarkable for power or beauty, the *ensemble* is pronounced unsurpassable. Schumann's C-major Symphony formed the second part of the concert.

Bach's *Trauer Ode* (Funeral Ode), and the *Missa Solemnis* by F. Kiel, were performed in the Thomas Church by Riedel's Society, in the latter part of November.—The third concert of the "Euterpe" consisted of the first act of Gluck's *Alceste* for the first part, and Beethoven's Heroic Symphony for the second.

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COLOGNE. The third Gürzenicht concert came on the anniversary of Schubert's death (Nov. 19), and the programme consisted largely of his music: the great Symphony in C, the overture to *Rosamund*, and the *Kyrie* from his grand Mass.

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COPENHAGEN. The Musikverein, besides its usual Concerts for all the members, gives seven subscription concerts this winter, consisting partly of orchestral and vocal, partly of chamber music, as follows: *Bach:* Concerto for piano and orchestra, in D minor; *W. Bargiel:* Overture to Medea; *Beethoven:* 4th Symphony, and Overture to "King Stephen;" *N. W. Gade:* "Ossian" Overture; *J. P. E. Hartmann:* "Die Goldenen Hörner," poem by Oehlenschläger, melodrama; *Haydn:* "Spring" from "The Seasons;" *P. Heise:* Symphony in D minor: *Handel:* Concerto for two violins and 'cello in G minor; *Mendelssohn:* Selections from "St. Paul," and Overture to "Ruy Blas;" *Mozart:* Symphony, Concerto for violin and viola, Aria for Soprano with obbligato piano and orchestra; *C. Reinecke:* Ave Maria for chorus and orchestra, Concerto in A minor for violoncello; *Schubert:* "Parting" Serenade, for Alto solo, female chorus and orchestra; *Schumann:* second part of "Paradise and the Peri;" *Spohr:* Overture to "The Alchimist." Chamber music: a Quartet and a Song by Haydn; a Sextet, for 2 violins and 2 'cello, by Brahms; Beethoven's B flat Trio; and other things depending on the coöperation of Joachim and Grützmacher.

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LONDON. At the Crystal Palace on Saturday, Mozart's symphony in G minor formed the feature and was magnificently performed before an audience not too numerous. The andante produced an especially gratified impression, so softly and delicately was it performed. Schubert's "March Militaire" in D, and the concert overture to "Marmion," by Mr. Sullivan, were also successfully given. Spohr's Concerto Dramatique, a work demanding all the resources of an artist, was satisfactorily performed by Mr. Henry Holmes.

The last of Herr Pauer's illustrative series of pianoforte performances—called Historical Concerts—was given on Wednesday. In the second, Herr Pauer took as specimens the harpsichord music of Lully, Scarlatti, Galuppi, Martini, and Paradies, and the more modern pianoforte works of Clementi, Cramer, Field, Chopin, and Schumann and Keller. The third concert, like the others, was divided into two periods, the Clavecin age, and the Pianoforte ear. The parts ran as follows.

THE CLAVECIN.

La Favorita, La Tendre Nanette, La Tenebreuse—(1668-1733) ..... Couperin.
Deux Gigues en Rondeaux, Deux Menuets, La Poule—(1683-1764) ..... Rameau
Fuga, in F—1713-1780) ..... Krebs.
Allegro, in E minor—(1721-1783) ..... Kirnberger.

THE PIANOFORTE.

Andante and Variations—(1732-1809) ..... Haydn.
La Consolation—(1761-1812) ..... Dussek.
Capriccio, in G flat—(1767-1817) ..... Muller
Andante and Rondo—(1786-1826) ..... Weber.
Study—(1794) ..... Moscheles.
Impromptu, Op 142, No 3—(1797-1828) ..... Schubert.
Three Musical Sketches, Op. 10—(1816) ..... Bennet.
Allegro Brillante for Two Pianofortes—(1809-1847) Mendelssohn.

The various illustrations were all played with that masterful appreciation of different and opposing styles which makes the thorough artist. In conception and execution Herr Pauer displayed true ability, while the letter-press of his lecture offered food for thought, and served to enchain the attention of the audience.

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BERLIN. A correspondent of the London *Musical World* (Dec. 7) gives the following intelligence:

We are to have a revival, on a grand scale, and on the 16th of December—its artistic centenary—of Gluck's *Alcestis*, with Mme. Harriers-Wippern in the principal female part. Then we are promised by way of complete novelty, Herr Langert's *Fabior*, and the *Mignon* of M. Thomas, with Mlle. Frederika Grün as the heroine of the first, and Mme. Lucca as the heroine of the second. M. Gounod's *Romeo and Julie*, as Shakespeare's title is written here, is also to be produced, Mme. Harriers-Wippern appearing as the fair daughter of the house of Capulet. The list concludes, for the present, with a revival of Wuerst's *Stern von Turan*, the leading characters in which will be sustained by Mme. Lucca and Herr Niemann.

You will be sorry to learn that Mme. Lucca was suddenly taken ill a short time since. It was on the occasion of the hundredth performance of M. Gounod's *Margarethe*, alias *Faust*. The gifted lady would not, however, disappoint the audience, and finished her part, but not in her usual brilliant manner. The Church-scene had to be entirely omitted. I am glad to say that Mme. Lucca's illness was nothing serious.

Mme. Lucca had sung the part of Gretchen, at the Royal Operahouse, forty-five times; Mme. Harriers-Wippern, twenty-seven; and Mlle. Artot, eight. It had, also, been sung by Mesdes. Schmidt, Spohr, Horina, Orgéni, Garthe, Reiss, and Borchers-Lita. The Martha during all the hundred performances was one lady, Mlle. Gey. I should say that, by this time, she would be capable, if called upon, of going through the part in her sleep, especially as it is not a long one. Siebel was represented fifty-seven times by the late Mlle. De Ahna; and twenty-one by Mlle. Gericke, now Mme. Trunk (not a bad name, by-the-bye, for a portmanteau maker's wife); and, also, by Mesdes. Bähr, Grun, Frich, Wilde, and Himela, a lesser number of times each. Seventy-seven times, was Herr Woworsky Faust; seventeen times, Herr Krüger; five times, Herr Niemann; and one time—Herr Himmer. Herr Salomon "gave the *rob*" of Mephistopheles ninety-nine times, leaving only one single evening free for Herr Lindeck. Herr Betz, too, figured pretty often as Valentin, for he impersonated the part ninety-six times. On the remaining occasions, it was sustained by Herren Basse, Lang and Niemann.

Another noticeable event has been the revival of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* after a long absence of fifteen years from the light of the float. [A mistake: we heard it in Berlin in 1861, and the *Iphigenia in Tauris* also.—J. S. D.] The greatest possible credit is due to the management for having revived this opera, and revived it, moreover, in so perfectly satisfactory, nay, in so splendid a manner, for there can be no doubt that, when doing so, they were thinking more of the interest of pure and high art than of mere pecuniary success. This independence of money considerations is certainly a great point in favor of theatres and other art institutions being supported, at least partly, by State grants. It is all very well—and everyone knows it is very easy—to pitch into private managers for not producing works that are sure not to pay, though forever to be admired as monuments of immortal genius. It is not in human nature to do it. But to resume: Herr Betz was Agamemnon; Herr Niemann, Achilles; Mme. Harriers-Wippern, Iphigenia, and Mme. Jachmann-Wagner, Clytemnestra. Herr Taubert officiated as conductor on the occasion, and kept both orchestra and chorus up to a high standard of excellence. The opera was placed on the stage by Herr Hein. What a pity some of your schools in England cannot be transported *en bloc* to witness a performance of it. How it would improve their knowledge of classical costume and classical architecture, and what a pleasant mode of learning!

I just mentioned Mme. Jachmann-Wagner. That lady has appeared, also, as Fides in *Le Prophète*. Mlle. Börner was Bertha, and Herr Niemann, John of Leyden.

Among the operas performed since I last wrote, I may name as most worthy of record, *Il Trovatore*, with Mesdames Lucca, von Edelsberg, Herren Wachtel and Betz; and *Don Juan* with Mme. Lucca, for the first time, as Zerlina. The part is not one which makes a very heavy demand upon her powers. She both sang and acted charmingly. She was compelled to repeat the duet and the last air.

Crispino e la Comare has been produced by the Italian company at the Victoria Theatre very successfully. Signora Sarolta was a delightful Annette, and was well supported by Sig. Marchisio, as Crispino. This gentleman, who made his *début* on the occasion, is no inconsiderable addition to Sig. Pollini's company. He possesses a pleasing, sufficiently well-trained voice, and no small share of humor.—Among the other operas performed have been *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Favorita*.

The manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre has for some time been putting his trust, with considerable profit to himself, in M. Offenbach, whose *Schöne Helene*, *Pariser Leben*, *Blaubart*, and *Fritzchen und Lieschen*, seem to hold nearly sole possession of the bills, though it is true that Mozart's *Gans von Cairo* has been played a few times. "O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" quoth Prince Henry. "A deal of Offenbach and exceedingly little of any one else," say I. But the public pays its money and is, therefore, entitled to take its choice.—A promising young tenor came out here a short time since, as Paris in *Die Schöne Helene*. I allude to Herr Adolphi from the Stadttheatre, Pesth. I should not wonder at his being regularly engaged and becoming a great favorite.

At Kroll's Theatre, also, does the muse of M. Offenbach draw admiring crowds. The manager has revived an old one-act burlesque entitled *Trombalcazar*, first produced at the Bouffes Parisiens. The principal characters were well sustained by Mlle. Mejo, Herren Weiss, Bernhard, and Hesse. The other attractions have been the same composer's *Daumender Hölle*; and *Die Verlobung bei der Laterne*, together with M. Suppé's *Pensionat*.

The concerts of the Philharmonic Society opened this season with a "bang." The programme of the first concert contained a name which acted like a magnet on the concert-going public. Herr Joseph Joachim was announced to play Dr. L. Spohr's Concerto in E minor, and J. S. Bach's "Chaconne." To describe how he played is unnecessary, because you, Mr. Editor, and all your readers, know it already. To say that he was most heartily applauded is, also, rather superfluous, about as much so as stating that the month of May—out of England—is generally an agreeable month. But Herr Joachim has not contented himself with playing at the concerts of other people; he has given concerts of his own, to the intense satisfaction of all who love what is pure and great in art. Among other pieces executed by him were the Concerto in the Hungarian style, Bach's Violin-concerto in A minor, and his own Second Concerto in G minor (unpublished). The first concert commenced with the overture to *Faniska*, by Cherubini. *Faniska* is certainly not Cherubini's best work; it is inferior to *Medea* and *Les Deux Journées*. Yet, in 1805, the Viennese looked upon it as a marvel of musical composition, and actually preferred it to Beethoven's *Leonore!*

Among the other noticeable concerts have been the Monday Concerts of Herr S. Blumner; the Concert of the Royal Cathedral Choir; the Quartet-Soirée of Herren de Ahna, F. Espenhain, Schlemüller, and Dr. Brüns; and the Matinées of Herr Fr. Bendel, all of which have presented the public with something worth hearing. The principal attractions at the first Monday Concert were Herr Lauterbach, a violinist from Dresden, who appeared in Berlin a year ago; and Signora Parisotti-Cicconi, from Rome, who sang an air from Handel's *Rinaldo*; "Voi che sapete" from *Figaro*, and an original *romance*, "Il Fiore," by Tenzi. Her voice is no longer what it has been, but her method might be advantageously studied by many young aspirants now commencing their career, if they would learn how to make their voices last as long as possible. At the second concert of the series, Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, the violoncellist—from Dresden, if I recollect aright—played, with Herr

Blumner, Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 69; and, alone, a Sonata by Bonifazio Asioli, the precocious mass-writer of Corregio. He performed, too, a Suite for violoncello solo by J. S. Bach. The vocalist was Mme. Herrenburg-Tuczek. The prominent pieces at the Royal Cathedral Choir Concert were an "Antiphone," by Hassler; Lotti's eight part "Crucifixus," in my own opinion a particularly fine effort; and Mendelssohn's "Graduale." Haydn, Mendelssohn and Beethoven provided the materials for the four gentlemen of the Quartet-Soirée to exhibit their instrumental power on, while Mme. Blume sang songs by Schubert and Schumann so charmingly at Herr Bendel's Matinée that she added most considerably to the value of the entertainment.

A great sensation was created in musical circles not long since by a report that there was a "split" between Herr Liebig and his well-known orchestra. It was at first discredited, but afterwards proved to be true. I am not acquainted with all the ins and outs of the case, but the following are the essential facts. The members of the orchestra made certain demands, to which Herr Liebig would not even listen unless fifteen members had been expelled from the orchestra. Hereupon the malcontents went and offered to transfer their allegiance to Professor Stern. The latter endeavored to bring about a reconciliation, but found the task impossible. Herr Liebig would not descend one iota from the high ground he had taken up. The consequence is that the orchestra Herr Liebig directed for five-and-twenty years has left him, and now obeys the *baton* of Professor Stern, who was at length prevailed on to accept the honorable post. VALE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 4, 1868.

Music in Boston.

CHRISTMAS WEEK brought with it the usual performance of Handel's "Messiah;" and the almost crowded state of the Music Hall on both evenings (the Saturday and Sunday before Christmas) showed that this great religious work of genius is as far as ever from losing its hold upon the affections of the great mass of serious music-lovers. The Handel and Haydn Society must by these performances more than have made good their loss by the unfortunate experiment of Thanksgiving week, and now feel in better spirits for the great winter's work, the preparation of the triennial Festival for the coming "*wunderschönen Monat Mai.*"

On Saturday evening the chorus was in great force, certainly exceeding 400 voices; the orchestra, on a rather reduced scale of numbers, was yet quite effective on the whole; the great Organ, played by Mr. LANG, came in at the right moments to supply great depths of bass and background in the massive choruses; the four solo singers all were excellent, and Mr. ZERRAHN, who had made the most of the opportunities of training (though it is harder to unlearn habits in rehearsing these very familiar things, than it is to acquire better ones in new things), conducted with his usual ability. There were some omissions, for the most part judicious. We must protest again, however, against the omitting of that profoundly beautiful and touching chorus in the second part, "And with his stripes,"—if only because there Handel comes so near to Bach; but more because, without its intervention, the transition from the preceding chorus, "Surely," &c., to "All we like sheep have gone astray," is unprepared in point of modulation and painfully abrupt. Most of the choruses were sung as well as usual, some of them (old stumbling blocks, such as "His yoke is easy," and "Let us break their bonds asunder") considerably better. Others, and solos too, suffered from want of perfect unity of pitch between orchestra and organ.

The new point of interest in the solos was the first appearance in Oratorio of Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, whose beautiful tenor voice, thoroughly refined style and true expression had won such favor in one of the Symphony Concerts. He gave "Comfort ye" in clear, pure, warm tones, with admirable declamation, and sang the air, "Every valley," with a fluency and evenness of execution remarkable for one so young in years and in this sort of experience. In "Thy rebuke," &c., he was almost equally successful, entering into the deep pathos of the music with true intelligence and feeling. We are sure he was clearly heard by all, and conveyed the sense and beauty of the music very satisfactorily; the only want was of greater weight and sustained power of voice—not by any means a thing to be counted *first* in the order of requirements, inasmuch as soul is more than substance. The want of power was materially felt, though, in the tasking and exceptional air: "Thou shalt break them." We could not feel, as some have been in haste to exclaim, that he "broke down" in it; but he did wrestle with the lion at disadvantage; and this, we fancy, was partly due to nervousness and partly to the fact that he had been overtasked with an air which properly and commonly falls to the lot of the Soprano. Mr. Osgood must not be discouraged; his physical development is by no means complete yet, and his career is but begun; he has a beautiful organ, already finely cultivated, and, what is best of all, a musical nature, with refinement and intelligence, and a love of Art for Art's sake by no means too common with those who bring voices and assurance to these high tasks. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY showed marked improvement in the bass solos, both in the rich and even quality of his voice, and in expressive delivery.

Madame PAREPA-ROSA, of course, was fully equal to her task in all the attributes of voice, consummate art of singing, and thorough familiarity with this as with all kinds of music. The voice was sweetest and the expression purest, we thought, in the opening pieces: "There were shepherds," &c. And "Rejoice greatly" was splendidly done. In the great air: "I know that my Redeemer" we still feel some lack of sympathetic quality, of depth of nature, of inspiration, such as make it impossible ever to forget how the Lind sang it. Other pieces too were marred by the introduction of cadences and little "effects," more in place in ballad singing. Even that high note to which the voice soared, as in spontaneous ecstacy, at the end of "Take his yoke upon you," beautifully as it was held out, was questionable, if only for the reason that it was too sure to "bring the house down," with an enforced *encore*, which was simply absurd, because it amounted to getting the same slow, sweet melody sung *thrice* over. Mrs. CARY's rendering of it in the first instance, on the low key ("Come unto Him"), was not a whit less worthy of the compliment, and its quiet beauty deserved not to be outdazzled by any *extra* brightening of the Soprano part. Indeed Mrs. Cary's singing of her whole part was as truly edifying as a warm, rich, sympathetic voice, without great weight, but finely cultivated, and sincere, deep musical feeling, could make it. This lady loses herself in the music.

The second night was stormy, and reduced the audience a little, though not much; it seemed to have made greater inroads in the ranks of chorus. And yet, as it often happens for the reward of those who brave the elements in a good effort, the "Messiah" went on the whole with more spirit and precision than the night before. This time Mr. CASTLE sang the tenor solos, with greater power and volume of voice than Mr. Osgood, though not with more expression, nor so refined a quality of tone; but the effort was in every way highly successful; and so was that of Mr. RUDOLPHSEN in the bass solos. The rest was as before.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The fourth, Dec. 19th, consisted of just four solid instrumental pieces, and no more;—what Artemus Ward would have called a good "square meal" of music. But certainly no concert has been more enjoyed; it held the great audience in earnest, rapt attention from the first note to the last. The orchestra was in better condition than ever: the welcome face of WULF FRIES was seen in the middle of the group, making us rich now in six violoncellos, as well as six double basses. We count a dozen first violins, good men and true, and when the other members of the Quintette Club return to us, the second violins and tenors will be brought into fairer proportion to the whole. The good fruits of Mr. EICHBERG's adjutancy, or monitorship over the string department, already appear in greater unity of bowing and common understanding in the taking of phrases, while Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN can give a more undivided mind to the interpretation of each work as a whole. There was closer approximation also to true pitch in the wind instruments.

The first selection was Gade's "Ossian" Overture (*Nachklänge aus Ossian*), a wonderful tone picture in the way of instrumental coloring. It is one of the Danish composer's earliest works, and gave him fame before the "Highlands" Overture or either of his Symphonies had yet appeared. Hence we have here his individuality in all its freshness, before the wild northern inspirations, by turns tender and stormy, fairy-like or patriotic and heroic, bearing the burthen of old war songs as on the strong wings of the wind, could repeat themselves to mannerism. All that strings and flutes and reeds and mellow horns and hoarser brass could do to mingle and contrast the colors of a wild northern picture, and summon up its legend and its mystery, is here by a happy stroke of genius, and with masterful skill, availed of. Ossian's *harp* too is not wanting. Gigantic figures stalk through the mists, and when the orchestra swells from soft murmurs to a climax in that loud, resistless war hymn, you feel the likeness with that old Vikingir *Volkslied* in the finale of his first Symphony.—Schumann's D-minor Symphony, op. 120, completed the first part of the concert. We described it so fully last year, that we need only say that the general impression of its power and beauty was confirmed; nearly all present followed the unbroken series of its movements, springing so logically from one germ, with sincere delight, and *all* with sincere respect; for Schumann's music, though some natures truly musical seem not to find themselves at home in it, more and more makes its genius felt. It was remarkably well played.

For the second part we had, first, the last and greatest of Beethoven's five Pianoforte Concertos, the greatest indeed of all Concertos, called in England the "Emperor,"—that in E flat, op. 73. In the first and last movements it is heroic; in its glorious enthusiasm it seems to tread on air; it moves onward and upward with a divine momentum; while the Adagio, a deep musing melody of infinite sweetness, singing itself at first on muted strings, is altogether heavenly. Out of its deep peace the uncontainable motive of the Allegro takes wings of energy and soars. It is as much an orchestral as a piano work; if you attend to the piano any more than to the other instruments, you

lose the charm and meaning of the work, for it is all one creation. It has had masterly interpretation here before, and more than once (at the "Jubilee" Concert in honor of the Emancipation Proclamation, Jan. 1, 1863, at one or two of Mr. Zerrahn's Philharmonic Concerts, and in the first season of these Harvard concerts), so that many welcomed it as an old friend. This time the wonderfully rich orchestral parts—rich in images, ideas, as well as coloring—had much better justice done them than they ever got here before; and the young pianist, ERNST PERABO, achieved his arduous task in a way that made the audience enthusiastic. He played it without notes; but he had not merely trusted to that marvellous musical memory, that sure, firm, limpid touch, alike audible in the most delicate and the strongest passages, and that unlimited power of execution which makes it a matter of course for him to give a clear, unbroken reading of whatsoever music interests him, even without preparation; but conscientiously, in duty to the master and the occasion and himself, he had critically and carefully prepared himself, resolved to do his best; and it was the general feeling that he did it. Such a work, so played, is a rare feast.—The concert ended with the great *Leonore* Overture, No. 3, in C, which never can grow old, and this time was particularly well played. The greatest of Overtures after the greatest of Concertos!

The next concert comes at a month's interval, Thursday, Jan. 16. The programme, like the last, consists of four pieces: Schubert's Overture to *Fierabras*, Beethoven's *first* Concerto, in C, played by Mr. B. J. LANG, and Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas*, form the first part; and the great Schubert Symphony in C, with its "heavenly lengths," the second.

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AMATEUR SINGING. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER'S Vocal Club still holds its own and more. It has become one of the institutions, and the feasts of music to which it invites its friends twice about new year, and twice in the Spring, are to be marked with a white line in our musical calendar. Again they have come round, and Chickering's Hall, on the last two Monday evenings, was filled with delighted guests. They spread before us the matter of their winter's practice in the most acceptable manner. The choir is even better than before; indeed we have never heard a choir of forty mixed voices so perfectly balanced, so purely musical in tone in all four parts, and finely blended; no part but was distinctly heard, albeit duly subordinated to the whole; no voice that did not tell. They have all practiced *con amore*, and have held together so long to good purpose.

The programme included first a Choral by Bach, wonderfully harmonized; followed by the Cradle Song from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," sung with true simplicity and beauty by Mrs. CARY, Mr. Parker accompanying on the piano, as he did everything except the part-songs. Then came one of the last studies of the Club, a Christmas Cantata, by Ferdinand Hiller, consisting of introduction, Soprano Solo (Angel of the Annunciation), Tenor Solo (a Shepherd), Chorus of Shepherds, with which, as it goes on, a chorus of Angels (female voices) mingles, and other choruses and solos. It is a very graceful, buoyant, happy composition, full of delicate beauties, but hardly of so marked a character as we had hoped; yet we must own that it improved upon acquaintance. A Trio and Chorus, to Latin words, rom a Motet by Mendelssohn succeeded. Then a couple of very beautiful part-songs: "On the water," by Schumann, and Mendelssohn's jubilant and sunshiny "Forest Birds." Then a couple of Duets: "*Frühlingsgrüss*," by Gade, and "*Herbstlied*" by Mendelssohn, nicely sung by two young ladies. Then two more part-songs, an exquisite one by Gade, "The tranquil Water Lily," dreamy and mystical enough for Heine's little poem and one of Mr. Parker's own composition, to "The sea hath its pearls" by the same poet;—a most euphonious and rapturous strain of music, which had to be repeated. Then Mrs. HARWOOD, whom we were once free to name, and trust we may do so now, let her rare voice and style be heard again in the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, and Schubert's Barcarolle.

After a short interval, the singers returned, divided into double chorus, and sang Mendelssohn's 98th Psalm: "Sing to the Lord a new-made song." We think it had never been heard here before, and certainly it is one of the noblest of his shorter Psalms; every image and sentence of the text is most vividly illustrated; the harmony and counterpoint singularly effective; and when it comes to "He shall judge the world with righteousness," the great unisons fill the listener with awe. The whole was splendidly brought out.—Long may this rare collection of voices hold together, blended and animated by the same spirit, under the same excellent director!

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NEXT IN ORDER. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, not spoiled by their triumphs out West, where their harmony was like oases in a thirsty desert, (to judge from the rhapsodies about them in the Western papers), have returned to their quiet, classical sphere and will commence their 19th season of Chamber Concerts (four), at Chickering's Hall, next Tuesday evening. The programme is a rich one, beginning with Mozart's B flat Quintet, op. 33, and ending with one of the last Quartets of Beethoven, the great one in C-sharp minor, op. 131. The intervening time will be filled by the Piano and Violin Sonata in F, op. 24, of Beethoven, played by Mme. NINA PIZZOTTI, a young pianist who comes well recommended from Dublin, and Mr. SCHULTZE; Spohr's "*Gesang Scene*," for violin, transcribed for flute, and played by Mr. HEINDL, and smaller piano solos from Mendelssohn and Chopin.

On Thursday afternoon of the week following, comes the fifth Symphony Concert.

We are glad to hear that Mr. OSGOOD, the young tenor, who sings German *Lieder* so tastefully, intends to give a series of concerts in Chickering's Hall, with Mr. DRESEL for accompanist; devoting one evening principally to Schubert, one to Mendelssohn, one to Schumann, one to Franz, with something of Bach and Mozart every time. An admirable plan, and sure to succeed.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 30.—Sunday evening concerts have hitherto been a novelty hereabouts. The first of a projected series of these entertainments, under the management and direction of Messrs. Mark and Simon Hassler, was given last evening at Concert Hall. The audience was a very large one, the hall being uncomfortably crowded, and was mainly made up of representatives of the respectability and intelligence of the city; so that the enterprise promises to prove a success. The undertaking was, in some measure, hazardous, in view of the inveterate bigotry that abounds in Philadelphia, the latest manifestation of which was the bitter, and for a while triumphant, warfare waged against the introduction of Sunday travel. Now, that the efforts of these *soi-disant* protectors of the public morals have failed in the latter regard, they will, doubtless, renew them in an attempt to stop this last and equally unholy profanation of the Lord's day; only, however, it is safe to predict, to meet with the same mortifying discomfiture. This was the programme presented last evening:

"Procession of the Priests," from "Athalia" Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Egmont" ..... Beethoven.
Air, "He was Despised and Rejected" ..... Handel.
Mme. Elisa Lumley.
"Zug der Frauen," from "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner.
"Evening Song," for Violin Obligato) ..... Schumann.
Mr Simon Hassler.
Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber
Solo for French Horn, "Berceuse" ..... Luebeck.
Mr. Kuestenmacher.
Larghetto, from 2d Symphony ..... Beethoven.
Recitative and Aria, "Che fare senza Euridice" .. Gluck
Mme. Elisa Lumley.
"Marche des Flambeaux" ..... Meyerbeer.
Hymn, "Old Hundred," ..... Luther.
Organ and Orchestra.

The Orchestra, composed of some fifty or more of our best resident instrumentalists, directed by Mr. Simon Hassler, performed the several items assigned to them with considerable effect. A little practice together will do the strings no harm, and will make these performances something of which we shall have reason to be proud. Mme. Lumley is young, and has a fresh, very powerful voice, which she needs to control more than she seems able to do at times. Her singing of the Gluck *Aria* was so great an improvement upon the *Messiah* air, that we have a right to expect that the generally agreeable impression of her singing left upon the mind will be confirmed and enhanced at another hearing, when she shall have overcome the nervousness incident to a *debut*.

Mr. Sentz's weekly Orchestral Matinées at the Horticultural still continue. The attendance has been encouraging and the performances satisfactory. On last Thursday the lovely sixth Symphony of Haydn—called by some the "Savoyard," wherefore I know not,—was given. On previous occasions the two Piano Concertos of Mendelssohn were performed by Messrs Jarvis and Thunder, respectively, with orchestral accompaniments. Of each performance I have nothing to say but praise. The "Jupiter" Symphony is announced for this week, and Mr. William Stoll, Jr., a young and very promising violinist, whose performance of the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto at the Germania, last Saturday, I particularly desire to note as a remarkably finished and interesting performance, will essay a solo.

In the removal of Mr. Heman Allen to Chicago, we have lost one of the most intelligent and competent of our professional musicians. Mr. Allen is the son of the well known and highly esteemed Professor Allen of the University of Pennsylvania, is the possessor of a thorough musical education obtained in the best schools abroad, and has been very successful in his native city since his return. With the true spirit of an American he has gone westward, where he will undoubtedly find a much more extended field of duty. He deserves the warmest welcome that the friends in his new home can extend to him. May he, happily, receive it! MERCUTIO.

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NEW YORK, DEC. 30.—The Second Concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, with this programme:

Symphony in C. ..... Schubert.
Pianoforte Concerto, F minor ..... Von Weber.
Miss Alide Topp.
Overture, "Othello" (1st time) ..... F. Ritter.
Fantasie "Ruins of Athens" with orch. acc. ..... Liszt.
Miss Topp.
Overture, "Calm at Sea and happy Voyage" Mendelssohn.

It is only within the last ten or fifteen years that this Symphony has been performed, and it is difficult to understand how such a noble work could have so long (Schubert died in 1828) remained unknown to the musical world. The opening eight or nine bars of horn solo are fitly entitled by Schumann "*Horns of Elfland faintly blowing.*" It is easy to perceive how a work of such genius took so strong a hold as it did upon Schumann's admiration. In it there is the spontaneity of Mendelssohn, the depth and breadth of Beethoven, the elaborate instrumentation and peculiar quaintnesses of Schumann, yet, through all, the unmistakable individuality of Schubert himself.

When all the numbers are so admirable, it is impossible—without occupying too much space—to enlarge upon the merits of any particular one. The Allegretto in A minor (2d movement) is perhaps the most attractive. There is something unbearably sad in the measured, resistless and unceasing march of the low bass notes taken by the 'cellos and contrabassi. The theme itself is charming.

The Scherzo is finely worked up; the Trio in A, which breaks in upon it, being a gem. The Finale, grand and broad, is a sort of foreshadowing (to use that expression) of the closing movement in Schumann's C-major Symphony.

The "Othello" Overture, by F. Ritter, although written in a most careful, logical and musician-like manner, yet lacks freshness, spontaneity, originality.

Miss Topp, a young lady of twenty-one, and a pupil of Von Bülow, played the Weber Concerto with

much rapidity of execution and firmness of touch. The element of tenderness and feeling seemed, however, in a certain degree lacking; further, there was a little uncertainty with regard to her playing precisely with the orchestra.

It may be heterodox to hold or to confess such an opinion, but the Concerto is certainly [?] a most uninteresting composition. Miss Topp played without score.

The orchestra, under Mr. Carl Bergmann's careful leadership, played admirably, every point of light and shade was faithfully observed and scrupulously rendered.

On Saturday Evening, Dec. 28, the Mendelssohn Union gave in Steinway Hall the first performance of Mr. G. F. Bristow's new Oratorio "Daniel." The orchestra numbered 60, and the chorus about 100,—60 male and 40 female voices. Mr. Bristow conducted, J. P. Morgan assisted at the organ, and the soloists were Mme. Parepa-Rosa, J. R. Thomas and Miss Hutchings.

Extended analysis is out of the question, and I can only say that the work is most carefully written and scored, and that many of the numbers are melodious and pleasing. The orchestral accompaniment to the chorus in A minor (No. 13) is excellent, somewhat Mendelssohnian in character; indeed there are strong suggestions of that master throughout the entire oratorio. The chorus No. 11 is very well worked up. The recitatives were all very monotonous, and were, as a rule, badly given. This was especially the case with No. 12, "*To you it is commanded,*" which was bellowed by the "Herald" without regard to taste or tune.

In the chorus No. 18 it was very evident that the sopranos were by far too few, and their voices were drowned by the orchestra and the organ; it was also noticeable that the voices and instruments had not been drilled sufficiently *together*.

Daniel's Aria: "*Break off thy sins,*" (No. 20) is a very attractive number, and was fairly sung by Mr. J. R. Thomas; he received an encore, and sang a portion of the Aria again. The effect of the repetition was slightly marred by the fact that the orchestra, through some misunderstanding, were not within hailing distance of the soloist: the result was a *blur* of sounds. The contralto Aria in F-sharp minor is very fine, and in the hands of a finished artist would have made a most decided impression.

Mme. Parepa sang with her usual ease and taste. Mr. Thomas did fairly. With regard to the tenor, a charitable silence shall be maintained. Miss Hutchings sang in a painstaking manner, but her voice is very unpleasant in quality, and has neither depth nor richness; her upper notes were hard and labored.

The audience was a very large and tolerably attentive one. The applause, however, very singularly, was of the mildest and most timid character; this may have been owing to ignorance as to where "the laugh came in."

It is greatly to be desired that the public should have another opportunity of hearing Mr. Bristow's works. With *all* the leading rôles assumed by competent artists, *Daniel* could not fail to make a stronger and deeper impression than it did. E.

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Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Mr. F. L. Ritter, the accomplished musical director of this institution, has projected a series of musical soirées to be given by the pupils, resident lady music teachers, and artists engaged from time to time; the programmes to consist entirely of good music, like the following for the first Soirée, Dec. 17.

PART FIRST.

Overture to "Don Juan," arranged for 8 hands.....Mozart.
"The Sabbath Morn.".....Mendelssohn.
Allegro and Adagio from the Sonata in F Major.....Mozart.
Cradle Song, Good Night.....F. L. Ritter.
Nocturne in E Flat.....Chopin.
Song—"Thine is my heart.".....Schubert.
Sonata in D Major. Opus 31.....Beethoven.
Wedding March, arranged for 8 hands.....Mendelssohn.

PART SECOND.

Andante and Allegro from the Symphony in C. (Arranged for 8 hands.) Opus 21.....Beethoven.
Duet. "I would that my love.".....Mendelssohn.
Sonata in B Flat. Opus 22.....Beethoven.
Song—"The Woods.".....Robert Franz.
Andante from Sonata in G. Opus 14.....Beethoven.
Mendelssohn's "On wings of Song," (transcribed for the Pianoforte by).....Thalberg.
"Evening Song.".....Mendelssohn.
Overture to "La dame blanche," arranged for 8 hands. Boieldieu.

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Yankee Assurance; Liszt.—The *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) has a letter from Leipzig, dated Oct. 25, 1867, of which the following is a specimen. The story is amusing, feel as we may about the "*American* tactics."

Liszt arrived here on the 12th, and took rooms at the *Hotel de Pologne*. The news of his arrival spread rapidly among the students of the *conservatorium*, and created no little excitement. In the same evening a party of four or five of the American students —prompted by a taste for the *romantic* as well as curiosity to see the famous pianist—started to find him. They traced him from place to place, until they came to the house where he was spending the evening, and it was their intention to wait near the entrance and thus catch a glimpse of him as he came out; but while they were endeavoring to learn positively whether he was in the house or not, they attracted the attention of the host, who came to the door and inquired what they wished?—They explained that they were students from America, who were very enthusiastic over Liszt and were anxious to see him; whereupon the host became suddenly thoughtful, and after a brief consultation with his wife, said,

"I think I may invite you in—h'm—yes; I think I may," and ushered them at once, notwithstanding their plain every day attire, into a brilliantly illuminated *salon*, where was assembled a large company in full dress. They found two young ladies playing Liszt's *Poeme Symphonique* "Les Preludes," as arranged for two pianos, while Liszt was sitting near and listening, and occasionally playing a few bars with them. Liszt was by no means displeased at the course which the young men had taken in thus visiting him without an invitation, and as they were treated to cake and wine, and bidden to make themselves "entirely at home," they passed a most delightful evening, studying the physiognomy and listening to the playing of this wonderful artist.

Encouraged by the experience of the previous evening, one of the party (Mr. James H. Wilson, of Newport, R. I.,) called on Liszt at his rooms the next morning. His description of the affair is very laughable, and I regret that I cannot give it in full. He found people on the stairs trying to summon up courage enough to ask an interview, and upon entering the ante-room, he met several Germans standing in a row, like so many soldiers, armed with letters from Dr. Franz Brendel and other musical authorities, gravely and silently awaiting permission to enter. Mr. Wilson had no letter and relied solely upon "American tactics," (as the saying goes in Europe,) *i. e.* he sent in his card with "*aus America*" written upon it, and entered at once without waiting for an invitation. The "tactics" triumphed, and he was again very kindly received. He played Chopin's *E flat* Polonaise, and was highly complimented by Liszt, who played the piece through after him, making such remarks and suggestions as he deemed advisable, and honored him with an invitation to visit him in Rome.

It is the general idea in America that it is a difficult thing to gain an audience with such men as Liszt, and yet no one save an American dares to evince such a total disregard of German *etiquette*, as friend Wilson displayed on this occasion; but it is not displeasing to artists, and it is always successful.

Upon making his exit, the Germans who were patiently waiting outside begged to know how he got in, and were almost speechless when they learned that he had accomplished all without a letter or an invitation. He says it takes the German mind a long time to comprehend such a course of action.

Liszt wore, when I saw him, a suit of black, the coat being very long and cut after the usual fashion for a Roman *Abbé*, and a broad-brimmed silk hat, which looked rough enough to have been through a dozen campaigns. The only bit of color visible about his dress was a beautiful little rosebud, which was inserted in a button hole of his coat. In person he is tall and commanding, while his large eyes, peering out from under great over-arching eyebrows, and his long light-colored hair, combine to give him that lion-like air which has so often been remarked.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Nelly Wildwood. Song & Cho. *M. S. Pells.* 30
A very taking little ballad, and probably will be a great favorite. Make Nelly's acquaintance.

Tantum Ergo. Duet. Tenor & Bass. *Wilcox.* 60
Another acceptable contribution to "Choir" literature. Mr. W. has a fine opportunity of proving his music before publishing, and what is good enough for his choir can hardly fail to meet with a welcome elsewhere.

I'm 95. Comic song. 35
Queer enough, and portrays the unalterable determination of this single lady to die an old maid, which no one will doubt that she is sure to do.

Sleigh-ride. Song and Chorus. *Keller.* 35
Just in season. Have it well learned before the next snow storm.

Thee only, my star of heaven. Ballad. *Farnie.* 30

Smiles and tears. *Keller.* 30
Fit well in our series of graceful songs. Put them in your programmes of home songs.

Moonlight Hour. Song. *H. A. Pond.* 30
Should the sleigh-ride mentioned above be by moonlight, this is just the song for the road. Fancy its melody, sung by some sweet voice, floating and echoing among the snow powdered pines!

The Charmer. (Frühlingslied.) S'g. *Mendelssohn.* 50
While we cannot say that the exquisite taste of the Master would allow him to write anything but good music, at any time, some songs are more melodious than others, and this is above the average.

Rondinella. The Prisoner and the Swallow. *S. D. S.* 50
A very neat and sweet thing, in short phrases. Has Italian and English words.

Instrumental.

Grand Duchess. Galop. *Knight.* 35
" " Polka. " 35
The opera, which everybody will go to hear, furnishes much sprightly music suited to nimble feet; and Mr. Knight is all ready with these fine arrangements.

Mabel March. *Mack.* 30

Serenade. *Aubert.* 35
Spirited and pretty marches, quite above the ones formerly so much admired.

Blue Bird Waltz. *C. De Janon.* 35
A pleasing, warbling thing.

Fairy Mazurka. *Kinkel.* 30

Rosy cheek Schottische. " 30
Mr. Kinkel is among the best caterers for beginners, and teachers may venture to use his pieces freely.

Summer Garland. Mazurka. *E. Mack.* 40
Very pleasing, and has a very pretty title page.

Chant du Zephyr. Morceau de Salon. *Iucho.* 40

Austrian Hymn. Fant. Bril. *S. Smith.* 75
For more advanced players, and skilfully arranged and composed.

La Belle Helene. Repertoire. *Offenbach.* 35
La Belle Helene is one of Offenbach's light operas and a favorite. Players will be glad to be familiar with its melodies.

Kunstler Leben. (Artist life.) Waltz. *Strauss.* 75
Full of life, and brilliant, of course.

Une Perle de Varsovie. Fant. Brill. *S. Smith.* 65
This Smith has forged many silver chains of sound, but here he is among the pearls. We may be sure of a clear lustre when he is the polisher.

Ukraina Mazurka. *Zielinski.* 75
Music of the Ukraine, and besides being good, is a novelty, and so desirable.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 699. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1868. VOL. XXVII. No. 22.

For Dwights Journal of Music

Celtic Music.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

NATIONAL MUSIC; *Art. III, No XL.* North British Review.

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME: *Art. III, No. CCXLI.* London Quarterly Review.

Article MUSIC, Encyclopedia Britannica

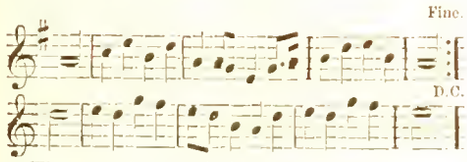
Article CELTAE, ibid

IRISH MELODIES, by Moore and Stephenson.

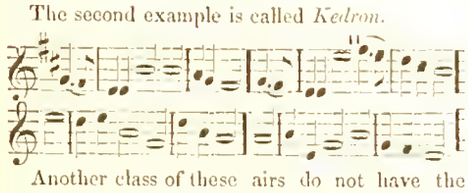
Whoever spends a Sabbath in the country, remote from towns and great routes of travel, more especially in the South, will hear a class of tunes which strike the unaccustomed ear as peculiarly wild. For the most part they are in the minor mode, and have a strange way of modulating. Yet in these curious melodies there is a certain pathos which one will seek for in vain in the more fashionable music. There is reason to believe that these strange old airs are of Celtic origin, and quite different from our common church music. It is here attempted to give some account of their peculiarities.

These airs seem to be naturally divided into three classes. In the first class belong those which are most widely different from our ordinary music. They are derived from this scale, which we consider the true *Celtic Minor Scale.*

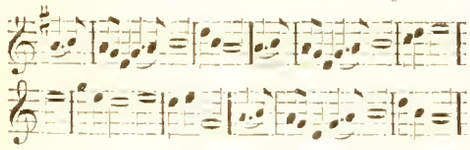
It differs from our usual minor scale in having a major sixth and minor seventh, and in being related to the major key one degree below; whereas the German minor has a minor sixth and major seventh, and is related to the major scale a minor third above. This change in the relation of the sixth and seventh, and the consequent change in modulating to the relative major, account for the peculiarly *wild* expression that these melodies have to Teutonic ears. We give two melodies as examples. The first is more characteristic than the second. It is called *Emory.*



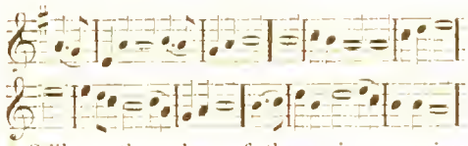
The second example is called *Kedron.*



Another class of these airs do not have the sixth at all, but by their progressions show unmistakably that they are found in the same scale as the preceding. Here again we give two examples. The first is called *Tender Thought.*

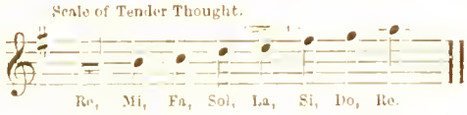


In accordance with the custom, I have given this tune the signature of the relative major, although the characteristic F sharp is not in the melody. The whole tenor of the melodic progression is such, I think, as to indicate the relative major to be G. The second example is like unto it, and is called *Solemnity.*



Still another class of these airs comprises those which, although founded on the same scale tones as the preceding, bear a relation to the nearest major key more in accordance with the German usage. Here are the two scales:—

Scale of Tender Thought.



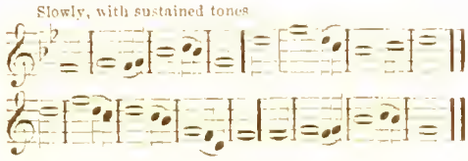
Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Re.

Scale of Doddridge.

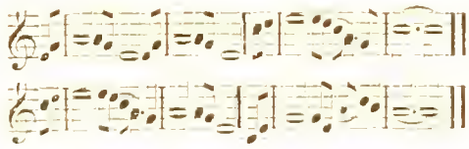
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

Of this class we give also two examples. The first is full of the gloomy pathos we should expect to find in the music of the Druids. The shadows of the oak and mistletoe, and the terrible sacrifices of this religion, are not foreign to such strains. It is called *Idumea.*

Slowly, with sustained tones

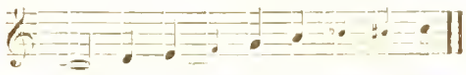


The second example has none of the sombre gloom of Idumea. It has tears, but they are those of affection rather than of grief. It is call- *Doddridge.*

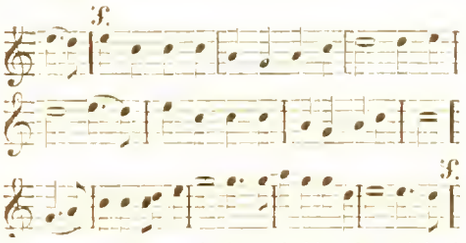


In comparing these with any Teutonic minor melodies we cannot fail to be struck with the entire absence of that effeminate quality that characterizes the Teutonic minor. Of this effeminacy the Germans have implied their consciousness by their term for distinguishing the minor mode: namely *molle*, soft. The major they term *dur*, hard.

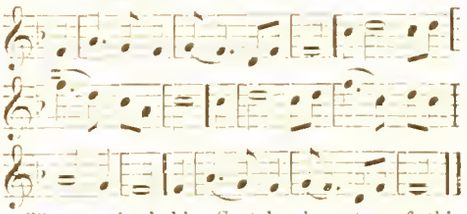
There are also Celtic melodies in the major mode. These commonly omit the fourth and seventh tones of the scale; and this has been regarded by some as a distinguishing feature, but, I think, with insufficient reason. Secular melodies of Scotland and Ireland have sometimes both these tones. The following is the *Celtic Major Scale.* The small notes indicate tones commonly omitted in sacred airs, but used at pleasure in secular.



The minor third seems to be a favorite progression in Celtic music. In the major mode they attain this progression by almost invariably striking the *sixth* of the scale before the tonic. Two of these melodies follow. The first is called *Ebenezer.*



The second example is probably the original form of *Golden Hill.*

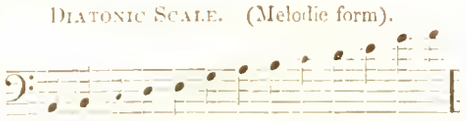


The unmistakably Scotch character of this tune will, I think, be apparent to any observer. The inversion of the rhythm in the third measure, for , is a Scotch peculiarity; and throughout we seem to hear the "benignant hum of that old worthy, the bagpipe," as has been humorously suggested. In the correlation of phrases these airs have the peculiarity that the last phrase is a recapitulation of the first, or something of much the same purport. In Teutonic airs, on the contrary, the correspondence is between the first and third, and second and fourth phrases.

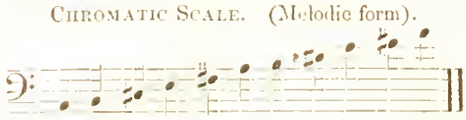
Another noticeable peculiarity is the tendency of the modulations. In this music the favorite modulations are from the major to the relative minor, or from the minor to the relative major. But in German music it is more usual to modulate into the dominant or subdominant of the prevailing key. *These* modulations are scarcely ever made by Celtic melodies.

There is reason to believe that these Celtic scales are identical with certain ones used by the Greeks. According to the Greek system of musical science there were three genera in music:—the Diatonic, Chromatic, and Enharmonic, —and, omitting certain tones as directed by their scientific writers, their melodic scales were as follows:

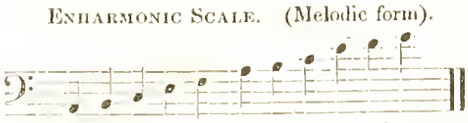
DIATONIC SCALE. (Melodic form).



CHROMATIC SCALE. (Melodic form).



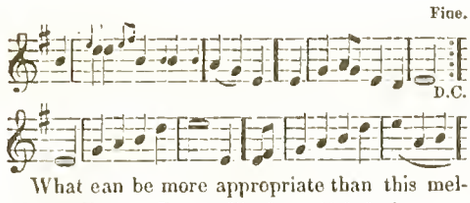
ENHARMONIC SCALE. (Melodic form).



The omitted tones were employed whenever, in the judgment of the composer, a good effect would result from their use. By inserting one of the omitted tones—indicated by the small notes—the Diatonic Scale becomes the Celtic Minor Scale in Re. This form of the Chromatic is identical with the Celtic major scale. The Enharmonic gives us the Teutonic minor scale minus the fourth and seventh.

There is another class of tunes found in our church music which are less peculiarly Celtic in structure and spirit than those we have been citing, yet have a very perceptible infusion of the Celtic cast. Such are the Lowland tunes of the Scotch. *Windsor*, *Avon*, and *Aylesbury* are examples. Indeed I do not know of a familiar minor melody in all our tune repertory that is unmistakably Teutonic. Somehow, the German minor airs are so effeminate and depend so much upon harmonic support, that they have not been able to win their way to our people's hearts as *tunes*, simply. Those of them that are apparent exceptions to this sweeping charge are themselves relics of the Celtic races that overrun Germany in ages long gone by. Some of these tunes are evidently remnants of old English carols, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were sung by itinerant minstrels, mostly of Celtic blood. The following air is a case in point.

GOLDEN CITY.



What can be more appropriate than this melody to Barry Cornwall's beautiful lyric, commencing:

"There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands:
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands.
He only can undo it
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more."

Those of our readers who are familiar with Helmore's "Carols of the Sixteenth Century" will readily observe the similarity of quaintness between *Golden City* and the carol "Paul at Athens"* in that book. These carols, be it remembered, were the music of itinerant minstrels. The only *itinerants* who sing such strains now-a-days are those of the white cravat. Can their nomadic life affect their musical taste?

Many of the structured peculiarities of this music may justly be referred, I think, to the fact that from time immemorial the bag-pipe seems to have been the musical instrument of the Celtic race. It certainly was known to the Greeks and Romans, and we are told by Suetonius that Nero, among his various musical accomplishments, was a bag-pipe-player. The well-known peculiarity of this instrument is that one or more tones are kept sounding throughout a musical performance, constituting what is called a drone. The upper tone of the drone is in unison with the lower tone of the *chanter*—as that part of the instrument is called which plays the melody—while the lower tone is an octave below. This constant buzzing of the tonic requires the whole melody to contain few tones not consonant with it. The Celtic scales are developed from one point of crystallization, the tonic; but Teutonic* scales crystallize around *three* points: the tonic, subdominant and dominant.

It does not appear that the Celts ever practiced part-singing, further than for a portion of the singers to perform a drone while others sung a melody. Like Nature's songsters, the Celts delighted to pour out their souls in tuneful melodies. The more civilized and artificial Teuton, on the contrary, delights in the changing devices of counterpoint and the rich luxuriance of modern harmony. Between two such beautiful charmers how shall we choose?

* Also given in Dr. Lowell Mason's "Hallelujah."

* *Query*. Why not *Three-tonic*, instead of *Teutonic*?

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

(Continued from page 164).

If now we examine Schütz's four *Passions*, taken from the Gospels, and composed, *a capella*, when he was in his 81st year, compositions springing from so many artistic elements inherent in the period itself, or handed down by it, and from the harmonic combination of them, which was already taking place in the composer's mind, we cannot help confessing that it was these works which really prepared the ground on which oratorio could be raised to Bach and Handel, its last pinnacles. With the exception of the congregational part, we here find strongly marked the musical elements and the spirit characterizing Sebastian Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*. Here, as there, the separate personages introduced speaking the text of the Bible are, in opposition to the previous four-part system adopted for the whole Passion, treated as single voices, that is: represented by a recitative-like, or melodic, solo, though the form is scantier with Schütz than with Bach. In Schütz's *Matthäus-Passion*, this solo treatment rises on one occasion even into a formal and regularly finished "Duet of the false Witnesses." As was the case in Bach, and sometimes in the Mysteries before him, the narrating Evangelist, also, is musically personified. But the similarity between these two German composers, separated from each other by an entire century, is most astonishingly evident in the short "Jews' choruses," coming in with great dramatic effect, and full of passionate emotion, in the *Passions according to St. Matthew* of both. The parts of these choruses, consisting of musical exclamations, or characteristically and sharply marked tone-phrases, are, when examined in score, like each other, even as far as the *eye* is concerned, to say nothing of the fanatically encroaching and aggressive *spirit* embodied in them. In Schütz no less than in Bach, immediately Christ is introduced speaking, there is a wonderfully glorious and overflowing handling of the melody in the recitative, besides much more we might mention. But one great *difference* between them is that Schütz, who, considering when he lived, may be placed side by side with Bach even as an *instrumental* composer; was the greatest and first *operatic* composer, in Germany, while Bach was limited to sacred and instrumental music. Schütz was, therefore, there can be no question—though the fact in no way detracts from Bach's greatness—the more varied and more objective of the two masters, and for this reason we can speak of his subsequently exerting an influence upon Handel, who, for plastic objectivity, was superior to the ideal Bach. Only, as we shall see later, those Christian and classical elements, that Schütz, in his Operas and Passions, kept tolerably distinct, were destined to be blended by Handel in one and the same kind of work, namely, *Oratorio*, which, in consequence, then first rose to all the importance of a musical epic.*

Among Schütz's successors in Germany, we must distinguish Sebastiani, born at Weimar in 1622, died 1672. His Passion was probably the first in Germany that could boast of a complete instrumental accompaniment; 2 violins, 4 viols, 1 basso continuo, with organ, lutes, theorbos, and viola di gamba. We must likewise mention Johann Theile, born 1646, at Naumburg (the reader will remark that Saxony and Thuringia were still the scene of the development of this entire branch of art), died 1724.

While these two masters, who belonged principally to the 17th century, remained faithful to what in a German sense was a national tendency, as exemplified for oratorio in the retention of Luther's rendering of the text of the Gospel, a rendering so well adapted to the sentiments of Protestantism, and in the addition of a new and popular element, by the introduction of the congregational part in the form of those chorales, with which the people were all acquainted, and which they had sung for a century, we perceive oratorio at the same period in Italy becoming more and more restricted to *art* music properly so called, and a public previously schooled to understand it. The most eminent masters in this style are Marco Marazzoli, born at Parma, in 1600, died 1662, who produced about twenty oratorios; and the great Alessandro Scarlatti, born at Trapani, Sicily, in 1659, died at Naples in 1725.

With the beginning of the 18th century we meet in Germany the forerunners of Handel; among others, Reinhard Keiser. This musician—born in a village between Weissenfels and Leipsic in 1673, died at Hamburg in 1739—rendered good service, by the way, to the development of *opera* in Germany. We possess no less than 116 works of a dramatic nature by him. He was, also, very fertile in the sphere of Oratorio, including oratorio itself and a cantata allied to it. We may mention his Christmas Cantata; his Passion on a poem by Brockes; his Passion according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, and his oratorios: *Der für die Sünde der Welt gemarterte Jesus (Jesus the Martyr for the Sins of the World)*; *Der zum Tode verurtheilte und gekreuzigte Jesus (Jesus condemned to Death and crucified)*, &c.—Mattheson, too, born in 1681 at Hamburgh, died in 1764, who wrote 21 oratorios, and Telemann, born in 1681 at Magdeburg, died in 1767, though both saw the light of the world only three years before Handel, and so were friends of his, must be counted among his forerunners.*

To prove this, we need only remind the reader that Handel did not seriously devote himself to Oratorio till he had attained the age of fifty, while most of the labors of Mattheson and Telemann in the same field are to be referred to the middle age of both, and consequently may have influenced what Handel did.

While calling these men forerunners of Handel, we would not be misunderstood. Just as little can Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, or even Marlow, when regarded from a higher point of view, be termed the forerunners of Shakespeare, with whom all they have in common is merely a general likeness in the form, the persons, and the language of their pieces, a superficial connection of affinity, as regards the selection and treatment of their subjects, and a

* That Schütz carefully preserved this distinction is proved by the fact, among other things, that, notwithstanding he was one of the greatest instrumental composers of his time, and, as is shown by his *Symphonæ Sacræ* written under earlier Italian influences, had formerly employed instrumental music in sacred compositions, he again, like the old masters, composed entirely *a capella*. How soon the epic element began to stir in him is demonstrated by works of his, which do not properly belong to the department of Oratorio, but which not only are related to it by name, but in spirit as well. Thus the first part of his *Sacred Concertos*, published at Leipsic in 1633, contains four songs for one voice with instrumental accompaniment, and these songs are characteristically described as "*in stylo oratorio*."

* Among Mattheson's Oratorios, there are two Passions; among those of Telemann's, on the other hand, we find 44 specimens of Passion-music (some in the Cantata form), a Death of Jesus; a Resurrection of the Lord; a Resurrection of Zaccharias; The Shepherds at Bethlehem; Jerusalem Delivered; The Messiah; and a Last Judgment.

vague kind of family resemblance, characterizing generally their time and nation. Keiser, Mattheson, and Telemann did not furnish Handel with more than canvass, colors, and frames, that is, so to speak, the materials with which the great master was to work. In this instance, also, it is merely the outward habit which connects with immortal genius these men, who, however eminent in their own day, possessed only talent. With regard, however, to pregnancy of ideas, to realization and idealization of artistic form, to depth of feeling, or grandeur of sentiment, their productions compared to Handel's are like copper to gold.

Before considering the position occupied by Handel, whom we feel inclined to regard as the father of epic tone-poetry in the real and more restricted sense of the word, we have to say a few words concerning the place of his great contemporary, Sebastian Bach, with reference to Oratorio.

Johann Sebastian Bach, who, as we all know, was born in 1685, at Eisenach, and died at Leipsic in 1750, represents the acme of all Christian sacred music, as developed from the introduction of the Gregorian *cantus planus*, about the end of the 16th century till past the beginning of the 18th, that is: the last blossom of a development of more than a thousand years. We find, therefore, in his works, the results won by the great Netherlandish, Italian, and German masters, on the Roman Catholic side, in the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, that is to say: before, contemporaneously with, and after the Reformation, in formal, artistic, and deeply intensive religious expression, and we find them combined with the evangelical and popular spirit peculiar to Protestant church music, which sprang from the song and the choral, the Passion Plays and the Passion Oratorios.* It is, therefore, self-evident that the master's tone-poems, *epic* as regards their form, but frequently dramatic, if we consider their passionate expression: his *Matthaus-Passion*, and his *Johannes-Passion*, like all other vocal works of his, must be permeated by a touch of thoroughly *lyrical* feeling, since such, as we have already shown, was innate in all church-music. What strikes us as dramatic are only the outbursts of pity, pain, idealized love, or sorrow in the composer's heart, worked up by him, on contemplating the martyrdom of the Lord, to the uttermost limits of feeling. We may mention as exemplifying what we have said, the tumultuous, and apparently so dramatic chorus, "Sind Blitze, sind Donner verschwunden," in the *Matthaus-Passion*, a chorus which is no more than the echo of the commotion in Bach's own mind, and the ideal congregation connected with him. But, looking back beyond Bach's master-piece, we can see the connection again with a more remote period of artistico-religious edification, which merely expressed itself in a more childlike and simple manner. In an old French Mystery, the Angels address to God the Father, who is sunk in slumber during the Crucifixion of his Son, the furious words: "Seigneur, n'avez-vous pas honte d'oublier tellement votre fils?"—We cannot, it is true, deny that the "Jews' Chorus" in the *Matthaus-Passion* is characterized by thoroughly dramatic life, but this, also, springs from a state of the composer's soul, wrought up by subjective emotion. Bach is so absorbed in contemplating the sufferings and the death of our Lord that the whole chain of events has become a fact immediately present to him, and is, therefore, portrayed to his inward vision in plastic fullness, and with the most expressive animation. The events on which not merely his own salvation but that of the whole world depends, are no more events long since past; he himself is an eye-witness of them, he feels them as directly actual and true. Thus his highly wrought mode of expression appears to be no more than the other side of that religious lyricism and ecstasy which is mirrored in the devout chorales, sometimes carried to too great a pitch of painful emotion in the treatment of the vocal parts; in the airs and duets, or even in the manner, so profoundly lyrical, in which the recitative of the narrating Evangelist is treated. If we remember, in conjunction with this, the way, characterized now, as it were, by timidity, now by growing confidence, and now again by child-like endearments, with which Bach addresses the Saviour, as he would his dearest friend, using such expressions, for instance, as "Ruhe sanfte, sanfte ruh," at the conclusion of the *Matthäus-Passion*; in the cantata: *Gottes Zeit*; or in the cantata of that son who possessed, perhaps, more inward affinity with him than any of the others, Christian Bach (1735—1782), "*Ich lasse Dich nicht!*" where the soprano voices exclaim so fervently: "Mein Jesu!" besides asseverating with the whole chorus: "Ich lasse Dich nicht!" we must feel convinced beyond a doubt that Bach was connected only in a secondary degree with epic poetry. This is apparent, moreover, from the limited *number* of his oratorios. Properly speaking, we possess only two, since we can scarcely include the *Christmas Cantata* among them. In these two works, also, Christ appears as the personal object of the love of Bach's soul, its friend and rock—as the one only central point of his thoughts and feelings.

How different it is with Handel, with whom we may conclude our sketch, since he stands before us as the real founder of the musical Epic, and, at the same time—like Homer—as the model, which never has been, and probably never will be, surpassed, of this whole branch of art.

The profound and characteristic difference between Bach and Handel is this: Bach represents the highest pitch to which the development of oratorio can attain under purely *Christian* influences only; Handel, on the other hand, is the very highest master of the style that of necessity resulted from the alliance of Christian civilization and humanity with the traditions of *classical* culture and views as handed down through the period of the Renaissance. If, consequently, Bach excels Handel in Evangelical enthusiasm, as well as in fervor of expression, if, in a far more subjective and more passionate manner, he gives himself up to Christ as the ideally Beloved One of his soul, that is to say, if he deserves to be called the first in every instance where the composer steps into the foreground with his own personal feeling, in Handel, on the other hand, we are first struck with that objectivity and varied power of exposition which, while seizing on the most opposite subjects with equally inexhaustible plastic capability, marks the epic poet whom we forget in his work; in Handel we are first struck with that greatness and boldness, that glowing heroism, distinguishing alike the hero, and him who sings the hero's deeds. It was, therefore, Handel who first showed us in music as in other arts, the epic tone-poem in all the purity of its kind, that is, freed from everything tending to restrict the work of art. This fact is the more significant, because, though, as we have already remarked, Oratorio was more favorable to transcendental subjects than the Epic, the Oratorio was not destined to gain the genuine epic type, before the *national* and *heroic* element took the place of sentiment more particularly subjective as the essence of the whole composition. As a matter of course, a great national deed, or a hero in all his sublimity, is not conceivable without a God, without moral precepts, and ideal grandeur, to which, in the case of Handel, must be added the fact that the class of subjects previously prevailing in oratorio, as well as his own feeling, caused him to find the most lofty theme, and the source of all that is great in the one primitive God of the Old and New Testament. But in the very fact that he did not treat that God merely according to the *New* Testament, or *evangelically*: not, in a word, merely *canonically* and *subjectively*, like Sebastian Bach, lies Handel's many-sidedness. For him the God of Joshua, Jephtha, Samson, and Solomon, though in his essence the same, is not, according to the period and nation portrayed by Handel, the New Testament God of *The Messiah*, but the national God of *Israel*, conceived entirely in the spirit of the Old Testament: a zealous God, who, by his miracles, though still more by the arms of the heroes aroused by him, shatters the Heathen like potsherds; a God who takes vengeance even unto the third and fourth generation, leading His chosen people from punishment and repentance to victory and triumph. While, however, in the composer's soul, the humanity resulting from his Christian culture is wedded to the Heroic principle, he raises the story of the Jewish heroes, as Homer raises the *Iliad*, to the Universally-Human, or the absolutely Beautiful and Sublime. In the morally elevated and pure enthusiasm of such choruses as "O mach' uns frei, von unserer Feinde Tyrannei!" in *Judas Maccabæus*, or the nobly moderated delight at victory in the triumphal song, "See the conquering Hero comes," from *Joshua*, the most civilized people of the present day, thinking of the struggle for their freedom, or surrounding their hero after a well-won battle, might take part.

(Conclusion next time).

* Let the reader recollect the "Crucifixus" or the "Incarnatus" in Bach's B minor Mass, reminding us of the most powerful things done in this way by the great Venetian Lotti (1665–1740), and place them by the side of pieces from the purely Evangelical and Germanic expression of the Cantata: *Gottes Zeit*, and of the two Passions, or remember, in conjunction with the glorification—casting into shade the adoration of the Virgin by the best Roman Catholic masters—his "Magnificat," his arch-Protestant *Christmas Cantata*.

Schubert's Symphony in C.

From the Crystal Palace Programme.

The estimation in which the instrumental works of Schubert are now held in England is a remarkable instance of a sudden growth of reputation after a long period of neglect. Twenty years ago, it is not too much to say, that, except to an almost infinitesimal fraction of the English musical public, Schubert was known only as a writer of songs. No concert programme, even of the most *élite* of the musical societies, at that time ever included a sonata, a quartet, or a trio of his. His Symphony in C major had been rejected with ridicule by the leading band of the metropolis, even though presented to them by no less a judge than Mendelssohn himself—in fact, his existence as an instrumental writer was absolutely unknown to the public. Since that time, however, things have materially altered for the better. Schubert's Sonatas, Impromptus, Momens musicales, and other pianoforte works, are among the stock favorites at our most popular concerts, and divide the honors with those of Beethoven himself. His Quartets and Trios are now constantly heard, and within the last few years his great orchestral works are beginning to force their way to that high level in the popular favor to which their great merits and beauties fully entitle them. Of the last mentioned works the most important are his Symphonies. Of these he left behind him—in a more or less perfect state—nine, of which the following is a complete list:—

No. 1, in D major
" 2, in B flat, 1815
" 3, in D, 1815
" 4, in C minor—"Tragische Sinfonie,"—1816.
" 5, in B flat, 1816.
" 6, in C major, 1818
" 7, in E, 1821
" 8, in B minor, 1822.
" 9, in C major, 1828—the year of his death

Of these, all but two (Nos. 7 and 8) are complete. Of No. 8, the two first movements alone were finished. The MS., as clean and unblotted as any fair transcript by a copyist, but with a singular grace and neatness in the writing, which marks the hand of the dear composer himself, breaks off abruptly at the 9th bar of the *scherzo*.

The *allegro* and *andante* were lately published, and are well known to the audience of the Crystal Palace Concerts, having been performed on the 6th April and 5th October last. No. 7 exists (if, indeed, it still exists), only in a sketch. It was last heard of in the possession of Mendelssohn, who is said to have contemplated, or evening commenced scoring it; but it would appear that it is no longer to be found among his remains. No. 9, the work which is to be played to-day, was published at the instance of Schumann and Mendelssohn, in 1840. The remaining six are still in MS., in a dusty cupboard, in the house of Dr Schneider, a well-known amateur of Vienna; and there the writer had the honor and pleasure of examining them during a visit to that city, which he was recently enabled to make through the kindness of the Directors of the Crystal Palace, always ready to adopt any suggestions for increasing the interest and worth of the Saturday Concerts. Dr. Schneider was good enough to permit copies of Nos. 4 and 6 to be taken, and it is hoped that before long an opportunity will occur of presenting some portions, at least, of one or both to the Crystal Palace audience, and thus effecting a revival hardly less interesting than that of Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony. I take the opportunity to mention that

in the same cupboard I was fortunate enough to discover the whole nine numbers of Schubert's music to the drama of *Rosamunde*—of which portions have been already played here—in the original part-books, lying as they had probably lain since the first representations at the *Theater an der Wien*, 1823.

The original MS. of the Grand Symphony, No. 9, in C major, which is played to-day, is in the library of the *Musik-Verein*, in Vienna, where I examined it in company with Mr. Sullivan. The volume consists of 218 pages of oblong quarto. The handwriting, like Schubert's usual autôgraph, is perfectly neat and distinct, except where it has been altered by the composer. The alterations are confined almost entirely to the first three movements, but in these they abound. The fact of their existence at all is remarkable, because in general Schubert did not make alterations. His scores are usually very free from them. He appears to have written under the influence of a kind of immediate inspiration, without rough sketches or any of the other processes to which great musicians commonly resort—as Michael Angelo is said to have hewn his statues straight from the marble; and when once written he appears, as a rule, not to have returned to his work. Indeed, the rapidity with which his compositions succeeded one another was enough to render this impossible In the opera of *Fierrabras*, the 1st act, consisting of 304 large pages, fully scored, was written in six days, between the 25th and 31st May, 1823; the 2nd act, 300 pages, in five days—between the 31st May and the 5th June. The last movement of one of his quartets, by no means restricted in length, was dashed off in the dead of a night in three hours and a half, the hour and minute of beginning and ending being carefully marked by Schubert himself. And as each of these compositions was no sooner completed than his fiery genius hurried him on to another, it is obvious that he could have had no opportunity of correcting. The C major Symphony, however, alone of all his symphonies, is an exception to this rule. He seems to have felt that it was to be his last and greatest work, and to have acted accordingly. Six years had passed since he threw off the two beautiful fragments in B minor above referred to. The interval was occupied by chamber music, operas, and vocal music of all descriptions; and now that he resumed the highest order of orchestral composition, the end was fatally near. This Symphony was almost literally the Song of the Swan. It was composed in March, and on the 19th November he was no longer alive. Was it some presentiment of approaching departure that made him so unusually careful to elaborate and correct his work? The first three movements are crowded with after-thoughts—the lovely opening phrase for the horns, which forms the theme of the introduction, has been altered; so has the subject of the *allegro*—and that after a considerable part of the movement was completed, so that the correction has had to be made over and over again. In the *andante* there are many alterations of minor moment; but the most remarkable of all is in the *scherzo* (pp. 173, 174, of the printed score), where a most original and characteristic effect is produced by the sudden introduction of a new melody, which after being played by the flute in the key of C flat, is then repeated by the oboe and first violin in C natural, a change which has an irresistible charm. The whole of this passage (twenty bars) is absolutely an after-thought, being crammed in between the lines of the music previously written. The fiery *finale* alone is free from corrections, the hand of the composer seeming to have hurried over it at as rapid a pace as that of the glorious music itself.

It is impossible in the limits of a concert programme to give any description or criticism of the entire work. Nor is it less difficult to single out any part of so splendid a work as this Symphony for especial notice, where all parts are alike full of beauty and greatness. But if the writer may be allowed to mention that which affects him most, he would say that the opening and the *finale* are, perhaps (though in entirely opposite ways), the most moving. There is something inexpressibly magical in the soft opening phrase by the horns alone, with the entrance of the strings at its close. In the slow movement there is a wonderfully touching passage, where the horn sounds faintly note after note, while the rest of the orchestra is all hushed and still, as if an angel had descended into the room and were gliding about among the instruments. But splendid as are the others, they are all eclipsed by the *finale*, which is one of the most glorious, if not *the* most glorious movement in the whole realm of music. It is one burst of impetuous passion from beginning to end, with a rhythm so strongly marked that it is impossible to resist its influence.

Nothing is said in any of Schubert's letters of his intention in this movement, or what picture or image (if any) he had in his mind. But a legend exists in the possession of the writer, which, if of somewhat doubtful authenticity (as legends often are), may perhaps be pardoned as not inappropriate to the case. According to this legend, then, the *finale* represents the story of Phaeton and the Horses of the Sun. It opens with a clang of the wood and brass instrn- and an airy loftiness well befitting an interview between two divinities on Olympus. His request granted, Phaeton mounts the chariot and tries a canter round with the horses. Then off they go, the team pulling hard, as horses of the sun should pull. Once or twice he manages to arrest their pace, but only for a time, and they soon resume their furious career. Then comes a passage, descending and diminishing, which conveys to perfection the feeling of the westering sun, slanting down to the ocean. After this, the second part of the movement begins, and with it begin Phaeton's difficulties. The day is dying, and the chill airs of evening begin to blow from the sea. The steeds won't pull together, and begin to plunge and kick. At last off they start together, the luckless youth can no longer control them, and the movement ends with the tremendous plunge of team, chariot, and charioteer, into the waters of the Adriatic.—So far the legend, which each may accept or reject at will. But Phaeton or no Phaeton, all will allow that the *finale* is a perfect marvel of spirit and impetuosity, worthy to be the embodiment of any story.

Vocal Music.

(From "The Voice in Singing," from the German of EMMA SEILER.)

It is a matter of complaint among all persons of good taste, who take an intelligent interest in art, and especially in music, that fine singers are becoming more and more rare, while formerly there appears never to have been any lack of men and women eminent in this art. The complaint seems not altogether without reason, when we revert to that rich summer-time of song, not yet lying very far behind us, in the last half of the last century, and compare it with the present. The retrospect shows us plainly that the art of singing has descended from its former high estate, and is now in a condition of decline. When we consider what is told us in the historical works of Forkel, Burney, Kiesewetter, Brendel and others, and compare it with our present poverty in good voices and skilful artists, we are struck with the multitude of fine voices then heard, with their remarkable fulness of tone, as well as with the considerable number of singers—male and female—appearing at the same time.

* * * It appears that far greater demands were made upon singers then than now-a-days. At least, history celebrates, together with the great vocal flexibility of the earlier singers, the measured beauty of their singing, the noble tone, the thoroughly cultivated delivery, by which they showed themselves true artists, and produced upon their hearers an effect almost miraculous

On the other hand, how sad is the condition of vocal music in our time! How few artistically cultivated voices are there! And the few that there are, how soon they are used up and lost! Artists like Lind, and more recently Trebelli, are exceptions to be made.

Mediocre talent is now often sought, and rewarded far beyond its desert. One is often tempted to think that the public at large has wellnigh lost all capacity of judgment, when he witnesses the representation of one of our operas. Let a singer, male or female, only drawl the notes sentimentally one into another, execute a tremolo upon prolonged notes, introduce very often the softest piano and just where it is entirely out of place, growl out the lowest notes in the roughest timbre, and scream out the high notes lustily, and he or she may reckon with certainty upon the greatest applause. In fact, we have become so easily pleased that even an impure execution is suffered to pass without comment. Let the personal appearance of the singer only be handsome and prepossessing, he need trouble himself little about his art in order to win the favor of the public. This decline of the art of singing is usually ascribed to the want of good voices, and this poverty of voices to our altered modes of living. To me it appears as the natural consequence of the whole manner and way in which the art of singing has been historically developed since its earlier high state of perfection.

* * * The art of singing rose in the course of the seventeenth century to an extraordinary height of cultivation, and was diffused more and more by means of the opera, then blooming, as we have said, into beauty. But in that brilliant spring-time of vocal art, it was not mere externals, such as beauty of tone, flexibility, etc., that were striven for, but, above all, the correct expression of the feeling intended in the composition. This rendered necessary to the singer the most thorough æsthetic culture, going hand in hand with the culture of the vocal organ. For only thus could he succeed in acting upon the souls of his hearers, in moving them and carrying them along with him in the emotions which the music awakened in his own mind. The dramatic singer was now strongly tempted to neglect the externals of his art for the æsthetic, purely inward conception of the music. Certain, at least, it is that to the neglect of the training of the voice (*Tonbildung*), and to the style of writing of our modern composers—a style unsuited to the art of singing, and looking only to its spiritual element—the decline of this art is in part to be traced. Mannstein says that, with the disappearance of those great singing masters, power and beauty have fallen more and more into contempt, and at the present day it is scarcely known what is meant by them. True it is, that a beautiful tone of voice (*Gesangston*), which must be considered the foundation and first requisition of fine singing, is more and more rare among our singers, male and female, and yet it is just as important in music as perfect form in the creations of the sculptor.

But the complete technical education of the earlier singers misled many of them into various unnatural artifices, in order to obtain notice and distinction. The applause of the public caused such trickeries to become the fashion among artists. The multitude, accustomed to such effects, began to mistake them for art. By the gradual disappearance of the male sopranists, instruction in singing fell into the hands of tenor singers, who usually cultivated the female voice in accordance with their own voices, which could not be otherwise than injurious in the uncertainty existing as to the limits in compass and the difference between the male and female organs of voice. As, in our days, people are apt to imagine that they know all about it and are ready to undertake anything, and as teaching in singing is generally best paid, the office has been undertaken by many persons who had not the slightest idea what thorough acquaintance with the organs of singing, what comprehensive knowledge of all the departments of music and what æsthetic and general culture, the teacher of singing requires. Very few persons indeed clearly understand what is meant by the education of a voice, and with what qualifications teacher and pupil should be satisfied. The idea, for instance, is very prevalent that every musician, whatever may be the branch of music to which he is devoted, and especially every singer, is qualified to give instruction in singing. And therefore a dilettantism without precedent has taken the place of all real artistic endeavor. Be this, however, as it may, such is the wide diffusion and popularity of music beyond all the other arts, that the want of singers artistically educated, and consequently also of a recognized sound method of instruction, becomes more and more urgent; and although we have in these times distinguished singers, male and female, as well as skilful teachers, yet the number is very small and by no means equal to the demand.

But now, as every evil, as soon as it is felt to be such, calls forth the means of its removal, already in various ways attempts are making in the department of the art of singing to restore it as perfectly as possible to its former high position, and if possible to elevate it to a yet higher condition. It was natural that the attempt should, first of all, be made to revive the old Italian method of instruction, and that, by strict adherence in everything to what has come down to us by tradition, we should hope for deliverance and salvation; for to the Italians mainly vocal music was indebted for its chief glory. Without considering in what a sadly superficial way music—and vocal music especially—is now treated in Italy, many have given in to the erroneous idea that any Italian who can sing anything must know how to educate a voice. Thus many incompetent Italians have become popular teachers in other countries.

The old Italian method of instruction, to which vocal music owed its high condition, was purely *empirical, i. e.* the old singing masters taught only according to a sound and just feeling for the beautiful, guided by that faculty of acute observation, which enabled them to distinguish what belongs to nature. Their pupils learned by imitation, as children learn their mother tongue, without troubling themselves about rules. But after the true and natural way has once been forsaken, and for so long a period only the false and the unnatural has been heard and taught, it seems almost impossible by empiricism alone to restore the old and proper method of teaching. With our higher degree of culture, men and things have greatly changed. Our feeling is no longer sufficiently simple and natural to distinguish the true without the help of scientific principles.

But science has already done much to assist the

formation of musical forms of art. Mathematics and physics have established the principal laws of sound and the processes of sound, in accordance with which our musical instruments are now constructed. Philosophical inquirers have succeeded also in discovering the eternal and impregnable laws of Nature upon which the mutual influences of melody, harmony and rhythm depend, and in thus giving to composition fixed forms and laws which no one ventures to question. And more recently Professor Helmholtz, in his great work, "*Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*," has given to music of all kinds a scientific ground and basis. But for the culture of the human voice in singing science has as yet furnished only a few lights. The well-known experiments of Johannes Müller upon the larynx gave us all that was known, until very recently, respecting the functions of the organ of singing. Many singing masters have sought to found their methods of instruction upon these observations on the larynx, at the same time putting forth the boldest conjectures in regard to the functions of the organ of singing in the living subject. But they have thus ruined more fine voices than those teachers who, without reference to the formation of the voice, only correct the musical faults of their pupils, and for the rest let them sing as they please.

This superficial treatment of science, and the unfortunate results of its application, have injured the art of singing more than benefited it, and created a prejudice against all scientific investigations in this quarter among the most distinguished artists and teachers, as well as among those who take an intelligent interest in this department of music. It is a pretty common opinion that science can do little for the improvement of music, and nothing for the culture and preservation of the voice in singing. And the habit of regarding science and art as opposed to each other renders it extremely difficult to secure a hearing for the results of thorough scientific inquiry in this direction.

Science itself admits that it can neither create artistic talent, nor supply the place of it, but only furnish it with aids. Besides, with the whole inner nature of music, no forms of thought (*reflection*) have anything to do. It has "a reason above reason." This art transmits to us in sound the expression of emotions as they rise in the human soul and connect themselves one with another. It is the revelation of our inmost life in its tenderest and finest processes, and is therefore the most ideal of the arts. It appeals directly to our consciousness. As a sense of the divine dwells in every nation, in every human being, and is impelled to form for itself a religious cultus, so we find among all nations the need of music dwelling as deeply in human nature. The most uncivilized tribes celebrate their festivals with songs as the expression of their devotion or joy, and the cultivated nations of ancient times, like the Greeks, cherished music as the ethereal vehicle of their poetry, and regarded it as the chief aid in the culture of the soul.

But together with its purely internal character, music has yet another and formal side, for if our art consisted only in the æsthetic feeling, and in representing this feeling, every person of culture, possessing the right feeling, would be able to sing, just as he understands how to read intelligibly.

Everything spiritual, everything ideal, as soon as it is to be made present to the perceptions of others, requires a form which, in its material as well as in its structure, may be more or less perfect; but it can never otherwise than submit to those eternal laws to which all that lives, all that comes within the sphere of our perceptions, is subject. To discover and establish the natural laws which lie at the basis of all our forms of art is the office of science; to fashion and control these forms and animate them with a soul is the task of art. In singing, the art consists in tones beautiful and sonorous, and fitted for the expression of every variation of feeling. To set forth the natural laws by which these tones are produced is the business of physiology and physics.

Thus is there not only an *æsthetical* side to the art of singing, but a *physiological* and a *physical* side also, without an exact knowledge, appreciation, observance, and study of which, what is hurtful cannot be discerned and avoided, and no true culture of art, and consequently no progress in singing, is possible.

In the *physiological* view of vocal art, we have to do with the quality and strength of the organ of singing in the act of uttering sound, and under the variations of sound that take place in certain tones (the register being transcended).

The *physical* side comprehends the correct conduct and control of the air flowing in vibrations of sound from the lungs through the trachea, and the position of the different glands and parts of the mouth, which serve as a sounding-board to the voice.

But the *æsthetics* of vocal art, and the spiritual inspiration of the form (of the sound), comprise the whole domain of music and poetic beauty.

Musical Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 6.—The 1st of Mason and Thomas's concerts of chamber music (for the present season) took place in Irving Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 4. The artists were Theo. Thomas, 1st violin; Mosenthal, 2d; Matzka, 1st viola; C. Rheasa, 2d; F. Bergner, 'cello; and S. B. Mills, piano. I subjoin the programme:—

Quintet, G minor, string.....Mozart
Sonata, A. op 47, piano and violin .....Beethoven.
Quartet, D minor, string, (posthumous).... . Schubert.

Certainly an attractive array. The Quintet was admirably played and is—it need scarcely be said—thoroughly beautiful. I may particularize the Adagio, which was played with muted strings and produced a fine effect. The sprightly Finale in G major has the genuine, fresh, living Mozartean inspiration.

Mr. Mills made his first appearance in public, since his return from Europe, in the famous "Kreutzer" Sonata. He was warmly greeted, and created a favorable impression by his performance of his portion of that work. There seemed at times, however, a little want of clearness and crispness in certain passages in the first movement, as also (less noticeably) in the Finale. I have heard this Sonata played by Arabella Goddard and Joachim, and her performance seemed nigh perfect.

Mr. Thomas played superbly. We have gradually become so accustomed to that gentleman's pre-eminence in anything which he undertakes, that we sometimes overlook the fact that he is one of our finest violinists. His performance did not compare unfavorably with that of Joachim in the same Sonata; he deserves the greater credit for acquitting himself so well, because, just in the middle of the first movement, one of his violin strings snapped, and an interruption and delay of some minutes was thereby occasioned. Such an accident is of course most annoying and provoking to an artist. Mr. T.'s ease and *insouciance* of manner were enviable.

The Schubert Quartet was given with much *élan*. The most interesting movements are the Andante ("Song of Death") and the Finale; the latter is the quaintest, most fanciful and most fascinating thing which one can imagine; it seems a wild elfin revel. To describe the Andante is simply to waste words; it cannot be described. It suggests—in some mysterious way—Browning's "*Prospice*."

The audience was not large—there were, perhaps, two hundred people present—and the hall was uncomfortably chilly. The concert was exceptionally long, owing to Mr. Thomas's violin accident, and to the fact that the Soirée did not commence until quarter after eight.

Great credit is due to these faithful and untiring artists for their earnest endeavors to advance the standard of Art in our city. F.

New York, Jan. 13.—Mr. Thomas's 3d Symphony Soirée was given on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at Steinway Hall. Mr. Mills was the solo performer, and the programme was as follows:

8th Symphony, op. 93 .... Beethoven.
Lieder: "Ich grolle nicht," and "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann
Mme. Balogh.
Romance and Rondo, from 1st P. F. Concerto... Chopin.
S. B. Mills.
Symphonic Poem, "Die Ideale," 1st time .... Liszt.
Lieder, "Lockung" (Dessauer), and "Ungeduld," Schubert.
Presto Scherzando, (posthumous).....Mendelssohn.
S. B. Mills.
Overture to "Genovera," op. 81..... Schumann.

The 8th Symphony, with its Haydnish [?] Allegretto and tumultuous Finale, is peculiarly attractive, and constitutes a marked contrast to the 7th of that noble series of symphonic works which have so justly established the undying fame of Beethoven. The orchestra was particularly excellent in those rapid transitions from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, which are so characteristic of the 1st and 4th movements; the little shimmering, *tremolando* passages in the latter were admirably done.

The Schumann and Schubert *Lieder* were ruined by the coarse and slovenly manner in which they were sung by a new aspirant for public favor, Mme. Balogh. It was evident that she had not the slightest conception of the magnificence of passion which fills and overflows the "*Ich grolle nicht*"; further, she sang flat, and the effect was terribly harassing.

Liszt's so-called *Poem* was after the usual sort; the usual waiting for the appearance of an idea, the usual agonizing suspense, the usual rapid changes of key, and the usual want of form, aim, or purpose. It seemed as if some member of the orchestra, whose province it might be to make prominent some theme or melody, had been unable to make his appearance, and that the "Poem" had been given without him; in other words, Hamlet with the role of Hamlet omitted.

Refreshing and cheering, after this "ideal" performance, came the *Genovera* Overture, which is the genuine, prophetic, future music. Something for which a thorough and loving appreciation shall yet come.

Mr. Mills played the heavenly Romance (from the Chopin Concerto) delightfully; he never showed more delicacy of touch and tenderness of feeling than in that exquisitely romantic music. The Rondo was given with the crisp, strong manipulation which constitutes one of the marked features of his artistic excellence. The Presto Scherzando (his second solo)—a most attractive composition and not strictly a concerted piece—received a hearty double encore, as it deserved. To this Mr. Mills responded, in the first instance, by simply bowing, and in the second upon the renewal of the applause, by playing a charming *Etude* in C sharp minor by Chopin.

The audience was large and really appreciative. There seemed to be a very general and lively satisfaction manifested, at the substitution of Mr. Mills, as soloist, for Mr. De Meyer, who had been announced to appear at this Soirée. F.

New York, Jan. 10.—On the evening of the 8th inst., Mr. A. Dessane began a series of six "Grand Concerts" [*toujours grand*] at Steinway Hall, with the following programme:

Andante and Allegro. Offertory in G major, for the Organ..... ..... .A. Dessane.
Mr. A. Dessane.
"Pierre l'Ermite".....Mambre
Mr. Colliere.
Quartet, No. 4. Op. 40. A minor .....Carl Schuberth.
Messrs. Leopold Heynau, 1st Violin; A. Zeiss, 2d Violin; Max Schwartz, Alto, and A. Dessane, 'cello.
Grand Valse of the new opera, "Mignon". A. Thomas.
Mme. E. DeLussan
Spinnerlied aus dem fliegenden Holländer und Wayner [von Wagner ?] übertragen ....Liszt.
Miss Alide Topp
Introduction and Variations sur un theme russe for the Violin... ....Ferd. David
Mr. L. Heynau.
Quartet No. 4. Op. 44, E minor .....F. Mendelssohn.
Duo of the Opera, "Ne touchez pas a la Reine." Boisselot
Mme. E. DeLussan and Mr. Colliere.
Grand Polonaise De Concert in E dur..... .....Liszt.
Miss Alide Topp
Scherzo in A minor for the Organ.....A. Dessane

The unique feature of this enterprise consists in the fact that at each concert two string Quartets are to be performed, with, of course, the usual amount of trash to float them.

When we consider the paucity, even here in New York, of intelligent and cultivated listeners, we hardly feel disposed to blame Mr. Dessane for treating the public to a conglomeration so anomalous as the above list, in which the beautiful E minor Quartet "shines like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

And even this piece,—so full of aromatic pain, so bright with Mendelssohn's own peculiar charm, with its wavering lights and shadows delicately blended—even this was almost murdered outright by poor

playing; for it was only in the passage marked *presto agitato* that the violins and 'cello manifested signs of that artistic unity and oneness of design, which is the charm of quartet playing.

The other Quartet is musician like enough in its construction, but weak and spiritless; untouched by what somebody calls "the Promethean fire of genius."

Mr. Dessane's organ pieces are decidedly Frenchy [frothy shall we say?], but were well played.

We refrain from any pleasantry at the expense of the "Flying Dutchman" and music of the past; but while the spirit of fault finding is upon us, we may as well ask why it is that Miss Topp, on every possible occasion, devotes her really fine talents to the thankless performance of Liszt's rambling and incoherent piano-forte pieces, which, whatever merits they may be said to possess, are certainly most brain-distracting.

The other solo performers were not remarkable.

The next concert is announced to take place on the 25th inst when Haydn's Quartet in G major, op 76, and Beethoven's E flat major Quartet, op. 74, will be given. A. A. C

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 18, 1868.

Music in Boston.

The only musical events of consequence during the past fortnight have been the revival of two of the old standard series of Concerts: those of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and the Orchestral Union, and a Symphony Concert.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, now composed of Messrs. WM. SCHULTZE, CARL MEISEL, THOMAS RYAN, EDWARD HEINDL (a new member, and most admirable flutist, when he does not take the second viola), and WULF FRIES, have entered upon their *nineteenth* season of classical Chamber Concerts, giving the first of the series of four, at Chickering's Hall, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, to a large, intelligent and eager audience. This was the programme:

Quintet in B flat, op. 33 ..... Mozart.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, op. 24. ... . Beethoven.
Mme Pizzotti and Mr. Schultze
"Gesang Scene," Violin Concerto, by..... Louis Spohr.
Transcribed for Flute by ..... Belcke.
Edward Heindl.
Piano Solo, a. Song without words..... Mendelssohn.
b Impromtu in A flat ..... Chopin.
Mme Pizzotti.
Grand Quartet, in C sharp minor, op. 131.... Beethoven.

The Mozart piece is not found among his Quintets proper, which are five in number. Most of it sounded like a very early work, simple, naive, rather antique in cut, but with the charm of the young Mozart melody and clearness; only we could not help fancying that the Finale may have been added at a later period, on account of the fitful alternation of dramatic, recitative-like phrases (Andante) with the quick, bright Allegro. Mozart's biographer and wholesale admirer, Oulibicheff, if our memory is not mistaken, blames a Quintet of Beethoven for just the same violation of the classic repose befitting works in this form; what would he say to this? After hunting through Köchel's huge thematic Catalogue of Mozart, we discover the Quintet in its original shape of a *Divertimento for 2 violins, viola, bass and 2 horns*, composed in 1777, when Mozart was about 21 years old. The famous G-minor Quintet, loveliest of the tribe, was written ten years later. Who cut off the *Divertimento's* horns and turned it into a tame, respectable Quintet for strings alone, we do not know; it was so published by André of Offenbach, as Op. 33. It was on the whole well enjoyed, but that the smoothness of the rendering was sometimes marred by high notes a little harsh and not quite true.

The well-known Beethoven Sonata Duo in F suffered somewhat from the embarrassment of the young pianist, whose debut here it was, who accidentally failed to reach the hall in season, and had to play her part in anything but a cool and self-possessed condition. This made her touch seem stiff and heavy, though she gave evidence of good, clear, honest execution. There was no nonsense about it; a clear, literal, careful rendering; and though we hardly think that Mme. PIZZOTTI is yet prepared to shine among such pianists as our concert rooms can boast, we have no doubt she will fill a useful sphere in some large music-loving town, both as teacher and as concert artist; for she is earnest, modest, well-taught and engaging in manner and appearance. The Mendelssohn *Lied* (the "Duet") was taken too slow; her best success was with the Chopin *Impromptu*.

Spohr's "*Gesang Scene*," often called *Scena Cantante*," or the "Dramatic Concerto," is a capital violin piece,—perhaps the most interesting of all he wrote for that subtle, searching instrument, and in that we have his best. But the trouble about a transcription of it for the flute is, that the accompanying instruments (quartet of strings in this case) are so much more searching and expressive than the principal. A flute, however well played, (and Mr. HEINDL did it marvellously well, no waste of breath, no sense of difficulty apparent), must sound tame and dull in contrast.

The great thing of the evening, that "posthumous" Quartet of Beethoven, was unspeakably interesting for earnest music-lovers and students to follow.

ORCHESTRAL UNION... The first Wednesday Afternoon Concert occurred this week. The day was stormy, and the audience not as large as the music deserved, which was indeed excellent. The orchestra, of about 30 instruments, the best, was led by CARL ZERRAHN. The programme included the fine Concert Overture in A by Julius Rietz, which only improves upon acquaintance, and the second Symphony, in D, of Beethoven, which gave great delight. The lighter pieces were a very pretty new Strauss Waltz ("Fairy Tales"); an arranged Duet from "William Tell," "*Frühlings Erwachen*" (Spring's awakening), by C. E. Bache, and "*Reveil du Lion*" (*Winter's* awakening?) by Kontsky.

The SYMPHONY CONCERT of Thursday gave, for the first part, two very dramatic Overtures, interesting for comparison, the *Fierabras* by Schubert, and the *Ruy Blas* by Mendelssohn; and between the two the first Piano Concerto of Beethoven, in C, played by B. J. LANG. Part II was filled by the great, glorious Schubert Symphony in C, about which we have copied something interesting from Mr. Mann's Crystal Palace programmes in London; only a fig for the Phaeton story at the end!

"La Grand Duchesse," &c., &c.

"Is it not strange that when dealing with comic opera the French can never be heartily funny without grazing against gross impropriety?"—*Lond. Mus. World.*

"M. Offenbach's last offspring, *Robinson Crusoe*, draws full houses, notwithstanding the general opinion that it ought not to have been permitted to be given at the Opéra-Comique, where the greatest masterpieces by Grétry, Boieldieu, Herold, Meyerbeer, Auber, &c., have been performed, and that such music is only pleasant to hear *entre le café et le cigar*."—*Letter from Paris.*

"What purports to be the 'Journal of Music' in this city has no mention of the great musical event of the past week." *Boston Evening Transcript, Jan. 6.*

So much the worse for the "great event" (arrival of the *Duchesse*)!—were a fair inference. So much the worse for the Journal of Music! is doubtless what the *Transcript* meant. Perhaps it will be so much the worse for the *Transcript* before we get through. Our smart tea-table neighbor, which on the whole we like-in spite of its propensity to fling stones, has frequently indulged in little flings at us, —meanly sometimes, because altogether vague and apropos of nothing,—and we have never thought it worth the while to notice them. This time, had we too been a Daily, with our daily column of "brief jottings," it had been easy to fling back; as thus: No mention? Why? Because the person who appears to edit the "event," with such wonderful unanimity, we might say identity, in all the newspapers, is allowed no part nor prompting in the editing of the Journal of Music. *Too* close agreement in so many witnesses is fatal to their testimony. Or, because in the selection of our topics we are under no obligation to consult the interests of Mr. Bateman or any advertising impresario; we write about what interests us, and what we think should interest the friends of Art, "events" of real consequence in an artistic, not a business point of view. Frankly, our first conviction after seeing the "Grand Duchess" was, the less said of it, the better, especially since all the papers had already said too much. Such a manifest attempt to write a thing into notice and forestall public opinion, such exaggeration of all the facts, as there has been in this case, we have very seldom seen. A thing entirely trivial has had more ado made about it by the Press, than if it were one of the grandest masterworks of Art; the fact that it has found audiences (and what droll extravaganza does not) has been proclaimed as a grand triumph, the conquest af all "Boston" by a new kind of a musical genius, whom we are all henceforth to hug to our hearts and forget that there was any genius or melody in Mozart or Rossini! Really good things do not conquer "Boston" in this sudden way; at all events they do not so command the instant uniform allegiance of the Press.

But we will give our reasons for not joining in this glorification of the Duchess, with which all the newspapers are ringing.

1. We deny that its arrival is a "great *musical* event." Musically, the thing is of the smallest worth. The music is commonplace, trifling, often vulgar, of a grade hardly above negro minstrelsy. In the cut of its melodies, in a certain piquant accent it is very Frenchy for a German, but original in any musically creative sense it is not; there are more fine musical ideas, more delicious inspirations in any five minutes of "The Barber" than in the whole of it. It is full of tunes, they say, that haunt one, that are sure to be whistled in all the streets, and ground out on the bandorgans. True, and because they are so bad; vulgar and unmeaning tunes *do* haunt one like flies and musquitoes in the dog-days; would we might escape them! The great favorite of the newspapers, the all-conquering "*Sabre de mon père*," is positively flat, too flimsy for a *tire-bouchon*. These things are of the very essence of *claptrap*; from what but such things did that word originate? The instrumentation is thin, poor and noisy; never was so mean an "Overture"! The whole charm consists in the fact that the music (like the play) is often funny, grotesque, and always very light. But musically considered, by itself, it is of no more account than the strains of a Quadrille Band, a mere accompanying circumstance, and claims attention

while you watch the play about as much as that does while you watch the dancers in a ball room. Stripped of costume and stage show, who could sit through this music in a concert? Worst of all is, that this is utterly insincere music; the music never for a moment forgets itself enough to have some heart in it, as Mozart's *always* does even in the most comical situations, thereby idealizing whatsoever it illustrates, which it is the very nature and heavenly mission of music to do. This is music heartless, unbelieving, as far as possible from naivo in its simplicity, totally devoid of ideality or poetry; it lends itself to the purposes of broad farce with the most prosaic indifference, having nothing on its own account to say, but merely help the play along and lift its feet as in a ballet.

The cleverness of Offenbach consists in the ready knack he has for reeling off light, empty melodies to fit the funny nonsense on the stage, and in contriving odd surprises, "musical jokes," in the voices and the orchestra, to make it more laughable. Now and then, to be sure, you detect an allusion to other composers, burlesque imitations—more, however of situations than of music—but not nearly so many or so happy as the active fancies of our newspaper critics would persuade us. Perhaps the funniest instance of the sort in the score of the *Duchesse* is one at the beginning of the third act, omitted in the performance here. It is a palpable allusion both to the "*benediction des poignards*" in the Huguenots, and to some other things; it is where the conspirators suddenly change the tempo of their dark vindictive strain, while five grindstones are brought in and placed before them and they all go to sharpening their swords, the orchestra touching an *altissimo* note at every mention of sharp points.

That there is anything like "musical wit" in the work, we fail to see; and we do not deny that there can be such a thing as musical wit; we feel it in Rossini's "Barber," in many a comic opera, and hold it to be very enjoyable; but here there is nothing fine or imaginative enough to suggest wit; it is but coarse extravaganza.

But why all this talk? Who ever heard before of Offenbach as being counted among fine musical composers? Surely, with musicians, in the musical world as such, he has no such reputation, and is hardly mentioned. The Opera Comique of Paris, the Opera Buffa of the Italians, have called out the finest powers of men of rarest musical genius. But this thing is no *opera comique*; as soon might negro minstrelsy invade the Opera Comique in Paris, as these low, though in their way laughable and clever buffooneries of Offenbach. Just now, to be sure, for the first time, he has written something for that theatre, his *Robinson Crusoe*, and we see with what a general protest it is received as a prostitution of a place which hitherto has borne a better character. Perhaps the corrupt air of the Bouffes is creeping upward in Paris, at the same time that the Duchess "conquers Boston."

2. But what is this *Bouffes Parisennes*, whose advent raises such a pæan in our newspapers, and to which critics and reporters (by kind paternal leave of Mr. Bateman) are so eager to pledge the unconditional surrender and allegiance of "Boston"? Always a name of at least questionable respectability, what we here should call a very low theatre, the first home of the Offenbach Muse, as well as her later haunts, the *Variétés*, &c, has been devoted to the speciality of broad farce and burlesque, which, even without music, and in spite of coarseness, always finds plenty of admirers, but which under the floating, mystifying gauze of gay and graceful, although very common music, and all the prettiness of stage effects, veils from wondering or unsuspecting innocence those indecent allusions, *double entendres*, baits to low appetite, which are palpable enough to the prurient imaginations of those for whom they are intended. In a word, such theatres minister to the peculiar appetite of the most *blasé*, unbelieving, corrupt life of the great over-ripe City of Paris. It is eminently Parisian, but the element exists in all great cities. Offenbach presented himself with just the gift for prostituting music to this vulgar business; a gift for writing, with a certain clever routine of musicianship, a kind of musical *argot* to go with the rotten thing.

At any rate, the *Bouffes* and Offenbach have ever been the speciality of certain minor theatres; and though they have their run all over Europe, we never hear of them in any principal or royal opera houses. Thus in Berlin, where we were once half amused, half bored by the "*Orphée aux Enfers*," it was at the little Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt theatre, and not at the Royal Opern-haus, nor the Victoria, where such things could not possibly have gained admission. Quite as little could they figure at the Opera Comique in Paris,—until now. Many have an idea that the *Bouffes* are only a lighter, brighter, more extravagant and funny sort of *Comic* opera; but they are not for a moment to be confounded with that; they lack the *genius*, lack the *ideality* of comic opera; they are coarse, vulgar *prose* in their entire conception, both of plot and character and music; they are full of coarse intention, which is the serious part of them, and the music simply floats it, (veils it too, fortunately, for modest eyes, but does nothing at all to redeem, idealize and lift the base thing up

The antecedents of the Grand Duchess, therefore, are far from eminently respectable. And, strange to say, the very thing which night after night in our "Academies of Music" is most applauded in it, compelling the curtain to be raised after it has once charitably fallen upon a spectacle the lowest we have ever seen upon the stage, at least in the impersonation of a woman, and she a much praised prima donna, is that dancing of the infamous *Can can*. The very word in Paris is almost unmentionable to ears polite. The dance itself, peculiar to low haunts, is legally prohibited and has to look out for the vigilant eyes of the police; indeed, if common report be true, it is associated with whatever there is lewd and dissolute in the worst strata of Parisian life. We are credibly informed that on the last fête day of Napoleon, 15th of August, license to perform the *Duchesse* was asked and refused by the Emperor, on the ground that it was not a thing fit for his dear children to be entertained with upon such a day.—No doubt, we have it in a much mitigated form here, but the imported article is bad enough.

3. We must also charge the newspapers with most extravagantly overstating the success and triumph of this thing in Boston; as if "Boston" had been unconditionally "conquered," because many people were delighted with the fun, and it has much of the time drawn full houses. Such statements, too, as that whoever goes once is sure to go again and again, and find it more and more enjoyable, must be taken with a huge grain of salt. One never would suspect it from the newspapers, but in private talk expressions of disappointment and of shame and indignation are very current. Musicians speak of the worthlessness of the music, and rebuke themselves for having had the patience to sit through it in the hope of finding something in it; others wisely gave that up and found entertainment in the fun of the mere action,—exquisite on the part of the male caricatures, we must admit. Hundreds of lovers of "*light* music," but who want genius and beauty with the lightness, who enjoy the "Barber," the "*Elisir d'Amore*," &c., more heartily than straining *Trovatores* or even heavy *Huguenots* (and we are of them), found this thing musically tame and humdrum. Then, as to there being "nothing offensive to the most refined sentiment" in the action, we could soon count a score or two among the most intelligent of our acquaintance, persons by no means prudish, who, having seen it once, will never go again, nor consent to have their daughters witness it. No doubt many pure and refined persons of all ages *have* witnessed it, have been more or less carried away by it, and, not following the French libretto carefully, have seen nothing to shock their finer instincts. Thank heaven, youthful innocence and modesty carry their own protector with them in that divine unconsciousness which sees not and suspects not the sly arrows aimed at coarser audience.—The proclamation that *Boston* (all that may be fondly meant by that among Bostonians), is entirely carried away and conquered by the Duchess, is to be taken as a trick of rhetoric, one of those loose generalizations which run so glibly from reporters' pens, and meant to serve for advertisement in other markets on which the Duchess and her Impresario have set their eyes for conquest. Sweet morsels these for the Impresarios to roll under their tongue; their high-mightinesses understand it well, for do they not keep about their person one whom they call their "manager of the press," unless they happen to love the excitement of the "leetle game" too well themselves? Summon the shade of Ullmann and bid him testify!

In very shame for the good name of our city, that it should even *seem* to forget itself about a thing so shallow, so ambiguous as this *quasi* opera of Offenbach, we have, much against our will and love of peace and ease, undertaken an unpleasant duty and expressed what has been waiting all around us for expression, having thus far found none publicly. Strange, that while these things have been pretty generally felt and talked of, there has not been one word or hint of it in any of the newspapers! But now that the seal is broken, the artistic and the moral value of the *opera bouffe*, as shown in this specimen, will at least be an open question.

We have said too much for our own taste, or perhaps for the patience of our readers; but we must still put in a *caveat* against a confounding of issues. It will be said: Of course *you* cannot relish our jolly Duchess, because you have no pleasure in music that is light and sparkling, no sense of the humorous and funny, but want always what is staid and classical, &c. This we have already denied, not only in this article, but many times in the course of our journalizing, while we have been thought unjust to serious *Italian* opera, have we owned our delight in the Italian *buffo* and *parlando*, as a thing of exquisite genius in its way.

Again, it will be said: You find nothing immoral in *Don Giovanni*, why so squeamish then about the *Duchess*? The cases are wholly out of relation to each other In "Don Giovanni," or "*Il dissoluto punito*" as Mozart called it, we have the most solemn of tragedy throughout the comedy, the awful sense of the supernatural pervades the music; the dissolute person, the seducer figures in the drama, but baulked at every step and haunted by the shadow of the violated Law; even the first scene is saved and lifted into grandeur by Death stalking into the midst of it and by the lofty character of Donna Anna. If the Don tempts Zerlina, it is not he, but the poor victim that claims our sympathy, for so the music points it. The music, which is all earnest, heart-felt, sincere, heavenly, ideal, revealing the inner truth and tendencies of things. Interpret Mozart's opera by the *music*, and it is a sublime moral tragedy of life, of universal scope, with comedy and humor interwoven as in Shakspeare, as in human life itself. But in the French thing, what there is vulgar or indecent is the very bait and argument held out to win an audience; there is no moral even hinted anywhere, there is no difference made of good or bad, all is alike a joke, no triumph of innocence to be anticipated; the simple love of Fritz and Wanda is just as much caricatured as the old fogies and conventionalities of the court; while the music as we have said, does nothing to idealize it.

"The Voice in Singing."—The extract which we give upon another page is a specimen of the earnestness, the soundness, and the admirable writing of this little book, of which we mean to speak more at length when we have time. Meanwhile we strongly recommend it to all who are interested in the art of singing and the true culture of the voice, and give our hearty Amen to the following notice in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

"The Voice in Singing." Translated from the German of Emma Seiler by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

The hearty thanks of all who are interested in the advance of the art of music in this country are truly due to the translator of this most valuable work.

In this book we have the results of the conscientious, earnest study of one who, deeply imbued with a true love for art, and realizing that art, to be true, must spring from natural causes (though, as we are only made aware of their results, these causes are seldom known to us), has by the most diligent and enthusiastic investigations in physical and physiological science, made herself a thorough mistress of the causes and effects in the production of sound.

By carrying the investigations of Garcia by means of the laryngoscope far beyond what that eminent teacher found possible, and after long practice by an unexampled power of the will over the organs of the throat, being enabled to raise the epiglottis, thus exposing to view the entire glottis while in action in the living subject, the author has been able to arrive at results most important to the teacher of singing who would not willingly do injustice to the voices of those intrusted to his care. We allude to her investigations and final adjustment of the different registers of the human voice; for, to quote the words of E. du Bois-Reymond, Professor of Physiology in the Royal University of Berlin: "We owe to her (Mrs. Seiler) a more exact knowledge of the position of the larynx and of its parts in the production of the several registers of the human voice; and she appears especially to have brought to a final and satisfactory decision the much-vexed question respecting the formation of the so-called fistel tones (head tones). She has been associated with the best powers possessed by Germany in the department of the theory of music and physiological acoustics, standing by the side of the celebrated physiologist, Helmholtz, while he was engaged in his physiological-acoustic work upon the generation of the vowels and the nature of harmony."

While scarcely feeling competent to notice this book thoroughly in all its parts, we may still express our appreciation of its admirable arrangement, and when we consider the months and years of unwearied research necessary to find the results, here so clearly, concisely and forcibly stated, we are strongly impressed with the fact that no selfish motive has prompted the study, but a sincere wish to benefit the cause of truth in science and art.

Having rapidly sketched the rise, development and decline of the art of singing, which forces us to contrast the present condition of the singing voices with the past, and to be almost ready to confess that the art of singing is a dead art, the author soon convinces us, by her thoroughly scientific investigations and conclusions, that though apparently dead, it can be revived and made to bloom with all its former beauty, by simply using instead of abusing those natural laws which lie at the foundation of all art.

Mrs. Seiler proves herself to be what is a rare combination, not only the patient, scientific investigator, but the true artist. This is fully shown in the last chapter on the æsthetics of her art, in which is to be found much that is truly original and beautiful.

We commend the book to all who are interested in the art of singing—to the teacher who is earnest and conscientious in his work; to the pupil, who seeks to know the true path; to the physician, whose difficult task it so often is to attempt the cure of throats injured by false systems of singing; to the educated man, who is willing to admit that in music there is something more profound than the mere clap-trapisms of the charlatan; and to all who have a real interest in the triumph of truth over error.

We congratulate Philadelphia that among her citizens she is able to number one so highly gifted as the author of this most interesting work.

New Haven, Conn.—*Loomis' Musical Journal* (recently established in the "City of Elms"), congratulates its readers on the artistic opportunities of the past year, enumerating:

First—The exhibition of paintings at the Yale Art School. This collection of art specimens was made at great expense by gentlemen famous for taste and appreciative of merit in this department. Many people came from a great distance to examine it. The receptions were attended by the most brilliant audiences, the rooms were filled always with admirers, and the exhibition was such as to claim the highest praise and be noted down as an important event in this year's history.

Second.—The Philharmonic Concerts were a rare treat and introduced music which was of so high character that no one would have credited the statement five years ago that it would have been supported here at this time. The programmes included Beethoven's Symphonies, No. 5, in C minor, No. 6 in F Major, and No. 7 in A Major, also the Overtures to *Der Freyschütz*, *Euryanthe*, "Merry Wives of Windsor," William Tell, and Mahomet, the music of "Midsummer Nights' Dream," the Concertos of Mendelssohn in G Minor and Beethoven in G Major, with other selections, less classic. Dr. Stœckel conducted the concerts with great success.

Third.—The Mendelssohn Society have given during the year two oratorios, viz: Costa's "Eli," and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The chorus was of good size in both concerts, and was assisted by the best solo talent from New York and Boston.

Fourth.—The Ives' concerts, early in the year, were richly enjoyed. Miss Ives played very finely the "Concertstück" by Weber, and a "Rondeau Brillante" by A. Schmitt, also Weber's "Grosso Polonaise," the Moonlight Sonata, and a transcription of "La Charité" by Liszt, besides an original "Bird Waltz," a composition of great merit. The programmes included also the Overtures to *Gazza Ladra*, *Zampa*, *Crown Diamonds*, *Fra Diavolo* and *Stradella*.

Fifth.—The Chamber Concerts, of which there have been six, have afforded a delightful variety of classic parlor music, selected from the best works of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. Miss Ives also played at these concerts, a Concerto from Spohr and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio" in B Major. Vocal selections from Beethoven, Mozart, and Schumann were also on the programmes.

Sixth.—Organ concerts, and good ones, too, have been given here during the year, embracing some fine selections, under the management of genuine artists.

Seventh.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, have given us two concerts consisting in a good part of classic music. They were assisted by Addie S. Ryan as vocalist.

Eighth.—We have had also for operas, the "Barber of Seville" and "Trovatore" both of them excellent renderings.

Ninth.—Miscellaneous concerts of all descriptions have been numerous, and included some of the best artists in the country. We have had a host of them.

Taking the year as a whole, it has never been approached by any year preceding, for the profusion of musical entertainments.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Here are a couple of programmes, performed last month, which show a curiously miscellaneous direction in the two principal musical organizations of this city. The first is that of the 169th concert of the "Musical Society:"

Overture—"Les Huguenots."....Meyerbeer.
Scene and Aria for Soprano from "La Traviata"...Verdi.
"Bluemlein am Haag," Song for tenor, with acc. for 'cello and piano ....Abt.
"Blanche de Provence," Chorus for female voices, with acc. of organ....Cherubini.
War March of the Priests, from "Athalia"..Mendelssohn.
"Greeting to Spring," Male Chorus, new....Abt.
Fantasia on Russian Airs—For viola, with orch. acc. (Prof Bach)....Poznanski.
Recitative and Aria from the "Barber of Seville,"—For Soprano with orch. acc....Rossini.
Jubel Overture....Weber.

The next is that of the "Philharmonic Society,"—"vigorous and promising young Society":

Overture from the opera "Orpheus"....Offenbach.
Hallelujah Chorus, from the Oratorio "Messiah."Handel.
Air with variations....Rhode.
Sung by Miss Annie Main.
"Good Night," Quartet for male voices....Abt.
Chorus from the opera "Masaniello"....Auber.
Concert Overture, "In the Highlands"....N. Gade.
"The Miller's Daughter," Chorus for male voices. Hartel.
Fantasia Caprice for Violin....Vieuxtemps.
Mr. Schoenfeld.
"Through meadows green," Ballad....Haas.
Miss Annie Main.
Gloria, Chorus from the Twelfth Mass....Mozart.

An Overture by Offenbach in a Philharmonic concert! and followed immediately by Handel's Hallelujah Chorus!

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

We'd better bide a wee. *Claribel.* 30
Poet's love. " 30
Nice parlor songs.
Bear it like a man. Song. *Hobson.* 30
Good advice. As we have "Hobson's choice," and *must* hear it, it is better to bear it like a man; and the singing of this wholesome song will aid in the matter.
Pretty song bird, sing again. S'g & Cho. *Williams.* 30
Meet me in the arbor. (Claribel). *M. Keller.* 30
Speed away. Quartette. Guitar by *Haydn.* 30
The last is well known, and the others are new and agreeable songs.
There's a smile waiting for me at home. *Clifton.* 30
Good night, little blossom. Song. *Keller.* 40
O, come to me in my dreams. " *C. W. Walter.* 30
The titles succeed each other very naturally, although the songs have no connection, but are very pleasant home songs.
Adolphus Morning Glory. Song. *D. Braham.* 30
Whether the "Morning Glory" stove was named for this gentleman, is an open question. But he is quite a beau, and sings a capital song.
O how the charm. (D'ogni terrena.) from "Marco Visconti." *Petrella.* 35
Roma. Duet for tenor and contralto or baritone. *Campana.* 75
Italian songs of some difficulty, with English translations. The subject of the latter is peculiarly impressive, describing the "vast, vast city," as reposing calmly "in the shadow of the cross," or partially revealed by the beams of the moon.

Instrumental.

Recueil de Morceaux for 4 hds. *Gounod.*
No. 1. Minuet. 40
" 2. L'Angelus. 25
Those who like duets will eagerly welcome these new pieces of the master.
Potpourri from the "Grand Dutchess." In two Nos. *Wells.* ea. 75
Unusually good, they contain quite a number of well selected airs, are not especially difficult, and has very little extra and unnecessary music between the airs.
Three Sonatinas by *Köhler.* No. 1. 60
2. 50
3. 70
So good a teacher as Köhler naturally composes with a view to instruct; and these appear to be fine pieces for students. Of medium difficulty.
The Hydropathen Waltzes. *Gung'l.* 60
Bright, stirring things, in the author's well-known style.
Spring Messenger. (Frühlingsboten). *Jungman.*
No. 1. First green. 40
" 2. Ride in the gondola. 40
" 3. Shepherd's horn. 40
Three pieces showing evidence of Jungman's exquisite taste.
La Grande Duchesse. Grande Valse. *Strauss.* 60
Good dance music.
Happy Dreams. Polka Redowa. *Fernald.* 30
Play this the last thing in the evening. It will be very appropriate.

Books.

Nava's 12 Vocalizzi di Perfezionamento. For Mezzo Soprano. 2.50
Studies for "perfecting" the voice, and are of course for advanced pupils.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 700. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1868. VOL. XXVII. No. 23.

Nohl's "Youth of Beethoven."

(From the Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, translated for this Journal).

BEETHOVEN'S LEBEN, von LUDWIG NOHL. Erster Band: *Die Jugend*, 1770--92. (Wien. Markgraf, 1864.)

When, in 1859, the Life of Beethoven by A. B. MARX appeared, many may have hoped to see their long cherished wish fulfilled, that at last a picture of the Master's life was built up on firm foundations, and the correct points of view afforded of the development of his creative power. How sadly they were deceived, was thoroughly and decisively proved by A. W. THAYER in a criticism,* which was given in German in the 68th and following pages of the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* for 1861, and which closes with the result, that Beethoven's Biography still remained to be written. The hopes, thus demolished, however, may have been immediately revived by the fact, that the minute knowledge of facts and circumstances relating to Beethoven, evidently resting upon his own researches, which Thayer exhibited, pointing him out as having a special vocation for the task; and indeed it soon came out, that he was actually engaged in the work. But it was already known that a Life of Beethoven was to be expected from the pen of Herr OTTO JAHN; his preface to the "Mozart" hints this, and divers articles (upon *Fidelio*, the complete edition of Beethoven's works, &c.) have appeared since as *avant couriers*, so to speak, of the work.

Thus, then, whatever was necessary for the memory and the due estimation of Beethoven was perfectly provided for, and the only question now was when the completed works would lie before the public. Suddenly the musical journals announce that Herr LUDWIG NOHL is busy with the labors preparatory to a Life of Beethoven, and no long time passes, before the first part of the work, under the special title "Beethoven's youth," nicely printed, lies before us. Herr Nohl has given the musical public knowledge of his existence through various writings prepared during the last few years. In quick succession have appeared:—in 1860, "Mozart, a contribution to musical Æsthetics"; 1861, "The Soul (*Geist*) of the Musical Art;" 1862, "The Magic Flute;" 1863, "Mozart;" this last, a Biography, is reviewed in No. 17 of the last volume of this *Zeitung*† Whoever has looked through these works or had patience to read them, to him Nohl's vocation to become the Biographer of Beethoven must seem, for a two-fold reason, in the highest degree doubtful.

First, the absolute dependence upon other writers in the historic parts of his productions, especially the Mozart, to which he yields himself, and his frequent citations of long passages of their works, particularly out of Jahn's Mozart, leave it in doubt whether he has any conception of the obligations and dignity of scientific investigation. And then, the views, which he has hitherto promulgated in relation to Beethoven, hardly allow any unprejudiced estimation of the Master to be expected from his pen. We let pass in general here the turgid and bombastic phrase-making of Nohl's æsthetics, which nowhere holds to any given technical principles, but refers every phenomenon at once to the "history of the human soul;" but the manner in which it has shown itself in relation to Beethoven is, for our present object, worth recalling to mind.

Thus, then, we read in his first publication, p. 46: "But just this superabundant affluence of thought (in Beethoven's Sonatas), especially in the Adagios, far too often hinders their transparency and free movement—a certain wooden effect (!) is not avoided.—a clear statement of the musical idea is not attained." On page 50 [of the same first publication] Mozart's and Beethoven's natures are compared; the former had lite-warm blood in his veins, the other—*ichor*, like Homer's Gods. Hence, p. 53, *Fidelio*, compared with Mozart's operas, comes off badly; the forms have not gained independence of the orchestra; the music does not necessarily belong to the situation; and where it "does go with the action, it has a wooden tone—something empty"—not intimately adapted to the words. Compared with Belmont and Constanza,* Fidelio and Florestan seem "to have at best fish blood (ichor?) in their veins." With all this there is no want of fantastic exclamations upon Beethoven's greatness, which, however, is for the most part sought outside the sphere of music.

In his second publication the strong contradictions retire somewhat into the background. On p. 154 it is said, though, that Beethoven's imperfect instruction in counterpoint is to be remarked in many a later work of his (also by Herr Nohl?): and, p. 209, all sorts of faults are found in the great Mass [the *Missa Solemnis*]; that the author has changed his main opinions, however, it nowhere appears.

But whoever, in consequence of all this, might naturally expect in Nohl's Beethoven to find a view of his character, *à la* Oulibichef, let him open the book without anxiety. Beethoven has in the meantime become the type of the German folk; he is the representative of the grand, compelling ideas of his time; to the edifice raised by his predecessors, he has added the tower, necessary to its perfection:† "Beethoven was to be the first who should bring this art into the sphere of the highest human intellectual achievements" (p. 288). "Beethoven's genius alone had power so to carry out the great work of Mozart, viz., the development in tones of the depth of human feeling—that not only music but humanity was a gainer,"‡ (p. 235). These vague and hyperbolical utterances may doubtless awaken doubt, whether the conversion of Nohl is real spiritual progress; we have therefore to examine, whether in his work as a whole, it has produced good fruit.

The preface instructs us as to the object of the work; in contradistinction to his Mozart, Nohl has now to seek for himself, in the main, his materials, and to lay his own foundations. The fact that this had not previously been adequately done, leads him into a critical enumeration of previous works upon Beethoven. While speaking of the printed Biographies, he mentions also the "Fischoff manuscript" as he calls a collection, now in Berlin, of written notices upon Beethoven, exceedingly various in character, which after his death was made by friends, preparatory to a biography. One would naturally think that this would fall under the head of original sources. On the other hand, Nohl does great wrong in omitting here a work, which for him, as he afterwards says—and in a far higher degree than he says—has been of important service to him throughout. It is an article upon Beethoven's youth in the Brussels "*Revue Brittanique*," Vol. 4, 1861, pt. 1, of which Nohl says, in a note (p. 364), it is written not without knowledge of the subject, and, a few errors excepted*, throughout trustworthy. The article is, however, but a translation of one originally written in English for the Boston *Atlantic Monthly* (1858, No. 7, p. 817 et seq.), and its author no other than A. W. Thayer. Whatever is given on the basis of this article, clearly gains, on this account, in value—not, to be sure, to Nohl's credit—who, since he expresses the hope, that his book will be for the history of music, and not alone for that, of "*importance as an original authority*," is bound first of all to examine and give his own authorities conscientiously.

The work is intended to be in four volumes; three of them Biography, *one* for the consideration of Beethoven's compositions. These proportions, as well as the entire principle of separating the

* The article here referred to, when it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, caused great dissatisfaction with its author among the admirers of Marx. Its effect upon being published in Germany was such, that Marx rewrote his work throughout, and the present Translator has been told by a German bookseller, that, upon the appearance of the second edition, notice was given that owners of the first could have the privilege of exchange gratis.

† The reviewer proves conclusively the result to which he comes, viz.: "Herr Nohl has contented himself simply with, in part, copying out the work of Jahn, and, in part, epitomizing it." Nohl's book is in fact a most brazen plagiarism in all its facts, while its attempts at criticism seem to be intended as burlesques of Oulibichef, Lenz, &c., such utter nonsense are they.

* In Mozart's opera, "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail.*"

† A plagiarism from Reichardt.

‡ That Herr Nohl cuts such capers without any particular scruples, he has shown, among various instances, in a recent article in the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, wherein he pleads for Richard Wagner as director of the Munich Conservatory, on the ground, that "the hopes of progress of the *entire* German nation are bound up in him." AA.

* Thayer's article was written at a time when he had but the previously written biographical sketches and same valuable newspaper notices, disinterred by him, for authorities. What a flood of light has been thrown upon the whole subject of Beethoven's early history, and what a multitude of errors in those authorities, and consequently in his *Atlantic* article he has been enabled to correct, by the results of his subsequent researches, especially in the archives at Düsseldorf, his "Beethoven," Vol. I. amply shows. Hence it is strange that, in the work of the German Nohl, written some five years later, one seeks in vain for a correction of any important one of all those errors.

master's creations, the grand events of his life, from the life itself, must arouse the strongest doubts whether the author really comprehends his task.

The first volume, now lying before us, contains Beethoven's youth—from 1770 to 1792, and that, too, divided into three periods, of which Herr Nohl treats in the same number of books. The first book has a sub-title, "Dreams." If those which follow—"Dawn" [*Dämmerung*] and "Awaking"—did not stand in connection with this first, there would be temptation to believe that the author is referring to his own dreams.

Much-promising and emphatic begins the first chapter, entitled "Lower Rhineland," thus:—

"In the not great number of men, in whom that which is peculiar to the German character [*Wesen*] has impressed itself in all its significance, and who just on this account have come to be world-historical personages, belongs pre-eminently also Ludwig van Beethoven."

And now, in a long dissertation, the nature of the German intellect [*Geist*] and its influence upon the history of humanity, is placed before us; the Germans, in contradistinction to the ancient peoples, had "considered the world more especially from an intellectual point of view;" had "striven to spiritualize the earthly."

The virtues as well as the vices of the German native character are referred back to this primal cause, viz., ideal conceptions of the world, and the contradictions which naturally follow thereupon, and at once applied to Beethoven, of whom until now not a word has been heard. Self-consciousness, pride, choleric fire, contentiousness [*Rauflust*] (in Beethoven's case, dogmatism in disputing), vagabondism [*Abenteuerei*] (in B.'s case, the fondness for changing his lodgings and for going his own ways!), love of strong drink—every German characteristic—all, combined with the beautiful and noble phases of the German nature, are found in Beethoven.

Should any one question the right of Herr Nohl to employ such high-sounding, all-embracing forms of speech—let him not be disturbed. Vischer, also cited by Nohl, must, in the second part of his "Æsthetics," take all the responsibility. But what perversity is this—to begin Beethoven's biography with Cæsar and Tacitus and trace back the composer of the *Eroica* to the idea of Germanism!

The picture of German character becomes, p. 11, special and is applied to Beethoven's native country, that of the Lower Rhine. Now follow the commonly received, but in fact very doubtful, distinctions between North and South Germany, according to which the intellectual, earnest element, combined with a certain slowness, are characteristic of the former,—but certainly not of the people of the Rhine. But, according to Nohl, and in contradistinction to the Westphalians, "those clod-like, inactive friends of ham and pumpernickel," as he—himself a Westphalian and therefore an unprejudiced judge—calls them on p. 16, these Rhinelanders have the capacity to give to life form and artistic expression. Here he pictures the gay temperament of this people, their festivals and dances, their tables d'hôte, their wine.* The Rhenish appetite is a fully marked characteristic of Beethoven (p. 355) he is altogether an ideal of the race (p. 21).

Upon this geographic-ethnographic basis for a view of Beethoven's character follows the historic; a second chapter, headed "*Ancien regime*," displays the political and social condition at the close of the last century. Here, too, Nohl assumes the air of the profound historian and politician, treats of the grand object and duties of a State, "this universal schoolhouse of humanity" (p. 29), "which has not, like a night-patrol, merely to protect the citizen in his material existence" (p. 22), but to promote his higher development; he points in a few words to the revolutions of States in the progress of history, emphasizes the importance of the Reformation, and then dwells more fully upon sovereignty in the time of Louis XIV. and during the last century. He bemoans the narrowness of view of the people of that era, and the consequent decay of good morals; but, "to comfort those who make themselves familiar with history," he lays stress upon the point, that in such times the intellect seeks activity in other directions. Bach, Handel, Lessing, represent this intellectual struggle; Art flourished, an ideal tendency made itself felt in opinion and action, Goethe and Mozart appeared. The French Encyclopaedists aid in explaining the mental revolution; as the first of political acts of the century appears the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies, at a time when "the majority of Teutonic fogies [*Philister*] were busy casting their theological skins," (p. 39), and thus a picture of mighty intellectual and political wrestling stands displayed, which is to give us a basis for the comprehension of Beethoven, "the grandest progressive man of that century," (p. 43).

The dumfounded reader asks for object and aim in these reflections in a biography of Beethoven; he is still more astonished, when he learns, that the fountain whence, here and elsewhere, Herr Nohl has drawn his historic and political radicalism, is no other than Johann Scherr's "*Blücher und seine Zeit*" [Blücher and his Times]. The industry of Scherr may deserve credit—his tendency and coloring find admirers, as this case shows,—but nothing can mark more strongly Nohl's utter want of judgment and taste, than his taking a work of this character as a basis for the biography of an artist. Naturally, he is satisfied with this one *vade mecum*; and to avail himself of other not unknown representations by Hausser, Perthes, &c., or of independent researches of his own—this never occurs to him.

By degrees, however, Herr Nohl *must* draw nearer to the real task before him. The thought that great artists for the most part have had their birth in ancient seats of culture (Bach, Haydn (?), Lessing, Schiller (?), brings him (p. 46) to Bonn as such (?). Here, then, he first goes back to old Roman times, next notices the elevation of Bonn to the position of Capital of the Electorate, describes the spirit which here developed itself, and condemns in strong expressions the dissoluteness of the Electors Joseph Clemens and Clemens August, word for word after Scherr. At last he comes to Maximilian Frederick (1761--1784) and his minister Belderbusch, for whose history the *Rheinische Antiquarius*, III. 7, p. 526 et seq., is a rich source, which he also uses where he says nothing about it. For instance, when he prints, p. 56, the passage from the English traveller, Swinburn, and the funeral discourse of Peter Anth, p. 52, he might well have told us, that he had taken both from the *Rheinische Antiquarius*.

Now it was Max Friedrich who first discovered and promoted the budding talents of Beethoven; that brings the author, p. 58, to the Elector's interest in his music and theatre. And here he has really made an approach to some work of his own, and has brought together out of the Gotha *Theater Calendar*, the Electoral Court Calendar, Forkel's Musical Almanac, the reports by Neefe in Cramer's Magazine, and other similar sources, notices of the members of the theatrical company and the orchestra, which, though not complete, nor even digested into a clear picture, had not been previously collected thus, and contain some useful information. Beethoven's father and grandfather are here first named, as well as his first teachers.*

After this long introduction, "which rather resembles a journey in a post coach of the last century, than a modern railroad tour" (p. 69), Nohl will explain to us the effect of all these relations and circumstances upon the development of Beethoven. And so begins, p. 70, the story of Beethoven's birth and youth; we remark in the outset, that Nohl for all his facts is dependent upon Wegeler's† "*Notizen*" and still more upon the article by Thayer, mentioned above, and often adopts word for word their statements, without giving credit; we could name many passages of the kind did space allow. What is really his own, is almost exclusively the long æsthetic reflections and fantasies, the nature of which is well enough known from his former writings. After repeating the well known facts in relation to the family and to the childhood of Beethoven, with the necessary embellishments,‡ Herr Nohl comes to his teacher, Neefe, and, with right, thinks it proper to give us an account of the man. Although he had most excellent materials for this in Neefe's autobiography (*Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, I. p. 241, et seq), he has not succeeded in giving a clear picture of him as a man and an artist; the manner, in which he speaks of Neefe's style in composition, leaves it doubtful whether he has really made himself acquainted with the works, which he mentions as still in existence. Without any sufficient reason, he disputes Wegeler's statement, that Neefe had little influence upon Beethoven, and that the latter had often complained of the former's too severe criticism; but he here gives the rein to his fancy and talks

* For example: 'Let the Romans call it unripe, this wine: the heat, which ripens it, is great enough, to produce that etherial oil, which gives it fragrance and poesy, and yet not so great as, on the other, to overcook just this finest quality. Bouquet alone makes a wine noble." &c., &c., p. 19.

* Thayer's introduction to his Beethoven is a chronological, minute and (to the American and English reader) tedious history of the music and theatrical establishment of the Electors at Bonn, beginning at the commencement of the last century and continued to the year 1784. He uses the above named authorities but draws his materials for the most part from the original documents in the Düsseldorf Archives. Besides the notices of, and documents relating to the Beethovens, which this introduction contains, it has a special claim upon the attention of the reader, as being the only work from which can be obtained an adequate idea of the constitution and regulations of the many similar establishments in Germany, which were real, and, down to this century, the only conservatories of music. The whole is however kept separate from the Biography, and can be omitted by the reader.

† Thus Wegeler mentions three brothers of Beethoven, and Nohl, of course, no more; while Thayer adds two sisters and a brother to the family, with names and dates of birth and death, all found by him in the records at Bonn.

‡ Of the grandfather Ludwig van Beethoven, of whom very little is known [this was written before the publication of Thayer's book], it is stated, p. 74, that he had "proved, while still a boy, that success in life is founded only upon independent action,"—that is, he had run away from home.

much of Neefe's supposed mode of instruction—as he is always extremely ready to supply the want of facts by improbable assumptions.

In this connection, Beethoven's first works, the three pianoforte Sonatas, which appeared in 1783, dedicated to the Elector, come under notice, and upon these Herr Nohl reads us a short discourse. In the same connection Thayer had introduced (in the *Atlantic* Article) Dwight's opinion of these Sonatas. That the reader may see with what *naiveté* Herr Nohl copies not only facts but the opinions of others, we place the two side by side:

NOHL, p. 94.	DWIGHT, as copied by Thayer, p. 851. *Atl. Monthly.*
"They are in fact important as the work of a child, for they speak out the ideas, of which the youthful fancy was capable, in a style so clear, decided and transparent, so logical and organic, that one easily sees, how well Neefe understood the duties of the midwife to this genius ..... The Sonatas have original ideas, they announce a decided sense of form, yes, for the so difficult organism of this particular form."	"These Sonatas, for a boy's work, are indeed remarkable. They are *bonâ fide* compositions. There is no vagueness about them .....He has ideas positive and well pronounced, and he proceeds to develope them in a manner at once spontaneous and logical. Verily, the boy possessed the vital secret of the Sonata form: he had siezed its organic principle."

After mentioning some of Beethoven's earliest compositions, among which Herr Nohl will place the *Bagatelles*, op. 33, there follows a chapter with the heading "School-Education;" but he will greatly err, who expects anything satisfactory here upon Beethoven's artistic culture. Starting from the fact that Beethoven at that period had] zealously played Bach's "*Wohltemperirtes Klavier.*" Nohl dreams away through several pages upon Bach's influence on Beethoven; to be sure this is not be recognized in the earlier works, and moreover Beethoven has rarely spoken of Bach; but, then, it was just that, which was most in accordance with his own nature, of which he was least conscious: his later works, especially the *Missa Solemnis*, show, according to Nohl, this influence clearly. Now everybody, who knows Beethoven, knows that no such direct influence of Bach upon his productions exists. Not until his last works did he often employ the art of polyphony, and then with a purpose; in the beginning and middle of his career, both in form and matter, he staid on the ground of the Haydn-Mozart development. The deeply religious spirit of Bach, which Nohl especially dwells upon, was certainly not represented in his pianoforte works; and they were all that Beethoven in his earlier years knew of him. Whoever thinks he sees this influence deeply pervading the *Missa Solemnis*, has understood neither that work nor the spirit of Bach's church music.

For Herr Nohl, however, so certain is this influence, that he deems it necessary to go into a consideration of Bach's character and of the rise and progress of church music. The phases of this progress he makes contemporaneous with the revolutions in the church, whose essence he thus, p. 104, paints: "It is thoroughly characteristic, that the church of the Middle Age, for the central point, as of its ceremonial, so of all its thought and sentiment, took *woman* with her tendency to good, so that even in our times a more naive apprehension of the sensual produces life and gaiety in all southern countries; while, on the other hand, the new church proposes (in Christ) the *man*, with his self-conscious will for the good, as the ideal of human effort." Thus Nohl—the profound theologian. The first period is represented by Palestrina, &c.; the second by Bach. Contemporaneously, the effort to blend the two together—the spiritual-intellectual and the worldly-sensual—the Northern and the Southern—led to the invention of the Opera (p. 107). The new conception of the world, among the Germans, rooted itself more in the depths of the sentiments, in the heart; but Bach was not yet reached by this novel emotion.

After laying down these new principles, Herr Nohl turns again to Beethoven, and discourses upon his education. This was scanty; Beethoven always remained unskillful in Arithmetic, knew but little Latin, a little more French. History? "If shortly before 1848 a Kohlrausch was allowed to teach history in the Prussian schools" (p. 113), certainly in Beethoven's time the public must have been sadly off. But then his going to a common school brought him nearer to the people, hindered him from knowing the upper classes exclusively; yes, he was also the first (before Haydn?) who introduced popular human ennobled into music. The unfortunate circumstances of his family might well have hardened him: his pursuit of music was not of a character to refine and purify him (p. 116, and yet, just before, we are to take as a fact the deep impression upon him made by Bach:) a noble compensation for all these deficiencies was supplied by the Breuning family, about whom he has brought together, p. 117, the well-known facts of Wegeler's *Notizen.** Here Beethoven made his acquaintance with German literature—according to Nohl, especially with Klopstock, Goethe and "his brother in spirit" Schiller. Much, however, he might have already learned in the Electoral theatre: for no one understands Beethoven until he reflects upon the influence which the dramatic art exerted upon him; his music, like all real music, is everywhere dramatic.** "As music, in fact, is a part of what constitutes speech, separated from it and elevated to independent importance, so the invention of opera*** and with it the development of all the modern music has its origin in dramatic declamation;" ****melody itself was suggested by the recitation of the drama (p. 129:) a glance into history proves it. [!] How may Mozart have been inspired when visiting the Burgtheater! Ph. Em. Bach learned from the drama to compose characteristic music for instruments; because Haydn had not opportunity to see so much, he never reached the dramatic expression of Mozart; moreover Reichardt learned from the drama his perfect declamation [!]: and at length Beethoven! Are not his Symphonies real dramatic paintings? (p. 132.) But then that is natural, since Beethoven, working in the orchestra as viola player (which it is true we do not expressly know until 1789) had early learned a great deal. There follows now a list of performances in Bonn, drawn up from the *Theater kalender*, from which it is really interesting to learn that among them were works of Mozart and Gluck. That Beethoven never spoke upon any such youthful impressions, gives Herr Nohl very little trouble—the memory of them had vanished; or he had no occasion to talk about them.

We have already advanced into the following periods: it must therefore be noted, that on the 15th April, 1784, Max Friedrich died. Shortly before Beethoven had petitioned for the appointment of assistant Court Organist;* his petition however was rejected; a fact hitherto unknown, which Nohl obtained from the document obtained from the provincial archives at Düsseldorf, and prints p. 385. One is rejoiced at last to hear something new about Beethoven; only it is strange, that heretofore his organ playing had had but a passing mention. Upon the whole, at this point, where Nohl closes his period of "dreams," we must with regret lay stress upon the fact that he has taken so little pains to give us a vivid and characteristic picture of the character and disposition of the boy on the basis of the known data. The high political and humanitarian principles, with which he at a later date fills him, must, so far as possible, have been noticeable in the boy; but how we are to conceive of him in his intercourse with others, how his talents and musical taste exhibited themselves in his early years, what sort of a boy he was—on these points Nohl knows nothing to say.

(Conclusion next time.)

*A fact recorded by Neefe in Cramer's Magazine.

*Thayer's chapter on the Breunings not only adds much to Wegeler's interesting facts, but shows conclusively that Nohl is several years out of the way in his chronology.

**The reader must not forget that all this is Nohl's nonsense; not the reviewer's.

***An expression from Vischer.

****A very slight study of Chappel's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," or any work of like character is all that is necessary to blow Nohl's ridiculous theories to the winds.

*Thayer's narrative—very full on this point—shows, that, so far from rejecting this petition, the Elector appointed the boy to the place. This was some months before Max Franz came to Bonn and three years before the advent there of Count Waldstein.

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

(Concluded.)

Were it allowable to compare two poets of such different periods of civilization, we should call Handel the Homer of Music, but certainly not place him, as Gervinus does, with Shakespeare. It is true that, up to his fiftieth year, we find Handel devoting himself to dramatic as well as other compositions. But all his operas cannot do more than convince us very plainly that his genius had not yet found its proper sphere. While his operas have disappeared entirely from the stage, and sunk so low in the memory of the public that it is only now and then that one or other of the airs contained in them—however plainly many of them give evidence of genius—is performed as a musical rarity, his Oratorios have preserved all their freshness, and still remain the central points of the performances given by the Singing Academies of Germany and of the national musical festivals celebrated every year both in Germany and England. Lately, they have forced their way even to America, Sweden, Russia—and Paris itself. We may, therefore, assert that Handel's popularity, as a composer of *Oratorios*, is still on the increase, just as much as we feel certain that it will continue for all time. That which misled Gervinus into comparing Handel with Shakespeare was, probably, on the one hand, the profuse abundance of the poetical creative power, with which Handel, in the same elastic and invariably objective manner as Shakespeare, treated subjects so different as were his oratorios of *Deborah, Esther, Athalia, Susannah, Theodora, Semele, Samson, Solomon, Saul, Joseph, Judas Maccabæus, Joshua, Jephtha, Belshazar, Hercules, Alexander's Feast, Acis and Galatea, The Messiah, Israel in Egypt*, etc.; and, on the other, the fact that he is the only man who in artistic genius surpassed all his English contemporaries, as, a century and a half previously, Shakespeare had surpassed his. Lastly, perhaps, Gervinus was misled by the dramatic force of expression in many of the airs, and, more especially, of the choruses of the above Oratorios, as well as the partiality, evinced in an equal degree by Handel and by Shakespeare, to glorify great national deeds and heroic individuals. This partiality we have already explained in Handel by the nature of the epic poet; but the *dramatic* element in Handel's Oratorios never goes beyond the limits of the musical *Epos*, nay, we might almost say that even the way in which it is introduced and treated is characteristic of that entire class of production. How dramatically effective, for instance, is

the chorus in *Israel*, "Das Ross und den Reiter hat er in das Meer gestürzt." The continuous heightening of the movement and feeling pourtrayed cause the tremendous event to become truth to our inward eye; we are actually spectators shuddering, though of good courage, but spectators thanks to the power of a picture, which by its very boundlessness and freedom inflamed our fancy to the pitch of illusion. Were we to place this chorus on the *stage*, it would drag; it would be heavy and undramatic from the very breadth, mode of execution, and climax, which we now admire in it. When Homer makes Achilles and Agamemnon work each other up, in the midst of the Achaians, till they begin twitching at their swords, this, too, is dramatic, but how undramatic would the respective speeches and answers of the two heroes be, if placed unaltered on the stage. Even *The Messiah*, the only really *religious* oratorio by Handel, is treated *epically*. While Bach restricts himself to the Passion, Handel shows us the Redeemer, from the announcement of his coming by St. John the Baptist, and the heralding of his birth by the Angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem, until the time of his sufferings and the Resurrection. Nevertheless, in this instance, where he undertook to treat a purely *Christian* subject, Handel is surpassed by Bach not simply on the whole, but even in a certain plasticity of exposition and dramatic weight of expression. This simply proves once more where the full power of each of the two great masters really lay with regard to Oratorio. We must not forget, moreover, that Handel was prevented by English notions from introducing Christ, Pilate, the Disciples, and the Jews, personally, and speaking according to the Scripture-text, by which Bach, who could venture on so doing, enjoyed a far more favorable opportunity for the development of dramatic expression, and that, too, in a sphere which was the permanent home of his soul. The central point of Handel's production was, on the contrary, the history of the struggles of the Jewish people for their freedom, intellectual and material, though in saying thus much we would not disparage the undoubtedly unique beauties of *The Messiah*. The struggles in question became for Handel heroic poems, just as the struggles of the Greeks and Trojans did for Homer. Still more evidently does Handel approach the classical Epopee in *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, and *Acis and Galatea*. We have here to do with the classical traditions directly furnished him by the period of the Renaissance, as is shown by the titles of his operas, among which we will mention only *Daphne*, *Admetus*, *Theseus*, *Alcestes*, *Alexander Severus*, *Agrippina Nero*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Mucius Scævola*, *Parthenope*, *Xerxes*, *Porus*, *Titus*, *Pharamund*, *Atalanta*, and *Berenice*.

Just as in plastic art the Renaissance merged into the tie-wig time, after Handel Oratorio sank from the height it had attained through him and his brother Dioscurus, Bach; only the process did not take place in music, as the youngest of the arts, for a century after it had taken place in architecture, sculpture, and painting.* Handel's time (1684-1759,) therefore, was called by us the Renaissance period, only as regards music, since plastic art at this epoch was beginning to lose itself in the Rococo period. In the second half of the 18th century, that is, strange to say, immediately before Mozart and Beethoven, a similar decadence set in for music, and especially for oratorio. As the leading masters of the tie-wig time in music we may mention Hasse, called by the Italians "the divine Saxon" (born 1699, near Hamburgh; died 1783 in Dresden), and Graun (born 1701 in Saxony; died in Berlin, 1759), the favorite of Frederick the Great. The oratorios of both these masters go back again, as regards their purport and subject, to the specifically *Christian* cyclus: to the Passion, Interment, Resurrection, etc., and hence in this respect follow Bach, who, as we have seen, was the hero of Christian Oratorio, though from an *artistic* point of view they cannot be compared to him in the remotest degree. In the path opened up by Handel we find, on the other hand, our great Joseph Haydn, who, by *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, once more enriched and extended the range of subjects for Oratorio. These works, which a light and airy style of instrumentation, together with a charming treatment of the landscape and *genre* elements in nature, invented with new and epoch-marking effect, hold the same position with regard to Handel's masterpieces that oil-paintings occupy to the pediments, filled in with marble groups, of ancient temples, or that the romance, which as a child of modern times sprang from the Epos, holds to this self-same Epos. In the present century, the high and pure style of Oratorio bore an after-crop of blossom, though only Epigonian, thanks to Bernhard Klein and Felix Mendelssohn, but they have been followed by no composer fit to be compared to them.

The comparison attempted by us of all the known composers of oratorio, numbering over 250, from the 15th century up to the present time, establishes the fact that *Germany* was always the principal country for the development and cultivation of this class of work. Next came Italy, though, as we are aware, with quite another tendency. Oratorio appears to have progressed most slowly in France, a country which, in other branches of music, could be honorably mentioned with Germany and Italy. In Germany again, we find the majority of oratorio composers in the *North*, that is to say, in the native-land of *Protestantism*. Of such composers as became known in Germany in the 17th century, two-thirds are from North Germany; while, in the 18th century, we find there even as many as four fifths,—among them being the coryphæi, Bach and Handel, from Eisenach and Halle. Even the remaining ones in South Germany belong mostly to the *Protestant* provinces, namely, Franconia, Suabia, Baden, and the Middle Rhine, while Bavaria and the *Austriaco*-German provinces appear almost entirely destitute. Haydn is, therefore, a striking and isolated exception. The oratorio-composers born in the 15th and 16th centuries were nearly all natives of Saxony and Thuringia. It is, therefore, in the centre of Germany, the cradle of *Protestantism*, that we perceive the cradle of *Oratorio*. If we recollect moreover, how evidently all our literature is a result of the deliverance of men's minds achieved by the Reformation, we shall again perceive the closely related development of poetry and music, as well as the endless importance, not merely in a specifically *Christian* sense, of Luther's art for our own nation and the whole civilized world.

*Proof of this is furnished by Christopher Gluck (1714-1787), inasmuch as he became the father of the classical musical drama which sprang from the Antique, and freed Opera from the old beaten path.

Offenbach's Last Cancan-ette. Mr. Chorley is evidently of our opinion about the musical and moral worthlessness of the whole "Grand Duchess" tribe of so called operas. The London *Athenæum*, Jan. 4, contains the following review.

Robinson Crusoë: Opéra Comique, en Trois Actes et Cinq Tableaux. Paroles de F. Cormon et Hector Crémieux; Musique de J. Offenbach. (Paris, Brandus.)

A blackleg, let the need be ever so pressing, can, by no ingenuity, metamorphose himself into a gentleman. *Lady Blarney* and *Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs* could only impose on persons as innocent as the inmates of the Wakefield Vicarage. No amateur could have reasonably expected an oratorio from Herr Strauss, the waltz composer, great though his genius was. Nature must be subdued to what it works in. If illustration of these trite facts were wanted, it could not be better found than in the opera before us, which, to believe the assertions of its proprietors, is convulsing with delight crowds at the theatre in which it has been produced. We have again and again been assured that in 'Robinson Crusoe' M. Offenbach would vindicate himself as a composer capable of better things than burlesques, and we were willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. We are obliged now for this to substitute the discredit of the certainty that he is in 'Robinson' precisely what and where he was in 'La Grande-Duchesse.' This piece, as that was, is coarse and flimsy music to a coarse and flimsy story. Levity without elegance cannot be more distinctly expressed.

The vulgarity of some of the words passes all description. There is a Sunday party, at which "le wisky," "le thé," "les sandwichs" figure. There is a cookery book ditty, by Jim Cokes, on the savoury subject of "Pot au feu." Vulgarest of all is the duet betwixt the inevitable *soubrette* and her suitor (how gross as compared with the *Fatima* and *Scherasmin* of Mr. Planché's 'Oberon!') The two are on the point of being eaten alive by cannibals, and begin by singing how the same spit on which they are to be roasted will unite two hearts. And then they quarrel as to which of the pair, supposing only one of them skewered for the roast, should survive his or her mate, and each of the two presses to be the survivor, on the pretext that prolonged grief over a tomb is less endurable than being basted, not to say crunched half raw. To this have we come, in the most graceful, lively, and popular theatre of Paris!

The tendency of M. Offenbach's muse to deck rubbish, however explicable on the score of profit, is doubly inexcusable in a man who began life as a delicate and individual artist, and it cannot be too severly stigmatized. In this, his newest opera, he has tried, it is obvious, here and there to write with care, as in the first finale, p. 119, and the second one, p. 211, especially from p. 223 to the close of the movement. The symphonic *entr'acte* (p. 130) is almost as ambitious in its attempts at combination as the suppressed hunting-scene in 'Les Troyens' of M. Berlioz, and we doubt not it is scored effectively; but it is strained, strange and patchy. Compare it, for instance, with the first movement of Spohr's "Consecration of Sound." Symphony, where the harmonies and melodies of Nature are indicated with such freedom, yet with such perfect submission to musical form and order. Affectation (not without cleverness) cannot be pushed much further than in pages 75 to 80 in the *quatuor* No. 4. We could multiply examples *ad infinitum* were it needed. What may be called the popular portions of the opera are forced and faded. The music of the savages is made brutal enough by the well-worn trick of an unexpected interval, thrust in with rude persistence. The Sunday Round, including the "whiskey, tea, and sandwiches," has some life in its motions, but the theme is as old as the hills. Perhaps the best movement is the *stretto* (p. 161 to 169) of the duet between *Robinson* and *Friday*; but that there is not one real melody, even of the modish French kind, from first to last, must be felt by any one who compares the best specimen which 'Robinson' contains with such a tune as the *rondo* in Adam's 'Postillon,' or the sea-song in his 'La Reine d'un Jour.' We have measured the present with the past comic composer on a former occasion, and cannot make the point of our present strictures clearer and keener than by repeating the comparison. The prominence given to this paltry opera is the reason why an amount of minute attention is necessary, which its intrinsic merits in no respect deserve. But the most emphatic protest, it may be feared, will not avail much to arrest a downward movement, cheered on by a frivolous, and as regards art, degraded public.

Taste in "The Metropolis."

"Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws." This is a very piquant sentence, if it be not always wise or true. But a people may be judged oftentimes by the entertainments they like, the books they read, the songs they listen to, the plays they crowd to, and the kind of art they encourage generally. New York, the great financial capital of America, is, unfortunately for the rest of the nation, regarded as its moral and intellectual capital. During the past season, the moral and intellectual taste of New York has shown itself in extravagant support of stupid dramas, vulgar ballets and extravaganzas in music which are below critical notice from judicious writers. The legitimate drama and the Italian opera have failed in New York during the past season. The *Black Crook*, the *Devil's Auction*, the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* and the *White Fawn* have absorbed the attention of most of the highly-cultivated citizens of New York.

It is pretty safe to say that one million and a half of dollars have been given in New York, during the past twelve months, to sustain the class of entertaintains described above. There is not a particle of real artistic merit, either literary or musical, in all of them put together. The *Black Crook* is stupid and tiresome as a play; but it is a showy spectacle, and there is a wonderful exhibition of unadorned female loveliness; the nudities having taken the place of the unities, in the manufacture of modern theatrical spectacles. The *Devil's Auction*, while not better as a drama, is said to surpass the *Black Crook* in its personal expo-ures. The *White Fawn*, which is the latest success, appears, from the accounts given, to go beyond both the others in absurdity and indecency. It is distinguished especially, in the eyes of the New Yorkers, by the introduction of a dance only to be seen in the lowest and vilest haunts of Paris, and which silly, vulgar Americans sometimes think worth writing about in letters and articles for the public press, but which sensible gentlemen and ladies, who may chance to have seen it, generally avoid talking about. Even in the subdued form in which it is represented in New York, it is a coarse, ugly exhibition of the vulgarest kind of saltation. But it attracts and pleases in New York, while good plays, containing no such indecencies, fail to pay expenses.

The Italian Opera has always had a precarious existence in America; but its refuge has generally been considered to be New York, where the population is great and concentrated, besides being largely composed of foreigners, who are supposed to appreciate and support music and the other fine arts. But the Italian Opera has been a total failure in New York, during the past season. The fashion and the capital of the city have been engrossed by the undress ballets already referred to, and a farcical extravaganza [the *Grand Duchess*] at the French Theatre, a very free and very Frenchy story, set to the *poorest and flimsiest of music*. It is excessively funny, and when well acted, as it is by the company in New York, it affords a very amusing pastime for an evening. But that its music and its drama should drive out of

fashion for a whole season Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer and Gounod; that it and the nudity ballet-dramas should drive out Shakespeare, Colman, Sheridan, and even Tom Taylor, Boucicault and John Brougham, is an impressive illustration of the kind of taste that prevails in the largest and wealthiest city of the United States. The attraction of this absurd and extravagant little farce is enhanced, in New York eyes, by the introduction of the vulgar dance, referred to as a feature of one of the nudity ballets that are so profitable to their managers. The literary merit of the piece is not above that of a common-place farce, and the music is of no higher grade. But, for this season at least, with its vulgarity and its low dance, it has really killed the opera in New York, just as the nudity ballets have killed the drama.

It ought to be some satisfaction to the Philadelphia public that there has been no such catastrophe here. The decent drama continues to be fairly supported, and the Italian Opera, driven by starvation from New York, has been generously and richly sustained. The public of this city has been satisfied with good operas and good plays, and has not craved the senseless and vulgar ballets and the *trashly musical farces, miscalled operas*, that have been the chief subsistence of the theatre-going public of New York. They have had a chance to try both of these kinds of entertainments and there is a probability that they will have other such chances. But they will laugh at them or be bored with them only a little while, and there is no probability that they will devote themselves, as the New York public has done, to *such low trivialities*, and will neglect the better class of musical and dramatic entertainments.—*Eve Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

Mr. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner."

(From the London Chronicle.)

It is pleasant to welcome the meritorious work of an English musician, who, better practised in other branches of his art, now makes the Cantata of *The Ancient Mariner* a first essay of his skill in a very important department. Mr. J. F. Barnett had earned a right to the consideration of the Birmingham directors by his Symphony produced at the concerts of the Musical Society, when those gentlemen offered him a commission to write a Cantata for this year's Festival, the result of which is his setting of Coleridge's celebrated poem.

The feeling is to be respected which prompts a musician to seek among the classics of another art for a theme upon which to exercise his own. It implies some diffidence to hope rather for inspiration from the esteemed work of a revered master than to rely solely upon resources within himself. * * *

It is a great merit in the present work that, while it eminently preserves the weird character of the poem, it most felicitously evades the full expression of its preternatural horror, and presents it rather in the charmed light of a fairy story than the ghastly glare of a delirious dream. The verses are as realistic in their manner as they are impossible in their matter; and if the sense of clammy moisture that shivers through our entire being when we read them, were to be intensified by the expansion of all the terrible elements of the text under the powerful heat of musical expression, human intelligence would scarcely endure the process without a feeling of revulsion. The conception, then, fulfils a high province of poetry, which veils with grace what would have appeared to be repulsively contorted had its minute portraiture been exaggerated by the protraction and strong emphasis that could have been given to it. The composer has, however, reversed the impression the poem conveys to a reader, by resuming, at the close of the Cantata, the musical ideas presented near the opening by the Mariners' Chorus to the lines commencing—

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared.

It is true, they are set here to different words; but the suggestion of their recurrence is, surely, that the ship returns safely to port, with its freight of happy, trusting hearts, and under the smiling auspices of the same sunshine that promised a good venture at its outset. The words of the poet are in some sort belied herein; but the effect of the musical composition is materially enhanced, and the melodious character that pervades the whole work is justified. This would have been discrepant with the harrowing feeling of desolation and remorse with which Coleridge leaves us, and under which the Ancient Mariner rehearses the entire narrative.

There is one fault manifest throughout the Cantata—the redundant repetition of words. It is indeed admissible, in the declaration of a sentiment, to reiterate a line, or even a single expression. Thus, to repeat "I love," "I hope," or "I rage," is but to represent the continuance of the state of loving, hoping, or raging. Upon this principle, it has been the custom of all composers to construct a cantabile movement upon a brief sentence, repeated as frequently as the flow of the melody requires; because this brief sentence paints whatever condition of feeling may be the consequence of the dramatic action. They have always distinguished this from the recitative, pourtraying the current of emotion that leads up to the moment of reflection, in which the words are never or rarely repeated. Even this custom, however, is much narrowed by the musicians of our own time, conspicuously by Schumann and Robert Franz; under the conviction that if a line of poetry cannot be expressed in one utterance, it will but be depoetized by manifold iteration—a truth which is, in many cases, essentially dramatic, if not operatic. Even if these views are regarded as hypercritical, and the principle accepted upon which Mozart and Handel, and many between and before them, wrote, nothing can justify the repetition of phrases in a narrative, save only the purpose of showing that the narrated incident is repeated. Something worse than prolixity, therefore, results from the very many repetitions that occur in the setting of the poem under notice, which is almost without exception a narrative, and in which, on this account, few phrases can with propriety be set twice. The rare exceptions to the narrative form of the work, namely, the broken dialogue between the Wedding Guest and the Mariner, are, indeed, the places where the iterations against which the present objection is made do not occur. The fault is not a trifling one. It may spring from the composer's little experience in vocal writing, very much of which is needed to enable a musician to develope an idea without recourse to this easy artifice: the attainment of such experience makes a master, and the skill in its application proves him. It may spring from Mr. Barnett's prior practice having been almost exclusively in instrumental composition, and from his belief that it is necessary to apply the same principles of construction to vocal music. This is quite true with regard to the principles; and careful analysis of the more elaborate vocal works of the best masters warrants the conviction that the requisite knowledge for their construction can only have been attained through exercise in forms alike unprompted and unfettered by words. Mr. Barnett, however, appears to have confounded general principles with particular forms, which, when they are mere forms, and as such mostly conventional, fin it rather than guide the imagination of an artist. The Songs without Words of Mendelssohn (those published by himself), a series of simple pieces whose production was spread over the whole of the author's life, notably exemplify the gradual abandonment of set forms of construction, combined with an unfailing regard for the principles on which these forms are based; and a comparison of the later with the earliest numbers of his series, will show at a glance the increasing freedom with the advancing experience of the writer. Mr. Barnett has to learn that the recapitulation of musical ideas, which much conduces to the consistency and the interest of an instrumental movement, must often, in vocal composition, give place to some other constructive resource for the attainment of those qualities, without compromising the poetical text. One example may well explain the nature of these objections: let it be drawn from the air, "The fair breeze blew," which relates the ship's entry into the South Seas, the turning of her course, and the rising and the setting of the sun; the recapitulation of the whole of which surely amounts to a statement of the vessel's going back to the south, and again turning northwards, where the phenomena of sunrise and sunset were once more witnessed by the narrator.

Among all that is charming, and much that merits far higher commendation, it cannot be denied that there are some technical points of design and of detail that are open to question. A work, however, of the magnitude and character of the present, is to be tested by a higher standard than the line and rule of the grammarian; and it would be as far beside the purpose to dispraise it for presenting a consecution of fifths, a debateable resolution of a discord, or a descent from a leading note, as to extol it solely for its freedom from such peccadilloes of musical syntax. Moreover, to examine here at length such matters as these would so greatly exaggerate the importance in proportion to the creative and illustrative qualities of the Cantata, and in proportion to its general effect, as to produce an entirely false impression of its merit.

Their consideration, then, may be discarded, for the far pleasanter task of noting some of the chief among the many points of interest wherewith the work abounds. Prominent among these is the Mariners' Chorus, near the beginning, an unsought, flowing stream of music, the felicitous expansion of which constitutes the finale of the Cantata. "And now the stormblast," is another choral piece of merit, which rises in interest from period to period of its diversified continuance—the passage beginning "And now there came both mist and snow" being remarkably graphic, and that from "And then there came an albatross" really beautiful. This is strikingly melodious, and the harmonic progressions are as new as they are natural and pleasing. From this else unqualified admiration, however, must be reserved a D flat bass note near the close, which obtrudes with conspicuous harshness through the charming smoothness of the phrase.

Further, and very signally, must be applauded the Tenor Aria "Down dropt the breeze," which is one of the most original pieces in the work, is eminently singable, and really pathetic. What is commonly called descriptive music rises to the highest level of the ideal when, as here, it aims at painting, not visible objects, but the feeling these excite in the beholder; and when, as here, it aims successfully—the passage to the words "Water, water everywhere" being a particularly happy instance of such description. Next must be distinguished the chorus "About, about," which is picturesque and full of fire. It must be conceded that this has a savor of Mendelssohn; but Mendelssohn himself might have been pleased to have written it. The aria for contralto, "O sleep," is graceful and singable; its effect in the work would be better if it were sung only once instead of twice through; but this love of repetition is Mr. Barnett's frailty. The animation and continuity of the chorus "The upper air" are its best qualities, of which, however, it possesses so much as to atone for the less merit of its ideas. The quartet "Around, around" presents some charming thoughts, but wants the virtue of compactness. "But tell me, tell me," duet for soprano and contralto, as representing the voices in the air which the Mariner hears during his trance, is admirable at all points. There is no little merit in conceiving and embodying a new idea of the supernatural, now that the Freischutz, Euryanthe, the Midsummer Night's Dream, Melusina, and the Walpurgis Night are universally familiar; and this merit belongs to the author of the present piece, which is as beautiful as new. The aerial effect of the accompaniment and the constant interest of the voice parts ably realize the situation; and their purely musical charm is as great as their rendering of the text is poetical. The Aria for Tenor, "The harbor bay," is a graceful melody in the style of a barcarolle, though written with three in a bar instead of in the customary 6/8 measure, and so evading the vexed question as to the beginning of a rhythmical period at the commencement or middle of a bar. It is eminently vocal, and richly harmonized; second in interest, indeed, to the previous song for the same voice, but second in consequence of the exceptional power in the other, not of any weakness in this. A difficulty which must often diminish the rich effect of the chorus for four female voices supporting a soprano solo, "This seraph band," is the extremely high range of the solo part; and an obstacle to its effective performance is the great demand upon the extremely low notes of the choral contralto. The necessary means for the execution of this piece, as of the soprano solo throughout the Cantata, are most rare of attainment; but in this instance the end will well repay the endeavor to collect them. "O sweeter than the marriage feast," the final chorus, is, as has been said, a recapitulation of the music that illustrates the commencement of the eventful voyage, with such amplification as was needful to give due importance to the close of a work of the length and pretension of the present.

Enough has been said to show the Cantata to be characterized by poetical conception, fluent invention, and mastery of technical resources—one, in truth, to confute the common prejudice against English musicship, and one to stimulate self-reliance and mutual confidence among all who practise the musical art in this country. The composer, like another admirable artist of his own generation, Mr. Sullivan, received his musical training in the Royal Academy of Music; and, after four years' noviciate in that nursery of much of the best musical talent in the kingdom, went to Leipzig, also like Mr. Sullivan, less to be taught, than to learn the application of the principles he had already acquired. The reputation of his uncle, the author of "The Mountain Sylph," renders his success all the more interesting. The world will, however, and Mr. Barnett therefore must, regard the present Cantata only as a commencement upon which far higher things must follow, to satisfy the just ambition of an artist or the hopes of his well-wishers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1868.

Beethoven's Biographers.

We notice occasionally, in the American and English press, paragraphs, in which the Volumes I, respectively, of Thayer's and Nohl's Beethoven—covering substantially the same part of the master's life—are placed upon a level, as repositories of the *facts* of the Bonn period. Indeed one from an English periodical, inadvertantly admitted into our columns (Journal of Nov. 9), leaves the reader to infer that in this regard Nohl's book even deserves the preference. How far this is the case with the first volume, the reader may decide with some degree of confidence upon perusing the review of Nohl's Vol. I, from the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, 1864—the most important German musical journal—a translation of which we begin in this number. Of the notes, those followed by a ✠ are given in the original; the others are added by the translator. As to the mere quantity of new facts, and their due chronological arrangement, the comparison is altogether in favor of Thayer's book, which however covers but a small portion of the period embraced in the recently published volume of Nohl, which, we have reason to think, has gained somewhat from the severity with which the first was criticized by all the competent German authorities.

Music in Boston.

Symphony Concerts. The fifth, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 16, was one of the most fully attended and most interesting, to judge from the faces and the silence of the audience—by far the best sign—rather than from the clapping of hands. Silence is sometimes quite the opposite to "apathy." A preference for purely instrumental programmes has manifestly grown upon the audience in these concerts; accordingly the feast again consisted of a grand Symphony, two Overtures and a Concerto, thus:

Overture to "Fierabras,"..... ....Schubert.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1, in C major, Op. 15, (first time) ....Beethoven
Allegro con brio.—Largo.—Allegro scherzando. (*Cadenzas by Moscheles.*)
Overture to "Ruy Blas,"..... .....Mendelssohn.
Symphony in C major. .....Schubert.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—Finale.

Schubert was here represented in his best, and copiously. But it seems fated that that splendid Overture to *Fierabras* shall never get here a fair hearing. Twice before has the stillness, in which alone one can come into true relation with such music, been disturbed; this time worse than ever, for belated people would keep bustling into their seats until the very end of it, spoiling the pleasure of the rest. It is too fine a work to be allowed to go unappreciated. Tasking the full force of the modern orchestra, it does not deal in mere sonority, covering paucity or commonness of ideas by imposing brilliancy and fulness of instrumentation. It is thoroughly dramatic, full of compressed inward fire, with which the whole mass is instinct. The long *tremolo crescendo* with which it opens (done to a charm by the unusually large mass of strings.) in the dark F-minor key, is as exciting as the opening of Macbeth. A rich burst of four horns follows; but then how sad a theme is taken up, still by the horn, in short, panting phrases, which, short and simple as it is, is deeply, subtly wrought into the whole texture of the overture, giving way now and then to a *fortissimo* Allegro, which for vigor and intensity is hardly to be matched even by those in Weber's Overtures. The wonderful felicity and fitness with which each pregnant bit of theme comes back again and again, in other keys, in other groups of instruments, still with fresh interest and still the same, shows the imaginative, plastic art of a great master, true tone-poet. This young man "has the divine spark in him," said deaf Beethoven, looking over some of his earlier compositions.—Those who did listen, resolutely shutting out disturbance, were deeply moved by the *Fierabras* Overture.

A good thing to compare with it, and form its pendent on the other side of the Concerto, though far from equal to it, only more taking to the careless apprehension, was Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas* (C-minor). Also very dramatic, and not a little out of the usual vein of Mendelssohn. It brings in a speaking sort of theme, in short broken phrases, the bassoon being chief spokesman; but this is not deeply wrought into the whole texture, as in the Schubert work; the themes succeed each other more in the free and simple way, that leaves an open melody exposed to ears that have not learned the love of losing themselves in polyphonic involutions (musical variety in unity). But it is a fresh, original, charming overture, never dull and never trivial.

We must speak of that day's performance of the great Schubert Symphony in C as perhaps the highest achievement in symphonic interpretation thus far of a Boston orchestra. A thousand or two people that day quite forgot the dread of a *long* Symphony, and after listening to the last note of the four long movements, each more glorious and uplifting than the last, could with a sigh of satisfaction echo Schumann's "heavenly length." Surely all that is said of it in what we copied last time from the Crystal Palace programmes, is more than justified in each fair hearing that we get of it; and this *was* a fair hearing. For so sustained a flight of inspiration, lofty, long and glorious, we can look to no other instrumental work except the greatest of Beethoven's. This is pure creative musical genius, in its most earnest effort, with consummate mastery of largest means. "Glorious" is the word for such a Symphony; you mount Jove's eagle for a flight above the clouds so soon as you submit yourself to its enchantment. "Perpetual repetition" is there of the same passages and phrases? Yes, as there is in the motion of strong wings, or say of chariot wheels that bore the prophet up. But, none the less, perpetual variety, exquisite contrasts and surprises, new colors marvellously flushed o'er everything by some subtle magic of modulation or of instrumental combination. Think of that opening incantation, the soft fairy horn; then the marked contrast, yet relatedness, of the two main themes of the Allegro: the first so bold, adventurous, heaven-storming, ascending the ear for the sublime flight,—the second, gay and jubilant, happy songs and harp strains ringing through the air from the elated voyagers,—both richly mingled with a wealth of charming accessory thoughts. Then the thoughtful, solemn march of the *Andante con Moto*,—a movement feeding upon its own deep, delicious thought, so that its strength is still "renewed like the eagle's." Once, midway in the march, a reverie or trance seems to come over the movement,—we mean (in the words of the article above alluded to) "that wonderfully touching passage, where the horn sounds faintly note after note, while the rest of the orchestra is all hushed and still, *as if an angel had descended into the room and were gliding about among the instruments.*" Then the rousing unison of the strings as the Scherzo bids you shake off dreamy thoughts and soar again and the quick, blithe answer of the piping reeds and flutes; now a ringing shout, waxing to a hoarse barbaric loudness, anon pausing to listen to its own echoes softly falling in the distance, or to gather some sweet little wayside flower of a fresh musical fancy. Then the Trio, with its wondrous pomp of buoyant and triumphant rhythm! But grandest of all, say we too, is the finale, with its stupendous onsweep, when it has acquired full swing after the smart challenge of the opening subject, answered by the swarming triplets of the violins with all the reeds accompanying in thirds, as if all the rainbow-robed spirits of the air came hovering round. As it goes on we hardly wonder that the author of the "legend" (Crystal Palace programme) should have dreamed of Phaeton and the Chariot of the Sun. Was there ever a bolder or a more imposing idea (except the marble tread of Mozart's statue, of which they must have reminded more than one) than those tremendous thumps in unison, upon the key note of the Symphony which startle you at intervals toward the end.

The newspapers are continually announcing "the musical event of the season,"—meaning commonly, for the time being, any cheap sensation that is loudly advertised. Of course you do not take them seriously; but seriously speaking what musical "event" can our city count in the experience of all the winter thus far, that can be considered quite so rare and so significant as such a listening to such a performance, as we had that Thursday, of such a work as Schubert's Symphony in C? Mr. Zerrahn may be proud of his orchestra and of his work that day.

Beethoven's Concerto in C, the earliest of the five, though hitherto entirely passed over in favor of the greater ones, fully justified Mr. Lang's choice. It as a lighter, gentler effort than the last three, neither of such deep and spiritual poetry as the one in G, nor at all of the great heroic fervor of the one in E flat; but we think it was found more interesting than the No. 2, in B flat, which we heard last year; and it is full of charming invention, fresh and well-developed thoughts, and of the young Beethoven power. It is very much in the vein and in the style especially the *Largo*, of some of the early Sonatas. And the three movements are very individual in character. Nothing could open more simply than the orchestra does in the introduction, and the themes for treatment spring up most naturally in its path; pianoforte and orchestra lend equal illustration, now by turns and now together, and the whole development is graceful, clear, symmetrical, delightful. In the piano part there is no great striving after brilliant effects or rioting in intricate embellishment. The ornaments are simple, neat and graceful. There was abundant opportunity for the player to show his good taste, the ease of reserved power, the subjective

deft, thoroughly practiced hands to expression; l which Mr. Lang eminently did show. And less in the religious, rich repose of the slow ovement, and in the piquant, sportive Rondo of e finale. It was a most elegant and happy ndering of a charming composition with which l were glad to have made acquaintance. To eak of improvement in so accomplished a ster of the instrument as Mr. Lang has been years, would seem supercilious almost; yet we st note with pleasure the more even and bdued force which he now shows in the strong ssages, without any sacrifice of contrast or phatic point.

The programme of this week (of which we shall eak in our next number) is of quite a different aracter, lighter, yet hardly less interesting. Instead a great Schubert Symphony, too smaller ones in old familiar, charming style of Mozart and Haydn he latter the one in G which pleased so in the rd concert; the Mozart is the No. 1, in D, without nuet. For Overtures, Beethoven's *Coriolanus* and ndelssohn's *Melusina*. And Mr. OTTO DRESEL, lding to the solicitation of the whole Committee, ys the D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn.

The seventh concert will come on Thursday, b. 13, and will consist of Beethoven's *Pastoral mphony*, the Overture to "Anacreon," by Cheruli, Weber's *Jubilee* Overture, and the E-minor Concto of Chopin, played by Mr. HUGO LEONHARD.

The plan of the eighth and last Concert is not lled. The idea of repeating the Choral Symphony bandoned, partly for want of time, leaving it to given, with greater means, in the Handel and ydn Society's Festival next May. Perhaps Beeth en's "Choral Fantasia," for piano, orchestra and rus, which seems to contain the first germ of the mphony, will be performed; with perhaps a repeti of the Schubert Symphony, (for which there is ch call), or else the *Eroica*, and another feature ld be the "*Meeresstille*" Overture.

EDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS. Winter h not smiled on the Orchestral Union thus far; w and rain have caused thin houses. But the certs have been excellent, both in the classical in the lighter music, and, if persisted in on the e plan, with the same nicety of execution, must draw crowds to the Music Hall. Last week they the first Symphony by Gade (C minor); the rture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, and the pretty to *La Sirene*, by Auber; a luscious new Strauss tz (op. 316!) called "*Künstler Leben*" (Artist L); "Spring's awaking" again; and Mr. SCHELr, whom it is pleasant to see in his old place at the d of the violins, played a Violin Solo, "Fandango" by Molique.

his week's concert was particularly good, in er and in execution. "The Midsummer Nt's Dream" Overture was very delicately rendl; and the beautiful E flat Symphony of Mart, with its stately introduction, its witching Muet and Trio, its continual unfolding of fresh ms through all the movements, made all forget h torm that raged without. The sweet, solemn ic of the Bridal Procession in Wagner's *Lohengr* albeit somewhat overstrained, and crowded in harmony, was heard with interest. The Strauss tz was one of the most exhilarating of the tribe, was called "Village Swallows." Mr. HEINICKE a good Cornet rendering of a popular German d: "How fair thou art." The concert ended vi the Overture to *Vera*, by Reissiger. The basso and clarionet pairs, to which Mozart seems so al, made themselves very fascinating in the Symphony.

Next Wednesday we hope the Union will have a crowded hall.

GIRL'S HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOL. We spent a most interesting hour last Saturday in this school in Mason Street,—the fine flower and completion of our public school system. It was a musical exercise—a concert in fact—arranged by Mr. EICHBERG, who has been their teacher for the past year, for the reward and fresh excitement of the pupils, and for the pleasure of some of the School Committee and a few invited guests. The young ladies, four or five hundred we should think, made the whole room a scene of beaming intelligence and beauty. There was a set programme, in which three-part choruses by Abt, Rossini, &c., beautifully sung by the fresh maiden voices, alternated with selections of classical Chamber music. These were: the Andante and Variations from Beethoven's string Quartet, op. 18, No. 5, played artistically by Messrs. Eichberg, Ford, and the brothers H. and A. Suck. Nothing could enhance the intrinsic charm of the music more than to witness the sincere delight in all those attent faces. The Allegro and Adagio from Beethoven's Violin Sonata in F were finely played by Mr. Eichberg and Mr. Sharland, chief singing teacher in the Grammar Schools, whom we may compliment upon the excellence he has so quietly acquired as a pianist. A "Religious Meditation" by Mr. Eichberg, really beautiful, was played by himself (violin) and Mr. Thayer on the reed organ; followed by an arrangement for violin, organ and piano of the Andante in Beethoven's E flat Quintet. Mr. Sharland played some of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Finally a good "Religious March," by Mr. Eichberg, humorously announced by him as "by a German composer of the *last* century."

All these fine things found eager audience. Treats of classical Chamber music in a free school! Is not this a new idea? And is it not an admirable one? This is bringing models of pure art, the quintessence of music, home to every pupil in the advanced classes, and is like surrounding their school room with the immortal works of Raphael and Titian. Refining influence, a higher taste, must come from it. Art in its higher models quickens them, at the same time that, beginning at the other end, in humble rudiments, they are taught to read simple music and to sing. A brief examination by the teacher occupied a pause in the concert, and a few unexpected questions showed the girls to be clear in their minds about intervals, major and minor scales, &c., and that they had been successfully taught to identify the notes of short musical phrases played to them, and dictate them for the teacher to write upon the blackboard.

DEATH OF MORITZ HAUPTMANN. Another of the foremost musical characters of our time has passed away. Moritz Hauptmann, loved and revered by all the Leipzig students (of whom we have not a few here in America), long time the occupant of old Sebastian Bach's place as "Cantor" of the Thomasschule, and professor in the Conservatorium, died in Leipzig, after a somewhat lengthy illness, on the third of January. Only last October they were celebrating his 75th birthday and his 25th year "Jubilee" as Cantor, with feast and music, mainly from his own compositions. A brief notice in the *Neue Zeitschrift* tells us:

"Hauptmann was born in Dresden, Oct. 13, 1792. His father, superintendent of the board of works there, seeing the boy's strong tendency for music, had him at an early age instructed in the violin, the piano and in harmony, although intending him to be an architect. But finally, owing to the favorable reception of some of his son's attempts at composition, he yielded to his wish and sent him for more earnest musical studies to Spohr in Gotha. A year later, 1812, he got an appointment as violinist in the royal *capelle* in Dresden. In 1813 he took leave of absence to go and study half a year in Vienna, whither Spohr had gone as theatre conductor. In Dresden H. lived till 1815, and in that time wrote a Mass in G minor (now lost) and other church pieces, many songs, a string Quartet, a Violin Sonata, occasional Cantatas, Fugues, &c. In 1815 he went as music teacher with the family of Prince Repnin to Pultawa, where he found rich leisure to pursue his studies in counterpoint, mathematics and natural sciences, and to complete various compositions, especially his opera *Mathilde*. In 1820 he returned to Dresden, where he lived a private citizen till 1822, and composed his string Quartet, op. 7, and his vocal Mass in F minor. Then he was called as violinist to the Court orchestra in Cassel, in which position, chained especially by Spohr, he remained for twenty years, exerting a great influence as a theoretic teacher and creating several of his principal works, such as the '*Salve Regina*' and the G minor Mass. His opera '*Mathilde*' was repeatedly brought out with success. In 1841 he married Susette Hummel, daughter of the Director of the Academy there.

In 1842 he was called to Leipzig as Cantor and Music Director of the Thomas Church, and in 1843 he became a teacher in the newly founded Conservatorium"—The good he has done there for a quarter of a century is too well known to need more words at present.

MR. PAINE'S MASS.—It is now pretty certain that we shall soon have an opportunity to hear this very elaborate and meritorious composition of our young countryman,—a Mass on the largest scale—too large to be available in the Church service,—for full choir, orchestra and soli. It was warmly received last summer in Berlin; and now the friends of Mr. Paine, including the President and Professors at Cambridge and many of the most musical citizens of Boston, have resolved that the heavy pecuniary risk involved shall be no bar to its having a fair hearing here at home. We take pleasure in publishing the following note:

Boston, Dec. 4, 1867.—J. K. Paine, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—We have heard with much pleasure of the approbation with which your Mass was received by the severely critical audience of the Berlin Sing-Academie. In the hope that your efforts in a noble and difficult region of art may be recognized and appreciated by your countrymen, we would suggest that you take measures for the production of your composition in Boston the coming season. Assuring you of our hearty co-operation in any way in which we can be helpful. We are sincerely your friends, Benjamin Peirce, Thomas Hill, R. E. Apthorp, B. A. Gould, J. P. Putnam, H. W. Pickering, J. Baxter Upham, Theron J. Dale, C. A. Bartol, J. R. Lowell, H. W. Longfellow, F. J. Child, John S. Dwight, B. F. Dwight, H. Ware, Samuel Jennison, B. J. Lang, Walcott Gibbs.

Mr. Paine having accepted this invitation, and subscriptions having come in liberally and eagerly, the Concert will be given on Easter Sunday Evening (April 12), at the Boston Music Hall, with a Full Chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society, the Orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association, and the best Solo talent. The price of tickets, with secured seats, is One Dollar each. Those, whom the subscription paper has not reached, will find Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, cheerfully ready to aid them in picking out good seats.

A COMPLIMENT WORTH HAVING.—The following has already been the rounds of the newspapers, yet our musical record would not be complete without it.

THE ABBE LISZT TO THE MESSRS. CHICKERING.—The Abbe Liszt, the greatest of European pianists, has just addressed to the Messrs. Chickering the fol-

lowing letter, the only testimonial in favor of a pianoforte maker which he has ever given in Europe or America.

[TRANSLATION.]

ROME, Dec. 26, 1867.

"*Messrs. Chickering:* It is very agreeable to me to add my name to the concert of praises of which your pianos are the object.

"To be just I must declare them perfect, and *perfectissimes* (*superlatively perfect*).

"There is no quality which is foreign to them. Your instruments possess in the supreme degree nobility and power of tone, elasticity and security of touch, harmony, brilliancy, solidity, charms and prestige; and thus offer a harmonious ensemble of perfections to the exclusion of all defects.

"Pianists of the least pretentions will find means of drawing from them agreeable effects; and in face of such products—which truly do honor to the art of the construction of instruments—the role of the critic is as simple as that of the public; the one has but to appland them conscientiously and with entire satisfaction, and the other but to procure them in the same manner.

In congratulating you sincerely upon the great and decisive success obtained at the Exposition at Paris, I am pleased to anticipate the happy continuation of the same in all places where your pianos will be heard, and I beg that you accept, gentlemen, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments of esteem and consideration."

(Signed) F. LISZT.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—This association, which completed the thirtieth year of its useful life yesterday, met in its new and pleasant library-room, No. 120 Tremont street, last evening, for the first time, to elect officers and transact the ordinary business of the annual meeting. Mr. Henry W. Pickering, the president, occupied the chair. The record of the last meeting was read by the recording secretary, Mr. Henry Ware. Mr. John S. Dwight read the report of the directors, which was a document of considerable length and great interest, presenting an encouraging view of the condition of the association, and offering several valuable suggestions for increasing still further its efficiency and usefulness. The report of the treasurer, Mr. Samuel L. Thorndike, showed that the expense of fitting up the new room had necessarily encroached somewhat upon the income of the concert fund, and expressed a belief that the fund could be restored by proper measures during the ensuing year. The librarian's report enumerated many valuable additions to the library during the past year. The old board of officers, consisting of the following gentlemen, was reëlected.

President, Henry W. Pickering.
Vice-President, John S. Dwight.
Recording Secretary, Henry Ware.
Corresponding Secretary, Francis H. Underwood.
Treasurer, Samuel L. Thorndike.
Directors at Large, C. F. Shimmin, B. J. Lang.

The association now numbers one hundred and ten active members and seven honorary members. Its annual supper will take place at the rooms of Mr. J. B. Smith, caterer, in Bulfinch street, next Monday evening.—*Advertiser, Jan.* 21.

NEW YORK, JAN. 20.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 18th, at Irving Hall, occurred the second of MASON and THOMAS's soirées of chamber music. Mr. Mason was the pianist and will alternate, during the season, with Mr. Mills at these concerts. The audience was about as large as on the former occasion and we had the appended programme:—

Quartet, A-minor. Op. 9.....Volkmann.
Trio, (P. F.) Op. 99, B flat.....Schubert.
Quartet, E-minor. Op. 59, No 2.....Beethoven.

Of the Volkmann Quartet it may be remarked that one ought to hear it—or any other new work—several times before giving a decided and absolute opinion; but it is safe to say that this Quartet seems to lack unity and force and is of unequal merit. For instance the third movement, an extremely neat Presto with a beautifully quaint Trio, has nothing in common with the other movements: it would appear that no sustained purpose underlies the whole.

The Schubert Trio is too well known to musicians to need many words: the Andante—practically a 'song without words'—taken firstly as a solo by the 'cello with piano accompaniment, is calculated to delight even those whose appreciation of advanced art is very small. It seemed the essence of melody. Mr. Mason played the piano in his usual polished, refined and gentlemanly style; but, why *will* he not give us a little more fire and passion? That is just the one thing needful to make his playing very enjoyable.

The effect of the Beethoven Quartet, as well as that of the other pieces, was somewhat marred by the fact that the 'cello was not in accord with the other instruments; this was, of course, painful.

Why would it not be well for Messrs. M. and T. to adopt analytical programmes? At the Monday Popular Concerts and at the Matinées of the Musical Union (London), pamphlet programmes are gotten up containing—often—a short sketch of the composer of each work performed, and also short excerpts from the work itself; these little books are very attractive and interesting and find a ready sale—at the concerts I have mentioned—from two reasons; firstly because of their intrinsic excellence, and secondly because one can get no other programme: they are occasionally too voluminous:—I have one in which there are some twenty pages devoted to Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 106, and to Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of the same.

The next Soirée will be given on Saturday evening, February 29th, when the Beethoven Piano Trio in B flat, Op. 97, will be the principal attraction.

JAN. 27.—On Saturday Evening, Jan. 25th, occurred the 3d Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert. The orchestra numbered 48; Mme. Ackermann (soprano) Mr. G. F. Hall (baritone), Messrs. Schmitz and Lotze (French horns), and F. Letsch (trombone), were the soloists. I quote such portions of the programme as are worthy of notice:—

1. Symphony, No. 4, Op. 90, A-major.....Mendelssohn
2. Trio, Andante, 2 horns and trombone..... Bergmann
3. Poëme Symphonique "The Ideal.".....Liszt

The "Italian" Symphony—as it is termed—was written in 1833, and, although called No. 4, is really No. 2, antedating the "Scotch" (No. 3) by some nine years, and was not published until after the author's death. It is of course a charming work; the freshness and grace of the opening movement, the quaintness and dignified sadness of the Andante, (I once heard this movement played by Pasdeloup's orchestra in Paris, and it was enthusiastically encored), the quietude of the Minuetto, with its warm interrogative horn Trio, and the wild rush and hurry of the Saltarello presto,—all form a whole of wonderful variety, completeness and unity. It was well played, but had the orchestra been larger the effect had been finer, for a little thinness was occasionally noticable. A fine analysis (by J. S. D.) of the Symphony was printed upon the programme.

The Trio by Bergmann for two French horns and trombone is a very pleasing composition; while not surprisingly original, it is melodious and attractive and some of the harmonic changes are very neat; the transition of the theme from the original key into G-major has a pleasing effect. It was demonstratively encored.

Mme. Ackermann sang an Aria from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro.* She seems to possess a very fair voice and a sufficiently good memory to sing without score; unfortunately she sang fearfully sharp and there was at least a quarter of a tone between her voice and the orchestra. I observed a printed notice, at the foot of the programme, to this effect:—"The vocalist for each of the remaining concerts will be the best available." I am to infer—I suppose—that *good* singers refuse to cross the Fulton Ferry.

The "Ideal" poem, performed at the Symphony Soirée two weeks ago, was inflicted upon the patient Brooklynites, who bore the visitation with noble fortitude and a cheerful resignation pleasant to behold.

At the next concert the attractions will be Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mozart's P. F. Concerto in D-minor, to be played by Richard Hoffman.

F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ah, ha! now your Highness may see. (The Complaint.) *Grand Dutchess.* 4(
We, merry hearted. (En tres bon ordre.) Song, *Grand Dutchess.* 6(
Mount, away! (A cheval!) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 3(
Grenadier, why these grimaces. (Que veut dire cette grimace. Duet. *Grand Dutchess.* 7:
Count Max. (Max etait.) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 4(
At the repast. (Au repas.) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 4(

Six new selections. The first is poor Fritz's mourning over his beating, which we may be sorry for also, as he and Wanda are the only really good-hearted characters in the play. The second is the account of the battle, to a most sprightly melody. The third is very spirited, and the same is true of the last. The pretty duet between Wanda and her lover, and the story of Count Max close the list.

She lives near the old Mohawk. Song. *C. W. Moore.* 3:
I will not be with you long. Song and Chorus, *C. A. White.* 3.
The Outcast. Where are the friends. Song and Chorus. *Hicks.* 3:
Parting thoughts. Ballad. *Turner.* 3(
Dont borrow trouble, love. Song. *Wellman.* 4(
Little Flo. Song and Chorus. *C. W. Moore.* 3(
She sleeps mid the flowers. Song and Chorus. *Lutz.* 3(
Row on, I'd have thee by my side. Song and Chorus. *Holder.* 3
The wind at night. Song. *A. H. Morton.* 5
Sweet Willie. Song and Chorus. *T. B. Bishop.* 3
Bright eyes are glistning. Song. *Hobson.* 3

All these are well constructed ballads and songs by men who know just what will please the public, and contain a great deal of good melody.

Let her rip. Song and Chorus. *Moore.* 3
We'll march round the world. Song. " 3
Starlight Nell, or the Gypsey's song. *Cherry.* 3(
The Secret. Song. *Bassford.* 3
Have you seen Ruth. Song. *Leybourne.* 3
Dickens is the man. Song. 3
Ada with the golden hair. Song. *C. W. Moore.* 3

Popular style, but lighter than the preceding, and with a comic element.

Instrumental.

Grand Dutchess Quadrille. *Strauss.* 4
" " " *Strauss* arr. by *Knight.* 4

These contain favorite melodies, differently arranged.

Can can Galop. *Grand Dutchess.* 4

Phreasied dance of the conspirators which has, however, a pleasing melody.

Grand Dutchess March. *Mack.* 4

Quite inspiring.

Heather bell Waltz. *Baker.* 3

Pretty and not difficult.

Arcadian Mazourka. *Hawthorne.* 3

A reminiscence of Arcadia, perhaps, with acceptable music.

Arms Waltz. *Gudera.* 1.(

Fine vignette of the coats of arms "of all nations," and dedicated to the young ladies of Rutger's Institute, New York.

Soldier boy's March. "Crystal Gems." *Kinkel.* 3
Mabel Waltz. " " " 3
Fairy Tale Polka. " 3

All pretty, and admirably arranged for beginners.

Iron Boots Quickstep. For Guitar. *Hayden.* 3
Warblings at eve. " " " 3
Brightest eyes Galop. " " " 3
Monastery Bells. " " " 3

Old friends in a new dress.

Reminiscences of Bruges. (Carillon.) *S. Smith.*

The Bells of Bruges no doubt rang merrily when Smith was there; and their chimes resound through this brilliant piece.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense be two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (abo one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time a expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 701. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1868. VOL. XXVII. No. 24.

Nohl's "Youth of Beethoven."

(From the Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, translated for this Journal).

(Conclusion.)

BEETHOVENS LEBEN, von LUDWIG NOHL. Erster Band: *Die Jugend*, 1770–92. (Wien. Markgraf, 1864.)

"Dawn" (*Dämmerung*) is the heading of the second period of Beethoven's youth; it extends from 1784 to 1787. As this period begins with the commencement of Maximilian Franz's reign as Elector, it must naturally open with a description of the character of that prince. The reader is confounded, that the radical, Nohl, cherishes for this prince a boundless admiration and utters it in eccentric expressions. But then he had here lit upon a totally different source of information—which he copies with just such devotion, as he had done previously in the case of Scherr—viz: from the sketches of the Elector's life which appeared in 1803 from the pen of the Baron von Seida and Landensburg. His utter incapacity of judgment and for the use of general authorities shows itself here with incredible simplicity; the scandal-seeking democrat and the flattering courtier stand for him in precisely the same line; not even the circumstance startles him, that the same Seida, in an Appendix, writes favorably about the preceding Electors, who have fared so hardly at the hands of Nohl. Just here the work of Perthes (*Politische Zustände*, p. 194 *et seq.*), should guide him, if he had any idea how historic knowledge is to be gained. But then Herr Nohl desired an example of that pure and ideal humanity, the idea of which was current at the end of the last century, in order to explain certain presupposed influences upon Beethoven: as such, for better or worse, must Max Franz, brother of Joseph II, and sympathiser in his ideas, be taken. Here was a prince, who made his people truly happy—who taught them to think (his speech at the inauguration of the University, 1786, is copied entire from Seida), who brought the free, intellectual tone of society. Certain opposing opinions of him, such as that in Mozart's letter to his father, yes, even that of Emperor Joseph himself, are passed over lightly, since they contradict the statements of Herr von Seida.

Max Franz took great pains with his music therefore this is the place to discourse of his own musical attainments. To what Thayer has said (*Atl. Monthly*, 852), Nohl adds some interesting particulars, but finds it necessary to describe once more in full, after Jahn, the musical life of the Vienna Court and specially Mozart's connection with it, "whose world-renown started thence," (p. 162).

And now, as according to him the influence of the Elector produced an entirely new epoch in the Bonn taste for art, he feels himself obliged again to recall to mind the condition of things in general in which Max Franz makes so noble a figure. By this, it is true, Beethoven is again thrust aside for a long time, but then Herr Nohl's book becomes some dozens of pages larger.

And so, upon p. 172, begins a geographical disquisition upon the Danube and Vienna; the fortunes of this city, beginning with the Romans, are noted; stress is laid upon the importance to which it attained under Maria Theresa; and, finally, the noble fruits of musical culture mentioned, which there ripened. The lively, excitable temperament of the Viennese explains these fruits: "naive sensuality, the most vivid fancy were the atmosphere of that city—and they are the *wood* from which is carved the beautiful." (p. 188). The question why just Austria should become a focus of this high musical art, has, according to Herr Nohl, never been adequately answered; *he* finds the reason in the mingling of German with Oriental elements. Now he undertakes to give a picture of the Slavic character—in part from his own notions, in part from Moritz Hartmann's "Hetman"—and reaches the conclusion, that the Slave is good for nothing alone, but that the mingling of German and Slavic blood produces something extraordinary. For examples, the sharp criticism in North-East Germany, the sensual susceptibility to music in Austria. Particular specimens of these "hybrids of races," who for this reason accomplished great things are [according to Nohl] *Luther*, *Leibnitz*, *Lessing*, *Kant*,—Gentz; among musicians, Bach (previously his example of German piety), Gluck, Haydn. This entire chapter is, as any one may guess, very funny reading.

The most thorough child of Austria was Mozart, who truly had nothing Slavic in his blood, but infused the real German heart into music. His intellectual brother in the North is Goethe; and the same ideal intellectuality, the same amiable humanity, of which the two are specimens, were exhibited to Beethoven combined in Max Franz. Beethoven—thus Herr Nohl continues his fantasy—comprehended his art: he perceived that a still higher goal in art was to be attained; he even then (the boy of 15 years) hoped to be able to complete the edifice raised by Mozart—to introduce the German spirit into music.

Next, Herr Nohl is pleased to vouchsafe us once more something of fact in relation to Beethoven: his appointment as court organist is mentioned; various matters concerning Count Waldstein, Beethoven's protector, are introduced, mostly word for word from Wegeler, and in a note (p. 393) some of his new compositions (among them the three P. F. quartets) are noted *en passant*. But now he hastens to the most important event of Beethoven's youth—his first visit to Vienna—which occupies him from p. 192 to 235, although all the facts known may be stated in a few lines. Beethoven, then, made, for some unknown reason, a journey to Vienna in the spring of 1787, (this is the date given by Nohl correctly,* while Jahn, in his Mozart, III. 306, gives the winter of 1786), played there in the presence of Mozart, who foretold his grand future, but whom, according to the common authorities, he himself did not hear.

* From Thayer's Article.

had a meeting also with Joseph II. (according to Schindler), and after a short stay journeyed home again. What a valuable task for Herr Nohl, to throw light upon these mysterious notices, by his conjectures! Beyond a doubt, Beethoven had long yearned to visit the fountain, "where one might *drink himself* to a true artist, to a true man," (p. 199); oft had he prayed Waldstein† (just before Herr Nohl relates, how difficult it was to do a favor to Beethoven) to secure him the opportunity, and Waldstein had himself long since recognized the necessity; at last the Elector gave his consent. How must the journey, especially how must Vienna with its luxurious life and its musical activity have wrought upon him! But all else is cast in the shade by the visit to Mozart. First the accounts given by others of the meeting are given *in extenso*: then Herr Nohl attempts profounder views (p. 215). Beethoven did not hear Mozart play! What can have been the reason? Certainly Beethoven was not impressed by the outward appearance of Mozart and his easy, amiable nature—he, its complete constrast; for "defiantly wild, like a youthful Viking, appeared this primeval German even then," (p. 398, note). On the other hand Beethoven doubtless bore himself in the consciousness of his position as Court organist somewhat awkwardly, which displeased Mozart; moreover Mozart's cares and labors at the time—which are described in citations from Jahn, on pages 218–225—did not allow him to trouble himself much with the youth. Beethoven's self-consciousness may even then have actively hindered the too great admiration of another; moreover he soon felt himself repelled by a light and luxurious life, wanting in intellectual force, and even in Mozart, whom he viewed in the same light; he had the presentiment of his own future vocation. Ripened from the boy to the youth, he returned to Bonn. That is what Herr Nohl calls deeper insight!

The third period of Beethoven's youth is called by Nohl "Awaking," and reaches to 1792; it begins with the return to Bonn, the particulars of which are related. Herr Nohl feels himself here to be an original investigator, and imparts entirely new data out of a letter from Beethoven to Dr. Schaden of Augsburg, heretofore, as he states, utterly unknown in Germany. "I found it," he says, "in the *Revue Britannique* for 1861, into which it was copied from the *Atlantic Miscellany* (read *Monthly*). I do not know the present owner, and am also under the necessity, to retranslate out of two (?) foreign tongues this interesting document in the dialect of Beethoven. Perhaps, in consequence of having copied very many original letters of the Master, I may have done it with considerable success." The original of the letter Herr Nohl might indeed have found quite near him; at all events he should have known, that Rellstab printed a copy from it in 1845 in the *Vossische Zeitung*, No. 194. In that case indeed we should have lost the amusement

† Who had not yet come to Bonn

of comparing what the young Beethoven really wrote, with what Nohl makes him say.

Here are the two.

[As the point of the (capital) joke here lies in the comparison of a German translation of a French translation of an English translation of a German letter, with the original, and would not be understood, by a very large number of our readers, we omit the two letters].

It seems then that the copying of manuscripts is after all not quite enough to form a style. How after the death of the Mother [which forms the subject of the letter] the circumstances of the family became more gloomy continually; how the eldest son had soon to provide for all by his salary and lessons; how at length the younger brothers were provided for, Herr Nohl relates principally after Thayer, although he only cites others. He has, however, here been able to give some new data on these matters and added some new and valuable material, from two documents (p. 406) out of the Provincial Archives at Düsseldorf, that were until now unknown.* It appears from them, that as at length Beethoven's father was no longer able to perform his duties, the son petitions the Elector to grant half the salary to the father, and the other half to himself [for the education of his brothers, as Thayer's new volume shows]; this was granted. But Beethoven was persuaded by the entreaties of his father and by the promise to transfer regularly the half of his salary, not to put the decree in force. But as the father afterwards made way with the decree, which he had retained, after his death Beethoven was forced (1792) to petition for its renewal; this time also the petition was granted. The independence, with which we here see the young man of 20 years assuming the direction of the family affairs, is an interesting and important new feature in the picture of his youth.*

Like Thayer (in the *Atlantic* Article), Nohl, in this connection, comes upon Beethoven's affairs of the heart. While, however, Thayer keeps to the traditions and speaks, after Wegeler, of two young ladies, who were in the habit of visiting the Breunings, as the first objects of Beethoven's inclinations, Nohl naturally goes farther. Certainly, he thinks, must Beethoven have fallen in love with Eleonore v. Breuning; his fiery nature, and "that Fidelio-Leonore that so vividly chimes to the child Lory" (p. 256), make it as clear as the sun; Wegeler's statements, p. 42, to the contrary, are not worth mention. Several pages farther on, (plan and effort to follow chronologica order one must not demand of Herr Nohl), all at once, the beautiful and gifted Barbara Koch appears in the house of the Breunings; Beethoven, "after Lory has forced him to restrain his tenderer sentiments within the narrow paths of mere friendship," becomes of course also her devoted.—How much greater had been the deserts of Herr Nohl, if he had endeavored to give a clear picture of the social relations in Bonn, and the position of individuals as to the Court and to one another, for which may data may still be found! But Nohl's book utterly wants color.

In connection with the new organization of the Bonn theatre in 1788, he, following Thayer's Article, names the musicians of the Orchestra (the two Rombergs among them) and draws from Neefe's report a list of the operas given; he then allows, through four pages, pastor Junker, a noted critic of those days, to speak of the excellence of the orchestra, and cites also his (Junker's) judgment upon Beethoven's playing. That all this is given in Thayer's article, he passes over.

Shortly before, he had spoken of Beethoven's skill in extemporizing and in depicting the characters of individuals in music. As if by chance, he here relates the visit of the orchestra to Mergentheim and Beethoven's meeting with Sterkel; but the clear narrative of this journey [as given in Thayer's Article] is by him rendered utterly incoherent, and thus again, to superflocity, shows clearly that the talent for narration has not been bestowed upon him.

The following notices of life at Court and of the free and easy tone, while Max Franz infused into it, may well give us another opportunity to exhibit Nohl's style of transcription:

Seida, p. 28.	Nohl, p 297.
"With his gay disposition, ready for every pleasure of life, he [Max Franz] did not fail in those good-natured attentions to others, which make existence so pleasant and so valuable. He was ever ready for social intercourse and sympathy, and generally was present at all entertainments, which gained not a little by his presence," &c.	"He, who was himself gay, amiable, friendly and condescending to every one, and to whose joyous disposition every pleasure of life stood open, also did not fail in those good-natured attentions to others which give to existence so pleasing a form. Yes, he was always disposed to every social communication, and as a rule was present at all the pleasures of his Court or of the citizens. We are also assured expressly that these gained not a little from his presence," &c.

In one of these Court festivities, a Ballet of Chivalry came to performance, the text by Waldstein, with music by Beethoven; the score was long attributed to Waldstein also and was never printed. Nohl bemoans, p. 422, that this score has never come under his notice; and yet he might have seen it in the closest proximity to other papers which he had looked over.—Similar concerts were also given in the neighboring village of Godesberg; and here also shone Beethoven in his extemporizing and variations; and then, in Nohl's opinion, among other things, were composed the Variations upon Righini's "*Vieni Amore.*" Herr Nohl here expresses his opinion, that Beethoven but rarely clothed the unfathomable depths of his soul in the Variation form. One is horror-struck at such a specimen of incredible ignorance in the first volume, when one reflects what the fourth will be. This is by no means a good recommendation for the following conjectures, (p. 423), that the Trio, op. 3, the Serenade, op. 8, and even the Serenade, op. 25, belong to the Bonn period, the proofs of which are hereafter to be produced. For "Beethoven is by no means of so late maturity as is generally supposed." On the other hand, we read, p. 254, that, for want of leisure, he began late to work out compositions of real importance.

All this was but by way of practice; more productive food he was to obtain elsewhere—out of the French Revolution (chap. 14). Thayer had very appropriately pointed out (p. 860), how well adapted the condition of Bonn was to produce in Beethoven a thoroughly cultivated musician, and to give his taste proper nutriment without cramping his genius. Nohl naturally here also affects deeper insight. "That regular school education, the worth of which none must undervalue, may at first, especially to the stock musician, seem to be the main thing. We will not quarrel with them, for nothing is more dangerous, than to arouse the sleeping lion in these gentlemen," (p. 307). It seems more safe to him to address the ladies. "Yes, the lovely ones of my readers, especially if they belong to th saloons, will know how to thank me, that I have allowed their favorite to gain in due time the 'culture,' the possession of which alone gives the most god-gifted man the right of existence in society;" (p. 208). At the same time however he was impelled to action; he was impelled by a native force, which "fermented and fermented in order to duly ferment itself," (p. 310). In order to explain this process of fermentation, now follows (p. 314 *et seq.*), a dissertation on the French Revolution, which had its origin in the deepest human necessities, and along with which the cry for liberty resounded with equal strength from Germany, and Beethoven became "the speaking trumpet of this most real necessity of his times," (p. 319). Certainly he had zealously followed events in Paris, his music proves it clearly—"who cannot read this out of his works—he does not understand the fundamental feelings of his soul," (p. 324). The impelling force of the time filled him; this impulse it is indeed, which gives to music its best substance (p. 325). This revolutionary impulse drove him forth, whither? To Paris? No, to Vienna and to Mozart, whom, according to p. 215, he had never even heard play, who, however, according to p. 214, had already given him some lessons. Mozart however died in 1791, and so now he fixes his hopes upon Haydn. When the latter passed through Bonn in 1790, the proud Beethoven could hardly [according to Nohl] have felt drawn to the humble, deferential man, (p. 329); but now Haydn come back from England, again passed through Bonn, examined a Cantata by Beethoven and praised it highly. Max Franz determined, towards the end of 1792, to send Beethoven to Vienna for higher musical culture; his brothers were now cared for, his father died about that time, he was entirely free. Waldstein wrote him prophetic words at parting.

The tone of his mind was elevated and full of lofty presentiment—the cry for liberty sounded more loudly around. Shortly before his departure (November), Mayence had been taken by the French; to the sound of the *Marseillaise* freedom had entered that city. A memorandum book, which Herr Nohl has seen at Vienna, in possession of Artaria & Co., gives unluckily his journey only to Coblenz; but for Herr Nohl it is indisputable,—what no other biographer has thought of—that Beethoven stopped also in Mayence* and made a short stay there, in order to observe more closely the intoxication of freedom. Herr Nohl understands how the *Marseillaise* here must have wrought upon Beethoven; now he first comprehends the "*Eroica*," now first "that world-historical clanking of sabres and the war tramp" in many of his works.

Beethoven evinced, to an extent beyond most others artists, during the whole of his active career, lofty views of the dignity of his art, deep awe of the truth, a never flagging sense of duty in his works; what would he have said to a biographer, in whom not a spark of these cardinal virtues, also of a biographer, is to be found?

* They were sent to him by the director of the Archives.
* See Thayer's work for a mass of similar new matter.

* Thayer's Volume (p. 379) gives the notices of this journey from the same memorandum book—by which is proven that Beethoven did not go to Mayence at all! He crossed the river at Coblenz, and followed the ordinary post route *via* Montebaur and Limburg to Frankfort. The pages of Herr Nohl's book devoted to these Mayence fantasies may, therefore, as a parenthesis, "be omitted without injuring the *sense*."

Moritz Hauptmann.

The world of music has just suffered a great, nay, in some respects an irreparable loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the Thomasschule, Leipsic, died on the 4th January. His father, chief Government Architect, wished at first to bring the boy up to his own profession, and caused him to study architecture and mathematics conjointly with the usual subjects of a liberal education. He encouraged, however, the boy's musical talent so far as to have him taught something of the violin and thoroughbass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an architect, but, moved by his invincible love for music, the father then allowed him to follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr, then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz resided there a year, during which the mutual relation of master and pupil grew into a life long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel, Dresden, but only ten months subsequently he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there nearly six months. In 1815, he accepted a situation in the family of Prince Repnin, hoping that he should accompany the latter to Italy; but fate ruled otherwise. The Prince having been appointed to some high post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the world is indebted for one of the most scientific works ever written. In Southern Russia, at that period (1815-20) far removed from artistic life, reminiscences of his scientific studies were awakened in the mind of the young music master; he plunged, so to speak, into mathematical investigations, and there can be no doubt that many sketches, which were afterwards turned to account and included in *Harmonik und Metrik*, date from this time. The same is true of many of his compositions, though not published till subsequently; we may particularly mention the "Violin Duets."

On his return from Russia, Hauptmann lived a private life for two years in Dresden, and kept up a continual correspondence with Spohr, whose influence was undoubtedly instrumental in procuring him an appointment at Cassel (1822). For twenty years did Hauptmann work in that town, remaining there till he was named (while absent on a holiday trip to Paris) Cantor and Musical Director at the Thomasschule, Leipsic. In 1843, on the establishment of the Conservatory, he added to his other duties those of Professor of Counterpoint and Fugue. It was then that his high artistic qualities as a composer, and his unrivalled excellence as a master were fully developed. His compositions, especially his four part sacred and profane songs, as well as his Sonatas for Piano and Violin, commanding the respect of all musicians, while his theoretical works, his analysis of the art peculiar to Bach's Fugues, and, more especially, his book on *Harmonik und Metrik*, inspired all skilled in art and science with astonishment and admiration. With regard to him personally, there was but one opinion. He was an amiable and modest scholar, gentle in his opinions; a friend of youth; and always vigorous and fresh in mind. Thus did he work on, a blessing to all, till his death. In him expired a man as valuable to music as any one could be; his mind, developed by a thorough and varied education, was actively employed in various branches of knowledge: but all these various branches met in one point: the high eminence of art.

Hauptmann was one of the four professors who were entrusted with the honorable task of selecting and preparing for publication the manuscript compositions left by Mendelssohn. His associates in this work (labor of love!) were Herren Moscheles, Julius Rietz, and Ferdinand David.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

The *Athenæum* says:—"He was one of the last and best masters of composition left in Germany, strict without stiffness, and more genial by far than such teachers of the science of music as Albrechtsberger and Reicha. He knew, intimately and deeply, what he had to teach; he instructed those under his care with as little trammelling of their feeling and fancies as any collegiate professor could be expected to do: and this, be it noted, at a period when an amount of established provocation directed towards 'rule and governance' had infected German music with a spirit of crude lawlessness. Had not Herr Hauptmann been so great and conscientious a professor, he might have left a mark and a fame as a composer. What we know of his sacred music is, if not startlingly original, solidly excellent. He has been attended to his grave with every regret of his friends, townsmen, pupils, and those, like ourselves, personally strangers to him, but who acknowledge gratefully the real results of his great and honest teaching."

A Month of Music in Leipzig.

The *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) has the following interesting letter:

Leipzig, January 2, 1868.

The seventh Gewandhaus Concert presented a novelty of unusual merit in the form of an *Overture to Alladin*, by C. F. E. Hornemann. The composition is fresh, dramatic and brilliant throughout, and its impassioned finale is a perfect whirlwind of tone, full of oriental richness and splendor of color, wherein the composer (who is a young Dane, and a former pupil of the Conservatorium of Leipzig) tells the well known tale of the magical transformation of the poor vagrant into the most magnificent prince which Eastern fancy has ever created, in a manner that proves him a true poet, of vivid imagination and rare talent.

Frau Neruda-Norman played a violin concerto in A minor by Rode, and the *Adagio* and *Rondo* from Vieuxtemps' E major concerto. Beautiful tone, excellent technique, and exquisite perfection in all of the little witcheries of violin playing, combined to make her performance delightful.

After some fine four-part Swedish songs, by a male quartet from Stockholm—in which the coloring peculiar to Northern *Volkslieder*, and faultless purity of intonation coupled with perfect artistic sympathy upon the part of the singers produced charming effect—the concert concluded with a very fine performance of Schumann's elaborately wrought symphony in C major.

Next evening, November 29th, came the third soirée of classical chamber music, with the following programme:

Trio, Piano, Violin and 'Cello, in G.	Haydn.
Sonata, Violin and Bass.	Nardini (1722-93).
Quartet, String, Op. 59, No. 3	Beethoven.
Quartet, Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello. Op. 3	Mendelssohn.

The performance was excellent throughout. *Concertmeister* David displayed anew his wonderful command over his instrument, as well as his antiquarian zeal, by a delightful performance of the very old sonata for violin and bass, which he has exhumed and worked over for violin and piano.

The anniversary of Mozart's death (December 5, 1791) was commemorated at the fourth *Euterpe* concert, December 3d, by an excellent performance of the impressive *Masonic funeral music* from the pen of this immortal master, and a concert aria for soprano voice, with violin obligato and orchestral accompaniment. Herr Julius Goltermann, from Stuttgart, created a genuine *furore* by his splendid performance of a beautiful and difficult violoncello concerto by Molique. His technical mastery over the instrument is apparently complete, and his tone is pure and noble.

The concerto was followed by a symphony (No. 1) from the pen of the conductor of the *Euterpe* concerts, Mr. S. Jadassohn. The composition is fine, full of excellent workmanship and fine harmonic combinations, and shows thorough knowledge of the resources of the modern grand orchestra. The concert closed—after a few songs by Fräulein Clara Priwe, whose rather pleasing voice needs considerable more schooling ere she can take a first-class position—with the intricately constructed overture to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*, by Carl Reinecke, (conductor of the *Gewandhaus* concerts).

The eighth *Gewandhaus* concert coming on the exact anniversary of Mozart's death, the first part of the programme was devoted exclusively to selections from his works. The G minor symphony and *Magic Flute* overture—two of the most characteristic and faultlessly beautiful of the productions of this most tender and graceful composer—were the orchestral pieces. Herr Franz Bennat, violoncellist, from Munich, played a Larghetto, arranged from Mozart's clarinet quintet; Mme. Garay Lichtmay, from Wiesbaden, sang an aria from *Don Giovanni*; and the concluding selection was a *concertone* for two violins, two violas, oboe and violoncello, with orchestral accompaniment. This melodious and elaborate composition was finely played; but the day of pastoral poetry, (of which this composition is a musical counterpart, both as regards beauties and faults,) is gone, and it is hard for one to endure so much unrelieved prettiness and innocent affectation at one sitting. The second part of the concert offered a concert-allegro for violoncello by B. Romberg (which was played by Herr Bennat with taste and feeling, but in too slow tempo;) and two selections (*entr'acte* and *arie*) from *Capellmeister* Reinecke's opera "King Manfred," which had such extraordinary success at its production in Wiesbaden last year; the concert concluding with Beethoven's majestic *Coriolan* overture.

On the following evening Fräulein Constanze Skiwa, from Vienna, gave a soirée at the Conservatorium. The room was filled, and the lady played Schumann's Quintet for piano and string instruments, and pianoforte selections from Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Liszt and Rubinstein, concluding with a concert-valse by Wieniawski. Her technique is already fine, and she exhibits a rare flexibility of wrist in octave passages. Her performance of the Beethoven *sonata* (Op. 28,) the well-known *variations* by Handel ("*Harmonious Blacksmith*,") and the Schumann *Quintet* was thoroughly enjoyable.

Saturday evening, December 7, Mme. Clara Schumann and Herr Julius Stockhausen gave a soirée at the Gewandhaus. The soirée was of the most unique artistic merit; nothing offered in Leipzig this season, save only the equally unique one given by Anton Rubinstein in the same hall, in October last, will at all compare with it, and the people of this music-loving city showed their appreciation of its rare merit by filling every available portion of space in the hall, not excepting the very platform where the piano stood. Mme. Schumann selected Beethoven's sonata, op. 81, *Les Adieux, L'Absence, Le Retour* [(a very appropriate selection, in view of her former residence in this city,) for the opening piece, and in course of the evening played her lamented husband's *Symphonische Etuden*, Op. 13; *Gavotte*, from Op. 115, F. Hiller; *Etude*, Op. 25, No. 7, and *Scherzo* in B minor, from Chopin; concluding (in response to the tumultuous applause called forth by her poetical and impassioned performance of the *Scherzo*) with *Traumeswirren*, by her husband. The life of such an artist as Mme. Schumann must have been full of remarkable occurrences, but all that we know at present is that Clara Wieck was born in Leipzig, September 13, 1819; received early instruction from her father, and was an excellent pianist when but a child. She became the wife of the gifted Schumann in 1840, and for years has been entitled the Queen of lady pianists. Her playing of the compositions of Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt and Schumann is unexcelled, and it is to this artist more than to any other that the latter three composers owe their present high position in Germany. She is idolized throughout Germany, and her name is sufficient to fill the largest hall to overflowing.

Of Herr Stockhausen it is sufficient to say that he is about forty years old, and that he uses his magnificent voice with that discretion and skill which always marks the truly great artist. Herr Stockhausen's selections were *Plaisir d'amour*, Martini; *Per la gloria d'adorarvi*, Buononcini; four songs from Schumann's *Liederzyclus*, Op. 24, and two *Romanzen*, from Tieck's "Beautiful Magelone," Brahms. Herr *Capellmeister* Reinecke played the accompaniments with such sympathetic tone and feeling that it was a common remark among musicians present, "If I could not *sing* like Stockhausen, I should desire to *accompany* like Reinecke."

At the fifth *Euterpe* concert, December 10th, we had an excellent performance of Wagner's *Faust* overture. This work has many enemies, but also many friends, and I do not hesitate to take a place among the latter, for I can but consider the work, as regards the originality of conception, skilful thematic treatment, dramatic contrasts and effective instrumentation, a real masterwork which Wagner may well be proud to own. The other orchestral selection for this occasion was Robert Volkmann's second symphony. The work contains much that is interesting and effective, but also has many flaws. Its failures appear to be the result of undue haste, and unless Mr. Volkmann was writing the work for some special reason, he needs to learn the art of patient self-criticism. A man that leaves five *masterpieces* as the result of a life's labor, accomplishes much more than one who leaves from fifty to a hundred imperfect *Opus* numbers; indeed, if quantity could atone for quality, then our American friend Grobe, with his twenty thousand—more or less—compositions, would stand a better chance for undying fame than any musician that has appeared up to the present time. The soloists of the evening were *Concertmeister* Heckman (Leipzig) violin, and the brothers Willie and Louis Thern, (from Hungary), piano. The young *Concertmeister* played his two pieces (concerto in D, Bazzini, Prelude and Fugue, Bach,) with fine tone and feeling, and received a deserved tribute of applause. The brothers Thern appeared in a double-concerto in D minor, and "Pastorale Hongroise, composed and conducted by their father, Carl Thern; Etude, Op. 25, No. 2, Chopin, and Turkish March, Beethoven. The forte of these young men is duo-playing, and when it is known that they played the *étude* from Chopin simultaneously upon two grand pianos, in very rapid tempo and with such precision that it sounded as though it was being played by only one person, it will be seen that they have cultivated this style of performance to a high degree of perfection.

The Double-concerto was, of course, written for the purpose of exhibiting the amount of execution which the young men possess, and as far as this is concerned, is a success; but taken upon its own merits, it must be pronounced needlessly long, without variety or freshness in its themes, and full of monotonous repetitions of the same bravura passages. In fact, judging by this composition, it would seem that Mr. Thern's ideal of a concerto is a work where a few common melodies in the orchestra are accompanied upon the pianoforte with a long succession of runs, scales and trills. The *Pastorale Hongroise*, in regard to common themes, superfluity of scales, etc., is but a "pocket edition" of the Double-concerto. The Turkish March was played excellently, and called forth a real storm of applause, whereupon the brothers re-played it, and with even finer effect than before.

The ninth Gewandhaus concert occurring upon the birthday of the universally esteemed and beloved King Johann, of Saxony, the programme was arranged accordingly, and offered *Salvum fac regem* for chorus and orchestra, by M. Hauptmann; Beethoven's perfectly magnificent *Festival Overture*, op. 124; the 98*th Psalm* for eight-part chorus and orchestra, by Mendelssohn; *concerto* for violin, by Viotti, and variations by Ferd. David on a theme from Mozart, (finely played by *Concertmeister* Joseph Walter, from Munich); two French *Volkslieder*, (from the year 1650) for chorus:—"Oh come, my child, to the woods," and "Most beautiful Griselda;" and symphony in F, Op. 93, Beethoven. The fine programme was executed with the spirit and zeal proper to the occasion.

The fourth chamber music soirée, Dec. 12, was a perfect gem, offering seldom heard compositions for string and wooden instruments. The selections were:

Serenade Op. 25. Flute, violin and viola.....Beethoven.
Quintet, E flat, Piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and fagotto. Mozart.
Nonet, Op 31, Violin, viola, violoncello, contra-bass, flute, oboe, clarinet, fagotto and horn .....Spohr.

Criticism is scarcely possible in the presence of such a programme; for from beginning to end we were held almost breathless with delight. The artists entered fully into the spirit of their task, and the rustic simplicity, humor, and passion which Beethoven so deliciously portrays in the *Serenade*; the fancy and grace of the beautifully written Quintet; and the tender sentiment which breathes through the exquisite harmonic and instrumental combinations of the *Nonet*--all were finely presented to the almost spell-bound audience.

The tenth Gewandhaus concert, Dec. 19, brought the genial and brilliant E flat symphony by Julius Rietz, (formerly conductor of the Gewandhaus orchestra) which was beautifully played, as was also the glorious *Genoveva* overture, by Schumann, which was offered on the same programme. Frau Jennie Burde-Ney sang an aria from *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, Gluck, and an arie from *Cosi fan tutte*, Mozart, with fine taste and expression, and bore evidence to genuine artistic feeling and cultivation. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the pianism of Herr Carl Tausig, from Berlin, who is, at present, the greatest of living pianists. He played Franz Schubert's *Fantasie* (Op. 15) as arranged for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt; *Barcarolle*, (No 4) Rubinstein; *Allegro Vivacissimo*, Scarlatti; and *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, by Liszt. The *Signale*, in commenting upon his playing at this concert, says: "Herr Carl Tausig created genuine astonishment by his immense mastery over the resources of his instrument;" and further in the same article entitles him "a true pianoforte *Prestidigitator*." Carl Tausig was born in 1841, and received his first instruction from his father, Aloys Tausig, also a pianist, and afterwards studied under Liszt with such success that when he reached his twentieth year Liszt prophesied, "He will make me forgotten as a pianist,"—a high testimonial to receive from the greatest pianist that has ever appeared, but one which seems to have been entirely deserved; for at present, the young artist is rapidly realizing the most sanguine anticipations of all his friends. He was appointed pianist to the King of Prussia in 1866, and he has established a pianoforte school in Berlin. In person he is rather slight, of medium height, and perfectly erect. The chief peculiarities about his playing are the perfect ease with which he encounters every conceivable difficulty, never exhibiting the slightest concern, or swaying from his easy, upright position in front of the instrument, the wonderful clearness with which every single note is heard in the most rapid and brilliant passages, and the power which he possesses, in a degree superior to any pianist which I have yet heard, of swelling the volume of tone from pianissimo into the loudest fortissimo possible to the instrument, without altering the delicious—almost melting—quality of tone which he always draws forth. Even Rubinstein, who is a really wonderful pianist, does not so possess this power, but that he forces the instrument occasionally. The great difference, however, between the two pianists is in reference to the comparative exertion required by each to produce the same effects. Rubinstein, though always graceful, and possessing a marvellous flexibility of wrist, is of an excitable temperament, and is apt to over-exert, and thus needlessly fatigue himself, while Tausig seems to remain perfect master of himself, as well as of the instrument. However, this difference may be imaginary, inasmuch as it is a manifest absurdity to think one can realize the exact relation which one artist bears toward another, after a single hearing of each, and I regret having suggested any such "odious comparison." Both have individual excellencies, and one may well be thankful for an opportunity of hearing either one.

The last concert I have to record is the eleventh Gewandhaus, which was given last night with the excellent overture "*Abencerragen*," by Cherubini and Beethoven's seventh symphony (A major) as the orchestral works; and the beautiful floating pianissimo passage in the overture, and the finale to the symphony were given with marvellous effect. Frau Bianca-Blume, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, who has the finest soprano voice that we have heard this season, sang a scena by Franz Schubert, *Die Allmacht*; and an aria from *Titus* by Mozart. She appeared to splendid advantage in the noble scena from Schubert, where without any apparent exertion upon her part, her voice swelled pure and firm above the entire combination of orchestral and brass instruments. I wonder that Mme. Parepa-Rosa has not performed this scena in any of her concerts with orchestra in New York or Boston. I do not remember to have seen the piece on any American programme, and yet it is a noble composition from the pen of one of the most richly gifted of musicians. Herr Alfred Jaell, (who, it will be remembered, travelled in America in 1852--4,) played a very brilliant and effective pianoforte concerto (F sharp minor) by Carl Reinecke; *Berceuse*, Chopin; transcription on "Tristam and Isolde," Jaell; Valse, (A flat) Chapin. Jaell's execution is very brilliant and precise; and in cantabile playing, and in delicate runs, embellishments, etc., he produces a delicious quality of tone. In *forte*, he plays with great fire and passion, but *forces* the tone terribly. If any one doubts that the pianoforte is an "instrument of percussion" he needs only to hear Jaell play when he becomes "warmed up" to his task. The whole instrument seems to crackle, and scales, and arpeggios fly with the velocity of lightning and fury of hailstones. At such time rhythmical perfection is all that remains to atone for the absence of genuine musical sound. Jaell certainly combines velocity with strength of finger to a remarkable degree.

Giovanni Pacini.

This celebrated Italian composer was born at Catania on the 11th of February, 1796, and was sent to Rome for his musical education at a very early age From there he went to Bologna, where he received lessons in singing from Marchesi, and in harmony and counterpoint from Padre Mattei. Before completing these lessons he went to Venice, and had some instruction from the old maestro di capella of S. Mark's, Furlanetto. Destined by his parents for a place in some chapel, he began with writing church music. But his taste soon led him to the theatre, where he composed, at the age of eighteen, a little opera called "Annetta e Lucindo," which was favorably received at Venice. In 1815 he wrote an operetta or musical farce for Pisa, and in the same year, his "Rosina," for Florence. In 1817 he composed four operas for a small theatre in Milan. From Milan he went to Venice, where he wrote "L'Ingenua," and returned to Milan in the carnival of 1818, to give his "Adelaide e Comingio." This opera, considered one of his best productions, was followed by "Il Barone di Dolsheim," at La Scala. To these works succeeded in the principal Italian cities, "L'Ambizione Delusa," "Gli Sponsali de'Silfi," "Il Falegname di Livonia," "Ser Marcantonio," "La Sposa fedele," "La Schiava di Bagdad," and many other works. In 1824 he made his debut at Naples, by "Alessandro nelle Indie." Here he married a young Neapolitan lady, and lived in retirement for about a year. In the summer of 1825 his "Amazalia" was produced at the San Carlos; and on the 19th of November following, for the festival of the queen, his "L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeia," a serious opera, reckoned among his best works. In 1826 his "Niobe," written for Pasta, was brought out, at first with doubtful success, but afterwards with general acceptance. For some time after this Pacini lived at Portici, near Naples, having already written, at the age of scarcely thirty, about thirty operas, several masses, cantatas, and some instrumental music. But this activity did not continue. Between 1826 and the summer of 1828 M. Fétis knows no work of Pacini's except "I Crociati in Tolemaide," which was successfully performed at Trieste. In December of 1828 he went to Turin, to bring out at the carnival "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie," one of his best works. This was succeeded in 1829 and 1830 by "Margherita d' Anjou," "Cesare in Egetio," and "Giovanni di Calais." In this last year "Giovanna d' Arco" failed at La Scala. Since that time Pacini has not been much before the world, although an opera of his called "Saffo," first represented in 1842, has enjoyed great popularity. Fétis gives him credit for melody, facility of style, and good understanding of stage effect; but adds, that being an imitator of Rossini, he shared the fate of his model so prematurely abandoned by the Italians. Not only was he a composer, but a musical critic, and the Italian journals frequently contained articles from his pen up almost to the time of his death, which took place at Pescai, on the 6th December, 1867. At his funeral his own Requiem Mass was performed by 700 performers, including all the eminent musicians of Naples. Mercadante composed a symphony for the same occasion, entitled, "Omaggio a Pacini." E. F. R.

Music in Motley.

A writer in *Once a Week*, speaking, it would seem, to an unaccustomed audience, has this week made a show of apportioning to M. Jacques Offenbach his right place in the world of art-producers. Offenbach, says the writer, is a man in a mistaken position, a man over-estimated, a minnow claiming and claimed to be a triton, one whom it is the fashion of the day to exalt to the rank of Auber and the musical comedians. On which assumption the writer in *Once a Week* proceeds in a strain of remarks, the truth of which has probably struck every musician long before it struck the speaking critic. But if the critic's conclusions are in the main just and axiomatic, his premises are not so sound. It is not true to assert that there is a tendency in the present day to fall down and worship Offenbach. It is not even true that the world is disposed to appraise Offenbach at a higher rate than his specific value. For where has such a disposition been shown? Not in France, the land of his adoption. The French like Offenbach as a gay purveyor of unconsidered trifles: the first perhaps of a thousand furbishers of bright nonsense which glitters for a moment and then is heard and seen no more. Offenbach in France has made several attempts to acquire a more solid position than this, and has successively failed. His efforts to gain the distinction of five-act or three-act *opéra comique* have not met with the slighest recognition even from appreciative Paris. His "*Barkouf*" was a signal failure; "*Robinson Crusoe*" no better. The truth is that success in lyrical burlesque is not to be confounded with the position held by such a master of comedy as is Auber; and this truth the Parisians feel, although it does not seem to have struck the critic in *Once a Week*. Not in France certainly is Offenbach placed on a par with the author of the "*Domino Noir*."

Is it then in Germany where he is so magnified? Scarcely, we would say. His "*Orphée*," his "*Belle Hélène*," and one or two other operas have run through the capitals of the pretty German states, much as all fashions run which are set in Paris. The flimsy and superficial tone of Offenbach might be supposed to be derived from his residence among "our gay neighbors;" it was French, and to be French is to be *chic*, and to be *chic* is to be *la mode*. Therefore, Germany bore with Offenbach, and took a good-natured interest in him, and laughed at music in French motley. But it is not to be imagined that such music made any serious impression, for good or ill. On the Rhine-slopes there is little danger of one's acquiring a fatal love for champagne. Germany was free of contagion; it simply smiled, and the fashion went by.

Is Offenbach overrated in England? If so, where? At the Oxford Music Hall, where the "*Orphée*" was first brought out? At the Haymarket Theatre, where the same opera was villanously sung, and ran some four weeks? At the Adelphi, where the "*Belle Hélène*" was yet more villanously sung! At Covent Garden, where the "*Grande Duchesse*" had an enormous run of from twenty-five to thirty nights? Or at the Gallery of Illustration, where "*La-la clan*" was play a moderately decent time, but no longer than any entertainment usually runs at that small house. We think the man who assumes that Offenbach is inordinately appraised in England would have some difficulty in proving his statement. On the contrary, Offenbach's music is estimated accurately enough. It is known to be light, sparkling,

very same (for the composer repeats himself continually), good dancy sort of stuff: a fit accompaniment to the nonsense which it illustrates. People know well enough that the cap and bells become this composer, and that on each occasion when he has attempted to doff the motley, even for the modest sock of comedy, he has always failed.—*Orchestra.*

Studies for Piano.

KOHLER'S STUDIES. *Op. 50. The first Studies. Op. 128. New School in Velocity.* Books I. & II. (Boston: O. Ditson & Co).

1. A Study, or as the French say *Etudes*, is a work composed with reference to affording the player exercise in some point of mechanical execution, or in some peculiar excellence of delivery, on the perfect attainment of which the artistic success of the piece is made to depend. At first sight this statement of the nature of the study would not seem to embrace two very distinct and well-marked classes. Yet so it is. For those of the kind first mentioned aim only at training the muscles to various feats of dexterity. They have the form of pieces, it is true, but spiritual inspiration, which is the real life of a piece, is entirely wanting.

Of the second class there have been written studies that are little better than the former. But the works of Stephen Heller* do not fall into this category, for they have the spiritual characteristics of pieces, each study having a character of its own.

2. There lie before us three books of studies by Louis Köhler. These all belong to the category of studies in mechanical execution. THE FIRST STUDIES, Op. 50, are possessed of these following peculiarities, all of which are excellent. First, of the twenty studies here contained, *all are short*—the longest being only sixteen measures. Second, each study exercises one hand only, the other meanwhile playing a simple accompaniment. Third, these exercises consist entirely of the simpler finger work: viz., five-finger passages, scales not exceeding one octave, and arpeggio formations, both direct and broken, one octave in extent. Fourth, the studies are arranged in such an order of succession as to afford symmetrical cultivation in execution. They run in pairs, of which the first study exercises the right hand, and the second, the left. The first pair consists of runs; the next of arpeggios. The third is scale formations; the fourth, arpeggios. And so on.

Another set is THE NEW SCHOOL IN VELOCITY, Op. 128, Books I. and II. This, like the preceding, consists of twenty studies. Their more noticeable points are:—First, they fall into approved forms, being in the three-period song form; or (which is much the same thing when the periods are so extended as in this case), in the second rondo form. This merit is a very desirable one, inasmuch as it gives a character of unity to each exercise, and so leads the pupil to expect it in other cases. Moreover, this form affords convenient opportunity for the merit next enumerated. Which is that, second, the hands receive equal attention, yet for the most part only one is seriously exercised at a time. The second rondo form consists of a THEME EPISODE and THEME. If the Author has constructed the *Theme* so as to exercise the right hand, he has always made the *Episode* to exercise the left, and *vice versâ*. Third, although aiming at execution, the studies are intrinsically interesting and brilliant. They resemble the compositions of Sydney Smith, and there is no reason why pupils should conceive that disgust towards them that they are very apt to entertain toward anything that savors of *work*.

3. These works, it will be seen, cover the ground formerly occupied by Czerny's "Velocity." The particular enumeration we have already made of salient points gives some idea of their superiority over Czerny's. This consists mainly in three points:—First, more orderly arrangement. Second, the equal training given to both hands, yet the *convenient* manner in which the hands receive alternate attention. Third, the freshness of the music. While it lacks the peculiar romantic fancy of Heller, it is simple, pleasing, and appropriate to muscular training.

4. These works are sometimes spoken of as rivals to Heller. But as the preceding analysis shows, the two writers occupy different planes of endeavor, and are in no sense rivals. Perhaps the best of Heller's Studies are his Op. 16, THE ART OF PHRASING, the second book of Op. 45, introductory to Op. 16, and his little Studies in Rhythm and Expression, Op. 47. Each one of the separate studies of these sets is a veritable piece, and some of them are very beautiful. Any player of taste may properly play them as an act of musical enjoyment. Their study is an *artistic* exercise. But in Köhler's, and other similar works, the prominent idea is the requisition that a large number of keys be struck in as short a time as possible. That music results from the striking, is *well*; but the *playing*, and *not the music*, is of the first importance. The writer undertakes, simply, to alleviate as far as possible the drudgery of mechanical practice by superadding as much artistic charm as is compatible with the work to be done. To a large class of piano players and pupils these studies are a God-send. And we say, God-speed!

W. S. B. M.

*Heller's STUDIES. "Art of Phrasing," etc.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, FEB. 6.—Musical matters here have had a slight bestirring since my last letter. You already know that our largest hall was burned down a month or more ago. We have still Library Hall, a somewhat plain room with seats for twelve hundred or so, and the Opera House. The prospect is that Farwell Hall will be rebuilt in a better manner.

Ole Bull gave three or four concerts, but they were not well attended. Of his playing different opinions are expressed. Camilla Urso was here with Gilmore, and played at his promenade concerts. I think the general opinion of the connoisseurs places her quite above Ole Bull as an artist. The reed and wind effects of Gilmore's band were quite novel here, where it is so unusual to find more than the smallest possible assortment of instruments in the orchestra. So our people curiously enough "went out to see" and hear "*reeds* shaken in the wind."

Just now we are having Italian Opera by a troupe compounded from those of Grover and Maretzek. The operas for the week are *Ernani*, *Crispino e la Comare*, *Romeo and Juliet* (Gounod's), *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Faust*. Both orchestra and chorus are better than we usually have here, which is saying little to their credit. Moreover, Mr Maretzek contrives to keep them well together without pounding, or stamping, or making any undue fuss. And that is a great relief, for the labors of Strakosch's director were so onerous and after all so ineffective, as to make one positively uncomfortable to see him waste so much hard work.

Last night *Romeo and Juliet* was performed for the first time here. In the case of an opera concerning which the doctors so widely disagree, it is scarcely becoming the writer to speak confidently; yet certain facts became apparent as the work progressed. Among them, these:—The instrumentation is exceedingly pleasant, appropriate, and consequently varied. The accompaniments, both in the score and in performance, were so in the best sense of the word. The real meaning of the work was brought out better by them, and the voices were never covered up or drowned out by brass. The melodies were pleasing and not especially commonplace. But the solo singing was "no better than it should be."

How much the opera would improve if the leading parts were taken by great artists I cannot say, but it is certainly a work that one would love to hear more than once. The best success of last night was by Antonucci, as Capulet. He looked, acted, and sang the part.

Dudley Buck, Jr., of Hartford, gives an organ concert to-night at the First Baptist Church. The programme does not embrace one piece of real noble organ music. Alas! for the times we are fallen on.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—On Saturday Evening, in the 3d concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society at the Academy of Music, the following programme was performed:

Overture, "Jessonda." . . . . . Spohr
P. F. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54 . . . . . Schumann
9th Symphony, Op. 125, D minor . . . . Beethoven.

The Overture has all the Spohr mannerisms, together with enough freshness and melody to make it agreeable; extremely pleasant is the fragmentary, episodical march for wind instruments which breaks in upon the *quasi* recitative character of the first portion of the work. It served like soup at a dinner—as an appetizer for the solid viands to follow.

Although the colossal Choral Symphony was the feature of the programme, the Schumann Concerto was far more attractive to me. It is not easy to say that this or that movement is better than another; whether one chooses the strong, self-contained *Allegro affettuoso*, with its beautiful little interpolated *Notturno* in A flat, the charming *Intermezzo* with its 'cello solo, or the graceful, delightfully intricate Finale,—all are so dependent each upon the other, so homogeneous, that one must be content to admire and love it as a complete work of exceptional and wonderful genius. It was played perfectly—the word is not too strong—by Mr Mills. Anything neater or cleaner than his rendering of the last movement, particularly the fascinating episode in which the running, liquid theme coquets with the relative key of D and finally turns its back upon it—I have never heard. Mr. M. was deservedly encored.

Lastly came the Symphony. Is it too much to say [Yes.—ED.] that had any other man written it, it would never have stood upon the high pedestal which it now occupies? We have often heard objections raised against the *length* of the Schubert C major Symphony; compared with this it is short. Good as the Scherzo is—and it is unquestionably [?] the best movement—it is interminable and tedious and grows absolutely insupportable before it reaches its termination [!]. *Repetition* seemed to be Beethoven's *bête noire* in this work. The theme of the last movement—taken in every manner of shape, form, and way, by instruments or voices—is abominably commonplace and unworthy of Beethoven's genius. [Our readers know that this is far from *our* way of thinking.—ED.]

Mrs. Smith sang the ungrateful, strained soprano part, as effectively as possible. It is unfit for a human voice. The other soloists did fairly; the baritone, however, seemed insanely anxious to sing sharp, and succeeded in doing so in one or two instances. The whole performance may be called a good one, and too much praise cannot be given to the orchestra for its promptitude and accuracy.

The audience was surprisingly large, the Academy filled from parquette to ceiling; many had to content themselves with "standing room only." Under its new management this society has unquestionably made a great advance in popular favor.

Why *will* not the stockholders of the Academy give orders for the removal of the unsightly and absurd chandelier which now disgraces it? Why not light the building after the Steinway Hall fashion? There no one's eyes are blinded by the glare of a huge mass of gas burners.

Mr. Bristow's oratorio "Daniel" was a second time performed on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 30, and—judging from the comments of the daily jour-

nals—met with, as I predicted, a favorable reception. One critic lauds the work to the skies and says that there are "few, if any, composers in Europe capable of writing anything equal to it;" which may or may not be true. Mme. Parepa being ill, the soprano part was taken by another lady. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 15, 1868.

Music in Boston.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The sixth Symphony Concert (Jan. 30) had a rather lighter programme than the two preceding, yet composed exclusively of masterworks of four men, all of whom rank among the *Dii majores* of the realm of harmony. There was every evidence of the liveliest enjoyment, from beginning to end, and on the part of the largest audience which these concerts have yet drawn together.

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
Symphony in D, No. 1.....Mozart.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Op. 40 ....Mendelssohn.
Otto Dresel.
Symphony, in G, second time.....Haydn.

The two Overtures, of the very best of their kind and of their authors, were finely contrasted, and we think told more significantly than ever before here in an uncommonly effective rendering. The strong, crisp chords in the *Coriolanus* did strike sparks out this time; the vigor of the leading motive, fiery and impatient, relieved by the soft gush of tears from a great heart in the contrasted motive; the wonderful condensation and conciseness of the whole, every phrase so pregnant with meaning and all hurrying to a climax (in this respect only paralleled by the *Egmont* Overture); the boldness of the portrait, its intensity of expression, and the stormy coloring of the background; finally, the short, breathless chords in which the proud life seems to have stormed itself away and drop exhausted,—were well brought out.

Of the Overture to the legend (Tieck's) of "The fair Melusina," Mendelssohn, in a letter to his sister, April, 1834, says: "You ask me *what* legend you are to read? How many are there, pray? and how many do I know? and don't you know the story of the 'fair Melusina'? and would it not be better for me to hide myself, and to creep into all sorts of instrumental music without any title, when my own sister does not appreciate such a title? Or did you really never hear of this beautiful fish? . . . I wrote this overture for an opera of Conradin Kreutzer's which I saw this time last year in the Konigstadt Theatre. The overture (I mean Kreutzer's) was encored, and I disliked it exceedingly, and the whole opera quite as much; but not Mlle. Hahnel, who was very fascinating, especially in one scene where she appeared as a mermaid combing her hair; this inspired me with the wish to write an overture which the people might not *encore*, but which would cause them more solid pleasure; so I selected the portion of the subject that pleased me (exactly corresponding with the legend), and, in short, the overture came into the world, and this is its pedigree."—It is certainly romantic music in the fullest sense, and picturesque. In the two contrasted themes—the first (F major), so watery and cool and rippling, tempting you beneath the waves,—the other (F minor), so chivalric, heroic, proud, impatient,—Mendelssohn clearly had in view the two characters, the princess Melusina (who is supposed to be a mermaid in the hours denied to her lord) and the brave knight who weds her. We translated Schumann's description of the overture a year ago, and need add nothing now. It does indeed revive "those fables of the life deep down beneath the watery abyss," and is full of "shooting fishes with golden scales, of pearls in open shells," &c., &c. How exquisite, and yet how cool, how calm the narrative! The mingling colors of the different instruments seemed more bright and beautiful than ever; our excellent first clarinet made itself appreciated there.

The Mozart Symphony in D, a short one, commonly distinguished as having no Minuet, is altogether a more marked and greater work than the one (also in D and without Minuet) called sometimes the "French" Symphony, which was played last year. This one, in wealth and felicity of ideas, and in masterly moulding into a perfect whole, at once captivating to the general ear and full of contrapuntal subtlety, may rank with his best symphonic inspirations, like those in G minor and E flat. It has great breadth too; the power is so intrinsically in the thought and composition, that you do not miss the clarinets, trombones, &c. The opening Adagio is very large and stately. The syncopated theme with which the Allegro starts off makes you very sure that "here is richness" in what is coming; and presently it developes into a motive in which there is no mistaking the features of that in the *Zauberflöte* Overture (which likewise is at once popular and learned music). As it goes on, each new theme starts up another in charming sequence and variety. The Andante drops out the trumpets, and, limited to strings, reeds, flutes and mellow horns, is one of the sweetest and most graceful of his slow movements. The Finale lures you on again with syncopation at the outset, and soon brings in a charming melody in sixths, which may well have puzzled by its strange familiarity those whose memory goes back to our parlor music of some thirty years ago. Indeed Mozart's Symphonies, &c., furnished many an English song writer of those days with ideas; and *this* idea came out as original English in a sentimental ditty about "The last link is broken," &c., (Mozart's bright little *presto* melody lengthened into a drawling slow time). Everybody thought the Symphony delightful. And the still lighter Symphony in G by Haydn justified the repetition and sent all home in the pleasantest of humors, not a dissipated, low Offenbach humor, but a really *light* and buoyant one, with healthy sense of satisfaction.

The D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, a tone-poem full of genius, not so often heard as the earlier one in G minor, perhaps not so readily appreciated at first hearing, is yet sure to grow upon one. It was first played here, ten years ago, by Mr. Lang. It does not demand very extraordinary powers of execution; any one of our leading pianists is equal to it technically. The chief thing is that the artist feel the music like an artist and enter into the spirit of it. This of course Mr. DRESEL did; he brought out the *music* of it; he made the music felt; it warmed the audience, who responded with unusual unanimity and vigor of applause. Remembering that Schumann had written something about this Concerto at the time of its first appearance (in 1837), we have looked it up, and here it is as closely as we could translate it:

"Verily, Mendelssohn is ever the same, and ever walks with his old joyous step; the smile about the lips hath no one more beautifully than he. Virtuosos will hardly find play for their enormous execution in this Concerto; he gives them hardly anything to do, which they have not already done and played a hundred times. Often have we heard them utter this complaint. In one sense they are right; opportunity to show *bravura* through the novelty and brilliancy of passages should not be excluded from the Concerto. But *Music* stands above all other considerations, and always our highest praise belongs to him, who gives us always and most richly this.

"But music is the effluence of a finer nature; no matter whether it flow forth in the presence of hundreds, or by itself in silence, provided always that it be the finer nature that expresses itself. Hence it is that Mendelssohn's compositions have such an irresistible influence when he plays them himself; the fingers are mere carriers, and might as well be covered up; it is for the ear alone to perceive, and then it is for the heart to decide. Now if this praise belongs to Mendelssohn, that he *always* gives us such music to hear, yet we will not for all that deny, that frequently he does it in one work in a more slight and cursory manner, and more emphatically in another. And this Concerto is one of his most fugitive productions. I must be very much mistaken, if he did not write it in a few days, perhaps a few hours. It is as if one shook a tree; the ripe, sweet fruit falls without more ado.

"Some will ask, how it compares with his first Concerto (in G minor). It is the same, and not the same; it is the same, because it is the work of a thoroughly educated master; it is not the same, because it was written ten years later. Here and there in the conduct of the harmony Sebastian Bach peeps out. For the rest, melody, form, instrumentation are Mendelssohn's own property. Enjoy we then the fugitive and cheering gift; it is just like one of those works, of which we know so many by the older masters, when they rested from their greater creations. Our younger master certainly will not forget how, suddenly, after such rest, they often came out with something mighty; the D-minor Concerto of Mozart, the one in G major by Beethoven, offer us examples."

This week's Concert consisted of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, preceded by Cherubini's Overture to "Anacreon," for the First Part; and Chopin's E-minor Concerto, played by HUGO LEONHARD, followed by Weber's *Jubel*-Overture, for Part Second.

The Eighth and *last* of the Symphony Concerts will come on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 27. It has been decided to close the series with a repetition of the glorious Schubert Symphony in C,—this forming the second part. The first part to open with Esser's orchestral arrangement of Bach's Organ Toccata in F; followed by Sterndale Bennett's charming Overture: "The Naiads," for the first time in these concerts. Then, as a novelty of especial interest, never heard before in Boston, the Triple Concerto of Beethoven, for piano, violin and 'cello (Messrs. LANG, EICHBERG and FRIES), with orchestra; this will complete the list of Beethoven Concertos, adding the only one which remains to the five for piano and the one for violin, all of which have been given in these concerts. The first part will end with Mendelssohn's Overture: "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage."

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The second of the four monthly Concerts (Feb. 4) was one of the very best classical Chamber concerts ever enjoyed in the Chickering Hall, whose walls have been seasoned by so many. The room was completely filled with excellent listeners, and the programme was very happy in its selections:

First Quartet. No. 1, in F. Op. 18.....Beethoven.
Allegro con brio—Adagio con espressione—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro.
Caprices, for Pianoforte. Op 16 .....Mendelssohn.
{ A. Andante con moto.
{ B. Presto.
B. J. LANG.
Sonata, for Piano and Violoncello, in D, op. 58 Mendelssohn.
Allegro assai vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, molto Allegro vivace.
Messrs LANG and FRIES.
Quartet. No. 1, op. 41.....Robert Schumann.
Introduzione, Andante con espressione and Allegro—Scherzo, Presto—Adagio,—Finale, Presto.

Delightful as the return of young days was it to hear that earlier Quartet of Beethoven again; it must be many years since it was played here. How perfectly clear, fresh, full of vigorous health and enthusiasm it is in the quick movements! and the Adagio, so unmistakeably Beethoven, breathes the deep, thoughtful passion of a deep nature. After our recent training in the more involved and difficult later works of the master, it was like play to listen to one so clear and simple as this, and find it so poetic, full of genial charm. Would it not be interesting some time to contrast this No. 1 with one of the great "posthumous" Quartets in the same concert? What a measure of the progress of so great a mind!

Mr. LANG of course played the Mendelssohn *Caprices* with all grace and delicacy, and they were much enjoyed, as they always are when well played. But the Sonata-Duo was an event of the season. It is a noble composition, genial, rich in invention, large and elegant in treatment. Here the violoncello of WULF FRIES had full play for its finest power, and admirably he used the opportunity. Admirable it was on the part of both artists. Every one was edified by those great full chords of *Chorale*, answering to earnest, pleading fragments of recitative from the 'cello; it is one of Mendelssohn's great moments.

Schumann's three Quartets, op. 41, belong to his best creative period, and though difficult, are as artistically moulded in respect of form, as they are genial in contents. The Club have played all three of them during the last three or four years; most frequently the third, in A major, which is perhaps the richest and most striking one among them. This one in A minor (though after a brief introduction in that key, the principal Allegro is in F major), is also very beautiful, and was so well rendered as to enchain attention and give general pleasure. We hope to hear it again.

The third concert comes on Tuesday evening, March 3, when Mendelssohn's *Octet* will be performed, with other rare things not yet determined on.

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ORCHESTRAL UNION. The fourth Wednesday Afternoon Concert (Feb. 5) had at length the encouragement of a very large audience. This was the programme:

Overture to "Semiramis".....Rossini.
New Waltz, "Kunstler Leben.".....Strauss.
Rondo, in E flat, for Piano, with Orchestra. Mendelssohn.
Ernst Perabo.
Grand Symphony, in C.....Franz Schubert.
Introd. and Allegro. Andante.
Potpourri, from "Faust".....Gounod.

The undertaking of the great Schubert Symphony by the small orchestra, and so soon after hearing it upon a more adequate scale, proved on the whole a mistake; although everything that tends to familiarize the ear with its main features is so much preparation for a more receptive hearing when the fuller opportunity shall come; it is at least good as study. Besides, the necessity of dividing so long a work for these more mixed programmes, giving only two of the four movements at a time, destroys one of the conditions of listening to it fairly; you do not sit yourself down to it in earnest; not expecting a whole, you do give a whole mind to it. The Rossini Overture, though it lacked the extra horns for the quartet, was a luxurious treat, as a Rossini Overture always is. Mr. PERABO played that swift, unflagging, brilliant Rondo of Mendelssohn (the same which he gave us last year in the Symphony Concerts), with all that clearness, certainty and charm which we all expect of him whenever he approaches the piano, and he was recalled with enthusiasm.

This week's concert did not bring with it the balance of the Schubert Symphony. Instead of that we were introduced to a novelty of formidable proportions, a new work in an old form, to wit, an orchestral "Suite," by Franz Lachner, of Munich, the second of the kind which he has produced and which have found considerable favor in German concert rooms.

This one is in E minor,—not, as the printed bills erroneously had it, in D. It is a singular attempt to follow the old forms of Bach and Handel in a long instrumental work, stringing together a succession (*suite*) of little pieces, partly in the fugue, and partly in old dance rhythms, and just enough related to one another to leave a certain unity of impression from the whole. Those old masters, however, commonly kept all the string of pieces in the same key, whereas the modern imitator prudently shrinks from that monotony. The *Suite* was the imperfect, half organized forerunner of the developed unity and symmetry of the Sonata form (which from the time of Emanuel Bach and Haydn holds in all Symphonies, Sonatas, Quartets, Trios, Concertos, &c.) To cultivate this obsolete form now is to take a long step back in search of novelty. The quaintness, too, the certain murky, twilight tone and atmosphere of a past age, with which the artist rather cleverly imbues his picture, must needs lack the naturalness, the *naiveté*, the sincerity of the old masters. We would not judge of it from a first hearing. It was certainly interesting, in parts quite winning and delightful, but in parts also hard, and dry and ungenial. The pieces are, 1) an *Adagio* introduction, mystical and sombre, organ-like, leading into a quick Fugue, with a strongly marked, but rather dreary subject, regularly wrought out, not without traits of coarseness (so it seemed to us) in the instrumentation, and some confusing redundancy of termination. 2) *Andante* in E major, again mystical and brooding, but in a more sentimental vein, reminding us of Schumann in "Paradise and the Peri;" much of it fine and delicate. 3) *Minuet* in B minor, with *Trio* in B major, that glides along with a refined, half sad, subtle grace. 4) Most charming of all, and quite original, an *Intermezzo*, with a light minor quickstep rhythm. 5) For a finale, as is usual in the old Suites, a *Giga* or Jig, in 9-8 measure, full of life and energy. The rendering was careful, and the impression on the audience quite as good as such a union of not a little of the "*Zukunfts*" spirit with an antique form could be expected to make. It should be heard more than once, and, if possible, with a greater body of strings.

It was a happy thought to introduce Beethoven's bright little Turkish march right after the *Suite*; the mist rolled off immediately. Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* Overture opened the concert. No mist there, no uncertainty about him. All fresh and sparkling and inspiriting, the charm of his overtures, that happy child of genius, however light and careless, is infallible.

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IN PROSPECT. "Moses" and "Elijah" are to be given by the Handel and Haydn Society on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 29 and March 1. The first is a sop to Cerberus, if we may so call a certain reactionary element in the old Society, which takes its recent progress in a good direction hard, and is afraid there will be "no more cakes and ale," no "Davids" Goliahs, no melodious, flowery Rossini operas, which sing so glibly, to serve up under the solemn cloak of Oratorios! This element succeeded, at the last annual election, in "reconstructing" the board of Directors and must have its way for once! Perhaps it will be quite as well to let it *try* its way for once, and see whether the times are as they used to be. Anyhow, Moses will be offset on the next night by the true Oratorio *Elijah*.

Mendelssohn's charming little Opera, the "Son and Stranger" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*), which he wrote for the "silver wedding" of his parents, is to be produced at the Music Hall, at the annual benefit of Mr. PECK, the worthy superintendent. It will be a novelty. All the vocal and instrumental music will be given, with eminent soloists and orchestra, under Mr. B. J. Lang's direction. Every one will wish to hear it, both for its own sake and for Mr. Peck's, who has managed to establish pleasant relations with all music-lovers hereabouts.

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LA GRANDE DUCHESSE. Our article of a few weeks since has found no answer here. But where Bateman "is round," in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, &c., we meet a few flings from newspaper critics. The other day we copied from the Philadelphia *Bulletin* a brave article on the low taste reigning in "the metropolis" New York), pharasaically rubbing its hands and saying: We, of Philadelphia, are not as they are; we shall not to carried away by vulgar "Black Crooks" and "Grand Duchesses." But look you now, the Duchess approaches Philadelphia, the "manager of the press" has arrived, the flaming advertisements are out and they pay well; and now the *Bulletin* has changed its tone, has tuned its trumpets to the general praise. It even charges us with "opening the guns of magnificent comparison upon it," with measuring the "brilliant, trashy" thing against Rossini and Mozart, &c.

Then you admit that it is "trashy." Mind you this was *not* admitted by the newspaper critics when we wrote. It was praised up as a work of *genius* (the New York *Weekly Review* even spoke of Offenbach as "the ruling musical genius of Europe"). It was so exalted that one had to stoop to the task of pointing out the utter triviality and commonness of the music.

Our critics, as we foresaw, have raised a false issue with us; careful not to state what we did say, they attack us for what we did not say; they charge us with finding fault with "light music" as such. We do not quarrel with the "Duchess" music because it is *light*, but because it is not fine, not beautiful, not genial, but commonplace and vulgar.

We only wrote after we had been taunted with keeping silent about what all their trumpets proclaimed "the great musical event" of the day.—The moral of our article was the venality (as a rule) of what is called "Art criticism" in the press; it being a melancholy fact that most newspaper musical criticism throughout this country is governed mainly by mere business considerations; that the "criticism" is only an expansion of the advertisement; and that the length and frequency and warmth of the critical notice keeps measure with the advertising patronage.

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NEW AMERICAN OPERA. We have seen some compositions of Mr. Fairlamb, which certainly show musical feeling, taste and mastery of form, and therefore we do not feel entirely sceptical about the promise held forth in the following from the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*.

A few weeks since we alluded briefly to the opera which Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb, of this city, is now composing for the Richings troupe, and which will be produced next season, if no unforseen accident should prevent the fulfillment of the present understanding. We have had the pleasure of hearing much of the music, and are anxious to impress upon our readers its unusual merit.

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Mr. Fairlamb has had advantages enjoyed by few of our native musicians. A long residence in Europe, with opportunities for study, most enthusiastically improved, was an immense benefit to a talent already considerably developed during his previous life in his own land. Personal influence with many prominent musical people gained him a hearing in Germany, and the mere hearing brought him his reward in substantial honors from the King of Wurtemberg. Returning home with such an endorsement, his path was smoothed in some measure, and he has been encouraged to persevere in the composition of an opera, first conceived in Switzerland. Better still, he has the aid of a librettist who is not only a fluent versifier and fully acquainted with stage effects, but is himself a fine vocalist, has some theoretical knowledge of music, and is a conscientious and correct critic. Such a union has been vouchsafed to few composers, and Mr. Fairlamb will undoubtedly profit by it. At the same time it should be known that the plot and main divisions of the

story had been decided upon before the assistance of the present gifted librettist was obtained, and he is therefore not responsible for the manner in which an episode from Cervantes' Don Quixote has been transformed into a three-act opera, now named "The Interrupted Marriage." Our purpose to-day is not to speak of the music in detail, but to urge upon all who love the art, and are anxious to see it win its proper position in the United States, the duty of feeling pleasantly towards a forthcoming native opera, and extending a cordial welcome to present his work to them. We must not discourage any effort so enthusiastically made in the cause of music. Every sneer, every slighting word, every careless shrug, every idle expression of censure on such an attempt is a clog, not on this particular opera, but upon the progress of the musical art in America. "The Interrupted Marriage" merits an attentive hearing; it is no light ballad opera, patched together with dull dialogue, and carried on with an orchestral accompaniment, as poor and meagre as in some of the English works which are performed night after night with applause; but it is a thoughtful composition, abounding in elaborate concerted movements, and as carefully scored as the best operas on the stage. Its style is intensely passionate, and has the rich harmonies of the German school, well interwoven with the florid brilliancy of the Italian writers.

"Stella" on the Harvard Concerts. Boston may be the "hub," but Worcester is the "heart" of the Commonwealth, and it is pleasant to see that our Symphony Concerts find a hearty recognition there. In a letter to the *Palladium*, Feb. 3, the lady writes:

The sixth concert of the Harvard Musical Association was one of the most enjoyable yet given. No selections to tax mind and brain were in its sterling programme. All was beautiful, artistic, true to the highest musical expression. The overtures were the *Coriolanus*, broad and stately, and always good to hear; and "The Fair Melusina," which was played with refreshing heartiness. It has a lovely theme, which runs through the overture like a silver thread, around which toy and flutter the different instruments as if captivated by its elfin beauty. The symphonies were Mozart's, in D, No. 1; and Haydn's, in G. The former was of the true Mozart character; fresh, jubilant, full of healthful sunshine, gleeful as youth and innocence, with a little tender shading of sentiment in its placid *adagio*, which gives place to an *allegro* of winning grace and sweetness. The closing movement has all the fresh beauty of a summer-shower. Rain-drops patter and laugh as the sun bursts through the clouds, and the world is, for a time, as new as on the morning of creation. The Haydn Symphony was heard for the second time, and most welcome it was! Why not, good gentlemen of the Harvard Association, oftener repeat these symphonies? There is a positive pleasure in listening a second and third time to what has once been enjoyed, and new beauties come to light which cannot always be grasped at first hearing. The symphony was *light* music in the best meaning of the term. Full of interest and variety, too, with its quaint conceits, its *largo* passages of exceeding beauty, its stately minuet, and saucy, piquant *finale*. At these symphony concerts, excellent opportunity is afforded to hear the best pianists of the day, and the announcement that Mr. Otto Dresel would play Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, was hailed with pleasure. Mr. Dresel too rarely plays in public. Too rarely for his hearers, and perhaps, for himself. With some listeners the piano forte must always suffer in comparison with the brilliancy of the violins, but this performance was remarkable for its exquisite delicacy, and the performer's perfect interpretation of the music, its form and sentiment.

Musical Light. Professor Faraday, as early as 1818, showed that certain tones were produced by tubes surrounding the flames of a spirit lamp or a jet of carbonic oxide. After these experiments, the first great novelty in acoustic observations was due to the late Count Schaffgotsch, who showed that a flame in such a tube could be made to quiver in response to a voice pitched to the note of the tube or to its higher octave. Where the note was sufficiently high, the flame was even extinguished by the voice. Following up this rudimentary idea, Professor Tyndall was led to take note of a series of singular effects with flames and tubes, in which he and the Count seem to have been running a race of priority. A number of these curious and beautiful phenomena are described in the sixth lecture. The cause of this quivering or dancing of the flame is best revealed by an experiment with the syren. As the pitch of the instrument is raised so as to approach that of the tube, a quivering of the flame is seen synchronous with the beats. When perfect unison is attained, the beats cease, but begin again when the syren is urged beyond unison, becoming more rapid as the dissonance is increased. On raising the voice to the proper pitch, the Professor showed that a flame, which had been burning silently, began to sing. The effect was the same, whenever the right note was sounded, at any distance in the room. He turned his back to the flame. Still the sonorous pulses ran round him, reached the tube, and called forth the song. Naked flames, uncovered by tubes, will give forth the same effects if subjected to increased pressure, or suffered to flare. Professor Tyndall ascribes the discovery to Professor Leconte, of the United States, who noticed at a musical party the jets of gas pulsate in synchronism with the audible beats. "A deaf man," he observes, "might have seen the harmony." The tap of a hammer, the shaking of a bunch of keys, a bell, whistle, or other sonorous instrument, is answered by the sympathetic tongue of flame. An infinite variety of forms is assumed by the luminous jet, according as the fish-tail, the bat's wing, or other burner is employed, or a greater or less column of flame of the series is that from the single orifice of a steatite burner, reaching a height of twenty-four inches. So sensitive is this tall and slender column as to sink to seven inches at the slightest rap upon a distant anvil. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it is violently agitated and emits a loud roar. The lecturer could not walk across the floor without agitating it. The creaking of his boots, the ticking of his watch set it in violent commotion.

Mrs. Hog and Miss Hog at the Philharmonic, (New York).

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

For the victims of public nuisances which may be reached by law there is some hope of relief, but what hope is there for the helpless victims of public impositions which the law cannot touch? The nuisance referred to at present is that class of people who frequent concerts, &c., for the sole purpose, apparently, of enjoying there the sweets of gossip, flirtation and confectionery. Permit me, through your columns, to relate a personal experience at the Rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society yesterday afternoon.

After going early to secure a good seat I was driven from it during the opening overture by the incessant and boisterous whisperings of two females in the dress circle.

I changed my position, but the Schumann concerto had hardly begun when three fashionably dressed young women entered and seated themselves near. One of their number immediately produced a package of bon-bons, whereupon the three began at once to eat, whisper and giggle. A hiss was essayed as a sedative, but without effect. It was repeated, awakening neighboring echoes, but of no avail. A personal request was then made, which quieted for a moment, but did not silence.

At this juncture a youth, evidently of "our set," arrived. This event produced intense excitement. Another package of bon-bons was produced, and the conversation received a new impetus.

The third symphony opened, with its hushed and solemn strains, but the sublime measure awakened no respect among the candy-eaters. It was saddening to see that the whispering, chewing and giggling remained unbroken. In desperation I took a seat directly under the orchestra, in deafening closeness to bass drums and viols.

Now, what is to be done in relation to a nuisance of so flagrant a character as this? Are those who make efforts to reach a public hall to secure good seats, and who go expressly to hear the music, to be driven, if not from the house, at least to the most undesirable positions in the building, by the shocking ill-breeding of those who have met to flirt, giggle and eat? Are not the parlor, the ball-room, the street, the restaurant, field enough for such?

If our people lack both the instructive and acquired reverence for the noblest forms of art, which would silence them during the performance of a Beethoven symphony, or a Schumann concerto, may we not at least expect an average good breeding? If the law cannot protect us from this class of gross imposition, cannot at least a public feeling be created which will stand in the stead of public authority? In the meantime, might it not be well to submit the following suggestion to the president of the Philharmonic Society, viz.: That labels be placed in certain parts of the house, after this fashion; "Flirtation Circle;" "Department for Candy Eaters;" "For Gossip;" "For Gigglers," &c., reserving at least a small portion of the house where the genuine music lover may be unmolested and at peace. S. M. W.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Musical Institutions of Berlin.

(Translated for this Journal from a series of articles in the Leipzig *Signale*, entitled "Musik-Adressbuch,")

Berlin has a population of 650,000. It is only within the last decades that Music has received that general and thorough culture in Berlin, which the other arts, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, already enjoyed there in the last century. Until then it depended almost exclusively upon the individual interest taken in it by the Prussian princes; and although they were for the most part warm respecters of Art, yet they were not able to promote it on a scale commensurate with the aims and plans pursued by the house of Hohenzollern from an early period in Germany. To these Sculpture and Architecture were more essential, and therefore flourished earlier.

One of the first friends of music mentioned among the rulers of Prussia is the Elector Joachim II., who reigned from 1535–1598. He maintained, besides a corps of 21 court trumpeters and 2 kettle-drummers, a stately *Capelle*, the proportions of which were regulated by a court ordinance of 1570. His successor, Joachim Frederick (1598--1608) increased it to 22 chamber musicians and 12 chapel boys. It was under the direction of Nicolaus Zangius, a composer famous in his time. Also Joachim Frederick's successor, Johann Sigismund (till 1619) supported it at a yearly cost of 5716 florins; in 1616 he engaged also two Italian singers with a salary of 360 thalers each. The distress brought upon the Mark of Brandenburg by the Thirty years War led the Elector George William (1619--1640) to curtail his outlay as much as possible, and soon after entering upon the government he dismissed his Capelle. It was first re-instated by the Elector Frederick William (1640-88), who at the same time enlarged its sphere of action by ordaining that his chamber musicians and chapel boys should participate in the service at the Nicolai, the Marien and the Petri churches. The male voices were supplied by the highly celebrated composer Crüger, then *Cantor* at the Nicolai church.

Music was particularly cherished at the court of his splendor-loving successor, Frederick III., who in 1701 was crowned King Frederick I. His wife, Sophia Charlotte, was passionately fond of music; she not only sang excellently, but she had great facility at the clavichord, and she composed. At special festivities foreign virtuosos were attracted to the court. Handel, even, while a boy, had plucked his first laurels here.

Frederick's son and follower on the throne had a sense for Art only so far as it served his exclusive love for military matters. Hence he soon dissolved the Capelle, and gave all the greater care to the hautboys corps of his royal regiment. With the military orphan house, which he founded in Potsdam in 1722, he connected a school for the training of military musicians.

Frederick the Great, on the contrary, who ascended the throne in 1740, earned imperishable credit for his furtherance of the musical life in Berlin. He was confessedly not only a music-lover, but a fine connoisseur, and he practised the art in many ways. His favorite instrument was the flute, which he played like a virtuoso; he composed, too, not without inventiveness and skill. Already as crown prince he supported a Capelle in Rheinsberg. He had sent for the famous flute-player Quantz as early as 1727, but he did not enter his service until 1741. Philip Emanuel Bach, too, was already called to Rheinsberg; but he first became court composer in 1740 in the king's capelle,—in which position he remained till 1767.

The example of the king was followed by other princely persons; thus in the years 1750--60 the Margraves Henry and Charles maintained their own private Capellen; so too the crown prince, afterwards king Fred. William II. Kirnberger and J. A. P. Schutz officiated here as directors. Especial mention should be made too of the Princess Amalia, who studied musical theory with great diligence under Kirnberger's direction. The chief event, by which the collective musical life in Berlin gained a central point, was the foundation of the Royal Opera. On the 5th Sept. 1741 the corner stone of the Opera House was laid; in December 1742 it was opened with the opera *Cleopatra* by Graun, and the Berlin Opera soon rose to an important height. It at once gave an impulse to the establishment of societies for other kinds of music. Thus the chamber-musician Janitsch founded the so-called "Academie;" the chamber-musician Schale, the "Assemblee;" in both of these instrumental music was principally cultivated. Vocal music was practiced in the Saturday concerts of chamber-musician Agricola. Still greater importance was gained by the "Music-practicing Society" (founded in 1749 by chamber-musician Sack), which among other things arranged a performance of Graun's *Tod Jesu* in the cathedral.

But none of these societies was able to survive. A greater consequence was rapidly acquired by the "Dilettanten-verein," founded by Carl Fasch in 1789; how the "Singacademie" developed out of this, will be seen hereafter.

Public concerts also came in vogue. In 1790 Benda and Bachmann founded the so-called "Weekly Concert" (from October to May); in 1776 Müller and Leuschke founded similar concerts in the *Englishes Haus*. In 1783 and 84 J. Fr. Reichard established six subscription concerts, in which Oratorios also were produced. Most of the foreign virtuosos also gave concerts in the English House.

Thus the musical life in Berlin gradually and steadily expanded, the more so as the following Prussian kings lent it their aid at least on certain sides. It is known that the great Frederick's successor, Frederick William II., tried to win over the greatest master of his time, Mozart. Under Frederick William III. (1797--1840) spectacular Opera, especially, was cultivated through Spontini. Within his reign too falls the foundation of the "Royal Institute for Church Music" (1822) and of the "Musical Section" in the Royal Academy of Arts (1833).

A zealous further of true and genuine Art, again, was Frederick William IV. (1840–61). The Berlin "Dom-chor" (cathedral choir), which has become world-famous, is to be regarded as his creation (1843); and in the preceding year the "Symphony Concerts" of the Royal Capelle (orchestra) were founded, and have always enjoyed the especial protection of the king. It is furthermore well known, that through him Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy received the impulse to some of his most important works.

Finally it must here be mentioned, that it was four Berlin artists who prepared that Spring of Song, which reached full bloom in Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann, namely: Joh. Friedr. Reichardt (1752--1814), C. F. Zelter (1758--1832), Bernhard Klein (1793--1832), and Ludwig Berger (1777-1839).

THE OPERA.

Dramatic representations with music were early provided for in Berlin, even before the building of the Royal Opera house. Over the *Reitstall* in the royal stables, on the Breitenstrass, a theatre was built, bearing the name "*Stallplatz*," in which, since the year 1700, ballets with song and music were frequently performed. The idea of building the Opera house first occurred to Frederick the Great in the beginning of his reign. Even in 1741, before its completion, the members of the opera engaged by Graun were assembled, and a provisional theatre arranged in the Schloss. On the 13th Dec. 1741 it was opened with Graun's *Rodelinde*. This opera, like all others up to the year 1806, was sung to Italian words; but the book contained a German translation with the Italian. The orchestra consisted of 12 violins, 4 violas, 4 violoncellos, 3 double basses, 4 flutes, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 4 oboes, 1 theorbo, 1 harp and 2 pianos.

On the 7th Dec. 1742, at six in the evening, the new Opera House was opened with the opera "Cæsar and Cleopatra" by Graun. The singers were 3 women and 5 men, with the addition of 3 *castrati*. The chorus was seldom introduced in the Italian Opera; if it ever became necessary, they called in Gymnasiasts.

The Royal Opera house was built after a plan of the Baron von Knobelsdorf, and this plan has been essentially retained in the new building after the fire of 1843. It is a three-story edifice, standing free on all sides, 300 Rhenish feet long and 106 wide. On the outside of the front façade, on each side, a stairway leads up to a portico of six free fluted Corinthian columns. On the gable stand the statues of Apollo, Melpomene and Thalia; in the pediment an offering to Apollo is represented in half relief; the whole bears the inscription: *Friderieus Rex Apolloni et Musis*. Inside the portico four bas-reliefs are set up on the wall, representing the history of Apollo. The other sides are correspondingly adorned with Corinthian columns and with statues. The rear

façade has the inscription *Fridericus Guliclmus IV. Theatrum incendio consumtum restituit* 1844. The Opera house was destined only for the Italian operas during the Carnival. Admission was gratuitous. Only since the year 1801 were there given at first two, and then four performances with an entrance fee for the benefit of the poor. Behind the orchestra was a semi-circle of sofas for the king and those nearest to his person. In the first row was the royal box; the other boxes were for the nobility; the boxes of the parterre and the second and third row were occupied by the home and foreign ministers, the counsellors of the state colleges, persons belonging to the court and ladies of the burgher rank. In the parterre sat officers, soldiers detached on duty and respectably dressed citizens. The performance as a rule began at 6 o'clock in the evening; as soon as the Court appeared, the Baron von Knobelsdorf gave the signal to commence. Under the favor of the great king and with Graun's careful direction the Italian Opera of Berlin soon rose to great importance. The co-operation of such male singers as Salimbeni, Concialini, Tosconi, Tombolini, and the ladies Astroa, Farinella, Mara, Todi, made the operatic performances of Berlin at various times the most distinguished in Europe. For the Opera Buffa a theatre was erected at Potsdam. After the death of Graun Agricola became conductor of the Italian Opera, and carried it on at first with tact and with success; but the king's interest began gradually to cool; in 1770 he came very near leasing the whole Opera. After the death of Agricola (1774) Fasch, the founder of the Singacademie, undertook the directorship, only to turn it over in 1776 to John Fr. Reichardt, and, according to his judgment, in a pretty poor condition. It continued to grow worse and worse, especially after a dangerous rival appeared in the German Opera.

Berlin at that time was also visited by travelling dramatic troupes, and one of these, under the Director Schönemann, had as early as 1743 produced an Operetta in a German translation: "*Der lustige Schuster*" (The Jolly Shoemaker), but with such poor success that no new attempt was risked for a long time. It was not until Koch in 1771 acquired the privilege for a permanent stage, that the German Opera began to be fostered, Hiller, Wolff and Benda writing music for it. When Koch died (1775), Döbbelin undertook this theatre, and he managed so well that in 1786 his was declared to be the National Theatre, and the *Schauspielhaus*, built for French plays on the Gensd'armen Platz, was given over to him. In 1787 Dobbelin was pensioned off and Professors Ramler and Engel undertook the direction; and now the musical farce and the operetta received such careful attention, that the Italian Opera was gradually crowded into the back ground. In 1790 the clever musical director Frischmuth was succeeded by Wessely, an excellent musician, under whose direction Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze* was brought out in 1788; the *Marriage of Figaro* on the 14th Sept. 1790; and on the 20th Dec. *Don Juan*, in the National Theatre. In 1792, Aug. 3, *Cosi fan Tutte* also was produced there.

The German Opera in the National Theatre took an extraordinary rise when B. A. Weber assumed the direction in 1793. He was an excellent musician and an enthusiastic follower of Mozart and Gluck. His influence hastened the dissolution of the Italian Opera. Neither Righini nor Himmel, who labored with and after Reichardt at the Italian Opera, were able to lend it new splendor. Finally when in 1795 Gluck's *Iphigenia* came upon the stage of the National Theatre in German, under Weber's direction, the Italian opera gradually lost all foothold; in 1805 it had become wholly inactive; and when misfortune came on Prussia in 1806, it went to pieces; the Royal Opera-house was used as—a magazine for bread. On the king's return to Berlin (Dec. 23, 1809) Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis* was given *in German* in the Opera House.

In 1810 Iffland was appointed general director of the royal theatres. Both orchestras, that of the Opera House and that of the National Theatre, were united under the three Capellmeisters Righini, Himmel and A. B. Weber. From that time the operas and ballets and plays with music, like *Egmont*, *Faust*, *Tell* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were given in the Opera House; in the Schauspielhaus the spoken drama in all its kinds.

Two particularly remarkable days in the history of the Berlin opera are the 15th of May, 1821, and the 18th of June of the same year, on which the music to *Preziosa* and the *Freyschütz* of C. M. von Weber were given for the first time.

A special chapter in the history of the Berlin opera is formed by the time in which Spontini (1778-1751) acted as general director of music, 1820--1841. He has been violently assailed and also enthusiastically defended and praised, and both perhaps with reason. The manner in which he ignored all that lay outside of his own narrowly limited sphere deserves all blame, while the care which he bestowed upon grand spectacle opera claims recognition.

Along with Spontini worked F. R. L. Seidel, since 1822 Capellmeister, pensioned in 1830, and Henning, active as Capellmeister from 1836 until he was pensioned in 1848.

At present W. Taubert (born 1811) is first Capellmeister, having acted as musical director at the Royal Opera since 1842. With him, H. Dorn (born in 1804) has worked since 1849 in the place of Otto Nicolai, who belonged to the Berlin Opera only two years (1847--9). Since 1862 Robert Radecke also has been engaged as music director at the Royal Opera. Meyerbeer, who was appointed General Music Director in 1842, has seldom acted as such.

(To be continued).

Reminiscences of Carl Maria von Weber.*

There was no room in the "kleines Rauchhaus;" not so much as the smallest chamber. The landlady, who looked upon me with a favorable eye, because, two years previously, I had honorably and punctually settled for a friend in Breslau a score of twenty-four thalers, which he had run up at her establishment, was exceedingly sorry to turn me from her door, and so, desiring to keep me as near as possible, sent me to the Golden Hart, directly opposite. This hostelry, too, was thronged with students—for, in the year 1822, a pleasure trip to Dresden was deemed indispensable by every member of a German University during his autumn vacation. Whoever could manage to scrape together a little "tin," made a pilgrimage to the Florence of the Elbe, and whoever could *not* was even more likely to go than those who could, because he was sure of meeting with acquaintances from whom he would get something. If a student found no acquaintances, or found they had not any more than himself, he and they united to victimize some stranger. I was one of the individuals on whom this honor was conferred by the inmates of the Golden Hart. I did not care for a handful of money more or less. Was not I secretary and poet of the Royal National Theatre, Breslau, with a fixed annual salary of three hundred thalers, not to mention subordinate sources of income, and what I made by literary work! Had I not been despatched by my respected management to engage artists, and had I not so much allowed me a day for expenses? Was I not, moreover, making the business arrangements for a literary periodical, the first number of which, under the title of *Deutsche Blätter*, etc., was to appear on the 1st January, 1823? I was a man of importance. It struck me as a remarkable piece of condescension on my part that I should be contented with a third-class inn, when hotels of a very different sort were open to me. At first the students took confoundedly little notice of me; my titles did not appear to impress them. But, after we had drunk together, and they had found out I was a good sort of fellow, they became more friendly. We proceeded arm in arm to the theatre, but it was only with great difficulty we could force our way into the pit. *Der Freischütz* was to be performed, and the composer to conduct for the first time after his return from leave of absence. All eyes were directed to where he was to appear. Like every one else, I, too, was exceedingly anxious to see the master whose vigorous martial songs I had, when a rifle volunteer, sung so often with my comrades on the march. A few of the students from the "kleines Rauchhaus" who had already seen him, described him as being lame. One of them even knew several of his cousins, and assured us that every individual among them was also lame, and, at the same time, a musical conductor; both the lameness and the conductorship being points in the family likeness. While we were waiting and gazing impatiently before us, there was a movement behind, and, ere we could look round, we perceived a tall and magnificent laurel in a splendid case wreathed with garlands of flowers. Borne aloft by countless hands that rose up from the crowd, the significant gift moves onward towards the orchestra. So active and clever were all those who stood or sat on its road, that it reached the conductor's seat at the very moment that Carl Maria von Weber made his appearance.

People become in time old, dull, and indifferent. I have become so myself. But, even at the present day, the recollection of that hour is still present to my mind in all the freshness of youth, and, as I write down these lines, the first sounds of the overture penetrate to my heart as though through the cheers of the audience, and a delicious shudder of sweet melancholy runs through me. Good Heavens, how we shouted! I and my students from the Golden Hart, and the others from the "kleines Rauchhaus," and the rest, how we shouted, one and all: "Hurrah, Weber! Hurrah Weber!"

It was in the gentle autumnal sunshine that I met on the Dresden Terrace a fair and popular singer with her husband. I had made their acquaintance some months previously in Silesia, and they were now staying for a short time in Dresden, on their return from a long professional tour. We immediately arranged to meet that same night at Chiapone's Cellar; we agreed to go there after the play to have maccaroni and oysters. As soon as this weighty business was arranged, we walked on chatting with each other. I described the recent enthusiasm in the theatre, Weber's reception, and my own delight. My fair companion heard all I had to say, but made no observation. In the evening, as I was waiting beneath the cosy arched roof which had looked down upon so many merry artistic meetings that it had obtained a classical reputation—as I was discussing with friend Chiapone the details of the little banquet, and standing in readiness to receive my guests—the door opened, and the Master hobbled in, arm in arm with the love-

* From Carl von Holtei's *Charpie*. Trans. from Lond. Mus. World.

ly creature who had made so glorious a creation of his Agatha, and was so fond of appearing in the part. "I have invited myself," he said, "I, also, belong, so to speak, to the gang."

That was indeed a night! Thirty-one years have since elapsed, but, if I could only spend it over again, I should be, I believe, again young. There were six or seven of us. Ludwig Robert, with his Juno-like wife, was also in Dresden. I should be telling the most atrocious falsehood were I to assert that the conversation was long maintained at the pitch which learned, intellectual, moral, and wise persons set up as the acme of well-bred social dignity. This was not Weber's kind of conversation. He could be serious enough, if necessary, but at the proper season for giving way to mirth, for joking merrily and without restraint, he abandoned himself fully to the impulse of the moment; he became childlike, and his pleasing example exercised a magic effect upon any one with a grain of humor in his composition who happened to sit near him. Of the humorous nonsense he could speak himself, and make his neighbors speak, fine, shoulder-shrugging orators, phrase-makers, and liquorice-tongued talkers, have not the slightest notion; and it is quite correct that they should not have.

Weber was one of those few musicians with whom scientific education, varied aspirations, and preponderating intelligence do not injure the creative flow of original melody, or impose any learned restraint upon natural talent. He was one of those rare beings who, in the intercourse of friendship, in the mutual interchange of opinions and views, in no way show off their intellectual superiority, but, with amiable good humor and gentleness, take care that every one near them shall have an opportunity of exhibiting his own little light. Suggestive, attentive, and entertaining, Weber guided his opponent, if any dispute arose in the course of the conversation, to a point whence a menacing dispute could be led easily and aptly into the sphere of jocularity, and, through the latter, to a peaceful conclusion. There was but one subject which formed an exception. In one matter alone was the great man little; the name of one person only was able to make him forget the noble bearing which otherwise always distinguished him. The subject was Italian opera, and the name, Rossini. When these were mentioned, Weber, whose glance was so penetrating, whose vision was so good, became blind, and would insist upon remaining so. He purposely closed his ears to beauties which could not in the long run have escaped his notice, had he not obstinately and defiantly been on the watch for defects alone—of which, by the way, there were plenty. But this was perfectly human and perfectly intelligible. His position as conductor of German Opera in the Dresden of that day renders everything clear. The Italian Opera, with its chief, Morlacchi, was petted up by the Court. The Italian Opera was the cause of Weber's having to suffer patiently many a slight, which he felt the more acutely the sharper the contrast which it offered to the respect with which people all over the world had begun to greet his name, since *Der Freischütz* and *Preciosa* had spread his fame from every stage. The senseless Rossini mania, moreover, devoid of judgment, and frequently in ecstasies with mere empty tinkling, was sometimes so outrageous that even I myself, as a layman, despite all my partiality for Rossini, felt angry at it. There was no necessity for a man to have studied counterpoint as Carl Maria had done, under the Abbé Vogler in Darmstadt, with Gottfried Weber and Meyerbeer, to be reduced to despair at hearing the roll of the drums from *La Gazza ladra* everlastingly applauded at the Garden Concerts of Linke's Baths, or at listening to the confounded triplets and other dance-figures, in which Beninicasa, who was otherwise admirable, and Sassaroli (the bass) *represented* despair, when, on account of a silver spoon or so that had been stolen, the most noble-minded of all fair cooks was to be executed, instead of a roguish magpie. I am speaking of the year two-and-twenty. At the present day, the case is different, and in a Thirty Years' War of criticism against taste we have been taught to perceive Rossini's talent even in his worst mistakes. But Weber would not have anything to do with him.

At this our first meeting, Weber was frequently placed in a quandary by his bitter hatred of Rossini and by his gallantry towards the fair vocalist who owed as much applause to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Tancredi*, and *Otello*, as to *Der Freischütz*, and who, consequently, did not appear inclined to agree unconditionally with Weber's half playful, half savage sentences of condemnation. But not to conceal the truth, I must state my impression that *Il Barbiere* was one of the exceptions in Weber's *index librorum prohibitorum*, and found grace in his eyes, *quand même*.

Before we left Chiapone's Cellar, to go and take another turn in the mild starlight night, a reconciliation had been effected, and Weber affixed the seal to the treaty of peace by inviting us all to dine with him next day.

Dilettanteeism in Music.*

In no art is dilettanteeism more hurtful, and, at the same time, more—indispensable than in music: more hurtful, because it everywhere penetrates deeply into the whole life of the art, to which it imparts a wrong tendency; more indispensable, because its active co-operation has become one of the most important facts in musical matters. Many causes have contributed to its over-extension: the capability of musical talent for development, a capability far greater than aught found in any other reproductive art; the social applicability of music, by which the latter has become a universal means of culture; and, lastly, the love for art itself, a feeling which we would not value lightly, though not more highly than the two grounds first adduced.

In a poem which gives us a splendid and imperishable picture of German domestic life at the end of the last century, in *Hermann und Dorothea*, there is a significant scene, most plainly showing how and why dilettanteeism has taken the upper hand in music. The host of the Golden Lion, enraged at what he considers the boorish notions of his son, specifies the qualities necessary for his future daughter-in-law: he does not require that she shall be able to draw, or paint his portrait; he does not suppose she will be acquainted with the great authors of her native land, and able to read their works to him; no he says distinctly: "I must have her play the piano!" and he immediately gives his reason. "I want the best and most fashionable people of the town to meet in my house, as they do at my rich neighbor's, whose daughters sing so nicely." Music, in fact, is that art which may be turned to better advantage socially than any other; a man cannot sit down and paint or write something for the company, but he can always sing and play to them. The result is that a number of friends never assemble without such as are at all musical being immediately called upon to play or sing something, and this, strange to say, occurs most frequently where less enjoyment is derived from the music itself than anywhere else: in what is called fashionable society. In such society—except there exist certain feelings of consideration for the performer, considerations entirely independent of his performance—a song or a pianoforte-piece is, as a rule, the signal for general and loud conversation, instead of the isolated observations, spoken in a low tone, in which the company have previously indulged.

To this abuse, introduced by dilettanti, the professional musician is, unfortunately, compelled to submit, unless he enjoys so great a reputation that the company listen quietly to him in consequence, or unless favorable circumstances have rendered him perfectly independent of them—and even in this case he will be able to avoid them sooner than compel them to be attentive. If we reflect how inseparably social relations are mixed up now-a-days with the public position of a artist, especially if he be a virtuoso, we shall perceive how hard an ordeal must be undergone by a musician entertaining high ideas of art, what sacrifices he is obliged to make to dilettanteeism, unless he can resolve on practising an amount of resignation at variance with artistic self esteem; can we suppose that such a man will give way to one beneath him, because the latter understands better how to satisfy the claims of society? He must do violence to his better feelings not to relinquish the contest—of the question of gain, and the miserable details connected therewith, we will not say a word.

If we now descend one step, or some two or three steps, out of the region of tea parties and coffee parties into that where beer is drunk, we come to the *Liedertafeln*. We trust our readers will dispense with our offering any observations upon this branch of dilettanteeism; all that was to be said on the subject has been said—without any effect. The Dresden Sängerfest with its deficit at least taught the members of *Liedertafeln* not to climb too high, and thus did more good than all the æsthetical articles and artistic protests in the world; the criticism of figures is often the most disagreeable criticism.

It has been satisfactorily shown how dilettanteeism degraded music into a mere source of amusement. We will point out, at some future period, the means for nullifying, to some extent, its injurious influence; at present, we will devote a few words to describing its *better* influence, and to showing how it has become indispensable to art.

That the dilettanteeism of the Princes and Noblemen of South Germany in the last, and at the commencement of the present century was the principal support of instrumental music, is a well-known fact, but so far not affecting musical matters at the present day, as high-born dilettanti, who made *sacrifices* for art (and not merely for their own amusement) have now become myths. On the other hand, art has to thank dilettanteeism for an increase, which is decidedly very large, of *co-operative* forces in executing works of more than ordinary magnitude. In *most* towns of Germany, it would be physically impossible ever to hear an oratorio, were it not for the existence of the *Gesangvereine* (Vocal Unions), the members of which devote themselves with zeal and love to this class of composition in preference to any other. Without such dilettanti associations we should be deprived of the enjoyment of listening to works which may be called the exclusive property of the German spirit of music. In France, Oratorio will never be at home, because Romanic nations generally will never listen to religious music out of their churches, and because it is repugnant to their nature to hear an action narrated, without seeing it represented. Handel's Oratorios, as well as even Bach's Passion-Music and Motets, which rest upon a strictly Protestant basis, may, at some future time, be produced in Paris, because everything is tried there—but in Paris they will never find a home. For the present, however, even a mere trial of them is out of the question, because there is no choral society which would undertake it. In England, Oratorio is greatly fostered, but more on religious than on musical grounds; there are a large number of families in easy circumstances who attend only sacred concerts, and the grand musical festivals, got up in various towns, owe their origin to ecclesiastical objects, and are not conceivable without a preponderance of church music. It must, also, be mentioned that Bach's Oratorios and Motets are not at all known, while Handel's *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the "Psalm, "As the hart," are looked on as the common property of all vocal dilettanti. Nor must we pass over in silence the fact that in England many persons not professional musicians charge for singing in the chorus, because the concerts are not got up by musical societies, but always by persons who undertake them as money speculations. It is only in Germany, therefore, that we can find that dilettanteeism which is always ready to exert itself for art, and which as a whole does not shirk sacrifices; which appoints excellent musicians as directors; which pays numerous expenses; and even makes up deficits out of its private means. Though many motives in addition to those of an artistic nature may have to do with its efforts and undertakings, what the

* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

musician has more especially to acknowledge is the thankworthy result. If it is now a very difficult task, even in the case of exceedingly celebrated musicians, to decide whether their everlasting concert-playing, their travelling to and fro in all directions, and their frequently repeating the same programme four times in one week, is the result of inward artistic impulse, or whether other motives do not predominate—why should we blame the dilettante for gratifying a little vanity, by taking part in an oratorio by Bach, without feeling any particular predilection for such profoundly serious music, but merely in order to pay homage to a prevalent current? It is highly necessary that professional musicians should correctly appreciate the advantages of dilettanteeism, so that they may, with some prospect of success, combat its disadvantages. This is certainly very difficult, as we have already hinted, when taking a hasty survey of the matter. Musicians must, above all things, have a clear idea of their own position and of their own intentions, as well as of the path they ought to pursue; they will then, supposing they really strive after what is good and beautiful in their art, soon arrive at the conviction that in reality only the *small* circle of those who truly love music and those who understand it, combined with the great mass of the public, are the tribunals to which they must appeal for judgment, in other words, that the concessions we have already described as made to society conduce little to *fame*.

The road to fame, and especially to gain, is perhaps a much more difficult, or at any rate more wearisome one when it runs only through the first two classes just mentioned, and not through elegant society as well, though it leads perhaps with more certainty to a permanent goal. The musician must not despise dilettanteeism, but endeavor to meet it where its judgment is not taken as the standard by which to go. With regard to the directors of the *Vereine*, or Associations, their position, in an *artistic* light, is a far easier one than that of the virtuoso; in Associations the inclination for good music really predominates, and the members are mostly industrious and willing. It certainly is not easy to induce them to study new, that is to say, *living* composers, though Brahms, Bruch, and Kiel succeeded in overcoming their shyness, and owe a part of their reputation to the Associations of dilettanti who have executed with love and artistic zeal their choral works. The greatest difficulties the conductor has to surmount, are often of a social nature, and cannot, therefore, be taken into account here.

Summa Summarum: dilettanteeism is very injurious, *very* injurious when artists do not clearly understand their own position: it is exceedingly useful when it subordinates itself of its own accord to artistic ends.

Crystal Palace Concerts, (London).

The temporary cessation of the Crystal Palace winter concerts, and the close of the first half of the series, invite a retrospect which neither we nor our readers are at all indisposed to make. Probably no musical enterprise whatever and, certainly, none having to do with orchestral works, so well repays attention as that over which Mr. Manns presides. The history of the Saturday Concerts has now come to be valuable not only for its individual but also for its representative character. In some sort it indicates the progress of the art in this country, and is tacitly accepted as a standard by which that progress can best be judged. So far, we may consider ourselves fortunate because no other country can boast such performances, or an audience of amateurs so unique in numbers and enthusiasm. But before reviewing the whole of the past, it may be as well to notice more particularly the closing concert of the year, which was thoroughly representative in the character of its programme and the interest it excited. The works selected for performance were the following:—

Overture, Le Siège de Corinth. ..... Rossini.
Cavatina, "O come rapida" (Il Crociato)—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. ..... Meyerbeer.
Song with chorus, "Nazareth"—Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir. ..... Gounod.
Air, "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) Miss Julia Elton. Mendelssohn.
Air, "If with all your hearts" (Elijah)—Mr. W. H. Cummings. ..... Mendelssohn.
Hymn. "Hear my Prayer"—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and the Crystal Palace Choir . Mendelssohn.
The Choral Symphony—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Beethoven.

The chief interest of the concert was centred in Beethovens's Ninth Symphony, the most gigantic and most difficult of its kind. For the performance of this extraordinary work extraordinary preparations had been made. The band was specially augmented, the chorus thoroughly drilled, and the services of Madame Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas secured for the vocal solos. No work could have been presented under greater advantages, and none could better repay the time and attention spent upon it. It is not always, however, that adequate results follow elaborate preparations; and every one felt relieved from more or less of anxiety when the closing bars of the "Choral" marked the achievement of a genuine triumph. Every movement in the work was well done, the band most distinguishing themselves in the *scherzo*, playing it with infinite taste and delicacy; the chorus doing their portion, if not with refinement, at all events without giving cause for offence (this negative statement is positive praise in the case of the Ninth Symphony), and the principal vocalists discharging their honorable but ungrateful task with all necessary skill and judgment. The audience, who sat out the sixty-five minutes performance with most exemplary patience, were unanimous in praise of the work and its execution. We shall hardly be expected to enter into a description of the Symphony itself, because in the first place, it is well known, and, next, because the theme is so vast and suggestive that to do it the barest justice requires all our space. The work will ever stand alone and unapproachable—a thing in the shadow of which men feel the feebleness of speech. We cannot resist, however, making an extract from the book of words, which every admirer of the great musician will read with interest:—

"The original MS. of the Choral Symphony is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Like the original of most of Beethoven's works, it is a rough manuscript, with many a blot and many a smear; not smooth or clean like those of Mozart, Schubert, or Mendelssohn. But it does not appear to contain any afterthought of importance such as those in the MS. of Schubert's Grand Symphony in C, mentioned in last programme. Neither the well known oboe passage in the trio, nor the chromatic bass at the end of the first movement—so wonderfully personal and characteristic of the composer—nor any other of the many individual points in the work, have been interpolated. Each appears in its place from the beginning. Here and there a date or a note of place or circumstance is scrawled on the margin, every one of which has its interest; and it is greatly to be wished that these could be inserted in an edition of the score for the advantage of those who love every trace of the great musician, and desire to connect his person with his works down to the minutest detail. One fact appears hitherto to have escaped notice—namely, that in the original MS. the trio is written, not in 4-4, as it stands in the printed scores, but in 2-4. This is hardly very material, but it is interesting and worth recording. In the MS. copy, carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and containing the dedication to King Frederick William III., the time is altered and appears as printed."

Glancing now over the works performed at the fourteen concerts, of which that of Saturday was the last in order, we find a catalogue unequalled for interest and value. At the head of the record appear eleven symphonies, viz.; Beethoven's Nos. 4, 5, 8, and 9, Haydn's "Oxford," Mozart's in G minor, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Reformation," Schubert's in B minor and C, and Schumann's in B flat. Following these come twenty-three overtures and orchestral pieces, of which six belong to Weber (their names need not be mentioned), one to Auber (*L'Enfant Prodigue*), one to Bargiel (*Prometheus*), two to Beethoven (*Coriolan* and *Leonora*, No. 3,) one to Cherubini (*Amacreon*), one to Gade (*Hamlet*), two to Mendelssohn (*Meeresstille* and *Trumpet*), two to Mozart (*Le Nozze* and *Il Flauto Magico*), two to Rossini (*Semiramide* and *Le Siege de Corinth*), one to Sullivan (*Marmion*), one to Gounod (*Entr'acte* from *La Colombe*), and two to Schubert (*Alfonso and Estrella* and the *Marche Militaire*). The concerto and instrumental solos, eight in number, come next, the most remarkable being Mendelssohn's No. 1, in G minor, his new *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for violin. Lastly of sonatas and other choral works, the list contains six, chief among which are *Acis and Galatea*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The soloists, vocal and instrumental, who have appeared in the course of the season are thirty-two in number, and comprise many of the most eminent in their respective departments, as well as some (it must in justice be said) whose pretensions to be heard at the Crystal Palace were by no means apparent. This record speaks for itself. The energy and sound judgment of the management, and, no less, the immense value to the art of the winter concerts, need no other exemplification.

But, satisfactory as is the retrospect, the prospect is even more. A simple enumeration of the works promised during the remaining fourteen concerts will suffice by way of proof. The symphonies will be ten in number, and include Beethoven's Nos. 6, 7, and 9, Mozart's "Jupiter," Haydn's in B major (first time in England), Schubert's No. 4, "Symphonie Tragique" (first time in any country), Mendelssohn's "Reformation," Schumann's No. 2 in C, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and Sullivan's No. 1, in E minor. In addition to these works, the music to *A Summer Night's Dream* will be repeated, Handel's Cecilian Ode will be given at the opening of a new organ in the concert-room at the end of February, and last, not least, Schubert's *Rosamunde* music will be performed entire for the first time. Mr. J. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* is also announced, and the names of Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, and Herr Joachim appear among the engagements.

Extracts from "The Voice in Singing," by Mme. Emma Seiler.

APPLICATION OF THE NATURAL LAWS LYING AT THE FOUNDATION OF MUSICAL SOUNDS TO THE CULTURE OF THE VOICE IN SINGING.

The parts of the human voice that generate tones are the membranous vocal ligaments or chords, which are subject to the same natural laws as all sounding bodies; of this we may satisfy ourselves by observing the different registers of the voice by means of the laryngoscope. The lower, stronger tones of both series of the chest register show the ligaments in full vibration, and becoming more strongly stretched with every higher tone. In the second series the glottis appears, by the inaction of the arytenoid cartilages, to be shortened. In the falsetto register the vibrating body is diminished, as only the edges vibrate, while the same processes are repeated as in the chest register by the greater stretching of the ligaments and the shortening of the glottis. The head register, likewise, shows the glottis partly closed, and the vibrating ligaments gradually stretched more and more.

The vocal ligaments are made to vibrate by the air coming from the lungs through the trachea, to which they present resistance. These vibrations are communicated to the air in the mouth and outside, and are felt by the ear as sound.

As the strength of the tone depends upon the breadth of the waves of sound, they, in their turn, depend upon the structure of the organ of singing and of the parts of the mouth serving as a sounding-board or resonant apparatus and allowing of greater or less waves of sound. And although a fine timbre of the tones may cause the voice to appear fuller and stronger, yet it is not in our power, when once the vocal organs have been fully developed, to make a strong voice out of a weak one.

Always to strike the true pitch fully and clearly requires persevering attention, as well from the teacher as from the pupil. And long practice is often required before the intonations become as pure as is indispensably necessary to good singing.

But the most important thing in the culture of the voice is the timbre of the tones, for *here it is in our power to form out of a sharp, hard and disagreeable voice, a voice sweet and pleasing*

We have seen that the timbre is dependent on the forms of the vibrating waves, and the different degrees of strength of the over-tones arising from these forms. It has been further shown that the simple round form of the waves of vibration produces the softest, fullest timbre. By this form the fundamental tone is the strongest, and the over-tones are heard ascending to the sixth with decreasing degrees of strength. Such a tone is natural to many voices. In most cases it must be more or less acquired.

A good tone in singing is formed,

1. By controlling and correctly dividing the air or breath as it is expired; and

2. By a correct direction of the vibrating column of air; this is done by a right disposition of the tones (*Tonansatz*).

THE CONTROL OF THE BREATH.

By a too great pressure of the breath, the form of the waves of sound most favorable to a good tone is disturbed. One then hears the high over-tones while the fundamental tone sounds weak or not at all. Thus the tone takes a shrill, sharp and disagreeable sound when the form of the vibrating waves is more or less disturbed by too great a pressure of air. Too little breath deprives the tone only of its strength, but not of its agreeable sound.

Thus every tone requires for its greatest possible perfection only a certain quantity of breath, which cannot be increased or diminished without injury to its strength in the one case, and its agreeable sound in the other.

In looking carefully through the histories of music,

and studying the old Italian schools, we find that it was upon this point—the control and right division of the breathing—that the old masters in the summer of song laid the greatest stress, and this it was to which in teaching they gave the most time and labor. The rules which they followed in this respect, in order to obtain a fine tone, accord perfectly with the results of the latest scientific investigations. And it would be far better for the art of singing if in this respect we had followed the old Italians more faithfully, and not have forsaken so entirely the right way.

According to the old Italian method, which must not be confounded with the modern, the pupil was required at first to breathe just as he was wont to breathe in speaking, and care was taken, by frequent resting-points in the exercises, that the breath should always be renewed at the right time. Accordingly, if the crowding, or pressure, of his breathing was too great, he was required to learn to hold it back. Until the organs were sufficiently practised in the formation of a good tone, and the ear had become familiarized to its sound, pupils were allowed to sing *only piano*. As soon as the pupil had a feeling for a pure tone awakened in him, and could of himself distinguish the finer variations of timbre, he was taught to fill his lungs more and more. But this was to be done, as much as possible, imperceptibly, noiselessly, slowly, and soon enough for him to be able properly to control the quiet breathing in the beginning of a song. Only the sides of the body were in so doing to expand, and breathing with raised chest was allowed only in exceptional cases, as where long passages were to be sung with special passion. For these places, where breath must be taken, there were certain rules which were strictly observed. These were:

1. Before the beginning of a phrase.
2. Before trills and passages (fioriture).
3. After tied notes.
4. Before syncopes, and especially accented notes.
5. Between two notes of the same pitch and the same value: in slow phrases.
6. After a short (*staccato*) note.
7. At all pauses and resting-points.
8. Before a note which, by being accented, was to be especially distinguished in the middle of musical passages.

In light, airy pieces of music, this last mode of taking breath had a charming effect, but was mostly left to the taste of the singer. The earlier singers, moreover, were very skilful in finding those places where, according to the character of the composition, an unusual taking of breath was of special effect. On the other hand, it was considered an advantage in a singer to take breath as rarely as possible, and, as we intimated in the introduction of this book, it was esteemed a great accomplishment to sing long with one inhalation.

After we have learned the natural laws which are applicable in music, and which lie at the basis of a full, rich tone in singing, and considered the careful way in which the old Italians taught the control of the breathing, we cannot but be struck with the rude and negligent manner of using the breath in our present mode of singing.

With some distinguished exceptions, it is now almost universally the practice to require the pupil, as the very first thing, to fill the lungs as full as possible, whereby the chest must be raised. Then the tones must be sung in as strong and long-sustained a manner as possible, in order "to bring out the voice," as the phrase is. He is next told to begin the tones with a full chest *piano*, and slowly swell them to the highest *forte*, and then descend as slowly, in order to learn "to govern the voice." Thus the pupil is always required to sing as strongly as possible, without any special regard to the timbre of the tones, because the timbre is regarded as a peculiarity of different voices, admitting of no change. According to what has been shown in the preceding pages, the present way of using the breath, by which it is supposed that voices are rendered strong and full, only needlessly fatigues the organs and injures the beauty of the tones. In the same way we find, especially in the case of tenor voices, that the aim is by greater forcing of the breath to extend the registers beyond their limits. Another fault is often taught: the pupil is required to force with the breath to the pitch those tones whose pitch is usually struck too low. No voice can ever endure such treatment, and, although the organs may be strong enough to remain sound while under instruction, yet the voice will not continue good, and cannot be of long duration.

We often hear, even in fresh and unsophisticated voices, a hoarse breathing accompanying the tones, as in the case of worn-out voices. This breathing arises when the air, which is exhaled and which rushes into the cavity of the mouth, is not all in vibration, and it escapes along with the vibrating columns of air. If something happens, also, that in the too great pressure of the exhaled air against the glottis, the arytenoid cartilages, near their bases, leave a small opening through which the air escapes with a hoarse noise. By keeping back the breath in singing these faults may be corrected. Long-continued singing piano in exercises is, moreover, beneficial in the forming of the voice.*

A simple expiration does not indeed suffice for the generation of a full, sounding singing tone. There is required a certain force by which the air is sent through the narrow and stretched glottis. But so great an expense of force as people are usually at is not necessary.

The influence of the same stream of air increases in proportion as the breadth of the vibrating ligaments decreases. The tones of the falsetto and head registers, therefore, require far less breath than those of the chest register. In wind instruments the tone can be forced upwards by a greater pressure of air; that is, by more powerful blowing, which appears to be practicable also in those instruments in whose peculiar timbre the highest inharmonic over-tones overpower the others.†

Together with the skill and uninterrupted attention which this part of instruction in singing requires of the teacher, there are here yet other and peculiar difficulties which he has to meet. In opposition to the earlier and more correct view, it is no longer beauty of tone, but strength of tone, which is considered the chief excellence of a voice. Accustomed to seek the beauty of the voice in its strength, it is attempted, before the time of instruction begins, to sing as strongly as possible from a full chest with the greatest expulsion of breath. Thence it follows, in the superficial way in which the study of the art of singing is at present conducted, that nothing more is commonly required of a teacher than that he should be able to drill his pupil in some pieces of tolerably well conceived vocal music, which the latter must sing as soon as possible in company. A perfect culture of the voice is scarcely any longer expected of an artist. People with a very scanty musical education and voices very poorly trained are regarded as artists if they execute their parts with expression, and trick them out with those clap-traps which never fail to command the applause of the ordinary public.

A conscientious teacher has, therefore, universal opinion against him when he demands a longer time for the education of a voice, and requires of his pupils that they shall practice singing only piano as long as it is necessary.

* The position of the body in singing must be such as in no way to interfere with the easy drawing of the breath. One sings most easily standing as erect as possible, quiet and unconstrained, the chest somewhat projected, the body slightly drawn in, and the hands folded.

† It was instruments of this class, in whose timbre the highest inharmonic over-tones overpower all the rest, that were painfully offensive to the exquisite musical organization of Mozart from his earliest childhood.

Musical Correspondence.

The French Opera in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Feb. 18.—From all that one sees in the musical or other journals of this country, one would never suspect the existence of a permanent and well sustained Opera in this far away Southern metropolis; much less would one suppose that here, even in these depressing times, the "stock" Opera establishment is one that, in the judgment of any impartial but cultivated, nay, fastidious critic, would take the palm from any of the "Star" companies of the northern cities, about which so much noise is made. And yet I am convinced that this is the case, and, that the opera-goers of New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago might know that this is no mere *provincial* boasting, as they will doubtless take it to be, I wish they might only be here on any of the grand-opera nights and hear and judge for themselves. If they did not come away feeling that, amid all the financial, civil, social distress of this city, amid all the breaking up and general dilapidation and positive ruin of its grand career of wealth and prosperity in times past, there is still left to New Orleans a native treasure which no other city in the Union can boast, then I am no judge.

"Art is long!" I never felt the force of this adage as I did last night, while I sat at the French Opera witnessing the production of "Le Prophète." Here in the midst of a city groaning under a financial and political depression never felt before, where care, and anxiety, and dreary forebodings cast their gloom over the out-door world—here is this temple of musical art, beautiful to the eye, and ever ready to lift the mind up to the fair, fresh and peaceful world of poesy and harmony. And here the people come; come as of old; come because they love Art, and look to it in times of outward depression as a sure and blessed means of relief and refreshment. It is not as a new sensation, or as the fashion of the hour, that the public, that is, the old musical public of New Orleans, now patronize their Opera. It is their old friend, their friend of palmy, bright days gone by, their friend now. It is their love for Art that makes their opera live in these days, when everything else is going over the board. Not that the season is a prosperous one financially; not that the house is nightly crowded; but that the demand for a high-toned, well sustained Opera is one of the popular demands here, and consequently, while there is money left the people will give it, rather than have their cherished institution go down. And what is the result? We have here for the whole season, which means here what it means in Europe, a season of months, not as in the northern handbills a "season" of "four" nights or "two weeks," a beautiful, well appointed Opera house, where a succession of operas of the highest order are brought out by a stock company, the Grand-opera nights alternating with those devoted to lighter Opera, Bouffe and the like, or to the French Drama.

It is amusing to witness the sensation produced now-a-days, in New York, by that French Theatre establishment, with its *Bouffe* Operetta and its strolling dramatic company, improvised by Bateman to astonish the American world. It would seem as if a new era in high art were inaugurated within those aristocratic walls. But here in New Orleans Offenbach is no new comer. "*La Belle Helene*," the "*Grande Duchesse*" and the "*Orpheus*" come in in their turn on the off-nights, and are, I have no doubt, quite as brilliantly produced as at the French Theatre, or certainly might be so as far as the musical ability of the troop here is concerned, if the leading singers stoop to such roles. But with a public accustomed to listen *for seasons* to the creations of *Adam*, whose "*Si j'étais Roi*" is running at present; of Meyerbeer, whose *Huguenots* and *Prophet* have had frequent repetitions this winter; and others of this type, it is not strange that Offenbach is not so overpowering in his splendor here, as he seems to have proved to the New Yorkers.

The stock company of this establishment is certainly not a common one. It approaches more nearly the perfection of the royal establishments of the Continent than any other in America. The two tenors, Damiani and Picot, have voices of great sweetness, richness and compass,—the latter of great power, and they sing with true artistic finish, and a nice appreciation of their role. They are intelligent and highly cultivated artists, and as such can interpret the works of a master. The baritone, Le Chevalier, besides possessing a beautiful figure and elegant bearing, has a very rich, round voice, and is graceful and eloquent in every gesture and motion. The soprani, Mlle. Lambele and Mme. Prevost-Seguin, have sweet and pure voices, the former rather inclined to shrillness on the high notes, both capable of facile and nice execution, and sing truly and conscientiously. Mlle. Lambelé, however, is in danger of being spoiled, as interpreter of great rôles, by her personal attractions, which seek the lighter and more popular roles for their display. She should never descend to the *Bouffe* if she aspires to be great in "Margaret." She sang this part sweetly and with many charming graces, in the recent performances of "Faust;" but a certain, although very slight trace of carelessness and haste in singing the ballad "*Il était*

un Roi du Thule," revealed too plainly that she had not begun to enter into the true artistic significance of that wonderful *morceau*. The bassi are good, if not superior. VAN HUFFLEN is powerful but a little harsh; DECHE, a very fair singer, and an admirable figure on the stage. Altogether, therefore, the combination is far above the ordinary, even though the company may not be possessed of one "Star" so-called. But being all true, careful, artistic performers, the merits of the company are such as we may look in vain for among the strolling troupes at the North, whose whole dependence is on one or two celebrities, and these often but indifferent artists at the best, however great their vocal attainments may be. As for those of the Brignoli and LaGrange order, they would stand a poor chance on the boards of the French Opera in New Orleans. But I have spoken as if there were no "star" here. Well, if I do not apply that epithet to Mme. AUDIBERT, who sang Fides in the *Prophète* last night, then it is because I cannot associate anything of that clap-trap phraseology with an artist so great and admirable as this lady. She is to be ranked, at least in such a rendering as hers of Meyerbeer's *Fides*, with Jachmann-Wagner of Berlin, and Viardot of Paris. She sings not like a pretty girl to admiring men, but like a *woman* inspired with the grand idea of the poet and the composer. The role of Fides is worthy of her; the tenderness, the depth, the majesty of the maternal instincts, found their fit expression in her noble singing and acting. Viardot sang this role, it will be remembered, at the first production of the *Prophet* at the Imperial Opera in Paris. Mme. Audibert has succeeded her in it on the same boards, and the mantle of such prestige falls worthily on her. To hear such a rendering in America, is surely a rare and memorable pleasure, and let it be known, to the good name of New Orleans, that Art has here so gloriously survived the wrecks of other more transient and perishable possessions. I do not wonder that the people here listen with critical ear and applaud, when they do applaud, with a will; that they greet Mme. Audibert with a roar of welcoming when she first comes on the stage, and that she acknowledges their greeting with a sincere smile of gratitude and pleasure. It is the good, the true relation between the artist and the public; the old friendly feeling of mutual respect, esteem, affection. It reminds me of the reception of Frau Köster on the royal stage in Berlin when she comes from her retirement once or twice a winter to sing "Fidelio." There is nothing of the ephemeral, "starring," sensational *furor* about this, but something that tells plainly of a musical culture and musical patronage of more than a day, and of something in the "public" even in these bitter hard times, which is not "ungrateful," nor insensible to the finest and noblest emotions.

Finally, I must say a word about the accessories. The orchestra numbers about forty musicians, under the able lead of M. CALABRESI. They play with great precision, and, like everything else about the establishment, seem "used to it." The house is not unlike the Imperial Opera in Paris in general design, although of course resembling it only in miniature. The parquette is surrounded with private close boxes furnished with wicket screens. The balcony has two rows of open boxes and behind these a complete row of closed or partitioned boxes. Thus the whole interior has a thoroughly foreign air; especially as the gentlemen, without exception, come well-dressed, and those in the open balcony in evening dress; the ladies wearing no hats and appearing in the most brilliant evening toilette. Here we have, too, the cool and roomy *foyer* for the *entr'-acte* promenade, the *buffet* in the basement, the bell to ring the people in, the *three raps* on the curtain as the signal for commencing, so familiar to all European theatre-goers. In a word, if you at the north, wearied with the miserable fragmentary patchwork of Opera which you are put off with, wish to enjoy a few nights of an old fashioned standard *Opera Season*, then come to New Orleans and pay your two dollars a seat, and find yourself at 7½ o'clock in your place at the French Opera House. We can promise you no very grand spectacle, no very costly costuming and decorations; we are too poor for such things now-a-days; but we will insure you a well-bred, musical audience to sit among, an efficient and well trained orchestra, and a rendering of the masters in operatic art, which will inspire you with a determination to do what you can toward the establishment of as genuine an Opera at home. VIATON.

NEW YORK, FEB. 17.—Theo. Thomas's 4th Symphony Soirée occurred on Saturday evening at Steinway Hall. This was the programme:

Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
Violin Concerto, G major, No. 11.....Spohr.
Ballade, op. 15, "Minstrel's Curse".....Von Bülow.
Symphony, C major, No. 2, op, 61.....Schumann.

This array of pieces is perhaps somewhat less attractive than that which was performed at the last Soirée; less attractive, that is to say, as a whole; the Symphony would of course lift any programme above the level of uninterestingness.

Carl Rosa played the Spohr Concerto. Mme. Rosa had been originally advertised in Mr. Thomas's prospectus, to appear on this occasion; her illness made it necessary to engage some other artist, hence Herr Rosa.

Von Bülow's "Minstrel's Curse" was a most agreeable disappointment. It would be natural to expect, from one supposed to be thoroughly imbued with the Liszt spirit, a work containing many of those incomprehensible, undesirable and unmeaning twists and turns of the music of the latter author. Many of the inevitable evidences of the "future style" were of course there, but there was also melody and some really beautiful harmonic changes. A 'cello solo, which appeared not long after the opening phrase, was most charming. It would be pleasant to hear this composition again.

The crowning glory of Schumann's Symphonies was faithfully and carefully played. In the tender, serious Adagio there was a little indecision, and the invariable uncertainty of the violins upon the high D; otherwise there is but little fault to find. The headlong rush of the Scherzo, especially in the fierce climax which terminates the movement, was given with a unity of purpose deserving of much praise. Could anything be finer than the Finale with its strong, vigorous hold upon the soul? There *may* be a more glorious Symphony—I have yet to hear it,(!)

The audience was a surprisingly large one, decidedly the best (pecuniarily) with which Mr. Thomas has been favored this season. It would really appear that people are beginning to appreciate Mr. T.'s untiring efforts to afford them an opportunity of hearing and enjoying the very best music at a very moderate price. F.

FEB. 24.—The 4th Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert, given on Saturday evening, Feb. 22, offered an excellent programme. The soloists were Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. Richard Hoffman.

6th Symphony, F major, op. 67..... Beethoven.
Aria, "Arnoldo" (Rinaldo?).....Handel.
Miss Phillips.
Concerto, P.F., D minor, No. 8..... .....Mozart.
Mr. Hoffman.
Entr'acte from "Medea.".... .....Cherubini.
Brindisi, "Galathee," (Miss Phillips).....Massi.
P. F. solo, "Harmonious Blacksmith ".....Handel.
Tarantelle in A flat.....Heller.
Mr. Hoffman.
Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer.

The charming Pastoral Symphony occupied, deservedly, the place of honor; of its performance there is little to say, except that the orchestra, numbering only some 45, seemed too small for the work. The placid, sunny Allegretto transported one from the cold, biting winter, to green fields, running brooks, and embowered shades. Usually, descriptive music, so called, means nothing or worse than nothing; this Symphony is one of the very few noteworthy exceptions to the rule.

The "Medea" *entr'acte* was played better than any other orchestral number on the programme; the only drawback being the fact that the opening bars were inaudible on account of the rustling of drapery, and the coming in of persons who had been "refreshing" during the intermission.

Miss Phillips sang, need it be said, artistically and well, but the effects of fatigue were observable in her voice. She had sung in opera in the morning, and this with the journey to Brooklyn (a fearful undertaking, as I know by experience) combined to prevent her doing herself justice. Still she delighted us all, particularly in the Handel Aria, and was vigorously encored; she was also recalled after the trashy Brindisi by Massé. By-the-by, whoever wrote "Juanita," a ballad once very popular among sentimental youths, must have filched it bodily from the "Arnoldo" (?) Aria.

Mr. Hoffman gave us the Mozart Concerto (which he played at the first concert of the N. Y. Society) in his usual artistic and admirable style. To Mr. H.'s many warm admirers it is the cause of much regret that he so seldom plays in public; rarely does he favor us oftener than twice in each season. His second solo was charming; it is a hazardous thing to play the "Harmonious Blacksmith" to an American audience. I have heard Jaell play it to a rapt assembly of 3000 people; but that was in London and there is a vast difference between taste there and here.

In the quaint, fanciful Tarantelle, Mr. H. came nearer than most pianists to the true interpretation of of it; those only who have had the great privilege of hearing the author play them can fully, understand the subtle and often elusive beauties of Stephen Heller's compositions.

Notwithstanding the rigor of the weather, the Academy was filled to overflowing. This good attendance was either the result of "system" or true appreciation; probably a mixture of both. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 29, 1868.

Music in Boston.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The audience, Feb. 13, was larger than ever before, the programme fine, the orchestra up to its best mark in numbers and in general excellence of performance, and all were manifestly delighted.

Cherubini's genial and happy Overture to "Anacreon," played for the third time in these concerts, charmed more than ever, the rapid violin passages running with electric certainty and grace. It is not a great work, is somewhat formal and old-fashioned in its cut, nor are the ideas remarkable; but it is nevertheless a very genuine, artistic thing, and we find ourselves always enjoying it, though to some of our more experienced musicians it may be rather an old story.

It was good to hear Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony again, the first time for a long while, and with so good an orchestra. We have never heard all its descriptive movements so well rendered here,—with such precision, light and shade, warmth and freshness of coloring,—with the exception only of a stuttering and uncertain horn. The "Storm" was made unusually impressive; there was silence, during the *pianissimos*, that one might hear a pin drop.

Part Second began with the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, Mr. HUGO LEONHARD being the

pianist. It is very seldom that we hear this exquisite composition entire, and with the orchestral accompaniment. Chopin's treatment of the instruments, although he has not Mendelssohn's mastery in that, is almost as individual and as interesting as his writing for the piano-forte, which is the most original thing in its way since Beethoven's and Schubert's Sonatas. Both the composition and Mr. Leonhard's thoroughly poetic, clear and finely finished interpretation of it gave unqualified satisfaction. It is much the most difficult Concerto that has been played this winter, and of none have we witnessed a mastery more easy and more perfect. The long and arduous *Allegro*, bristling with difficulties (if they were not beauties); the pensive sweetness of the Romance (*Larghetto*), the brilliancy and piquancy of the *Rondo vivace*, each came fully home to crowds who could not help but listen most intently.

Weber's "Jubilee" Overture alone remained, and that was enough. Broad, richly instrumented, teeming with fascinating, lively melodies, all jubilant and swelling as if upon some proud occasion, and culminating in the English national anthem glorified amid all sorts of stirring, flowery accompaniment, it made indeed a stately finale to a concert rich in contrasts.

Of the Eighth and *Last* Concert (this week) we shall speak next time. The Committee of the Harvard Musical Association announce an EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERT, for Thursday Afternoon, March 12, "in Compliment to their Conductor, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, and in aid of his design to visit Europe during the coming summer." There can be no doubt that the announcement will meet with a general and cordial response. Mr. Zerrahn has labored faithfully and well, during the three seasons of the Symphony Concerts, and to him we are all really indebted for the steadily increasing effectiveness of the Orchestra, which is now indeed a noble one.—The programme will rank among the best of the winter. It includes: of Beethoven, the ever welcome FIFTH SYMPHONY, and the great E-flat Concerto for Piano, which Mr. PERABO has kindly offered to repeat; of Schubert the *Fierabras* Overture, which cannot be heard too often; and, for a novelty, one of those "posthumous works" of Mendelssohn, the "Trumpet Overture." Tickets, with reserved seats, at One Dollar, may be had at the Music Hall.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS. The Orchestral Union had a good house again for their concert last week, and though one or two important instruments had been called away, a very enjoyable rendering was given of the following selections:

Overture to "Ruy Blas,".....Mendelssohn.
Waltz, "Telegramme" (first time).....Strauss.
Concerto, for Piano, in G minor .....Mendelssohn.
Miss Alice Dutton
Summer Night in Denmark, Galop..... Lumbye.
Suite in E minor, op. 115.....Franz Lachner.

The *Suite* by Lachner did not gain much upon further acquaintance. Its formal, uninspired, as the Germans say, "*kapellmeister* style," becomes more palpable after the first novelty is worn off; it is as with some persons, who on a first introduction seem so fresh and promising, perhaps original, but who on the second or third meeting are grown commonplace already. There is grace and beauty in the Minuet and particularly the Intermezzo, but there is something pale, unreal, ghost-like even about these. We now feel that the ideas, the tone of feeling, as well as the forms, are of the past. But we sincerely thank the Orchestral Union for giving us a chance to know the work.

The Overture was changed, for we forget now what one. Miss ALICE DUTTON shows very decided progress as a pianist, and played the Mendelssohn Concerto in a very satisfactory manner, so that she was warmly recalled. Mr. LANG took Mr. ZERRAHN's place in conducting the orchestra while they accompanied his very interesting pupil.

The feature of this week's concert (last but one, we regret to say) was something new and lovely: the two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor by Schubert, the only one out of the nine he left, except the great one in C, that has yet been performed. And how different from that! Not cast at all in the same great mould; not the *torso* of a Herculean Symphony; not a *great* work; but a genuine, though slight effusion of a great genius. Both the *Allegro moderato* and the *Andante con moto* are of a sweet, sad, meditative, elegiac character, dreamy, solitary, whispered half aloud. It is as if we came upon the poet unawares and overheard him musing to himself unconscious of any audience. The Andante has this character most fully, and is the most beautiful of the two. But it is in the Allegro also, where the prevailing tone and background is reverie and sadness. The witching little theme that steals in (haunting us all afterwards) he seems to pursue in vain; for again and again is it suddenly, rudely broken off as in despair, and the music droops back again into the passive melancholy mood:—is it not a confession, of the music to itself, that the great creative energy is not to be awakened fully this time? But it was very interesting to hear and we hope we have not heard it for the last time.

The Overture which opened the Concert was Rossini's half brilliant, half old-fashioned, homespun one to the "Siege of Corinth." Weber's *Concertstück* for piano was played by Mr. CARL EISNER, who has a good deal of execution, but did not seem to us quite ripe for such an undertaking.

IN PROSPECT. A rich and various array of good things. First the Oratorios (one of which, however, is an *Opera*)!

This evening, the Handel and Haydn Society perform Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." Chorus very large; solo singers: Madame PAREPA-ROSA, fortunately recovered from her illness, Miss EDITH ABELL, Mr. GEO. SIMPSON, from New York, the Messrs. WINCH and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.—*To-morrow evening*, Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" with Mme. ROSA, Mme. ELIZA LUMLEY (Contralto from London), Miss JULIA HOUSTON, Mr. SIMPSON and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. On both occasions a large orchestra, Mr. LANG at the Great Organ, and CARL ZERRAHN Conductor. The competition between the lovers of the two styles of Oratorio (?) will doubtless crowd the Hall both evenings.

Tuesday evening, March 3. Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Third Chamber Concert, with a rare programme of three numbers: 1. Quartet by Mozart, No. 2, in D-minor; 2. The great B-flat Trio of Beethoven, with Miss ALICE DUTTON, Messrs SCHULTZE and WULF FRIES for interpreters; 3. The *Ottetto* (for double quartet), op. 23, of Mendelssohn, last played so long ago that it will be a novelty—and a delightful one.

Wednesday, 4th. Eighth and *last* Afternoon Concert of Orchestral Union. Mr. GEO. W. SUMNER will play Mendelssohn's B-minor Capriccio with orchestra.

Thursday, 5th. Mr. EICHBERG's new Comic Operetta "The two Cadis" will be performed at Chickering Hall (*half past seven* in the evening) for the *benefit of the women and children of the nobly struggling Cretans.* A short concert will precede the operetta, consisting of eight-hand performances on two pianos by Messrs: DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, and a Mozart Aria by Mr. G. L. OSGOOD. The operetta will be given with scenery and in costume, and will be nicely sung and acted by four very competent amateurs, of whom it is enough to say that Mr. BARNABEE is one. "The plot is very funny, and the music, *light* in a true sense,—worth a hundred "Duchesses,"—is the prettiest, cleverest, and most sparkling that Mr. Eichberg has yet written in this form. The tickets, with reserved seats, at $2.00 may be had at the warerooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Thursday, March 12. Extra Symphony Concert (as above) in compliment to Mr. ZERRAHN.

March — ? Mr. PECK's annual concert, with the first production here of the music of Mendelssohn's little Opera "The Son and Stranger" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*), must not be forgotten.

April 12, Easter Sunday. Mr. PAINE's Mass, now in vigorous rehearsal.

ORATORIO IN NEW YORK. The interest in Oratorio appears to be growing in the metropolis, where until within a very few years it has not amounted to much. Last week "over three thousand lovers of oratorio music, filling Steinway Hall to its utmost capacity" listened to the "most perfect interpretation of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* ever achieved on this side the Atlantic." It was done by the Harmonic Society, with the aid of Mme. Rosa, Miss Brainerd, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas in the solos. The Society appears to have become inspired with a new life under its present leader, judging from the enthusiasm on the port of its members and the whole audience which accompanied the following "episode," as well as from the systematic abuse which we see heaped upon him by some Bohemians of the press. We copy from the *World:*

An episode occurred between the first and second parts of the Oratorio not down in the bills. Mr. Paulison, President of the Harmonic Society, came forward and announced that the Society had determined to avail itself of this opportunity to make their leader a present, which consisted of a gold medal. Mr. Ritter, the efficient leader of that body, was then brought forward, and Mr. Paulison said:

MR. RITTER: The pleasing duty has been assigned me of presenting to you, in behalf of the members of the New York Harmonic Society, this beautiful gold medal.

It is now four years since you were called upon to take charge of the musical interest of our society.

The first performance given by our organization under your leadership was that of the Oratorio Judas Maccabæus, and they have thought this evening's repetition of that performance a most fitting occasion to manifest their appreciation of the valuable services rendered by you, since you assumed the somewhat difficult task of developing the amateur musical materials composing our society into one grand harmonious chorus, capable of adequately interpreting the wonderful conceptions of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and the other great masters.

How well you have accomplished the part assigned you, this evening's performance will bear but a partial testimony.

Your fame as an artist it were safe to leave to the public appreciation, as the admirers of Oratorio music in the city of New York have enjoyed the privilege of hearing a larger number of performances under your direction, during the past four years, than had been given during the ten years preceding.

The thousands and hundreds of thousands who have enjoyed the grand harmonies emanating from the noble chorus under your charge, will bear cheerful testimony to the masterly discipline which has produced such gratifying results, and afford ample protection from the unjust attacks of mercenary criticisms.

The limited time allotted me will not permit me to express, *in detail*, the noble qualities of head and heart which have entitled you to hold so controlling a place in the esteem of the members of our society. Your amiability of temper has enabled you to deal patiently with the necessarily imperfect materials of an amateur organization.

Your genius for music has not only enabled you to grasp the heavenly conception of its greatest masters, and give them adequate interpretation, but also to produce conceptions of your own which have added materially to the stock of human happiness.

Take, then, this beautiful medal, and treasure it as a token of the grateful appreciation of its donors. And may I be permitted to join my wish with theirs that in your journey through life to the "starry throne of Him who ever rules alone," you may derive the agreeable consolation, as you gaze upon these inscriptions, that you hold a large place in the affectionate esteem of the members of the New York Harmonic Society.

Mr. Ritter, who seemed really much embarrassed, replied in a few words, thanking the society, and the oratorio then proceeded.

The medal is a chaste affair bearing an appropriate inscription, and it seemed to be the opinion of the audience that he eminently deserved it.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Orchestra, Feb. 1 and 8.)

The second series of the Crystal Palace Winter Concerts opened under very fair auspices on Saturday. The attendance numbered nearly six thousand, of whom only a fraction could obtain admission within the concert-room. The programme was arranged as follows:

Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber.
Song, "With verdure clad" (Creation).....Haydn.
Aria, "Honor and Arms" (Samson).....Haydn.
Symphony, No. 7, in A.....Beethoven.
Song, "Caro Nome" (Rigoletto).....Verdi.
Violin Solo, Fantasia on "La Favorita".....A. Pollitzer.
Song, "In my Wild Mountain Valley" (Lily of Killarney).....Benedict.
Song, "The Bell Ringer".....Wallace.
Song, "Ave Maria" (On Bach's first prelude.....Gounod.
Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann.

From the above it will be seen that the feature of the performance was Beethoven's symphony, performed by the capital band in a manner which justified the reception with which its masterly harmonies met. Mr. Manns again made an appeal to his public on behalf of his favorite composer, with—we are compelled to add—indifferent success. Not all the zeal of conductor and earnest striving of executants could evoke in favor of Schumann any hearty expression from the audience. A cold, unsympathetic hearing was accorded to the "*Manfred*" overture, though there is little fear that even so chilling a reception will cool the ardor of Mr. Manns, or weaken his endeavors to impress on the multitude the merit of supersubtle Schumann.

The appearance of Mme. Schumann at the Monday Popular Concerts was welcomed by a warm and appreciative audience.

Certainly long and general applause greeted the first constituent of the following programme:—

Quartet in A minor, strings.....Schumann.
Songs, "Sun of the sleepless" and "I hear a bird calling".....Mendelssohn.
Sonata in A major, op 101, pianofore.....Beethoven.
Prelude, Allemande and Courant, violoncello.....Bach.
Old English ditty, "The Oak and the Ash."
Trio in C minor, piano, violin, and violoncello. Mendelssohn.

The careful execution of Messrs. Strauss, Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti did all that was possible with the "subtleties" of the quartet. But the artistic event of the night was Mme. Schumann's rendering of Beethoven's splendid sonata—an intellectual treatment of the highest character, and yet not coldly intellectual merely, but passionate also to the last degree. Here the applause was legitimate and furious. So, too, with Mendelssohn's trio, a triumphant interpretation of which was achieved by the pianist and Messrs. Strauss and Piatti.

The first of a series of four subscription concerts given by Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir was devoted to Mendelssohn. The first part comprised "*Athalie*," vocally allotted to Mme. Sherrington, Miss Spiller, and Miss Julia Elton as principals, supplemented by a full orchestra, and recited by Mr. Henry Marston, who undertook the curious "illustrative verses" of poor Bartholomew. The performance was highly creditable in all respects: the orchestra being exceptionally strong, and the choir showing especially well in the eight part chorus, "Lord, let us hear Thy voice," and the trio with chorus "Hearts feel." In the second part the "Reformation" symphony was rendered with real effect, the Allegro rousing the audience to enthusiasm. A March, written to commemorate the visit of the painter Cornelius to Dresden in 1841, is, without being pretentious, pleasing and melodious, particularly in a trio allotted to the strings; and the novelty of this production warmed the hearers to demand an encore. The concert concluded with the finale to "*Lorelei*," the solo sung by Mme. Sherrington. A large audience thronged St. James's Hall, and showed frequently repeated appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Barnby's well-trained choir.

We could find it in our hearts to be sorry for Mr. George Tolhurst, were not that gentleman protected by so strong a breast-plate of self esteem as to render him literally invulnerable. A man who under the scourge of criticism compares his case to that of Beethoven and of Mozart, as did Mr. Tolhurst in the letter we published last week, is not likely to be affected by the hardest things said of his music or any public disaster which can befall it. Otherwise we could feel for any man whose work experienced such a fate as happened to "*Ruth*," on its production last Wednesday at Store-street. Of the music of this oratorio we have already pronounced an opinion which nothing less than the complete *bouleversement* of every theory hitherto known can possibly induce us to alter. At the same time it is due to Mr. Tolhurst to admit that the grandest music ever conceived could not have borne up against such conducting as we witnessed on Wednesday. The conductor was utterly and fatally ignorant of his business. His stick was everywhere and nowhere; he got into endless complications with the orchestra; and an unlucky encore awarded to one of the vocal solos precipitated him back into the midst of some anterior and forgotten symphony, which came in with remarkable effect just as the vocalist had reached the third bar. Meanwhile the drums, regarding the whole performance as a practical joke, struck in with a joyous and prolonged rub-a-dub whenever they saw an opening. The principal singers—good artists, too: Miss Henderson, Mme. Sauerbrey, Messrs. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, and others—scarcely durst look at each other for fear of laughing outright; and the composer, hot, anxious, and excited, fidgeted about and wiped his face copiously. We fear throughout that awful performance even the fellowship of Beethoven and Mozart did not console the ill-fated man. Was it not rather that the shades of Mozart and Beethoven sent an Avenger in the person of the weird conductor who put the extinguisher on "*Ruth?*"

The last Crystal Palace concert was a very enjoyable one of its kind. Its chief feature was Mendelssohn's Funeral March, as may be seen by a moment's inspection of the subjoined programme:—

Overture, "L'Impresaria".....Mozart.
Trio, "Farewell for but a while" ("St. Cecilia").Benedict.
Part Song, "Sleep, Gentle Lady".....Bishop.
Symphony, "The Power of Sound".....Spohr.
Grand Aria, "O vago suol" ("Gli Ugonotti")..Meyerbeer.
Aria, with Chorus of Male Voices, "Possenti numi" ("Il Flauto Magico").....Mozart.
Trauer Marsch.....Mendelssohn.
Solo and Chorus, "Sleep on and dream" (2nd finale. "Paradise and Peri").....Schumann.
Song, "Mary Dhu".....Lemmens.
The Bugle Song, "Blow, bugle blow".....H. S. Oakeley.
Overture, "Leonora, No. 2".....Beethoven.

This pathetic and eloquent composition, a work resembling Tennyson's great commemorative poem, as nearly as grief expressed in music can resemble grief of words, was written on the death of Burgmüller, the young composer and common friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann. This was originally written for a wind band. There is much solemnity about it, but little gloom; rather in the trio is the impression conveyed of the sweetness of hope after death. This movement is particularly full of beauty.

The performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday, had the drawback of Mr. Costa's absence; but M. Sainton did good service in his place. The principals were Mme. Sherrington, Mme. Dolby, Miss R. Henderson, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, and Sig. Foli. The attraction of the celebrated English tenor drew so crowded an audience that Exeter Hall could hardly contain the numbers. The chief points were taken with customary success. The Hailstone Chorus was naturally encored; the choruses "I will exalt Him," and "The Depths have covered them," went splendidly; and in "The enemy said," Mr. Reeves made his usual mark, and urged his usual refusal to repeat. Mr. Reeves is a steady opponent of encores. Everybody was in more or less good voice, and both principals and chorus did their work thoroughly, only one little slip—that of the organist, who got confused in "He rebuked the Red Sea"—being noticeable.

Again Mme. Schumann has been the chief attraction at the Monday Popular Concerts. This week her matchless talent was employed on the interpretation of the Sonata Appassionata. The sensation created by her realization of Beethoven's wealth of intention and resource was extraordinary. Again, in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello Mme. Schumann, joined by Sig. Piatti, did excellent service, and brought down the plaudits of the delighted hearers. A fifth performance of Schubert's ottet was given at this concert, and the scherzo attracted a well-merited demand for repetition. The whole was admirably done. Miss Julia Elton was the vocalist, and acquitted herself well in the Savoyard song by Mendelssohn (encored) and the Tilleul by Schubert. The Saturday afternoon concerts* continue their attractive character. At last Saturday's Mme. Schumann interpreted one of her husband's works and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, for once forsaking self-interest, restricted herself to Schumann and Mendelssohn, and earned praise.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Herdsman's Song. *Mendelssohn.* 35
The authors name insures good sentiment and fine music.
Come back to me. Song. *C. C. G. Collins.* 30
The friends we love. " & Cho. *Alice Hawthorne.* 35
Oh, foolish heart. " *Apthorp.* 30
Pretty songs, and well calculated to be popular.
Courtship and Marriage. Song. *Keller.* 50
Ten little Inguns. *Dixy.* 35
The Golden Wedding. Song. *Gilbert.* 40
O, I'm so fond of dancing. " *Newcomb.* 40
Warning to Parients, or Lament of Peter Gray. *Wellman.* 30
Waiting for a Broadway Stage. Song. *Newcomb.* 35
Also in popular style, with a large dash of the comic. Very saleable.
Keep me from sinkin' down, S'g & Cho. *Stoeckel.* 30
Quaint and pleasing "colored" religious song.
Ye power above. (Amours divin). Song. "*La Belle Helene.*" 30
The Judgment of Paris.(Le Jugement de Paris." 40
When Helen, of all beauties fairest. (Invocation a Venus. "*La Belle Helene.*" 30
For a coronal, fairest roses. (En couronnes).S'g" 30
Fairest maid. (C'est un reve). " 40
We jolly priests. (An Cabaret). ". 35
Melodies from Offenbach's opera, which contains many pretty airs.
It is a legend old. Song for guitar. *Hayden.* 35
Out in the cold· " " " 30
For guitarists, the first from the "Duchess," and the other containing Adams' beautiful poem.

Instrumental.

Tell me darling. Var. *Ordway.* 75
One of the prettiest of melodies, well varied.
Mouse trap Waltz. *Knight.* 35
Silver Bell Polka. *O. Harrison.* 40
Fire and Flame. Galop. Faust arr. by *Knight.* 40
Salem Band March. *L. W. E.* 30
Wachovia. " " 30
Sprightly pieces, and not difficult.
On the beautiful blue Danube. Waltz. *Strauss.* 75
Fanfare Polka. *Lysberg.* 60
Onward. Gr'd Military March. *Van Oneckelen.* 35
Summer Night Dream. Nocturne. *Holmes.* 60
Arion Carneval March Polka. *Fradel.* 60
Love in Idleness. Waltz. *Engelbrecht.* 35
All are well worth playing, and, with the exception of the graceful nocturne, quite brilliant.
Mabel Waltzes. 4 hds. *Russell.* 35
Gr'd Duchesse Polka. " " 35
Good for learners. Easy.
A Cheval. (On horseback). Gr. galop de Concert. 70
Quite powerful and effective. Difficult.
Grand Duchess Jewel Box. Coll. of Gems arranged by *J. S. Knight.* 25
Mr. K. has cosily arranged and packed into the compartments of his Jewel case, eleven melodies. In No 1, Sabre song and 'Tis a famous Regiment; in No. 2, Dites lui, and Fritz's complaint; in No. 3, the Can-can and Bonne Nuit; in No 4, The Letters; in No. 5, Prince Paul's song and Piff, paff, pouff; and in No. 6, Drinking song and Chorus of Courtiers.
Run for luck. Galop. Guitar. *Hayden.* 25
Try your luck upon it.

* MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 703. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 14, 1868. VOL. XXVII. No. 26.

The Musical Institutions of Berlin.

(Translated for this Journal from a series of articles in the Leipzig *Signale*, entitled "Musik-Adressbuch,")

(Continued from page 194)

The Berlin Opera is now unquestionably one of the best in Europe.

The most notable among the female singers are Frau Lucca and Frau Harriers-Wippern, who have already won a world-wide reputation; the former particularly by the glowing passion with which she gives single parts like Selika or Valentine; the latter by the consummate mastery with which she represents the greatest roles of the classic repertoire,—a Donna Anna, or Zerlina, a Leonora in *Fidelio*, a Euryanthe, &c. Besides these we may name Fräulein von Edelsberg, Fräulein Grün, Frau Blume-Santer as clever and pains-taking artists. Among the male singers the most prominent are the two tenors Niemann and Wachtel; the excellent baritone Betz may be counted as good as a foster child of the Berlin Opera; only lately has his splendid organ and his artistic use of it begun to win enthusiastic recognition outside of Berlin.

A veteran pillar of the classical repertoire, too, hard to replace, is the royal opera singer Krause, also distinguished in Oratorio. Of the rest there are Woworsky, Salomon and Fricke, who deserve most honorable mention as industrious artists. Very recently, too, Frau Jachmann-Wagner has appeared again in Opera, after successfully devoting herself for several years to the spoken drama.

The Italian Opera also received a temporary support in the so-called *Königstädtisches Theater*, which was built in 1823--4 on the Alexanderplatz near the Königsbrücke. The *rentier* Cerf obtained a grant to erect a theatre, where comic operas, vaudevilles, farces might be given, as well as such plays as had not been given on the royal stage for two years, or were wholly new. For a long time it had a good comic opera, and names of European reputation, like Henrietta Sontag, Spitzeder, Jäger, Bader, &c., figure in its history. Yet it was closed in 1845, and from that time there have only been occasional performances of travelling Italian opera troupes upon this stage; the comic opera too is little cultivated by the smaller theatres. There is only Kroll's Theatre which maintains for the most part a good opera company during the summer vacation of the Royal Opera.

As highly important factors in the excellence of the Royal Opera we must make special mention of the theatre chorus and the royal orchestra (*Kapelle*). The former is under the immediate direction of chorus-master Elssler, and now numbers 33 male and 28 female voices. A great improvement in the chorus performances has been observable since the pecuniary condition of the singers has been bettered, if only moderately, through the care of the general Intendant, Herr von Hülsen. Certain male choruses, like those in *Fidelio* or *Euryanthe*, could hardly be better rendered as a general thing.

The Royal Orchestra, since the beginning of this century, when it consisted of about 60 members, has continually grown. It had been already much increased by being united with the orchestra of the so-called National Theatre, when the operas of Spontini and of Meyerbeer made new enlargements necessary, so that the Royal Orchestra may now be called one of the first in Germany. It consists at present of about 95 chamber musicians holding fixed appointments; in grand operas it is strengthened by *accessists*, mostly drawn from the Theatre-Orchestra Class, connected with the Royal Opera, which is under the direction of Concertmeister Ries. Besides Ries, Leopold and Moritz Ganz, Zimmermann and Stahlknecht are to be mentioned as Concertmeisters. The music on the stage is led by Wieprecht, the director of all the military bands of Prussia.

To the Royal Orchestra belongs the especial merit of establishing the

2. Symphony Soirées in aid of the Pension Fund.

This fund dates from Sept. 1, 1800. Until the year 1842 the Orchestra only arranged occasional concerts for the fund—28 in all—of which the total receipts were 20,873 thalers; 45,591 1-3 thalers accrued to the treasury as share of the profits from 391 concerts in which the Orchestra took part; and some donations further increased the sum. But only when the regular soirées were instituted in 1842 did the fund begin to grow rapidly, so that at the close of the year 1866 the treasury contained 136,156 thalers. The first soirée took place on the 11th Nov. 1842 in Jagor's hall, which soon proved too small for the crowd, so that they had to remove to the hall of the Singacademie. Afterwards the soirées were held in the concert hall of the Schauspielhaus. In 1858 it became necessary to transfer them to the concert hall of the Opera house. The number of soirées is now fixed at 9 for each season, and they are devoted exclusively to instrumental music. When Mendelssohn, who had assumed their direction in 1843--4, attempted to arrange them after the manner of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, he met with such an energetic opposition that he gave up not only this plan, but also in a short time the direction of the concerts. He conducted in all, 9 concerts; Kapellmeister Henning, also 9; Kapellmeister Dorn 1; all the rest, 209, have been conducted by Kapellmeister Taubert. * * *

In conclusion it may be mentioned that the smaller theatres, devoted to comic opera and farce, also maintain permanent orchestras, as well as a chorus. The chorus of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre consists of 8 men and 10 women; that of the Wallner Theatre of 8 men and 12 women; the orchestra counts 22 members. The Opera at Kroll's theatre has at its disposal more than 12 in part clever solo artists; the chorus numbers 9 male and 10 female voices; the orchestra consists of 36 permanently engaged musicians.

3. The Sing-Academie.

The Sing-Academie was founded by Carl Friedrich Christian Fasch. In the house of one of his lady pupils, from the year 1789, a number of ladies and gentlemen, fond of singing and of music, used to meet to perform vocal works under Fasch's direction. The growing participation in these exercises made a larger place of meeting necessary; and so in 1791 the society continued its practice in the more spacious saloon of the Frau *Generalchirurgus* Voitus; until near the end of 1792 a hall was vacated for its use in the Academy building. Fasch now devoted the last years of his life exclusively to the artistic conduct of the firmly established institution. The chief end and aim was and still remains the revival and culture of the older church music. Not only Durante, Leo, Jomelli, Benevoli, Allegro, Marcello and Palestrina, whose works best met the artistic views of Fasch, but also John Sebastian Bach, Handel, Graun and Hasse, and even Mozart, with some contemporaries, were earnestly studied and cherished in the Sing-Academie. At the time of its founder's death, Aug. 3, 1800 it numbered 148 members. Carl Friedrich Zelter (Goethe's friend and correspondent), devotedly attached to Fasch, whose pupil he was, had often taken his place in conducting the Sing-Academie, and now succeeded him and carried the institution up to a more flourishing condition than it had ever before dreamed of. He also in 1807 established the "*Ripieno* School" for the better production of works with instrumental accompaniment.

The founding of the *Liedertafel* (male part-song singers) in 1808 had a good influence on the Sing-Academie. But what was of the most fruitful consequence to the institution was at last the acquisition of a building of its own, which was chiefly brought about through Zelter.

The ground was given by king Frederick William III., on an open place near the University, and the building was erected in 1825-6 at the expense of the members, and dedicated on the 8th April, 1827. It is 140 feet long by 60 feet wide. The front is adorned with Corinthian pilasters, which support a flat pediment; an outer staircase leads to the three entrances. On the ground floor is the dwelling of the Director of the Academy for the time being and of the castellan; in the upper story is the great singing hall, used not only for the weekly rehearsals and the concerts of the society, but also by other concert-givers who may hire it. Since 1842 the Society for Scientific Lectures have also given every winter here a course of 12 lectures on the most different branches of science.

The weekly meetings of the Sing-Academie for the practice of singing occur on Mondays and Tuesdays from 5 to 7 P.M.; on Wednesday a smaller circle meet for more preparatory exercises.

Latterly the institution has given three public subscription concerts annually. In these Handel's oratorios receive the chief share of attention.

But the works of later masters are not excluded. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah" have several times been publicly given by the Sing-Academie, and in March, 1847 Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was performed. We may also mention Reinthaler's "Jephtha," the "Abraham" of Blumner (sub-Director of the Sing-Academie), Hiller's "Destruction of Jerusalem," Grell's "Sixteen-part Mass," &c., &c. Besides these subscription concerts, the Sing-Academie also arranges pretty regularly public performances for the solemnity in honor of the dead and in Passion Week of every year. For the former, besides the *Requiem* (of Mozart or of Cherubini), Bach's Cantata: "*Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*" has become a thing of regular recurrence. In Passion Week Bach's *Passion* (according to Matthew) and Graun's "*Tod Jesu*" are pretty regularly given.

Besides these, numerous performances not public take place in the society. Thus a memorial solemnity in honor of deceased members is held at stated times. In like manner days are observed in honor of members who have deserved particularly well of the institution.

It is known that Mendelssohn was a candidate for the directorship of the Sing-Academie after Zelter's death (in 1832), but it was given to Rungenhagen, who had been sub-Director from the year 1815. After Rungenhagen's death (1851), Grell, a member of the Sing-Akademie since 1817, and sub-Director since 1833, became Director, and he still holds the office. By his side stands M. Blumner as sub-Director (since 1853).

A Standing Committee of 5 gentlemen and 4 ladies manage the business affairs of the Society. The number of singing members amounts at present to about 300,—that of listening members to about 100.

4. Stern's Singing Society.

The "Sternsche Gesangverein," which has become so important a part of the musical life of Berlin, owes its origin almost to an accidental impulse. In October 1847 Julius Stern arranged a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which was so successful as to excite the wish for regular performances of this sort. Accordingly in November 1847 a number of ladies met at the house of the Frau *Präsidentin* Jähnigen, to found a singing society, and issued invitations to others. The object designated was the practice and performance of choruses and solo pieces with pianoforte accompaniment. On the 3d of December the first meeting for practice was held at the residence of the Director, Julius Stern; 19 ladies took part. In January, 1848, there were 22 ladies, and 16 gentlemen joined them in a mixed choir. From this time the society grew so fast, that the director had to hire a hall containing about 80 persons (Spittelbrücke, No. 2), and on the 3d of February, 1848, they were able to give a public performance in honor of Mendelssohn's birthday. The new location being found too small again, the society had its practice in a hall proffered by the wife of Minister von Mühler, on the Dönhofsplatz, and then received permission through the *Cultus-Minister* von Ladenberg to make use of the great hall of that department. There, in November, was held for the first time the Mendelssohn Commemoration, which has since been repeated every year.

Merely listening members now began to be admitted, before whom and invited guests the smaller performances took place. At the end of the season they came before the public with a concert in the Sing-Academie.

After the removal of the Ministry of Culture, Stern's Society practiced in the rooms of the Ministry of Agriculture, and afterwards in the fine hall of the Ministry of the Interior. From the year 1851 it held its meetings for a short time in the Hotel de Russie, and then until 1857 in the *Englischen Hause*; but now they practice in the great concert hall in Arnim's hotel (*unter den Linden*) and in the hall of the Conservatory of Music.

In the first years of its progress this society succeeded in exciting and keeping the attention of the friends of Art. Taubert brought out his "Medea" with the young society in the hall of the Opera-house. It was frequently employed also for charitable ends, as for the great Lortzing concert in the Opera-house. Inspired by its success, and striving to maintain the honorable artistic position it had won in Berlin, the society addressed itself to higher tasks than were originally contemplated; it began to bring Oratorio within the sphere of its activity. In November, 1852, at the Mendelssohn Commemoration, it performed the *Paulus* with the most brilliant success in the hall of the Sing-Academie. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* followed in 1854; then Beethoven's great *Missa Solemnis*, and Bach's B-minor Mass, in 1861, whereby the society showed itself equal to the solution of the highest problems in a model manner. At the same time it has known how to preserve that many-sidedness, which alone leads to truly artistic results of lasting significance for the present and the future. Although it has made classical Oratorio its chief aim since 1852, it does not exclude other tendencies, and above all does justice to more recent times.

Mendelssohn's Oratorios, his Psalms, above all, his *Walpurgisnacht*, could hardly be more perfectly performed, than they have been by Stern's Society. The same is true of Haydn's "Seasons;" of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Judas Maccabæus," all of which it has brought out of late years. Also Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" first became appreciated in Berlin through Stern's Society. Nor does he neglect the newest artistic productions. Ehlert, Wuerst (his "Water Sprite"), Jensen ("Jephtha's Daughter"), but above all Fr. Kiel have found admission for their greater works in this Society. Especially has it been of extraordinary service to Fr. Kiel; his *Requiem* (1862), still more his Mass (1867) presented difficulties almost insurmountable, which this Society however did surmount with truly wonderful perseverance.

With all this, it finds time to cultivate the four-part song. For this the annual Singing Festival in the open air, since 1851, gives it a special opportunity.

At present the Society numbers 374 singing, and 395 listening members, besides 57 belonging to the preparatory class.

The regular exercises take place every Monday from 5 to 7 P.M.; the larger performances of course require special rehearsals for the separate parts.

In the business management the Director is supported by a committee of gentlemen and ladies. Besides the subscription concerts, there is one given annually for the benefit of the Gustavus Adolphus Society.

5. The Bach Society.

The *Bach-Verein* was founded in the beginning of the year 1857 by Georg Vierling and had the exclusive study of the vocal works of John Sebastian Bach for its object. But in the first years of its existence it was forced to see that a society could not gain ground with so one-sided a pursuit. So it soon expanded its programme, directing its attention altogether to the study of older works but little known. When Vierling, on account of continued illness, gave up the conductorship of the society, the excellent writer upon music, Dr. Lindner, undertook it, but only for a short time. It is now held by Rust, the meritorious editor of Bach. Of the Society's performances, which now include also older instrumental works, of Bach, Scarlatti, &c., we may mention especially the repetition many times of Bach's "Passion according to St. John," and his 'Christmas Oratorio."

(To be continued).

Extracts from "The Voice in Singing," by Mme. Emma Seiler.

Continued from page 197.

THE CORRECT DISPOSITION OF THE TONES OF THE VOICE (TONANSATZ).

Having stated the first condition of a good timbre of the tones, we come now to the second—the right direction of the vibrating columns of air. A correct disposition of the tones of the voice consists in causing the air brought into vibration by the vocal ligaments, to rebound from immediately above the upper front teeth, where it must be concentrated as much as possible, rebounding thence to form in the mouth continuous vibrations. If the air rebounds farther back in the mouth from any part of the roof of the mouth, then the high inharmonic over-tones are prominent, and there arise either one or the other of those hollow, disagreeable colorings of timbre which are known as throat and nasal tones.

That the voice must be brought forward in the mouth—that is, that the air expired in singing should have the above described direction—is now acknowledged as necessary and aimed at by the best teachers. But the reasons why the tones thus sound better are not known. The Germans and the English, in consequence of their accustomed modes of forming sounds in speaking, have, as we shall see hereafter, more rarely than the Italians a correct disposition of the tones in singing. It is extremely difficult for many persons to accustom themselves to such a direction of the vibrating air columns. But with the proper means the skilful teacher always gains his end. These means are to let the pupil practice those syllables which he is accustomed, *in his own language*, to form wholly in front of the mouth.

FORMATION OF VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

The sound of the vowels depends, as we have seen, upon whether one or another of the overtones takes precedence in sound. But the conditions by which the formation of the vowels is determined lie in the form of the cavity of the mouth, and of the contraction of the same in some one place or another during expiration. These places are different in different languages and dialects. They are among the English, Germans and French farthest back in sounding *a* as, *father*; farther forward in *a*, as in *may*, *o*, *e*, in the order in which they are here placed; and farther front in the German *u* (*oo*).

The length of the cavity of the mouth is the greatest in sounding *oo*, the least in *e*, intermediate in *a*. In the pure, clear *a*, as in *may*, or *e* of the Germans, the cavity is the narrowest. Hence, to form a tone on this vowel is very difficult. Good tones can be formed on this vowel when in both series of the chest register there is mingled with it the sound of the German *ö*, pronounced in English nearly like the vowel in *bird*, and in the higher registers the sound of the *e*. The cavity of the mouth is thus somewhat broadened, and the tone gains more room for its development.

The Swiss form the *o* and *u*, like the *a* in *father*, broadest at the back of the mouth, and the *e* broadest towards the front. But the Italians form no vowel

as far front as their clear sounding beautiful *a* as in *father*; and probably because the *a* in the Italian language sounds broadest and most distinctly, Italian wagoners drive their beasts with the shout of *a! a!* while the Germans use for the same purpose, *hü! hue!* and the Swiss, *hipp!* One can only approximate an imitation of the Italian *a* by uttering it in connection with consonants coming rapidly, as in *pfu, bra*.

The old Italian masters naturally found their beautiful *a* most favorable to the formation of a good tone in singing; but here is the very reason why a tone free from badly sounding colorings is so rarely heard. We have blindly imitated the Italians, without considering the different modes of forming the vowels in different languages and nations.

As the vowels are differently formed in different languages, so is it also with the consonants. The North Germans form the *r* with the soft palate (*Gaumen*), which is made to vibrate by the exhalation of the breath. The South Germans, Russians, Italians and English form the *r* by the vibration of the tip of the tongue. It is only this mode of forming the *r* which is to be used in singing, and must be learned by those who do not usually form it thus. This is sometimes rather difficult, but it can be done by repeating frequently and rapidly, one after the other, the syllables *hede, hedo*, or *ede edo*. In this way the tongue gets accustomed to the right position and motion, which it by-and-by learns rapidly enough for the formation of the rolling *r*.

The Italians, likewise, form the *l* with the tip of the tongue, the Germans and English mostly with the side edges of the tongue. With some attention one can, by feeling, find out in his own organ the place for the formation of the different vowels and consonants, and an ear accustomed to delicate differences of tone will perceive the right place in others.

But in teaching, the example of the wagoners must be followed, and as these people have found out the most appropriate vowels and syllables whereby to make themselves understood by their animals, we must choose what is best fitting to the formation of tone in singing. Long before I found the scientific justification of such a mode of proceeding, my attention was called by Frederic Wiek, in Dresden, to the fact that a fine tone can be most quickly attained by practising in the beginning upon the syllables *sü, soo*, or *dü, doo*, and by not passing to the other vowels until one is accustomed to produce tones in the front of the mouth. These syllables are naturally spoken by the Germans and the English in the front part of the mouth. The *s* is formed with the lips apart, while the air is blown through the upper teeth; it thus assists one, united with *u* (*oo*), to direct the tone forwards. But because in the *u* the lips are almost closed, care must be taken that, within the lips, the teeth are far enough apart. The cavity of the mouth must be large enough to allow of the largest possible wave of sound, since upon the size of that, as we know, the strength of the tone depends. When the pupil, after some practice, has learned to give the right direction to the stream of sound, he must be required gradually to form the other vowels like the *soo* in the front part of the mouth, passing from this syllable immediately to the other vowels as, for example, *soo-u, soo-o, soo-e, soo-o-e-ah*, &c. Only care must be taken that the course of the air preserves its right direction. Solmization, also, *i.e.*, naming the tones, *c, d, e, f, g, a, b*, by the syllables *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, assists a good position of tone (*Tonansatz*) when the pupil employs it in the more rapid exercises. No fixed rule can be laid down in regard to the necessary opening of the mouth and its position. The structure of the palate and the form of the jaw, and position of the teeth, lips, &c., vary in different persons. The ear of the teacher must alone determine what position of those several parts will best secure a good timbre. But in every case, for the highest tones of the voice the widest possible opening of the mouth is necessary, and even when, in the formation of the vowels, the lips have to be brought nearer to each other, yet the teeth within must be kept apart, that the cavity of the mouth may remain large enough.

Wind instruments show the influence which the orifice and breadth of the mouth-piece has upon the strength of the tone. In the human voice the mouth occupies the place of the mouth-piece. We have already remarked, in speaking of the different registers, that in the chest tones the position of the larynx is lowered. The cavity of the mouth then, is naturally lengthened, and hence a moderate opening of the mouth, so that the teeth may be about two fingers' breadth apart, suffices for a good tone. With the high falsetto and head tones the cavity of the mouth is always shorter and narrower towards the back, but as the tones ascend, it must be always broader in front. I have observed, however, that in thin voices a too broad opening of the mouth in the middle tones of the voice, favors the high over tones more than the fundamental tone, and the tones are thus flat and wanting in timbre.

Lips too thick and stiff sometimes injure the timbre of the tone; they are often the cause of a veiled, muffled timbre acting like dampers and rendering a part of the over-tones audible.

The tongue also is not infrequently a hindrance to the formation of a good tone, especially when the pupils have not been taught early enough to open their mouths sufficiently wide. When the high tones are to be produced, which require much room in the forward part of the mouth, the tongue is usually drawn back and raised, in order to make the necessary room within the lower front teeth. This, again, is a habit difficult to be broken, and care must be taken that the lower front teeth are lightly touched by the tip of the tongue in singing, in order that the tongue may be accustomed to a natural position. But this is most easily attained when the tongue is at the first kept occupied as much as possible by quick exercises with the syllables of solmization, or by practising tones in slow time upon syllables beginning with consonants formed by the tip of the tongue.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Letter to the Admiring Critics of Rossini.

GENTLEMEN:—It has become the fashion with you—especially since Rossini left his retreat in Italy to mingle again with the gay world of the French capitol—to represent the *maestro* as a genius of the very highest order and connect his name with that of Mozart, Beethoven and similar composers. Permit me to remind you of a few plain facts, hoping that they may have the effect of tempering your admiration in some measure.

There are some among you, as it would appear, who in alluding to the master minds in the musical art deem it necessary—lest Germany should get all the honor—to couple at least one Italian with those great Germans. In that case you ought to take Cherubini, and not Rossini. Cherubini not only aspired to the highest in his art, but successfully accomplished works that invite comparison with the productions of the best masters. Rossini, on the contrary, never aspired and never pretended to be anything higher than the caterer for the taste of an age distinguished for its sensuality. This he accomplished most successfully, because he perfectly understood his time and his people, and knew exactly what they wanted. You know that in his days of trial the devout Carl Maria von Weber often used to exclaim: "*Wie Gott will!*" ("The Lord's will be done!" but more literally translated, as God wills or wants it). This caused the anecdote, in which a wag gives it as his opinion that Weber composes as *God* wants it, Rossini as the *public* wants it. The anecdote, as you are well aware, has become a great favorite, and why?—because every one feels, though not all acknowledge it, that it hits the nail on the head. The famous Berlin critic, Ludwig Rellstab, likewise hit the nail on the head when he compared Rossini to a confectioner, scattering bon-bons among the public. Beethoven, in strong language characteristic of him, on one occasion said of Rossini, that he might have learned something if his master had whipped him more. A correspondent of the Leipsic *Musikalische Zeitung* wrote from Vienna, during Rossini's stay there, in the year of 1822, as follows: "Rossini's *La Cenerentola* was performed on the 30th of March. Most of the pieces had to be taken in a quicker tempo than we are used to here, which did not agree well with our German language; but he (Rossini) declared that in his music words mattered little, *effect* was the capital point." The same principle the maestro avowed in his conversations with Ferdinand Hiller. On one occasion he said: "I adapted myself to the peculiar taste which predominated among the audiences of this or that place. For instance, in Venice they could never have enough of my *crescendo*, and I, therefore, scattered it about, although I myself was tired of it." I may add here that on his first arrival in Paris he was hailed as Signor Crescendo. "Effetto!" "Effetto!" was his constant cry, and, to produce as much of it as possible, he had recourse to all sorts of artifices, which a high-minded compo er disdains. Let me ask you: have you ever assisted at the performance of a number of Rossini's operas, perhaps at the violin, violoncello or double bass, and night after night? The monotony they produce is indescribable. These operas (with one exception, of which later), whether tragic or comic, are all made over one last and resemble each other as one boot does another. Every where the same carelessness in regard to detail, the same poor harmony, the same stereotyped figures and phrases, the same disregard for situation and dramatic expression and the same abuse of the human voice, which, whether in joy or in sorrow, always is made to warble like a skylark! Now the violins are told to play *ponticello* (quite close to the bridge, thereby producing a kind of sharp, nasal tone); now *pizzicato* (nipping the strings); now *col legno* (playing with the wooden par tof the bow); again *con sordini* (with dampers). Now the Crescendo (with the famous *Brillenbass* as they call it in German) is opportunely brought in; then the united choirs of brass instruments and drums, big and small, are called upon to deliver themselves of a series of crashes that shake the house to its foundation. Then comes the chorus behind the scene, the band on the stage, in addition to the scene shifter's artifices,—and all this for the sake of *effect*, without artistic necessity. The funniest thing is, that the same overture must sometimes serve for different operas, which, moreover, are opposed to each other in regard to subject. It is a relief, indeed, finally to turn your back on such an operatic spectacle, and approach the artistic creations of a Mozart or a Weber.

"The Barber of Seville," that hobby-horse of the admiring critics, in the main shares the same defects, and forms no exception to the rule. We all know that it abounds in charming melodies (as do all the rest of Rossini's operas) and happy hits. But do these melodies penetrate deeper than the ear, and does the *vis comica* of the Barber at all compare with that of Leporello, of Osmin (in the 'Seraglio'), or of Figaro (in the "Marriage") by Mozart? Have you ever when under the influence of the Barber enjoyed that inexpressible delight, which is never absent when we are under the spell of a genius of the highest order, such as Mozart, Raphael, Shakespeare, Beethoven, etc.?

When Rossini made his appearance in Germany, he was hailed there, as everywhere, as "Rossini the Great," "The Swan of Pesaro," "The Pesarean Orpheus," and similar extravagant titles. But amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude were heard the groans of the earnest music-lovers, who saw in this "Swan of Pesaro" only the first of a troop of birds whose manner of singing will ever come in conflict with the views and principles of a true musical artist. In short, Rossini is the chief representative of that school which produced Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi and a number of smaller spirits. The chief doctrine of this school proclaims that the opera is a popular amusement; that, accordingly, it must be simple enough to be understood by the uncultivated as well as by the cultivated; to be understood even while one is talking to his neighbor, or in the act of sipping ice cream, taking a cup of tea or other refreshment,—as is, indeed, the fashion at the opera houses in Italy. This demands that the principal singers should be particularly occupied; because their clear, strong voices, their florid execution, are heard, and command attention above the din and rattle of talkers, teaspoons, cups, glasses, and so forth. But as the composer does not wish to be entirely lost in this tumult, and as he also intends—for which no man will blame him—to make some money by the affair, he takes pains to introduce certain novel, striking things, mostly of a trivial, insipid, vulgar, unartistic nature, calculated to make him popular

with the masses, and which may be collected under and designated by the single term (in its odious sense, of course) *effect*. Now, we may tolerate such music like any other popular amusement, entertainment or recreation, and the more, if we remember that the best kind of music can be perfectly understood and enjoyed only by those who have thoroughly studied the art, for which, in general, the people have neither the time nor the capacity. But, then, let us not place the man whose life is devoted to providing amusements for the many, on the same eminence with the men following the dictates of high and true art, and laboring, not to please the crowd, but the few noble, the few best and most cultivated spirits of their own time and the future. We might as well rank the man of the world, who shapes his actions in conformity with the follies and vices of the multitude, equally high with the true man, who, animated by the highest principles, takes his course regardless of what mob and rabble, whether clothed in silks or rags, may choose to think and say of him.

But has not Rossini written the celebrated *Stabat Mater?* I hear you impatiently ask. As regards this caricature of sacred music, this mixture of march, waltz, and opera melodies, the maestro's own confession will make all comments unnecessary. He said to Ferd. Hiller: "I composed the *Stabat Mater* for an ecclesiastic. I did so merely from a wish to oblige, and should have never thought of making it public. Strictly speaking it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolese would have been sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

But then Rossini has composed "William Tell," for which he may boldly claim to be ranked with Mozart and Beethoven, and his opera with *Don Juan* and *Fidelio*:

> "I pray you let me be
> In your company number three!"

Not so fast, gentlemen! I protest. Here are my reasons. During his stay in Germany Rossini had become acquainted with the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and other German masters, and it occurred to him that "it is never too late to mend." He resolved on a reform, and the result was "William Tell"—a failure. The work has been justly classed with *Masaniello* and *Les Huguenots*, and if you claim to be impartial judges, you must grant the same distinction to Auber and Meyerbeer you so readily confer on Rossini. The verdict, as recorded in the annals of true art, is that the ballet music is charming; that some of the choruses are characteristic, besides melodious; that the opera contains some dramatic situations and ensembles; but that, for all that, the style of the work is heavy and turgid, neither flesh nor fish, neither German, French, nor Italian; in short—that "William Tell," on the whole, is a failure.

The verdict was approved by the maestro himself, as subsequent events have shown. Being disgusted with that everlasting "boom, boom, boom!" and feeling his inability of continuing the path into which he was tempted by the works of the German masters, he gave up the whole business, dissolved his contract with the Grand Opera at Paris (which pledged him to write several more operas) and retired into private life. He was then only thirty-seven or thirty-nine (the year of his birth is stated differently as 1790 and 1792). Henceforth the "Swan of Pesaro" remained mute. No more warblings were ever heard from his throat.

How can you reconcile this fact with a genius of the very highest order?* One would fancy that to such a man his art must be everything, and his devotion to it could cease only with his last breath. The lives of all great men, not only in music, prove this. The poetry of Goethe, for instance, written when he approached eighty, glows with the fire and enthusiasm of youth; Haydn, Handel and Bach composed some of their best works late in life; other examples need not be mentioned. But, how does it fare with Rossini? When still in the prime of manhood he becomes disgusted with his music, and resolves never to write a note more, which résolution, up to this day, he has faithfully carried out.†

I need hardly tell you that I have spoken of Rossini, the composer only, who, as just stated, ceased to be long ago; not of Rossini, the man, who still lives, and lives well. You should separate the man from his works. It is green, unripe, small criticism that suffers itself to be influenced by the private character of a man. The man belongs to his family, his friends, to all with whom he personally comes in contact; his works belong to the world, to all generations.

What a pity for a certain class of people that they cannot find out whether Homer fed and clothed the poor, paid his debts promptly, went regularly to the polls, was fond of the society of women, or whether he preferred his cigar and his pot of Lager beer,—how much more they would enjoy or despise the "Iliad!" Of Goethe they are still in doubt, whether he was a great poet or a great rascal; because he thought he had better not marry Frederica, the country parson's daughter.

Rossini, as every one knows, is privately the most amiable, kind, good-natured of men. A chief trait of his character is his great modesty. He has given you not only no permission to couple his name with that of Mozart, Beethoven, etc., but feels provoked at your proceedings. Let me close this epistle with an anecdote recorded in Schilling's Lexicon, which does not seem to be generally known.

In the year 1836 Rossini passed a week at Frankfort on the Main, where, by the way, he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who took great pleasure in playing to him, and among other attentions a grand dinner was given him by his admirers, of that most German city. A rich banker proposed the first toast at the table in these words: "The Italian music, the only *true* music, and its first representative here (looking at Rossini who sat beside him), long may they flourish!" The maestro expressed his thanks, but in a manner more serious than kind. Immediately after he was asked by one of the guests why he did not compose any more. Thereupon Rossini seized his glass, rose up, and with a loud voice spoke (in French) as follows: "Gentlemen! they wish to know why I compose no longer; it is because I am tired of that everlasting boom, boom, boom! And as I dislike to compose French, and am unable to compose German music——, therefore (raising his glass)—to the memory of Beethoven, Mozart, etc.!" A. Kk.

Boston, March, 1868.

[The above contains so much truth, that we willingly print it, though we can by no meant endorse all of its opinions. We do not think the writer does justice to the musical merits either of "The Barber" or of "William Tell," which last work is "a failure" dramatically, in its plot, perhaps, but certainly not musically.—Ed.]

* I might have said before, it is considered a characteristic sign of genius, that it labors for truth and not for show.

† What gossip makes him compose, now and then, to please his Parisian admirers, is not worth the notice.

Music Abroad.

London.

Monday Popular Concerts.—The first night of Herr Joseph Joachim is the gala night of the season. It has been so ever since the Monday Popular Concerts were founded, and is likely to be so as long as he is able and willing to be our periodical visitor. *Facile princeps* among violinists, his supremacy is recognized without a dissentient voice. He has no rival—none that aspires to be his rival—and is, therefore, beyond the reach of envy. Such a position, if not phenomenal, is at all events quite unprecedented. But it belongs to one who can gracefully and honorably support it. Though the greatest "*virtuoso*" (the fancy conventional term for executant) in the world, Herr Joachim would disdain the title. He thinks not of himself, but of his art; and whether he is playing Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, he is lost, not in himself, but in the author he is playing. At the end of his performance people begin to reflect on what a glorious unparelleled performance it has been, but in the course of the performance they are simply enjoying the music to the utmost degree that a sympathetic reading and an execution absolutely nothing short of perfect can enable them. But it is superfluous at this time to enter into a new disquisition upon merits so universally acknowledged. We might fill a column without adding an iota to what our musical readers must already know about the talent of this greatest of living executive artists, who differs in one important essential from the most renowned of his predecessors, Nicolo Paganini, inasmuch as Paganini was simply and exclusively a "*virtuoso*," while Herr Joachim is the high representative of art in its noblest manifestations. He is, in fact, art's most loving and zealous, no less than its most gifted, disciple; and, as such, is fully entitled to the position he has won, and to the unanimous esteem in which he is held.

The audience which assembled on Monday night in St. James's Hall to welcome Herr Joachim was the most densely crowded of the year. Very many were refused admission at the doors for the want of even standing room. And yet the programme consisted exclusively of a quartet, a pianoforte sonata, a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin, with just a couple of songs to separate one instrumental piece from another. True, the instrumental pieces were all by Beethoven; and doubtless the majority in the room were of opinion that there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet. For our own part we are ready to confess that had the programme consisted solely of quartets for string instruments, with Herr Joachim as leader and Signor Piatti as violoncello, we should have preferred it. But such an arrangement does not enter into the admirable scheme which Mr. Arthur Chappell has followed from the beginning, to which his concerts are indebted for their prosperity, and which is the cause that they are not only Monday Concerts but "Popular Concerts" into the bargain. It being the occasion of Herr Joachim's first appearance for the season, nevertheless, the conspicuous feature of the programme was the string quartet in which Herr Joachim played first fiddle. And this quartet was, happily, one of Beethoven's very finest—No. 2 of the set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, the quartet which begins and ends in E minor. No worthier piece could have been selected, and no grander performance have helped to interpret its manifold beauties to the 2,000 amateurs who listened with eager and breathless attention, bar after bar, from one end to the other. Herr Joachim, on appearing in the orchestra, accompanied by Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti, was greeted with enthusiastic plaudits. Every one was enchanted to see him once again, fiddle in hand; and when the applause subsided every one was prepared to listen to a performance tolerably sure to be one of rare excellence. How Herr Joachim plays the "Rasoumowsky Quartets"—as, indeed, how he plays the so-called "Posthumous," to say nothing of the first six and Nos. "10" and "11" which are, as it were, the bridge that connects the "Rasoumowsky" set with the last—no amateur of quartet-music need be informed; but one thing is certain, that he has never played anything more superlatively well than he played the E minor quartet of Beethoven on Monday night. In the first allegro the calm dignity of his style, the poetical expression, devoid of all false sentiment, the broad, grand tone and faultless intonation, were exhibited throughout in a light that could not possibly be more advantageous. In the adagio—such an adagio as Beethoven alone could have imagined—for simple, yet earnest and deeply-felt pathos, Herr Joachim's reading was unsurpassable. The scherzo, with its capricious accent, and the trio, in which Beethoven has trifled so ingeniously with a primitive Russian melody presented to him by Prince Rasoumowsky, were given with the charming ease and unconcern that only a consummate master can assume while undertaking a task by no means easy. The finale, a fiery and impetuous movement, sustained to the end with unflagging spirit, full of character—such character, we mean, as Beethoven could impart—and unlike anything else in music, was the crowning triumph for Herr Joachim, and, perhaps because it was the last movement of the quartet, seemed to create the most marked sensation. A truly magnificent performance, intellectually great and mechanically irreproachable, was thus thorough-

ly achieved and as thoroughly appreciated; and at the end of it the audience must have felt still more strongly confirmed in the opinion that "there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet"—though with this conviction might have been also associated the idea that, as Mohamed had his Ali, so Joachim had his Piatti, who is just as capable of converting a whole tribe of music lovers in one night to a faith in Beethoven as Ali is said to have converted the whole tribe of Hamdan, in one day, to a faith in Mohamed. The second violin and viola, Herr Ries and Mr. H. Blagrove, were as efficient in every respect as is their wont.

The other pieces in which Herr Joachim took part were the splendid trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello (Op. 97, in B flat), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolphe, and the sonata for pianoforte and violin in G, No. 2, of the set of three (Op. 30) inscribed to the Russian Emperor Alexander, his companions in the first being M. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his partner in the last M. Hallé. The solo sonata for pianoforte was the very light and easy one in G major, Op. 79, played by M. Hallé (who played the last movement twice), and especially interesting on account of its being the only one of the thirty-two pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven that had not already been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. The vocal music was limited to two songs—Mozart's "Violet," and Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied* or "Spring Song," known in English as "The Charmer," both well sung by Miss Cecilia Westbrook and accompanied by Mr. Benedict in masterly style.—*Times.*

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At last Saturday's Concert, the Reformation Symphony occupied a prominent place in the programme subjoined:

Overture, "Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Hear ye, Israel" ("Elijah").....Mendelssohn.
Miss Sophia Vinta.
Aria, "Dalla sua Pace," ("Don Giovanni").....Mozart.
Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Concerto for Pianoforte.....Schumann.
Mme. Schumann.
Aria, "Selva opaca" ("William Tell").....Rossini.
Miss Sophia Vinta.
Songs: a, Serenade.....Schubert.
b, "Devotion".....Schumann.
Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Solos for Pianoforte:
a, "Lied ohne Worte," G major.....Mendelssohn.
b, "Gavotte," D minor.....J. S. Bach.
Mme. Schumann.
Duet, "Tornami à dir" ("Don Pasquale") ....Donizetti.
Miss Sophia Vinta and Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Festival March ("Cornelius").....Mendelssohn).

The attraction was sufficient to fill the room in every part; for the Reformation Symphony promises to be the musical lion of the ensuing season, taken in hand by the two Philharmonic Societies and performed whenever an opportunity occurs to introduce it. Its present execution was faultless: Mr. Manns's band put forth their admirable energies; and the Scherzo was warmly redemanded, following the usage which has prevailed at the three subsequent performances of this symphony. Beethoven's superb overture and the Festival March were likewise excellently given. The latter is a novelty at the Palace: the honor of its introduction belongs to Mr. Joseph Barnby, who brought it forward at his recent concert. Mme. Schumann interpreted her husband's works with heart and soul, and moved the audience to enthusiasm. In the vocal department, a *debutante*, Miss Sophia Vinta, made a successful appearance, allowing for natural nervousness. Her voice is clear, fresh and pure and she possesses good method.

HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.—The first of a new series, choral and orchestral, was given at St. James's Hall, Feb. 6, when the following selection was performed:

The music to Œdipus.....Mendelssohn.
Concertstuck, Pianoforte.....Weber.
Solo and chorus, "Non sdegnare".....Gluck.
Air, "Il mio tesoro" (Don Giovanni).....Mozart.
"Choral Fantasia," Pianoforte, Cho. & Orch Beethoven.
Solo and chorus, "Haste thee, Nymph".....Handel.
Overture, "Guillaume Tell".....Rossini.

The performance was one of singular excellence. All the choruses were admirably sung, and the best effect was given to the quartet for solo voices by Messrs. Cummings, F. Walker, C. Henry, and L. Thomas. In fact the music of *Œdipus* created an impression that will doubtless prevent so noble a work from being again laid aside.

In the *Concertstück* and *Choral Fantasia* Herr Pauer played the pianoforte parts with brilliant effect. The extract from Gluck's *Elena e Paride* was sung by Miss E. Charlier; Don Ottavio's air by Mr. Cummings; and the jovial song from Handel's *L'Allegro* by Mr. L. Thomas (capitally aided by the choir), with such genuine hilarity as to command an encore.—*Mus. World.*

In the second concert of Mr. Leslie's series the following programme was presented:

Part-song, "Autumn's treasures".....Callcott.
Madrigal, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains".....Pearsall.
Canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair" .Haydn.
Miss Katharine Poyntz.
Part-song, "Song of the Flax-spinner".....Leslie.
Sonata in D, for two pianofortes.....Mozart.
The Misses Caroline and Fanny Kingdon.
Madrigals, "Flow, O my tears" (A.D. 1599).....Benet.
"Fire, Fire," (A D 1595).....Morley.
Part song, male voices, "The merry wayfarer".....
Song, "The first violet".....
Miss Katherine Poyntz. } Mendelssohn.
Part-song, male voices, "Slumber dearest."
Solo, pianoforte, "Lieder ohne worte".....
Miss Fanny Kingdon.
Part-song, male voices.....
Glee, "The Fishermann's good night".....Bishop.
Miss Fosbroke, Mrs. Fanny Poole, Mr Douglas Cox, and Mr. George Musgrave.
Song "The Thorn".....Shield.
Mr. George Perren.
Part-song, "O hush thee, my baby".....Sullivan.
Solo, Pianoforte, Rondo, "La Gaité".....Weber.
Miss Kingdon.
Part-song, "Sweet and low".....Barnaby.
Song, "O bid your faithful Ariel".....Linley.
Miss Katherine Poyntz.
Part song, "The dawn of day".....Reay.
Irish ballad, "Oft in the stilly night".....Moore.
Mr. George Perren
Madrigal, "All creatures now are merry minded."
(A.D. 1599).....Benet.

The third concert took place on Thursday night, with the following selection of sacred music:

Magnificat, (Vespera de Dominica).....Mozart.
Aria, "O Lord have mercy upon me".....Pergolesi.
Sanctus from Mass in B minor.....Bach.
Air, "Jerusalem" (St. Paul).....Mendelssohn.
Messe Solennelle.....Gounod.
Air and chorus, "Sound an alarm" (Judas Maccabæus).
Handel.
Kyrie, from Mass in E flat.....Schubert.
Gloria, Benedictus, Mass in B.....Beethoven.
Air, "I will extol thee".....Costa.
Chorus, "Hallelujah" (Messiah).....Handel.

The pieces by Mozart, Bach, and Schubert were given for the first time in this country. The *Vesperæ de Dominicâ*, composed (according to Von Köchel's catalogue) at Salzburg in 1779, is one of the innumerable pieces of Church music which Mozart produced with such marvellous facility in the service of the Archbishop. Some of this music is in a light style, adapted to the taste of the Archbishop. Even in the lightest, however, genius and the hand of a master are discernible; while in some of it we find a reflection of the old Italian church writers whom Mozart had diligently studied in his youth. The "Magnificat" was extremely well given by chorus and orchestra. Bach's Mass in B minor, for five voices (solo and chorus) and orchestra, is the greatest and most important work of this class produced by him. The first two movements were given to Frederick-Augustus II (of Saxony) in 1733—thirteen years after Handel had commenced his career as a composer of oratorios. Although emanating from the great school of German counterpoint, Handel acquired many requisites for popularity, especially in his cultivation of the Italian vocal melody, which Bach wanted. Bach's mass in B minor is a monument of genius and elaboration—the instrumentation, including three trumpets and three oboes, being remarkable for the period. One of the grandest movements is the "Sanctus," which opens with a most impressive *maestoso*. On a first public performance, it was natural that the chorus should be somewhat timid. The effect, however, was so great that we may hope to hear not only this movement, but other portions of the Mass at a future concert.—*Ibid.*

MR. BARNBY'S CHOIR.—Last night (Jan. 29) Mr. Barnby gave the first of a series of four concerts, with choir and full orchestra—to be of annual occurrence. The programme was as follows:

Athalie. (The illustrative verses read by Mr. Henry Marston Solo vocalists: Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Spiller, and Miss Julia Elton). Mendelssohn.
March (composed in celebration of the visit of the painter, Cornelius, to Dresden, 1841—first time of performance in England).....Mendelssohn.
Symphony in D, "The Reformation".....
Finale to Lorely, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington & Cho.

The new "Ancient Concerts" were to commence, on the 27th Feb., with "Alexander's Feast," and Beethoven's music to the "Ruins of Athens."

Herr Schlösser announces four concerts exclusively devoted to the music of Schumann. Originality in advertisement could hardly be carried further than in the case of that gentleman, who the other day, among other attractions to his "grand evening concerts," announced the exhibition of three letters by "the late Edmund Kean."

LEIPSIC.—The 12th Gewandhaus Concert (in honor of the memory of Moritz Hauptmann). First Part—(Compositions by Hauptmann), "Salve Regina" for chorus; overture to the opera of *Mathilde*; three sacred songs for a mixed chorus. Second Part—Symphony (No. 3) in C minor, Spohr; "Ave Verum," Mozart; "Toccata," Bach (scored by Esser); and chorus from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul.* The works performed at the 13th Gewandhaus Concert were: "Die Naiaden," overture, Sterndale Bennett; Concert Air, Spohr (Mme. Peschka-Leutner), Violin Concerto, Beethoven (Herr Lauterbach; Recitative and air from *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart (Mme. Peschka-Leutner); Violin Concerto, A minor, J. S. Bach (Herr Lauterbach); and Symphony in B flat major, Schumann.

Fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert: Symphony in G major (No. 9), J. Haydn; Scene and Aria from *Euryanthe*, C. M. von Weber (Herr Stockhausen); Pianoforte Concerto, Henselt (Herr Barth); Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Solo Pieces for Pianoforte; Concerto, No. 1, for Violoncello, Goltermann (Herr Hegar); and Songs, Schubert.—The Abbé Liszt's oratorio of *Die Heilige Elisabeth* has been performed by Riedel's Association, the part of Elisabeth being sung by Mme Diez from Munich.

The new theatre was opened on the 28th ult., with Weber's "Jubelouverture," a "Festspiel," by Gottschall; Gluck's overture to *Iphigenie in Aulis*; and Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris.* All the Court and notabilities of the town were present. The orchestra was considerably augmented on the occasion, and, under the conductorship of Herr Schmidt, played the above overtures in a masterly manner. The acoustic qualities of the new edifice are very satisfactory.—15th Gewandhaus Concert: *Erlkönigs Tochter*, Gade (the solos sung by Mlle. Thoma Bors, Mme. Häfner-Hacken, and Herr Hill); and *Ver Sacrum*, Ferdinand Hiller (the solos sung by Mlle. Bors, Mme. Häfner-Hacken, Herren Robling and Hill).—16th Gewandhaus Concert: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; air from *Ezio*, Handel (Herr Wallenreiter); Symphony Concertante, for Violin and Tenor, Mozart (Herren Röntgen and David); Songs, Schubert; Sonata for Violin and figured bass Handel (with pianoforte accompaniment, arranged by David); and *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven.—At the seventh concert of the Euterpe Society (given in remembrance of Moritz Hauptmann), the programme was as follows: Funeral Music for Orchestra (new, and composed for the occasion), E. F. Richter; "Graduale," "Offertorio," "Sanctus," and "Benedictus," from the Mass, Op. 30, Moritz Hauptmann (the solos sung by Mesdames Schilling, Schmidt, Herren Wiedemann, and Richter); and the Fifth Symphony, in C minor, Beethoven.

HALLE.—The members of the Singacademie lately gave a performance of J. S. Bach's second *Weihnachtscantate*, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht.*

PARIS.—The 7th Conservatoire concert, George Hainl conductor, had for programme: Haydn's Military Symphony (No. 48); Pilgrim's Chorus from *Tannhäuser*; Dance Air from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; Motet (double chorus, without accompaniment) by Bach; 8th Symphony of Beethoven.

In Pasdeloup's Popular Concerts the Religious March from *Lohengrin* excited great enthusiasm, thanks in part (*La Menestrel* suggests) to "*la glorieuse phalange des instruments Sax*," which it seems formed the choir. Pasdeloup placed the March between a Haydn Symphony in C minor and the Canzonet from Mendelssohn's Quartet, op. 12, played by *all the strings.* Beethoven's *Egmont* music and Weber's *Jubel* Overture made the rest of the concert.—The 8th programme (Feb. 16) offered Mozart's *Don Juan* overture; Schumann's Symphony in E flat; a *Bourrée* by J. S. Bach (1720); Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Mme. Norman-Neruda, who is professor in the Conservatoire of Stockholm, and whose talent has been much celebrated in advance; Beethoven's Septuor (with clarinet, bassoon, horn and all the strings of the orchestra).

A one act Opera by Franz Schubert: "*La Croisade des Dames*," has been brought out with much success at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes. Also "*Le Farfadet*," out of the most fruitful period of Adolph Adam (1852), and "*L'Elixir de Cornélius*," by Emile Durand.

The Grand Opera has been giving its 500th performance of Rossini's "William Tell." The Opera Comique lately announced the 1166th time of *La*

Dame Blanche and the 856th of *Le Châlet*!—At the Italiens, Adelina Patti, after singing Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, has taken for the first time the part of *Semiramide*; after which she is expected to "create" the principal role in Verdi's "*Giovanna d' Arco*."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 14, 1868.

Music in Boston.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The subscription series of Eight Symphony Concerts ended nobly with that of Thursday, Feb. 27. This was the programme:

Toccata in F, (composed for Organ).....J. S. Bach.
Arranged for Orchestra by H. Esser.
Overture, "The Naiads".....Bennett.
Triple Concerto, in C, op. 56, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, first time.....Beethoven.
B. J. Lang, Julius Eichberg and Wulf Fries.
Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" (Becalmat Sea; a Breeze; Happy Voyage; Coming into Port).
Mendelssohn.
Symphony in C.....Schubert.

The Bach Toccata, already grown familiar in these concerts, made a wholesome, hearty strengthening beginning, putting all in cheerful, earnest humor for good true things to follow. There is no need now to point out the advantages or disadvantages of the orchestral version as compared with the original Organ form of it. It certainly is made *clearer* to most listeners by the orchestra, and thus more appreciable when they come to hear it played upon the Organ. Moreover, it made a sort of prelude which the entrance of late comers could not fatally disturb; this hardy plant could safely interpose itself between such rude March bluster and the delicate Overture of Sterndale Bennett, which well justified its claim to a place in these concerts. It has always proved enjoyable, when played by the smaller orchestras, but doubly so this time. It wears well. However suggestive of Mendelssohn, it is a fresh, imaginative, genuine creation, full of poetic feeling, exquisite in themes and instrumental coloring. Schumann speaks of it as "a charming, rich and nobly executed picture; as fresh, as if it had just bathed, and, in spite of its similarity of matter with Mendelssohn's *Melusina*, full of the individual traits which we have often pointed out in this most musical of all Englishmen. No one with any liveliness of fancy can hear this overture without thinking of lovely intertwining groups of Naiads sporting and bathing on all sides, while the soft flutes and oboes may suggest surrounding rose bushes and fondling pairs of doves. To prosaic heads one can at least promise an impression like that which Goethe aims at in his 'Fisher,' namely, the summer feeling seeking to cool itself in the waves,—so mirror-clear and tranquilizing does the music spread itself before us. There is a certain monotony, to be sure; this may be owing partly to the many parallel passages, repetitions of single periods in higher and lower octaves, &c., a very easy way of moulding, which, if it often becomes commonplace in other composers, with him is not so much poverty of invention as it is holding fast to certain darling thoughts and turns of expression."—Both the overtures were admirably rendered.

The novel feature of the programme, Beethoven's Concerto for three instruments, proved singularly interesting in spite of some drawbacks. Full (for him) of difficult bravura passages, at least in the two string concertante parts, and especially in the 'cello, which continually soars above its usual register and riots like a second violin in florid gambols with the first, it could hardly tell to full advantage in the great Hall, so far as the harmonious strife of the three principals was concerned. Yet it was in the main finely played, the orchestral *tutti* coming in richly and inspiringly, and the whole bearing the unmistakable stamp of Beethoven. If the first Allegro has the most matter in it and is laid out most broadly, the Polacca at the end is perhaps the happiest movement, lifesome, brilliant, full of point and grace, while in the short *Largo* that leads into it one is lost in spiritual, sweet reverie, one of Beethoven's deep and holy moments.—The great Schubert Symphony, repeated by quite general desire, made a grand finale to these noble feasts of music, which from first to last have presented nothing but the best kind of music, in programmes thoughtfully arranged to give each piece its best effect, and listened to with intent interest by audiences ranging from 1500 to near 2000 persons (as on this last occasion). This is one cheering, solid fact, worth hundreds, in our city's musical experience, and with it we are safe against the trivial, low, trading influences which seem to have invaded the musical world this year more formidably than ever. A summary of what this third season of Symphony Concerts has given us (counting the Complimentary Concert to the Conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, this week) will here be in place.

Symphonies. MOZART: "Jupiter," in C; in D (without Minuet), No. 1.—HAYDN: in G (No. 7 Simrock ed.), twice.—BEETHOVEN: No. 4; No. 5 (C minor); No. 6 (Pastoral); No. 7, in A.—MENDELSSOHN: in A minor ("Scotch").—SCHUBERT: C major, twice; unfinished one in B minor.—SCHUMANN: No. 4, in D minor.—GADE: No. 4, in B flat.

Concertos. MOZART: for two pianos (Lang and Parker).—BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in C (Lang); No. 5, E flat (Perabo, twice); for piano, violin and 'cello, op. 56 (Lang, Eichberg, Fries).—MENDELSSOHN: piano, in D minor (Dresel).—CHOPIN: E minor (Leonhard).

Overtures. BEETHOVEN: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, op. 124; Leonore, No. 3; Coriolanus.—MENDELSSOHN: Ruy Blas; Melusina; "Meeresstille," &c.; Trumpet Ov. (posthumous).—CHERUBINI: Medea; Anacreon.—GADE: "In the Highlands;" "Reminiscences of Ossian."—WEBER: Oberon; Euryanthe; Jubilee.—SCHUMANN: Genoveva.—SCHUBERT: Fierabras.—Bennett: "The Naiads."

Orchestral arrangement. Toccata in F, by BACH

Vocal (with orchestra). MOZART: Tenor Aria, "Constanze" from *Die Entführung* (G. L. Osgood); "Deh vieni," from *Nozze di Figaro* (Mrs. Cary); "Non più di fiori," from *Tito* (Mrs. Kempton).—J. S. BACH: Alto Aria, "Well done," &c., from a Cantata (Mrs. Cary).

With piano (Mr. Dresel). SCHUBERT: Songs, "Suleika," "Le Secret" (Mr. Osgood.)—SCHUMANN: "Schöne Fremde" (Do).—R. FRANZ: "Im Rhein," &c.; "Weil auf mir, &c., (Mrs. Cary).—MENDELSSOHN: "Hunting Song" (Mrs. Kempton).—DESRAUER: "Allurement" (Do).—DRESEL: "Come into the garden, Maud" (Mrs. Cary).

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The Wednesday Afternoon Concerts came (too early) to a close last week. Bennett's Overture, "The Naiads" made the charming opening of the eighth and last. The two movements from the unfinished Symphony by Schubert awoke increasing interest on repetition; full of beauties, of a deep, fine feeling, with now and then a glimpse of great ideas, something symphonic in the grandest sense, soon lost,—in form imperfect, fitful, fragmentary.

Two young debutants contributed solo performances. Miss NATALI, a young lady of Italian parentage, educated here, sang "*Ernani, involami*" in a clear, pure, flexible and high soprano, with fair execution; her paleness showed that she was not well. Yet the impression made was favorable and she was obliged to repeat a portion of it, which she did with pupil-like exactness. She also sang Eckert's "Swiss echo song," which we did not hear.—Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor was very neatly and effectively played by a youth of nineteen, Mr. Geo. W. SUMNER, from Worcester, a pupil of Mr. Lang's.

The audience was large, and it seems a pity that these pleasant concerts should not go on, now that other concerts are so few.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The third Concert (March 3), was one of peculiar interest, consisting of three noble numbers.

1. The Quartet in D minor, No. 2, of Mozart, a thoroughly genial, delightful work, not exciting, though alive in every tone and fibre (for such a creation is a live organic whole), full of serene, quiet bliss. *Allegro moderato; Andante; Minuet*, with birdlike Trio; *Allegretto*:—one knows not which to admire most; but the quaint old ballad tone of the Finale in 6-8 is as fascinating as any part. It was beautifully rendered throughout.

2. The great B-flat Trio of Beethoven, op. 97. So successful a reading of the piano-forte part by so young a maiden as Miss ALICE DUTTON was clear proof both of rare native faculty and rare development in so few years in a sound direction. It is clear that she loves the best music, feels it and conceives it vividly; it speaks in the still enthusiasm of her face; and she has acquired such technical facility and certainty that she now has all the treasures of this fine world open to her. With Mr. SCHULTZE's violin and Mr. FRIES's 'cello, and the young pianist, we missed none of the beauty of the noblest of all Trios.

3. But the great feature was the Ottetto of Mendelssohn, in E flat; a very early work, op. 20; for four violins, two violas and two 'cellos. We do not remember to have heard it since the Club celebrated the composer's birthday in 1853. Its construction is peculiar, not a double quartet, but eight parts grouped in a single system. The ensemble, especially in the fiery first movement (*Allegro moderato*) has the richness and fullness of an organ's diapasons; and of course it abounds in counterpoint and imitations to keep eight individual parts employed. To hear it in the small hall was to bathe in a rich, buoyant sea of harmony, swelled by commingling currents. The *Andante*, the *Scherzo* (the most charming to the many, because in the fairy vein of young Felix), the swift *Finale*, kept up the interest still fresh to the end. The extra violins were supplied by Messrs. HEINDL and SCHMIDT, viola by HENRY SUCK, and 'cello by RIETZEL, and the whole thing went clearly and euphoniously, leaving a strong desire that it may soon be heard again.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The performance of Rossini's opera: "Moses in Egypt," on the 29th of February, may possibly be pardoned as a Leap Year frolic, and we presume all will be content with this taste of its sugary sweetness at least until its anniversary comes round. Of course it abounds in delicious melodies and concerted pieces, since Rossini wrote them (who was born on Leap Year day); and of course Mme. PAREPA-ROSA sang her chief share wonderfully well, as did the rest acceptably; but it is no oratorio, its choruses were never meant for a great massive oratorio choir; nor can it sound just right in English, cleverly as it has been translated. It had its crowd, because it had its party,—a crowd of course delighted. Yet its sponsors seem not to have been satisfied with the performance, and some of them have allowed themselves to be so carried away by party feeling as to charge it (most unjustly) to

willful carelessness in the Conductor. Mr. ZERRAHN, ve fancy, can afford to let such childish onslaughts pass in silence. The real secret of the unsatisfactoriness of the performance lies, much more probably, in he intrinsic unfitness of the undertaking, the exceptional and Leap Year choice of subject.

"Elijah" also drew a crowd, and both in matter and manner this great Oratorio made amends. The performance, as a whole, was an uncommonly good one. Chorus and orchestra (in which it was pleasant to see CARL ROSA, artist-like, take his place among the first violins) were prompt, sure and effective. The solos were all good, with the exception of he new Contralto, Mme. ELIZA LUMLEY, from London, whose otherwise rich voice was painfully tremulous. Mme. ROSA, taking *all* of the soprano solos, ncluding the Youth, sang superbly, and also simply, never indulging in superfluous cadenzas. Miss HOUSTON was limited to Duet, Trio, &c., doing her small part with none the less artistic feeling. Never have ve heard Mr. RUDOLPHSEN sing more nobly than he did in some of the great solos of the Prophet. Mr. GEORGE SIMPSON, too, improves, and gave the tenor airs with fine voice and expression; only a little oo much of the *portamento* still.

Mr. EICHBERG'S OPERETTA, "The Two Cadis," given for the first time at Chickering's, for the Cretans, last week Thursday evening, delighted a full audience. The music, if not always original,—least so in the set airs, most so where music and humor seem to spring up unconsciously and unpretendingly together, is very bright and pretty, and the concerted pieces, Trios and Quartet, very ingenious and effective. The funny thing was capitally sung and acted by Miss GAYLORD, a young girl of seventeen, full of talent, with a bright, clear soprano, reaching high, and great natural facility of execution as yet uncultivated and therefore dangerous (after the dress rehearsal the voice came to the concert too fatigued); Mr. ALLAN A. BROWN, an amateur, with tenor of warm, sweet quality, and good power; Mr. WARREN DAVENPORT, baritone, also an amateur, who surprised us by his good singing and action as the elder Cadi; and Mr. BARNABY, who had full play for all his inimitable *vis comica* and rich, sonorous, serviceable bass voice. The accompaniments were limited to the piano, carefully played by Mr. PETERSILEA and Mr. Eichberg's violin. So successful under these circumstances, it must be more so in a theatre, with orchestra.—For a short prelude, Mrs. CARY sang, charmingly, Mozart's "*Deh vieni*" (kindly taking the place of Mr. Osgood, who was ill), preceded by the "Italian" Symphony, played on two pianos by Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, who also marshalled in the "Two Cadis" to the tune of Beethoven's Turkish March.—We have unfortunately no more room *now*, but we beg to assure the Cadis, and the Cretans, and all who generously did so much for both on this occasion, that we shall not forget them.

IN PROSPECT.—The Music Hall for to-night and to-morrow night is devoted, as it was a week ago, to "monster" concerts of the Gilmore-Guilmette order, wherein coarse and fine, Polka and "Sacred" Oratorio, *Grande Duchesse* and "St. Paul," artists like Urso and brass bands, roses and cabbages, are all bound up in the same huge bouquet. A great rush, of course. Beyond the steam and Babel a few clear, calm occasions of sincere Art invite; for instance:

March 18. Wednesday at 3½ P.M., Mr. B. J. LANG is to give a little concert at Chickering Hall, mainly for the purpose of introducing the posthumous *eighth* set of "Songs without Words" by Mendelssohn, recently played with such success by Mme. Arabella Goddard in London. Four of the six, we are told, are charming. Wulf Fries will play with the concert-giver Mendelssohn's D-major Sonata in no. Mr. L will also play a Beethoven Sonata.

March 19. The next afternoon (Thursday), same hour and place, a Complimentary Concert to Mr. WULF FRIES,—who as a man and as an artist has and ever will have the sincere esteem and sympathy of all true music-lovers in this city,—will be given by his pupils on the occasion of his proposed trip to Europe to visit his family and friends in Germany during the summer. The disposal of tickets and all the arrangements are made privately, but the interest in Wulf Fries is too deep and wide-spread to allow such an occasion to be kept a secret. Of the matter of the concert all we know is, that the Quintette Club will play Mendelssohn's B-flat Quintet (which will carry the Club back to its very origin); that Messrs. Perabo and Fries will play the A-major Sonata of Beethoven, Mr. Kreissmann will sing some of his choice songs, and Mr. Lang too will take some part. For further particulars we refer anxious inquirers to Mr. Lang, Mr. A. O. Bigelow (Bigelow Brothers & Kennard), or Mr. Aug. E. Bachelder, 162 Washington St.

OTTO DRESEL will give a series of concerts on the five Thursday afternoons in April, in Chickering Hall. We believe it is his design to play at least one Beethoven Sonata each time.

April 8. Mr. Peck's annual Concert is postponed to this date.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 2.—Messrs. Mason and Thomas's 3d Soirée occurred at Irving Hall on Saturday evening, Feb. 23. Mr. Mills was the pianist and the following was the programme:

Quartet, D minor.....Haydn.
P.F. Trio, B flat, op. 97.....Beethoven.
Quartet, A, op. 41, No. 3.....Schumann.

In the first Quartet there seemed to be little of the usual spontaneity of Haydn's works; its chief attraction is the simple melodious Andante and the Menuetto. In the latter a quaint effect is produced by the coming in of the viola and 'cello—in imitation—a bar behind the violins.

The glorious Trio did not seem to "go" with the desirable unity and vigor; just where the fault lay it would perhaps be difficult to say; it seemed as if the artists had not rehearsed together. This view may be erroneous, but such was my impression. I once heard this Trio played by Joachim, Jaell, and Jacquard, in Paris. Their rendering of the divine Adagio is something never to be forgotten. The Schumann Quartet needs to be heard many times before one can fully appreciate it.

The Soirée was attended by the usual small auditory of about 200 people. At a neighboring hall, however, a "testimonial" concert had some five or six hundred listeners, and—it is needless to say—each opera house was well filled. I hope to live to see the gravitation of taste toward the best music.

The Sunday Evening Concerts at Steinway Hall are very good just now. Theo. Thomas and his orchestra are an established feature, and the soloists are usually the best to be procured. Miss Alide Topp was the especial attraction at the 22nd of the series, which took place on Sunday evening, March 1st, with this programme:

Symphony in E flat.....Mozart
Cavatina, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia".....Rossini.
Miss Jennie Landsman.
P F Solo, "24 Rhapsodie Hongroise".....Liszt.
Miss Alide Topp.
Selection from the Huguenots".....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Song, "By the Sad Sea Waves".....Benedict
Allegretto from 8th Symphony.....Beethoven.
P F Solo, "Soirees de Vienna," (Schubert).....Liszt
Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber.

The Symphony was of course the one with the famous Minuet, which is so universally known, and which has been arranged for piano in so many different ways by so many different people.

Miss Landsman resurrected Benedict's "Sad Sea Waves" from the oblivion to which it was long ago consigned, and sang it and the cavatina acceptably to many; at least so it would appear from the fact that she was twice encored, though *why*, it would be difficult to say. She sang for her second encore that fresh and unworn ballad "Comin' thro' the rye."

Miss Topp played finely, but it would be agreeable to hear her in something else besides Liszt's compositions. F.

MARCH 9.—On Saturday Evening we had the 4th Philharmonic Concert:

Symphony in G minor.....Mozart.
Scena ed Aria from Oberon.....Weber.
Mme. Parepa-Rosa.
Introduction to "Lohengrin".....Wagner.
Aria, "Deh Vieni," "Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart.
Symphony in A major, op. 90.....Mendelssohn

The Mozart Symphony has all the Mozart characteristics; freshness, grace, and entire absence of straining after unheard of and undesirable effects; in a word, the finest results attained by the simplest means; it is so refreshing to be spared the blare of trombones and the clash of cymbals.

One must either admire ardently or dislike thoroughly the "Introduction to Lohengrin." Inasmuch as many prominent examples of the school to which it belongs are far-fetched, overstrained and full of contortions, it is pleasant to be able to say of the "Introduction" that it is eminently enjoyable; the only drawback is the terrible strain upon one's nerves and attention necessitated by the prolonged dwelling of the violins upon those very high notes at the commencement and close of the work. The tone is necessarily uncertain and quavering, and the suspense is very wearisome; the harmonic changes and modulations are elaborate and exceedingly beautiful.

The Italian Symphony, as it is called, was welcome as it always is and will be. The lovely placid Scherzo was rendered with marked effect; but why *will* Mr. Bergmann insist upon such rapid tempos? Th seems to be one of the few faults of that able conductor.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa decidedly surpassed herself in the charming "Deh vieni," (the accompaniment is fully as fine as the song itself); her pure, clear, mellow organ was in fine condition, and her vocalization faultless. She was warmly greeted by the very large audience.

As an evidence of the high estimation in which these concerts and their rehearsals are held by young females of the "Miss Hog" variety, I overheard one of that stripe saying to a friend, in the intervals of candy-munching; "I do so dislike these Philharmonics, they are *so* grinding." Comments are superfluous. F.

ST. LOUIS. The fourth Philharmonic Concert of the season, Egmont Fröhlich conductor, took place Feb. 13th, and had for programme: Part I. Overture to "Crown Diamonds," Auber; Recit. Air and Chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" (called on the bills "Engedi"); Beethoven's Second Symphony.—Part II. Overture "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; *Ave Maria* (soprano solo and chorus), Owen; Duo for violin and piano on themes from *Don Pasquale*; March and Chorus from Gounod's *Faust*.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.—Mr Chorley does not join the general trumpeting of London critics over the posthumous Symphony. Writing of a Crystal Palace Concert (*Athenæum*, Feb. 15), he says:

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was repeated. The blind idolaters who ere a note of it was heard were resolved that it should be a great success will be displeased at our saying that, the fever of first curiosity and excitement over, it does not *wear*; and in no respect can claim a place among the works on which the composer was willing to stake his reputation. We hold to our judgment, that the forced production of this posthumous music by a man who knew himself, if ever man of genius did, is injudicious—we will not say irreverent.

A. W. THAYER. The Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, in a letter to the *Christian Inquirer*, dated Trieste, Nov. 24, writes:

No American merchants are here. I heard indeed of no American citizens excepting our accomplished consul, Mr. A. W Thayer and two ladies, American born, wedded to English merchants. Mr. Thayer is still engaged upon his life-work, an exhaustive biography of Beethoven. The first volume has already appeared in German, and has been welcomed with enthusiasm by competent critics in Europe as the first reliable history of this wonderful genius. The two remaining volumes will follow just as fast as Mr. Thayer's scrupulous exactness will allow him to prepare them; and I fear that will not be under two or three years. Mr. Thayer's numerous friends of the press and musical and literary companions will be glad to hear that his health is improved since a very serious illness of some months ago, and that his duties here, which are not small, are fulfilled to the satisfaction of all his countrymen. His musical scholarship surprised and delighted me—but not more than his patriotism and his enthusiam about his old Harvard college friends.

The "Beggar's Opera" is one of the mysticisms which perplex the chroniclers of the stage. It has been attributed to the joint conception of Swift, Pope and Gay. The original idea probably belonged to Swift, who, in that fondness for contrasts and contempt of romance which belonged to him in everything, had observed. "What a pretty thing a Newgate pastoral would make!" It is scarcely possible to doubt the sharp and worldly hand of Swift in some of the scenes and songs.

Rossini (the composer) was eighty-four years of age on Saturday, Feb. 29. It was his *twenty-first* birthday.

Wagner has written music to the words of Victor Hugo's description of Waterloo in "Les Miserables." Some one who has heard a part of it says that Wagner is a genius full of folly, or a fool full of genius, and he doesn't know which.

The veteran Auber, in answer to a gentleman the other evening, who congratulated him upon his remarkable vigor, said, "They never so often told me I was young as since I have grown old."

Auber has in his possession, neatly bound, the original of all his compositions. He always stipulates with his publishers that his autograph copy shall be returned to him.

Writers of *cancan* songs have a chance of making their fortune in France. The author of the *"Femme à Barbe," "Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur"* and other Thérèsian ditties, one M. Villebichot, announces the opening of a new theatre in Paris which will bear his name and be devoted to productions of the true Villebichot order. It is situated, as might be expected, in the Boulevard Lafayette, near the Vilette; for certain repertoires have a predestinated locality. —*Orchestra.*

The only child of Malibran by her marriage with De Beriot, now about thirty years of age is a first-rate pianist. His receptions on Friday evenings are attended by crowds of amateurs and artists. Leonard, the Belgian violinist, played last Friday, and De Beriot gave some of his own pianoforte solos, with great success.

Teresa Carreño, so well known to the musical world as a rising pianist, is studying vocal dramatic art with Delle Sedie of Les Italiens. Her voice is of unusual compass and quality, and with her face and figure we may expect a prima donna who will be a new credit to art.—*Orch.*

We translate from the *Belletristiches Journal* (New York): "Three millionaires here, Messrs. Belmont, Stebbins and Leonard W. Jerome, have combined to undertake the management of the Academy of Music themselves next winter, and mean to import the well known impresario Mapleson as technical director, and Mlles. Tietjens and Kellogg, Messrs. Margini, Santley, &c., as members of the operatic troupe. These gentlemen speculate in horses, gold and yachts, why not also in operas?"

Gilbert White says: "When I hear fine music, I am haunted with passages therefrom, night and day; ....elegant lessons still tease my imagination." The London *Athenæum* quotes this, and adds: "Many foreign composers, when they finish a piece which has no particular name, call it a *studie*; but perhaps it is only in England that any long performance, even with a special name, such as an overture or a symphony, was often called a *lesson*. It was so in the last century. There must be some alive who remember that elderly ladies, when the 'Freischütz' came out, called the overture a fine lesson. This is in our own recollection, but we never found confirmation of the usage in a standard writer until we came upon the passage in Gilbert White."

Fashionable Impertinence.

The New York *Tribune*, noticing one of Mrs. Kemble's readings, makes the following remarks:

Certain persons, who, no doubt, would fly about like parched peas if we were to say that they are neither gentlemen nor ladies, saw fit, last evening, at Mrs. Kemble's second reading, to demonstrate their moral relationship to that vast assemblage mentioned in Scripture, who, on a certain occasion, ran violently down a steep place to the sea and were destroyed. In the advertisement of Mrs. Kemble's Readings, which is published in all the daily papers, and in the printed slip which is handed by the ushers to every person on entering, there is to be found a respectful request that, in order to avoid interruption, the audience will be seated before the commencement of the Readings. It is but justice to say that the great body of the audience, alike consulting their own comfort and this request, were quietly seated in ample time; but Mrs. Kemble had entered, had, in her usual deliberate way, found the place in her book, had announced the name of the play, had taken her seat, had read the Dramatis Personæ, and the Act and Scene, when a bevy of people, males and females, conspicuously caped, and muffed, and feathered, came sauntering down the alley as if they had been a quarter-hour too early, instead of just that much too late, and finding that the entrance to their seats (carefully chosen, probably to secure greater eclat to this performance, in the very middle of the row) was blocked up by a half-dozen punctual people, they forced their way in, one by one, nodding, smiling, taking it easy, and, no doubt, thinking that the surrounding barbarians were glad of this opportunity to look on majesty. After the women had packed themselves in, and hustled their well-behaved neighbors to their content, with adjusting their odious furs and bonnet-strings, one man of the party continued his walk up the alley, bowing to the few people who were so unfortunate as to be his acquaintances, and so indiscreet as to own it, ogling here, and smirking there, all the time as unconscious of the spectacle he was making of himself as if he were "Bottom" himself. He then walked coolly across to the wall-alley, dropped leisurely down a dozen rows, and seated himself at last as if, on the whole, he had given the audience a treat they had little looked for. All this time, Mrs. Kemble, who behaved like an angel, or a lamb, had arrested her Reading, and sat waiting patiently, albeit the angry spot did glow on Cæsar's brow, now and then making futile attempts to begin, and as often stopped, until at last these ill-bred disturbers of a thousand people allowed her to proceed. They were not, it is true, the only sinners, but they were the vulgarest and most conspicuous. Mrs. Kemble has two ways at her command by which she may save herself in future from people like these, who think of nothing but themselves. One is, to rise from her seat and appeal to the audience by leaving the room until order is assured. Another is, to order the doors peremptorily locked inside against all latecomers, and have their money tendered to them in the open court. As people of this stamp have but one motive for being late, namely, to show their rig, they would take good care how they ran any such mortal risk of being deprived of the dear opportunity. We beg Mrs. Kemble to try this plan, in the interest of the majority of her audience.

It is not, perhaps, proper to insist upon Mrs. Kemble's personal claims to immunity from such treatment as she received last night. It is enough that she is a woman, it ought to be enough that, being a woman of the finest breeding and gentlest manners, she takes it for granted that she addresses an audience of equals. Whether it ought to be more or not we are unable to say, but to us, it is more, that, beside being a woman of genius, who is herself associated in the memory of our generation with many of their happiest and most intellectual hours, she is among the last representatives of a family, who, if titles and honors went by desert, have deserved of England a noble name. But the name of Kemble is itself a coronet, and has been worn on brows so pure and lordly, that it would be ill exchanged for any Bedford or Stafford of her peers. One word more and we dismiss this subject. Mrs. Kemble has always herself been noted for the extreme punctiliousness with which she performs her public duties. Any person that has ever so little penetration can perceive that these readings are the result of the most painstaking and conscientious study. Her money is earned by honest hard work. Then, she is always punctual; as punctual as the Queen of England herself. She never yet kept an audience waiting one-half second. And lastly, she always reads her very best, be she ill or well, be it storm or shine, be her audience small or great. We heard her once read to twenty people, on a howling equinoctial Friday, in Stuyvesant Hall, as perfectly well as if the room had been crammed with people. Before she began she thanked us in her sweet way for coming out in such a whirlwind, and then read so beautifully that she made us know that she meant her thanks. The moral of all this is that the man or woman who treats Mrs. Kemble with the disrespect of coming in late ought to be ashamed of himself.

To this, of course, we all say Amen! If in place of Mrs. Kemble one were to put Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Jenny Lind, the lesson would be equally appropriate. Good behavior surely is not too much to expect of "Fashion"? For, to vary the maxim of Rochefoucault: *Fashion is the homage which vulgarity pays to refinement.*

Special Notices.

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ah! 'tis a famous regiment. S'g. Guitar. *Hayden.* 35
Little brown cot on the hill. " " " 30
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Three well known favorites, arranged for guitar.
O, sing unto the Lord. Quartet. *Andrews.* 70
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A well wrought quartet, solo, &c, for public service, and a well known song from Mendelssohn.
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One by the real Mendelssohn, and one by Mr. B. whose vocal compositions have a "flavor" like those of the great composer.
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Comic and flowery, very.
On the dark blue sea. Quartet. *C. A. White.* 60
Good subject and pleasing music.
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Arditi has won a high reputation, and this new duet will be welcomed by those who love sweet music.

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Chickering Waltz. *Gudera.* 1.00
A spirited set of waltzes. A trifle difficult. Splendid title.
Polka Francaise. "La Belle Helene." *Offenbach.* 30
La Belle Helene. Galop. *Knight.* 30
La Belle Helene. Quadrille. *Strauss.* 40
Paris Galop. "La Belle Helene." *Knight.* 30
"La Belle Helene" has many bright little melodies, well calculated for arrangement as instrumental music. The above are well selected.
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Contains a number of the bright melodies mentioned above, skillfully arranged.
Priests' March from Athalia. *Mendelssohn.* 40
A grand and impressive march.
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A very sweet "transcription" of the feelings awakened by the echoing bugle-tone of the Alpine shepherds.
Fast boys' Galop. *Kinkel.* 30
Whispering love Mazurka. " 30
Belgravia Waltz. " 30
My darling Schottische. " 30
Hilda Waltz. " 30
Kinkel perhaps means, "a man of many kinks;" but if so, the kinks appear in the forms of graceful turns, and all sorts of pretty, easy musical passages. The above are excellent instructive pieces.
Air varie. Violin solo. Piano acc't. *Rizio.* 1.00
Artistic and melodious.
Queen of the Fairies. Faut. Bril. *E. Mack.* 40
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Two brilliant pieces. The effect on you will be very good, if you try them both on the piano.
Cascade Galop. *Hermann*, arr. by *Knight.* 40
Very pretty.
Odd Fellow's March. *H. F. Wight.* 30
Very original, lively and pleasing.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 704 BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 28, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 1.

The Musical Institutions of Berlin.

(Translated for this Journal from a series of articles in the Leipzig *Signale*, entitled "Musik-Adressbuch,")

(Continued from page 202).

6. THE CÆCILIA SOCIETY, &c.

Although of very recent origin (Oct. 1863), the *Cæcilien-verein* has already acquired a certain importance and a respectable position. Originally a Catholic society, exclusively devoted to the Catholic church music, it had scarcely existed a year before it laid aside that tendency, and in a short time it grew to be one of the most considerable societies of Berlin. It now counts over a hundred singing members, for the most part young, fresh voices. Its task is equally the cultivation of the larger choral music, secular and sacred, with orchestra and *a capella*. It arranges every year several grand concerts in the hall of the Singacademie. Thus far it has performed Psalms of Handel and Mendelssohn, Masses by Lotti, Caldara, and the C-major Mass of Beethoven, also his music to the "Ruins of Athens," Mendelssohn's *Loreley* finale, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which last work it proposes to bring out every year. In Rudolf Radecke (formerly a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatorium) the Cæcilia has a circumspect, as well as skillful, conscientious Director, who will surely raise it to a yet more flourishing condition. The performances under him have been for the most part excellent.

Of numerous other societies of this kind, the more worthy of mention are:

THE CONCERT SOCIETY FOR BENEVOLENT OBJECTS (*Concert-verein zu wohlthätigen Zwecken*), now under the direction of Alexis Hollaender. Though rather limited in its means, for the Society is small, it has acquired importance by its praiseworthy performance of works commonly unknown, such as: Schumann's "*Requiem für Mignon*," Hiller's "*Loreley*," Haydn's "*Orfeo*," and others. Every summer too it gives a festival in the open air.

Greater in compass is the Singing Society connected with the NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, founded only a year ago, under Music Director Krigar. It already counts 100 members, but has as yet given no public concert as a society; only some of its members have taken part in choruses and songs in the Orchestral Evenings of Capellmeister Scholz.

Other singing societies, of less note, are those of SCHNOPF, of DUMACK, and of JAHN,—the last was founded in 1845, but has almost disappeared from public notice.

7. THE ROYAL DOMCHOR (CATHEDRAL CHOIR), &c.

The *Dom-Chor* was founded at the instance of the Art-loving king Frederick William IV., in 1843. Until that time the liturgical music in the Dom-Church had been performed by a small choir, composed of pupils of the Dom-school and the good singers of the military choruses, or Seminarists, conducted by Grell. Grell also undertook the organization of the new Dom-chor. From the singing classes of the cathedral school were selected 70 or 80 boys with the best voices, part of whom were appointed actual members, with remuneration, and the rest were trained with them as a body in reserve. About 30 men, 12 tenors and 18 basses, belonging to the most various callings, are joined with them; along with teachers in the higher and the common schools and singing teachers, we find in the Dom-chor merchants and painters, only voice and vocal culture being taken into account in the selection.

The principal object of the choir was, as we have said, the execution of the music in the Cathedral service; this was composed, after the Prussian liturgy, by Zelter, Rungenhagen, Grell and others, and at once rehearsed; besides also some single pieces from the old Italian masters. Originally it formed a part of the plan to bring in instrumental music also; in this connection Mendelssohn conducted the first church performance on the 6th August, 1843, for the church festival of the one thousandth year of the German Empire. But that proved only occasional; the Dom-chor soon gave itself exclusively to *a capella* music. In 1845 Grell resigned the directorship to Neithardt, and he it was who made the institution so world-famous. To him the Dom-chor owes that bell-pure intonation, and that truly magical accent, light and shade, by which it has achieved its triumphs. Since the year 1850 the choir has made occasional artistic tours, exciting the greatest enthusiasm in London, Hamburg, Bremen, Rostock, Kiel, Cologne, &c.

After Neithardt's death, in 1861, R. von Herzberg, singing teacher to the Dom-chor since 1847, undertook the chief direction, and Kotzolt, until then solo bassist, was appointed singing teacher; and the institution still maintains its old repute, though no longer permitted to extend it abroad. The church functions of the choir consist in the singing of a Psalm or a Motet before the beginning of the Sunday service in the Dome, and the execution of the liturgical choruses during the same. The Sunday liturgical evening devotions are now performed by a smaller choir; but the whole choir takes part in those which precede a great festival, as on Christmas Eve.

The musical service in the Court chapel is commonly sung by the so-called "little chapel choir," composed of twelve of the more excellent singers from the whole Dom-chor. In the Greek service of the Russian Chapel, too, the choruses are entrusted to this smaller choir.

On the occasion of the Coronation ceremonies in Königsberg, in 1861, the Dom-chor received a special uniform, consisting of a red cloth coat, black knee-breeches, shoes with buckles, and a velvet cap, only worn on like extraordinary occasions.

The choir gives annually three subscription concerts and at least two for charity. In the former only works of deceased masters are performed, all of course *a capella*, such as: Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Lotti, Jomelli, Caldara, Durante, Vittoria, Leo, Cordans, Schütz, Hammerschmidt, Frank, Eccard, Schroter, the Bachs, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and others. In the charity concerts—for the benefit of the Gustavus-Adolphus Society, &c.,—the Director in the most commendable manner respects the rights of the present, inasmuch as works of living artists only are as a general rule performed. Thus the last of these concerts have brought out psalms, motets and arias by Naumann, Voigt, Reissmann, and others.

The rehearsals of the entire Dom-chor are regularly held on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4 o'clock, in summer in the barracks of the Guard-Cuirassier regiment, in winter in the hall of the Joachims thaler Gymnasium. Besides which, the boys have special singing exercises under the second director, Kotzolt.—The salary of the grown up members of the Dom-chor varies from 150 to 300 thalers each, according to position; the boys, besides a free place in the Dom school, receive as high as 120 thalers.

Some of the members of the Dom-chor, as R. Otto, Sabbath, Seiffert and Geyer, have won fame as oratorio singers. Kotzolt, too, was one of the best pillars of the Dom-chor as a singer.

KOTZOLT'S SINGING SOCIETY has been in existence from the year 1849, and formerly brought out large compositions; as in 1855, Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose;" 1859, Handel's "Susanna;" since the year 1856 it has devoted itself with extraordinary success to the most careful rendering of part-songs. It gives three concerts every year, in which secular songs of all centuries are sung. The choir, of about 80 members, is admirably trained; most of the singers came out of the singing Conservatory of the Director, which makes it possible to reach a nearly perfect chorus tone. Hence their concerts are among the best of the whole season. Thus far they have brought out, of the older time, Madrigals and Songs of Dowland, Morley, Tallis, Donati, Hassler, Schein, Haussmann, &c., and of the more recent, songs of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hauptmann, Vierling, Reissmann, Naumann, Wuerst, Radecke, &c.

This society also pays attention to church music, and in several church concerts it has given, besides solo movements, sacred choruses by Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, Eccard, Bach, Mendelssohn, Grell, Löwe, Reissmann, and others.

ERK'S SINGING SOCIETY pursues a similar tendency, only in a more limited way, bestowing its exclusive care upon the People's song. In 1843 Erk, the royal music director in the Berlin teachers' seminary, had formed a *Männergesang-verein*; since the year 1853 he has carried on, together with it, a society for choruses of mixed voices; and with what care the people's song is cultivated in both unions, is abundantly shown by the annually recurring concerts.

(To be continued).

[From the Atlantic Monthly]

Sculptures for the Boston Music Hall.

Our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has so long lived in Rome, became interested some time since, in a Danish sculptor, a fellow-worker of Thorwaldsen, Willhelm Mathieu by name, who, though he has created real works of genius, lives there, poor and old, and comparatively unknown. Several years ago he designed and executed for the Grand Duchess Helena, of Russia, busts of three great musical composers. Miss Cushman, captivated by the beauty of the work, and wishing to help the artist and to make his merit known, and at the same time pay a graceful compliment to her native city, ordered casts of these works, which she has sent as a gift for the adornment of the Music Hall, with which she had associated her name by her recital of the Ode written for the inauguration of its Great Organ. The casts have arrived uninjured, and, before they are formally presented and displayed, a brief description of the designs may not be uninteresting.

They are busts of three great musical composers, as we have said, upheld by brackets ornamented with allegorical figures suggesting the distinctive genius, style, and place in musical history of each. The heads are modelled in heroic or more than life size. The brackets are some five feet long by three feet wide. The figures stand out in full *alto rilievo*.

The first bust is that of Palestrina, a very noble head, high, symmetrical, and broad, with features regular and finely cut, giving the impression of rare purity and truth of character, fine intellectuality, the calm dignity of a soul well centred,—a beautiful harmony of strength and delicacy. The artist has been guided by a portrait painted from life, (as well as by a bust made from the painting,) which he found in the Barberini Gallery in Rome. We venture to say that there is not a more simple and harmonious portrait bust in Boston than the Danish sculptor has here produced.

As Palestrina was the great reformer of church music, the master in whom pure religious vocal music first attained to perfect art, there stands forth from the centre of the bracket a figure representing "the Genius of Harmony," as it is called by the artist,—or say Saint Cecilia,—holding an open music-book of large, wide pages, between two angels, who are placed a little higher in the background; one of them, with folded hands, and lost in devotion, reads over her shoulder from the book; the other, pointing to the notes, appears to ask her whence the music came, and the Genius, whose eyes are upturned, indicates that it is given by inspiration from above. The three forms and faces are instinct with a divine beauty; the central figure is one of unconscious dignity and grace, and is the loftiest ideal of pure womanhood. The whole grouping of the figures,—the rich folds of the drapery made so light and flowing by harmonious arrangement, with the wings and halos of the angels,—is the most free and graceful that can be imagined. Above and behind this group, for the immediate support of the shelf which holds the bust, there is a choir of little cherubs, with sweet faces, nestling eagerly together, and with little arms encircling each other's necks, who are singing over the shoulders of Cecilia, and seem to be trying the new heavenly music in the open book below. It needs no argument to show the fitness of the allegory; it speaks for itself as instantly as the poetic beauty and consistency of the execution.

The next bust is Mozart's, type of all that is graceful and spontaneous in music, and of perpetual youth; the purest type of *genius*, perhaps, that ever yet appeared in any art,—or in literature, if we except Shakespeare. Not that there has been no other composer so great, but that there has been none whose whole invention and processes were so purely those of genius. Learned and laborious though he was, yet he created music as naturally as he breathed; music was very atmosphere and native language with him. The busts and portraits which we see of Mozart differ widely, almost irreconcilably. This one adheres mainly to the portrait from life by Tischbein, with aid from several sculptures. Of all the busts that we have seen, it seems to us the worthiest to pass for Mozart. It has the genial, beaming, youthful face, with nothing small or weak in any feature—the full eyes; square eyebrows; broad, large, thoughtful forehead; the full, compact head; the long nose withal. Altogether it is very winning.

Mozart was the complete musician; his genius did not wholly run in one direction; like the other greatest modern masters, he was master in all kinds,—in symphony as well as in song. But wherein he lives pre-eminent, the best type of a kind, if we would speak of only one, is in the lyric or dramatic union of orchestra and human voices, best shown in his operas, but shown also in his sacred compositions; for masses, requiems, oratorios, in full modern form with orchestra, are in an important sense dramatic, and without the drama they had never been. Accordingly, to symbolize at once the most graceful minister that Music ever had, as well as his peculiarly lyrical province, the artist has given for a central support to the bust the trunk of the German oak, about which, under its umbrageous canopy, circle the three Graces, with flying feet and flowing skirts, linked hand in hand, sisterly, in mutual guidance,—though in truth the middle one guides the other two, for cause which shall appear. In these three Graces he has represented the three characters of music,—the joyous, the sacred, and the tragic. The foremost in the dance, with full open face and open breast, all sunshine and delight, with the right arm thrown up and holding a bunch of grapes over her head, is joyous in the sweetest sense; her other hand is gently detained by her religious sister,—the unspeakably lovely one between us and the oak, whose shoulders thrown back and intent head in half profile, slightly bent in serious, blissful meditation, remind us not a little of Jenny Lind, save that in beauty it exceeds her as far as she exceeded herself when she rose in song. Her left arm sustains, and seems to lead forward, her drooping sister Tragedy, whose head, deeply bent, looks off and downward to the left, and takes the shadow of the picture, while the left arm is gracefully thrown up to balance the raised right arm of the joyous one. At their feet, the masks of Tragedy and Comedy lean against the tree, grouping with the pine-apple of a thyrsus stick. The whole group is exquisite,—so rhythmical, so fluid, free, exhaustless in its movement, that it becomes fugue and music to the eyes,—drapery and all accessories in perfect keeping. Around the top of the oak stem is carved the word "Requiem,"—the last, unfinished work and aspiration of the composer,—below which a wreath of laurel rests upon the oak leaves.

The Mozart seems to us the happiest conception of the three. This one design should be enough to make its author famous.

Beethoven is the subject of the third bust, which also is extremely interesting; and yet to many it will prove the least satisfactory of the three. Indeed, Beethoven is naturally far more difficult to symbolize in art than either of the others. The head, however, modelled mainly from a good bust made in Vienna, and from a drawing on stone, is doubtless far more true to actual life, if not a stronger head, than Crawford's noble, but only ideally true statue. Whether a better bust of Beethoven exists we know not; but certainly none nearly so good has found its way before to America, unless it be in Story's little statuette. It is not, perhaps, so agreeable a face as an admirer of his music and of so grand a character could wish; and one may well doubt whether his best expression,—the only one at all fair to the real man within, which may sometimes have shone out through the rough exterior,—has ever been caught in bust or portrait.

But how to symbolize the genius of Beethoven?—one so many-sided, so profound, struggling with untoward fate, yet full of secret hope and joy beyond the cloud, of glorious aspiration for the human race? one born into the new era, with the hope of universal liberty and sanctity and brotherhood? It is easy to think of his power, and how he wields the thunderbolts and smites in the climax of his harmonies, and how Jove-like and all-conquering, cloud-compelling, he is. The Germans sometimes call him the "Thunderer," and so our artist has chosen for support of the bust *Jupiter Tonans* himself sitting throned upon his eagle, which clutches the thunderbolts in its talons, and soars through immensity. Above the god's shoulders appear two winged genii, holding up the bracket. This is one side of Beethoven, no doubt. Still this counterfeit presentment is not just; Beethoven is no heathen, and it is no *brutum fulmen* which he wields. Jove is the type of just that kind of majesty, that Old World might-makes-right against which Beethoven's whole humanity and genius were a protest. Prometheus, heaven-storming Titan, were a fitter emblem. Still, in the best sense he is, we grant, Olympian. There is a fine truth, too, to the glorious, uplifting sense his music gives us, in the idea of being borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle. The same image has occurred to us while listening transported to one of his symphonies.

But the sweetness, the tenderness, the frolic fancy, are quite as characteristic as the strength and kingliness of Beethoven; and our artist has made the thunderer relax his gravity, and listen with inclined smiling face to a little urchin of a Cupid, seated on the eagle's wing, who, with upraised looks and hands, is telling merry stories to the god of gods,—clearly in allusion to the humorous passages, the scherzos, in Beethoven's music. The thought is a happy one. Nevertheless, the design as a whole is far from giving us the whole of Beethoven; as allegory it is hardly so complete a success—how could it be?—as the two others, though not less admirable as art.

These admirable and most suggestive sculptures, works of art in a high sense, will soon be placed upon the walls of the Music Hall, already rich in artistic adornment, to be seen of all. Just how and where to place them is not so easy a question to settle. The two galleries, running round three sides of the hall, leave no light, open space sufficient except at a great height, between the upper balcony and ceiling. The stage end is filled by the organ and the Beethoven statue. On the opposite wall, far up, each side of the Apollo Belvedere, are panels which would hold them if they were but two; the third might come as a pleasant surprise upon one wandering through the corridors. But which two shall go up? Beethoven and Mozart, historically and every way, are far more nearly related to each other than either is to Palestrina; yet the Palestrina and Mozart, as sculptures, in design and treatment balance each other more perfectly, while the Beethoven is in quite another spirit, and, moreover, would behold his double (how unlike!) across the hall below. But there is a relation, suggested above, between the three, which would seem to outweigh all others, and to dictate that all three should be displayed, if possible, together in one row. For they mark (whether the artist thought of this or not), *as the artist has treated them*, the three great stages in the development of music. In Palestrina we have the pure harmony of voices carried up to perfect art. In Mozart we have the dramatic union of vocal and instrumental music. In Beethoven we have the highest expression of pure instrumental music,—music completely emancipated from words, music self-sufficient, leaning upon no other art, the genius of the symphony *par excellence*: for therein is he greatest, beyond all others, though he too has written a *Missa Solemnis* which is sublime, and an opera with which one other only can dispute the palm.

Palestrina, highest type of vocal harmony, complete in itself, without instruments; Mozart, type of vocal and instrumental music blended in dramatic forms; Beethoven, pure instrumental music, ideal, soaring beyond human limitations. It is, perhaps, only stating the same relation in another way to speak of Palestrina as the representative of pure Italian art in music; of Mozart as the union of the Italian and the German genius,—he woos the Italian graces to dance around

the German oak,—of Beethoven, as pure German of the Germans.

We trust our citizens will feel such active pride in the possession of these fine works of art as shall lead, not only to their being put some day into marble, but to the enlargement of the group by ordering from the same sculptor similar busts of two or three more great representative composers. The noble gift should be a noble impulse to us in the same direction.

Auber's New Opera.

(From Spiridion's Letter in the Evening Gazette).

PARIS, February, 1868.

When a man of eighty-seven lives, he does all that may reasonably be expected of him. It is much more than the majority of men are able to do. If he jauntily carries this burden, which seems intolerable to men who wince under the load of fifty, sixty or seventy Christmases, he deserves applause. If in this winter of life he bring forth flower and fruit, we may with reason cry: Miracle! It does seem incredible a man should be able, at a period of life when all of his contemporaries, after playing the part of father, grandfather and great grandfather, have been gathered to their innumerable generations of ancestors, it does seem incredible a man under these circumstances should be able to bring forth a work full of animation, chequered with every variety of emotion, even those one had supposed to lurk only in youthful bosoms, melodious and dramatic enough to keep attentive for hours an audience satiated with pleasures. This miracle Mons. Auber has wrought.

To pretend his last opera moves in the measure of airy elegance, possesses as much arch, saucy petulance, glitters with the gems of brilliant thought to be found in the works he composed from 1830 to 1840, would be an impertinence. The aged oak, sound as it is, has some hoary moss on it. Nevertheless the new opera would be remarkable signed by any composer. "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur" is laid in India during the war between the English and French. *Gaston de Maillepré* (Capoul) is a French officer who has never known what it was to be happy, for whenever good fortune befell him, it was instantly followed by such ill fortune he was left more wretched than ever. For instance a great estate was left to him, but the same mail which brings him this intelligence communicates likewise to him the information that a great many suits have been brought against him by disappointed members of his family to recover some portion of the estate. Foremost among these litigious kindred is *Bergerac* (Prilleux). *Gaston* is promoted to the rank of colonel; his most intimate friend, *de Mailly* (Melchissedic) thinks this promotion does him injustice, quarrels with *Gaston* and forces a duel upon him. *Helene* (Mme. Marie Cabel), an Englishwoman whom he met some years before at London and fell at first sight in love with her, he meets in India and under an engagement, secured by oath, to marry his cousin, *Sir John* (Sainte Foy). You see every gleam of happiness has a very dark shadow accompanying and he is still ignorant of one day of unclouded happiness. There has been a truce between the English and French armies and it has terminated; but *Sir John* and *Helene* are ignorant hostilities have recommenced and have wandered into the French lines. She is sent back to the English camp, escorted by *Bergerac* and *de-Mailly*. *Sir John*, being a military man, is placed under arrest. The English camp is gay, the *Governor General* (Bernard) is about to give a ball. He is *Helene's* guardian. She invites *Bergerac* and *de Mailly* to the ball, and hearing another French officer has been made a prisoner during the night she sends him, too, an invitation, which she would not have done had she heard his name. He is *de Maillepré*, whom she hates as she looks upon him as the instigator of *Sir John's* arrest. *De Maillepré* gives his parole to make no attempt to escape during the ball and receives permission to attend it. The ball is at its height when the *Governor General* receives a despatch informing him *Sir John* has been sentenced to death as a spy and is to be shot the following morning. To beguile the long hours of imprisonment, *Sir John* has sketched a plan of the French fortifications, which leads the French to look upon him as a spy. The *Governor General* instantly orders reprisals, the law of retaliation is the rule of that outlaw, war, life must be sacrificed for life. The English have no officer in their power but *de Maillepré* (*Bergerac* and *de Mailly* are protected by their safe-conduct); orders are given for his execution the following morning. The intelligence quickly spreads through the ball-room and soon no one is ignorant of *de Maillepré's* fate, except the person most concerned—himself. He never was happier, for every body treats him with the utmost kindness and tenderness. Isn't he looked upon as a dying man? *Bergerac* tells him he will discontinue his suit. *De Mailly* withdraws his challenge and apologizes for sending it. *Helene* sees clearer into her heart, it is not hatred she feels for *de Maillepré*, 'tis love, and she confesses it to him. At last he is informed of his doom. "By Jove! I knew this happiness could not last! I never in all my life had one day of happiness!" As it is his last night of earth he turns it to good account, he gambles, dances and saps gaily. At dawn the next morning preparations for his execution are made, when *Sir John* appears. He is the bearer of proposals for an exchange of prisoners. If he fails to negotiate the exchange, he has given his word of honor he will return to the French camp and undergo the sentence of execution delivered on him. *De Maillepré* refuses to accept the exchange, for he knows *Sir John* is to marry *Helene*, and death is preferable to seeing her, who loves him as ardently as she is beloved, in *Sir John's* arms. *Sir John* loves *Helene*, but he loves life more, for there is more than one Helene in the world while another life—no physician can promise that! *Sir John* yields *Helene*, and *de Maillepré* consents to be exchanged and at last enjoys "The First Day of Happiness."

There is in this opera a part which has so slight a connection with the plot I could not introduce mention of it into the analysis. Yet it has a large share in the success of the piece. The best music is in this part, and it is sung by an artist of beauty, grace, attraction and youth, Mlle. Roze. The Djinn's song in the second act, which is sung by *Djelma* (Mlle Roze) is unanimously considered the best piece of the opera. The other favorite pieces are *de Maillepré's* song in the third act, and a duet between *Djelma* and *Helene* in the same act. The general opinion seems to be the opera is very pretty, contains some brillant gems, is superior to Mons. Auber's recent works, but is not to be compared to his more celebrated works. The audience clamored for Mons. Auber. He refused to appear. As the throng dispersed many persons waited at the door to cheer the composer. He was cheered with enthusiasm when he appeared, and was followed by the crowd until he disappeared in the café Anglais, where he gave a supper to the leading performers of his opera. They quitted the table at half-past two o'clock in the morning! Gratifying as these triumphs were Mons. Auber was sad. It would have been unnatural had his spirits not been depressed. The past must have risen before him, with its swarms of beaming, beautiful, fascinating women and brilliant, merry men—all of whom have been many a year under the sod, and the transient nature of everything loved and admired by man, must have struck his mind with great force. The best part of men who live to attain great age is buried long before their death; for we live chiefly in our intimate associates and when they go they carry away with them portions of ourselves.

Italian Opera in St. Petersburg and Elsewhere.

Some time ago, says the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, we offered in these pages a few observations upon the condition of Italian Opera generally, and proved that, properly speaking, it no longer existed, that is: that we no more meet with Italian vocal art such as was everywhere predominant and justly charmed all hearers in the time of Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Malibran, Colbrand, Persiani, Fodor, Ungher, Brambilla, etc., than we find anyone composing such operas as Donizetti, Bellini, and Mercadante wrote for the above singers; that the country where Italian music and Italian singers are to be heard less frequently than any other is Italy itself, because the three or four great voices which come from there are immediately secured for St. Petersburg, London, Paris, or Vienna; that, moreover, the prices which have now to be paid for high C's and flexible gullets are in no proportion to the artistic capabilities, properly so called, of the singers, and that, sooner or later, a reaction will inevitably take place.

Something has now occurred, which, we may reasonably hope, will, if not at once, at least gradually, effect a healthy change in many things, and not in Italian opera alone: *the Emperor of Russia has done away with the Italian Opera in St. Petersburg*, that is: he has withdrawn the grant he used to make it, and thus rendered its further existence impossible.

The reasons which induced the Emperor to take so decided a step are simply that the public of St. Petersburg, unlike the public in other great cities, would not allow themselves to be dazzled by great names, and would no longer pay a high price to see a singer, whose beautiful voice they *heard* ten years ago.—When the Emperor Nicholas sent for an Italian Opera company to St. Petersburg, the celebrated singers of that period, though no longer in the prime of their powers, were still great vocal artists, who sang beautifully. Screech-opera was not then invented, and the singing, which now wearies Verdites, was at that date accounted beautiful. The artists, who shrank perhaps from the cold climate, warmed up at the idea of the colossal sums offered them. They remained for some years at St. Petersburg, and then returned to Paris to repose forever on their laurels. We recollect having heard at Berlin, in April, 1852, Tambinardi, Persiani, Tamburini, and Rossi on their way *from* St. Petersburg—the performance being the last previous to the final retirement of these splendid artists from the stage—and, at the risk of being accused of heresy as belonging to those persons who think the Past alone beautiful, we say: It was the *last* real *Italian* opera we ever heard.

The successors of the above artists in St. Petersburg did not rank as high in art, but they were much higher—in their demands. The grant made to the Theatre by the Emperor Nicholas, was raised by the Emperor Alexander, and the most celebrated Italian singers hastened to St. Petersburg. They scarcely deigned to honor other cities with a few performances; if they did so, it was only after the season in the capital of the Czaars. Tamberlick, Graziani, Madame Barbot, etc., were simply transient meteors elsewhere; in St. Petersburg they were fixed stars.

But gradually the brilliancy of these stars paled; the attendance of the public decreased more and more, and turned to—the German and the French Theatre, particularly to the former. Vain were all the efforts made by Imperial Chamberlains and Intendents, as well as by the management, to entice the rich aristocratic families back again to their once favorite theatre: "The commons became shorter, and the faces longer," as Heine says. His Majesty, the Emperor Alexander, who frequently attended the Italian opera lately, was convinced by what he himself saw that its fall could not be prevented,* so, taking a quick and decided resolution, he relieved the Imperial privy purse of an immense and entirely fruitless expenditure.

A French paper remarks very justly that the determination adopted by his Majesty, the Emperor Alexander, cannot fail to be followed by the most favorable results for Italian opera generally. The gentlemen and ladies connected with it will no longer charge so much for their laryngean efforts, when they cannot meet a request for an abatement of price with the threat "If I do not obtain that *here*, I will go to St. Petersburg; there they will give me even more." When the system of enormous prices has been abolished, we may hope to have something like *ensemble*, which hitherto was to be expected rather in the second-class companies, than in the performance of so styled *premiers sujets*. The lowering, moreover, of the diapason in the chink of Italian salaries will, most decidedly not be quite without its effect on the temperament of that received by others.

From the point of view of art, what has happened at St. Petersburg should be joyously welcomed!

*The last representation of *Otello* brought in 150 roubles.

(From the Commercial Bulletin).

An Incan(can)tation Scene.

WITCH IS SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM MACBETH.

SCENE FIRST.

A Blasted Dull Season—Jersey Lightning and Stage Thunder.

[Enter three Managers].

1st Man. How shall we three get more tin?
What's the dodge that's sure to win?
2d Man. Some sensation must be done—
Something that will have a run.
3d Man. Let's foul the stage with women fair,
With all the clothes off that we dare.
[Managers vanish.]

SCENE SECOND.

Clear Stage—Flats in the distance.

[Enter three Managers].

1st Man. Where hast thou been, brother?
2d Man. Catching Fawns.
3d Man. Brother, where thou?
1st Man. The public all had greenbacks in their hands,
And paid, and paid, and paid.
Give me, quoth I:
Sensations, man, for greenbacks, they all said.
So now a spectacle shall court the gale,
And shortened skirts shall be th'attractive sail.

And as the brokers do in copper-stocks,
When comes the rise that brings them in the rocks,
I'll sell, I'll sell, I'll sell.

2d Man. I'll give thee a scene.
1st Man. Thou art keen.
3d Man. And I another.
1st Man. Good! I myself will get up others;
And the very views they show—
Mountains, valleys, ice and snow,
Trees, and rock, and waterfall,
Knightly castle, palace hall,
Disguised by scenic painter's brush,
With blazing tinsel bright shall blush,
And the public it shall seek
To see them all eight times a week.
If it wants the blaze and glare,
It shall have the largest share.
Look what I have!
2d Man. Show me, show me.
1st Man. Here I have a critic's eye,
That no free tickets e're could buy.
3d Man. Dry up, keep shy,
Legitimate drama's coming by.

[Enter Legitimate Drama and Genteel Comedy.]

L. D. So dull a season I've not known.
G. C. What are these, so seedy in their attire.
That look not like stage managers,
And yet are on it? Is business good,
Or are the houses shy?
You seem to understand me,
By each at once his knowing finger laying
Beside his bulbous nose.
L. D. Speak, if you can. What prospects?
1st Man. Alas! for thee, legitimate—quite weakly.
2d Man. Alas! for thee, legitimate—declining
3d Man. Alas! for thee, legitimate—quite played out.
G. C. What! shall the legitimate have cause to fear?
In the name of common sense,
Why do you start?
Is it a new thing in dramatic art?
Speak, and I'll hear—perhaps will strike thee after—
My business is in making hits and causing laughter.
1st Man. Bully!
2d Man. Bully for you!!
3d Man. Stick!!!
1st Man. Lighter than legitimate, but weightier.
2d Man. Not so brilliant, but more sparkling.
3d Man. Thou shalt want houses, but draw none.
1st Man. Legitimate and Comedy step out—quick, curtain—vanish.
Comedy. Whither will they go?
L. D. To some snug parlor in a good hotel,
There to concoct a spectacle of—well,
A red-fire piece of gauze and glitter sham,
A senseless show and plot not worth a dramatist's competition—yet 'twill cram
The theatre nightly to repletion.

SCENE THIRD.

A Pit (or a Parquette, just as you like)—In the Centre a Boiling Cauldron—Flash of Calcium Lights and "Thunders of Applause."

[Enter three Managers].

1st Man. Thrice the public failed to come
To local dramas badly done.
2d Man. Thrice the gallery have "gone back"
On Yankee girl and Paddy Whack.
3d Man. Thrice Horse Opera and French Spy
Have I played to houses shy.
All. Now, as sure as "eggs is eggs,"
Something's wanted new in legs.
1st Man. Round about the stage we go,
In the big sensation throw.
Glare and Glitter—that alone
Is sure to have a healthy run.
Paint and gold in every spot,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
Double, double, prices double,
Stick the public for our trouble.
2d Man. Dancers lithe as any snake,
In the Cancan whirl and shake;
Painted faces, bosoms bare,
Well-chalked shoulders, eyes that stare,
Naked limbs and well-turned arms,
Shortened skirts to show their charms—
Round the stage with toil and trouble
Let the ballet boil and bubble.
3d Man. Silks and satins, velvets, laces,
Eyes that languish, showy faces,
Pads and powder, tights and curls,
Banners, music, crowds of girls,
Nymphs and naiads, elves and fays,
Flocks of fools to throw bouquets,
Trash and nonsense for a plot
Throw in the dramatic pot.
All. Double, double, prices double,
Red-fire burn and cauldron bubble.
1st Man. Warm it up with printers' ink,
Ask the critics out to drink;
Oyster-suppers and cigars
For lively puffs of dancers' pas;
Champagne served out liberally,
Introductions to the ballet;
A few free tickets scattered round
Will make the charm up strong and sound.
2d Man. By my ears so loudly humming,
Something good is this way coming.
Open gates,
Whoever waits.

[Enter Legitimate Drama.]

L. D. How now, ye cool and calculating crew,
What is't ye do?
All. A spectacle for fame.
L. D. I conjure you by all your past offences,
Before you throw down modesty's defences,
Answer me straight—I'd know the consequences.
1st Man. Say if of us to know you seek,
Or will you have the future speak?
L. D. Call up the future—you can that consult—
Show me the future and the grand result.
All. Show honest eyes, grieve honest hearts,
Speak of new theatric parts.

(*Storms of Hisses—Dead Head rises, with an order in hand.*)

Managers. Hear his complaint, but
Promise no free pass.
Dead Head. Beware! Beware!
The drama's gone, alas!
The cup of lust is drained most to the dregs,
The public eye is nearly tired of legs,
Beware, theatric gags—dismiss me, I have had enough
Blue fire, French dancing—all that kind of stuff.
L. D. Whoe'er thou art,
For thy advice so plain,
I volunteer
A bottle of champagne.

(*Exit D. H., amid a shower of crackers.*)

2d Man. Forbid it, Jersey! Shade of all free lunches,
List to this ghost,
Then call for whiskey-punches
More potent than the first).

(*Ghost of a woman rises disguised in a dress reaching to her feet*).

Ghost. Legitimate Drama, list to me.
L. D. Had I three ears I'd give them all to thee.
Ghost. Then stand you firm and mind your ancient duties,
Nor heed the squirm of half-clad ballet-beauties;
Your life is sure, for in their moments calmer,
The public taste will still uphold the drama.
Till Boston pride is hid beneath a pall—
Till honest men fill Gotham's City Hall—
Till great Chicago thinks it sin to boast—
Till Cincinnati saves her pigs to roast—
When San Francisco moves "down east" for sport,
And Portland's natural sea-port is forgot—
When you can eat pea-porridge with a fork—
When G. F. Train shall rather think than talk—
When all these things so strange shall come about,
Then may dramatic taste, perhaps, die out.
Drama. That will never be!
But more I'll see.
All. Seek to know no more,
Or brisk burlesque will be a heavy bore.
Drama. Yes, yes, another, yet another line—
I'd know the causes of my own decline.
All. Ring the traps up from the cellar—
Show him what the public swallow.
(*A show of eight "popular pieces."*)
Drama. Thou art the offspring of another nation,
And from the French a very free translation—
Another! Concert Hall and Bar displays
The potent *spirit* of our local plays—
The third shows dreadful leaps in rocky dells,
And all the wrongs of Ireland it tells—
A fourth appears who holds a glass,
To show me what will come to pass—
Another glass shows many women fair—
It is another spectacle to make a pair.
And still they come, these dreadful sights,
All bound to run at least a hundred nights.
All. Aye, this is true, and thus we show our hands,
And play whatever public taste demands.
"Everybody last scene"—now the prompters call,
Ring down the curtain—picture—exit all.

(*Managers adjourn to Parker House or Delmonico's, and Drama and Comedy step across the street to "see a man."*)

Composing for the Voice.

(From "The Voice in Singing," by EMMA SEILER.)

Classic art sought as the only aim in its works to represent pure beauty. In the compositions of the old masters regard was had only to the sweetness of melody, and everything was excluded from them that did not fall agreeably upon the ear. But in modern music what is even unfavorable to sensuous pleasure is accepted, and we have accustomed ourselves to a more vigorous and powerful mode of representation, the aim being to excite by sudden contrasts.

In so far as music is to represent the most secret life of the soul, and as in art everything natural, so far as it admits of being idealized and represented, is allowable, this tendency of art in music has its justification. But here, as in everything in which the principles of beauty are concerned, the true limit must not be over-stepped. The old masters composed only in consonances, and Helmholtz has shown scientifically that consonances alone have an independent right to existence. Dissonances, according to Helmholtz, are only permissible as transition points for consonants, having no right of their own to be. Down to Beethoven we find dissonances correctly employed by all the old masters. And greater and nobler effects were attained than are possible to our modern musicians with their accumulation of dissonances and sudden contracts.

With the two composers in whom our modern classic epoch reached its zenith, begins the gradual decline of the art of singing. Mozart held it necessary to his musical education to study in Italy the vocal compositions of the old masters, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of the singing voice. Hence the vocal compositions of Mozart will remain beautiful and to be held up as models for all time, for they will unite the sweetest and loveliest melody with an appreciation of sentiment the noblest and most ideal.

The giant genius of Beethoven, inspired and artistic, found the material developed to perfection by his predecessors, and with overpowering strength forced it to yield itself to his service. His masterworks of composition, in the grandeur of their style, excel everything that had been produced before him. But he has treated the human voice as a subordinate instrument.

Because all that Beethoven produced was grand and beautiful, he has been blindly imitated, and it has been wholly forgotten that music has in all times drawn its best nourishment from song, and only by means of song has it risen to its high estate, and that instruments can never reach what is possible to a thoroughly educated human voice.

A musician, exclusively devoted to the piano, never dreams of writing a concert piece for the violin, because he knows that he is not sufficiently acquainted with the peculiarities of that instrument; but every musician imagines himself able to compose for the human voice, although its peculiar qualities are far more numerous and far more difficult to be rightly dealt with.

The strictly classical musicians of the present reject all Italian music as bad. The objection made to it is, that the music is never adapted to the words, but often expresses something wholly different and sometimes directly opposite to their meaning, and that it never gives back to us any high, poetic sentiment, but aims to bribe us with ornaments only, and accidents. In regard to modern Italian music this judgment may be just. These superficial compositions are a product of Italian music in its decline, and can force for themselves a certain popularity only by their pleasant and easy melodies. Even the old Italian music seems at first sight to pay little or no regard to the sense of the words, especially when the time, according to the classic German method, is set too quick. Upon closer study, however, we soon perceive that, although the music is treated as the chief thing, the meaning of the words is certainly given when the music is rightly performed. Were it not so, our music could hardly ever have been able

to form and develop itself upon and through these old vocal compositions.

As the pictures of Titian, Rubens, and other great painters of that time, who were masters of form as well as of color, will always be considered as works of art and models, so the compositions of the old Italian singing masters and of those who went from their schools are to be held up as examples for vocal composition. In their works, as in all the works of art of that time, form takes precedence of the spirit, that is, the words and their poetic significance are treated as secondary matters. But all the peculiar properties of the human voice find therein due consideration; everything at variance with them is avoided, and every interval, every vowel, is so introduced that the voice can flow out with the greatest perfection. These ornamented compositions can be sung more easily and with less effort than a simple aria of a modern composer.

The fine tact and the correct feeling with which in those old vocal compositions what nature directs was observed, show that they are the works of singers of the golden age of the art of singing, of artists who with an exact knowledge of the beauties and capabilities of the voice possessed, and in those days were compelled to possess, the most thorough culture in the theory of music. When we now sing the wonderful and exquisite compositions of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c., we soon feel the impossibility of giving one or another tone as beautifully as it should be given according to the quality of the voice, and as we are able to give it by itself. Or it is hard for us to strike this or that tone with perfect purity or with the requisite force, &c. These songs are *not* adapted to the voice as the old Italian arias were, but composed without accurate knowledge of the voice, and therefore cannot develop the voice in its highest perfection. Mendelssohn often lays the strongest expression in his soprano songs upon the *f sharp*, the transition tone from the falsetto register to the head voice. For the expression of the highest passion, which requires strength, the head voice is not adapted, at least not in its transition tone. Accordingly, it is usually sought to sound this tone with the falsetto register, to which it is not natural, and is therefore hard to be sung, and also becomes sharp and offensive. Schubert again in his songs commonly so places the words that the favorable vowels seldom come upon the right tones. Schumann also very often uses intervals which come upon the boundary tones of the register, and can hardly be struck with purity. Thus there are very many hindrances to a fine development of the voice, oftentimes in the most beautiful compositions of our times, hindrances, which many of our composers are more or less chargeable with putting in the way.

It is evident from what has been said that it is by no means a matter of indifference how the words of a song are translated into another language. Compositions easily sung naturally lose by translation, for it is generally left entirely to chance whether the appropriate vowels fall upon the right tones. A teacher must take great care, especially in beginning instruction, to give his pupils compositions adapted to singing. All the exercises and solfeggi should be expressly arranged for that purpose, and also so arranged that the pupil shall have steadily increasing difficulties to encounter, in order that the vocal *technique* may be fully illustrated. Along with these exercises and solfeggio, arias should be practised, particularly at the beginning. Arias are preferable to songs, because they usually require more flexibility of voice, and therefore assist the *technique*. In arias the music is more prominent than in ballads, and the sentiment more marked and consequently more easily apprehended. The same words are commonly more often repeated, and must, of course, be sung differently, and thus the pupil is brought acquainted at once with the different external aids to a fine execution.

Music Abroad.

Berlin.

THE CECILIA (Radecke conductor), at its annual concert, brought out Schumann's *Faust* music (scenes of second part) and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. Too much for one evening, thinks the correspondent of the *Neue Zeitschrift*, while he praises the earnest intention and the execution. The soli in both works were sung by Frl. Strahl, Frl. Lorch, and Herren Geyer, Julius Krause and Sieber. Fräulein Strahl distinguished herself in the soprano solo of the Ninth Symphony.

The sixth PHILHARMONIC CONCERT—Scholz conductor—(we translate from the same correspondent, Herr Alexis Holländer) began with a "*Trauermarsch*," posthumous, by Mendelssohn; a composition which seems well enough suited for a funeral, but too poor in invention, too monotonous for a concert, or for a strictly musical appreciation. Herr Stockhausen sang a scena in the character of Lysiart from *Euryanthe*, and two songs by Schubert: "*Greisengesang*" (song of the greybeard) and "*Geheimes*" (the Secret). He was in better condition than on his former visit, and in all the softer passages gave great pleasure by the noble and refined quality of his voice. The Weber opera scena hardly bears transportation from the stage to the concert room. For the strong passages, both in the highest and the lowest tones, Stockhausen's organ is not particularly well adapted. In the Schubert songs, the last especially, one could enjoy the singer's art completely, for he expressed the feeling of the song most perfectly. There was only one thing to disturb: the bad taste of having these Schubert songs accompanied by an orchestra; a small one, to be sure, but even this has means enough to make disturbance. It may answer where the piano accompaniment hints at distinctions of *timbre*, or where certain instruments suggest themselves for characteristic forms of accompaniment, or, finally, where the matter and form of the composition are dramatic. Orchestrate "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," "At the Grave of Anselmo," if you please—but such trifling is out of place in the little song to which a piano accompaniment alone properly belongs. Those stresses rendered back upon the horn on the first quarters of each measure in the song "*Geheimes*" were positively unaesthetic.—In Herr Jean de Graun, a young pupil of Joachim, who played Mendelssohn's violin Concerto and Beethoven's Romanza in F, we recognized a talent worthy of attention. ...An Overture by Vierling, to Kleist's "*Hermannsschlacht*," was played under the composer's direction, and made the impression of an earnest work, only somewhat too much set on characteristic expression, which prevents the free flow of invention until toward the close. The instrumentation is interesting in passages, but suffers on the whole by excessive prominence of the brass. The concert closed with Glinka's always stimulating and refreshing "Kamarins-Kaja."

The second soirée of the DOM-CHOR offered a six-part chorus, "*Dixit Joseph*," by Orlando Lasso; a male chorus, "*Qui tollis*," by Caldara; a double chorus, "*Miserricordias Domini*," by Durante; J. S. Bach's five-part Motet, "*Jesu meine Freude*;" a Motet by Haydn, "*Du bists, dem Ruhm gebühret*;" a chorus by Hauptmann, "*Gott mein Heil*;" and the second Psalm of Mendelssohn. The new things were the two choruses by Caldara and Hauptmann. The most important gift of the evening was the Bach Motet; to hear it is worship, is withdrawal into oneself, a feeling, compared with which all the before named choruses sink to the level of respectable antiquities. And the Dom chor understands how to sing this Motet with all innocence and power, in the true spirit of the work. Frl Zinkeisen sang the "Jerusalem" Aria from *St. Paul* and an air from the *Creation*.

KOTZOLT'S SINGING SOCIETY, too, have given their second soiree. They sang a Madrigal by John Bennet (1599), a five-part choral song by Eccard (1608), a *Minnelied* by the Minnesinger Prince Witzlaff (1325), harmonized by Stade; a chorus song, "The Old Man," by Haydn; a five-part song by Reichel, besides songs by Schumann, Mendelssohn and Hauer:—all *a capella*, with the greatest purity and finest light and shade, as usual with this society. The concert was assisted by the court opera singer Herr Fricke,—a rare guest in our concert halls,—who sang two of Löwe's Ballads and the "*Lindenbaum*" by Schubert, and by Herr Schwanzer, who played Beethoven's Variations in F.

Our Quartet Club, Herren DeAhna, Espenhahn, Richter and Dr. Bruns, opened their second cycle of concerts for this year with three Quartets: Haydn in G major, Mozart in D, and Beethoven in A, op. 18. These artists think not only of virtuoso smoothness of ensemble and of dazzling effects, but rather make it their chief aim to present the musical sense of the works simply and plainly. And this aim they fulfil in good sterling fashion, both in conception and in execution, the purity of the rendering being particularly fine.

Fräulein von Facius gave a matinée for the sufferers in East Prussia, in which she sang songs by Schubert (from the *Winterreise*), Beethoven (two of the Irish songs with trio accompaniment), Rubinstein, Lessmann and Gradier. This lady had already shown her artistic tendency by singing the entire *cyclus* of Schubert's Miller songs. Kapellmeister Reinecke played the B-flat Trio of Beethoven, with Herren Helmich and Dr. Bruns, besides his own Variations on a theme by Bach, and smaller pieces by Hiller, Mendelssohn and Chopin.

Here is a list of concerts in Berlin during the last half of February:

Feb. 14th. Second Quartet evening of De Ahna: A-minor Quartet of Schumann, &c.—*16th.* Church Concert of the Männergesang-Academie, conducted by Julius Fuchs, with the Dilettanten-Orchesterverein: Overture and Organ Passacaglia by Bach; Bass solo with organ, Meyerbeer; air from Handel's "St. Cecilia;" Nicolai's religious Overture, &c.—*17th.* Fourth Quartet Soirée of Hellmich.—18th. Sacred Concert of Schnöpf's Society, with the trombonist Nabich from Leipzig: selections from Gluck, Handel, Bach, Durante (*Magnificat*), &c.—*19th.* Third Soirée of the Dom chor: vocal pieces by Scarlatti, Lasso, Caldara, Song and Cho. Bach, Mathäi, &c.—*20th* Hollaender's Society (for the East Prussians), with Frl. von Facius and Alma Holländer: "Elegischer Gesang," by Beethoven; female choruses by Brahms and Bargiel; chorus ballads by Holländer; Schumann's Quintet, &c.—*22nd.* Concert of the Bach Society (for East Prussia) two Cantatas by Bach, Motet by Palestrina, and *Ave Maria* by Rust.—*23d.* Sacred Concert of Dumack's Society, with Frau Herrenburg-Tuczek and the Symphony Orchestra: *Te Deum*, by Grell; *Ave Maria*, by Bellermann; 90th Psalm, by Dumack; Aria with chorus, by J. Voigt, &c.—*26th.* Blumner's eighth Monday Concert: Schubert's Octet; Spohr's Septet; Aria by Gluck; Songs by Schumann, &c.—*Same Evening.* Hellmich's 5th Quartet Evening: Quartet by Leidgebel (MS.)—*26th.* Concert of the Gustavus Adolphus Society, under Al. Dorn, with the singers Grün, Lorch, DeAhna, Stockhausen, &c., Violin Sonata and free Fantasia by Dorn; choruses and songs by Schumann, Schubert, &c.—*27th.* Fourth Beethoven Evening of the Tonkünstler-verein.—*28th.* Quartet Soirée of Auer, with the brothers Müller.—*29th.* Eighth Philharmonic concert of B. Scholz, with Auer: Schumann's B-flat Symphony; Entr'acte from Schubert's *Rosamund*, &c.—*March 2.* Concert of Brahms and Stockhausen: Variations by Brahms; unprinted Symphonic Etudes by Schumann; six songs from Eichendorf's cyclus, &c.

London.

ST. JAMES'S HALL has been musical all this fortnight. Herr Joachim's return to the Monday Popular Concerts having been recorded at the time, it remains only to add that, after a professional visit to the north, where, according to invariable custom, he took good music with him, he made his second appearance at the morning performance of Saturday, playing first fiddle in the finest of Mozart's string quintets (the one in G minor) and in the ever popular septet, for string and wind instruments, of Beethoven. The pianist at this concert was Herr Ernst Pauer, who afforded another striking proof of his versatility by a capital performance of Mendelssohn's solo sonata in E major—an early work, full of beauties and extremely difficult to execute, but happily not, as was till very recently believed, the only sonata for pianoforte which its illustrious author has

left. The singer was Mlle. Angèle, who, among other pieces, gave Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Will he come," one of the most unaffected and charming songs of the day.

On Tuesday night week "the veteran," Mr. Ransford, held his annual "English concert," which attracted a numerous audience; and on Wednesday the seventh of Mr. John Boosey's well-managed and therefore deservedly popular "London Ballad Concerts" drew an enormous crowd.

On Thursday Mr. Henry Leslie gave another very interesting concert—the third of his promised series. At this the striking features were a "Magnificat" from Mozart *Vesperæ de Dominica;* the glorious "Sanctus" from John Sebastian Bach's elaborate, and in its way unequalled, Mass in B minor—a work of entirely opposite character, but, at the same time the only mass that can be compared in grandeur of design and elaborate treatment with the No. 2, in D, of Beethoven; and, lastly, the first movement ("Kyrie Eleison") of Schubert's Mass in E flat. Most amateurs would have preferred the whole of Bach's mass, or the whole of Schubert's, to a series of fragments; but this, it may be presumed, was impracticable. Enough that the specimens thus offered of the sacred music of three men of genius, who had little or nothing but genius in common, were highly suggestive. The execution of Bach's "Sanctus" was singularly good, and conferred infinite credit on Mr. Leslie and the chorus and orchestra under his direction. By the side of such emphatically devotional music M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in G ("St Cecilia Mass,") a piece of theatrical tinsel, as void of religious depth of feeling as it is artificial and pretentious, seemed flat and spiritless, notwithstanding the merits of the performance, which were above the ordinary. Of a different calibre was the selection ("Gloria" and "Benedictus") from the by many years earliest, and, though least ambitious, not by any means least beautiful of Beethoven's two masses. Here again we had church music of the purest. There was some excellent solo singing at this concert, and from among the rest must be singled out Mr. J. G. Patey's delivery of Pergolesi's air, "O God, have mercy," and Mlle. Carola's of a spirited and highly effective *bravura* from Mr. Costa's *Eli* ("I will extol Thee.") Of the favorable impression created by the new Hungarian lady in the soprano music of *St. Paul*, at the last concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, we have already spoken; and it is enough to say that her brilliant execution of Mr. Costa's air (unanimously encored) more than confirmed it. Mr. Nelson Varley, a new and promising tenor, displayed both ambition and self reliance in attempting the arduous air (with chorus.) "Sound an alarm," from *Judas Maccabæus*, which he declaimed with considerable vigor. The concert, which was limited to sacred music, ended nobly with Handel's "Hallelujah." At the fourth concert Madame Arabella Goddard was to play the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven with Herr Joachim, and at the fifth we are promised the magnificent Reformation Symphony of Mendelssohn.

On Friday week Professor Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, one of the prominent features at the Birmingham music meeting of 1867, was introduced for the first time in London, under the able direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, who also conducted it at the great Midland Festival. What was felt by the Birmingham audience of six months ago was as strongly felt by the audience in St. James's Hall—one of the most musical and critical ever assembled in a London concert room. *The Woman of Samaria* is not merely worthy its composer, but is the work of the day. *The May Queen* of the same composer followed, but of this familiar pastoral, which every one was charmed to hear again, we have nothing new to say. In strict justice, however, it must be recorded that the execution of *The May Queen* was not nearly so good as that of *The Woman of Samaria*. Both are announced for repetition on Friday next.

A concert was given in St. James's Hall on Saturday night, on behalf of the sufferers from the famine in Eastern Prussia. All the artists who coöperated, vocal and instrumental, were Germans, and among them was Herr Joachim, who played one of J. S. Bach's violin solos and the *andante* with variations from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, the pianist being Mlle. Agnes Zimmerman. Bach's concerto for four pianofortes, performed by Mlles. Zimmerman and Kinkel, MM. Ganz and Benedict, with accompaniments of string instruments (directed by Herr Manns, of the Crystal Palace,) and several part-songs, by the Männer Gesangverein, were also in the programme. Mr. Benedict was conductor. The concert was entirely successful; and it is believed that a considerable sum will be handed over to the fund.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Herr Joachim led Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor (Op. 44, No. 2), besides playing with Mme. Schumann Beethoven's sonata in C minor, the last of the three, Op. 30, dedicated to the Russian Emperor, Alexander, and, with Mme. Schumann and Signor Piatti, Schumann's trio in D minor—one of the works in which the peculiar tendencies of that much disputed master are most vividly and characteristically exhibited. Mme. Schumann also played two pieces by Scarlatti and a Gavotte (in D minor) by Bach, the last of which was encored.

The grandest performance of the evening, however, was that of Mendelssohn's noble quartet (MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti), the *scherzo* being tumultuously encored, and played (if possible) even better the second time than the first. The singer was Mr. Vernon Rigby, who sang, "Dalla sua pace," and a new Italian canzonet ("Nulla da te bell' angelo,") one of the most refined and beautiful compositions of Mr. Benedict.—*Mus. World, Feb.* 29.

Another Schubert Symphony. The *Athenæum*, of March 7, says:

Last Saturday's *Crystal Palace Concert* was a memorable one. The production of Schubert's 'Tragic Symphony' was an event,—one which we owe to the energy of Mr. Grove, who, having heard of the existence of a mass of manuscripts from the hand of the author of the 'Erl-könig,' lying dormant in the coffers of Dr. Schneider, of Vienna, (as if the Viennese should not have long ago brought to light treasures of such brilliant lustre as these Schubert manuscripts prove to be!) actually went, last autumn, to the Austrian capital, and returned (to use the Scriptural phrase) "with sheaves in his bosom." Every courtesy and kindness was shown him, we are assured.

The Symphony thus disinterred by British resolution proves well worth the effort. There can be little or no doubt that it is the most important new addition made to our store of Symphonies since Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was produced. In the first place, it is full of fresh, unborrowed, melodious fancies,—clear master-touches of genius. The treatment is throughout of the happiest, some prolixity in the lovely *andante* being allowed for. The orchestral treatment of the themes is excellent, gracious and original. There is abundant contrast in the four movements. The *menuetto* is the one least to our taste, its theme being somewhat rough. The *finale* (that most difficult of all the four movements of a Symphony, inasmuch as it comes the last, when the ear, to some degree satiated, demands quick and forcible sensations to sustain the interest), is the best movement of the four; closing the work, with the needful excitement, totally clear of extravagance. A more distinct impression made by a clear, individual, noble work, is not among our experiences. Why it should have been called a "Tragic Symphony" we cannot understand. There is nothing in it of 'Medea,' nothing of 'Hamlet,' nothing of 'Egmont,' —as we were reminded on hearing it after Beethoven's immortal Overture. But, as a specimen of pure, real music, its value was brought into fullest relief by its contrast with the performance, which closed the concert, of the 'Tannhäuser' Overture. The sixteen bars which open the introduction of this bombastic piece of nothingness [!] include one of the two melodies which Herr Wagner has found or concocted,—that of the 'Spinning Chorus,' in 'The Flying Dutchman,' being the other. To our poor judgment, this overture is a wretched piece of pretension; though, as we have been triumphantly assured, the fiddlers wear out the hair on their bows in the final *crescendo*, which is no *crescendo* at all; the figure thereof, only half heard in this dismal peroration, having been anticipated by Cherubini in his perfect Overture to 'Lodoiska.'

Munich.—From a statement published by the Intendant, of the performances at the two Theatres Royal last year, it appears that 120 operas, 1 oratorio, and 9 ballets were played. Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was given for the first time, and proved eminently successful. The revivals were *Jessonda*, Spohr; *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Richard Wagner; and *Johann von Paris*, Boieldieu. The composer, whose works were represented most frequently, was Meyerbeer, who claims 15 evenings; next comes Lortzing with 11; then Mozart with 9; and Bellini with 6.—Gluck's *Armida* will be revived next month.—Herr Richard Wagner has been again staying here a short time.

Milan.—The Quartet Association under Bazzini's direction have given two concerts, the second of which was even more successful than the first. The programme of the first included: Quintet, Boccherini; Quintet with Clarionet, Weber; Serenade for the Violin, Haydn (admirably played by Bazzini); and Quartet in C, op. 59, Beethoven. The programme of the second contained: Trio, Rubinstein; "Abendlied," Schumann; and Quartet, Schubert.—*Don Carlos* is in rehearsal at the Scala, Signr. Maria Destin being engaged to play the Princess Eboli.—A new opera, *Il Duello*, by Ferrara, has been produced at the Teatro Re, but with only moderate success.—At the Teatro Carcano, *Don Juan* will be followed by *Il Trovatore*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 28, 1868.

Music in Boston.

We must first go back to the Extra Symphony Concert, given by the Harvard Musical Association, in compliment to their esteemed Conductor, Carl Zerrahn. A solid compliment it was in every way, the Music Hall being nearly as well filled, and with essentially the same truly music-loving audience, that has rallied in such numbers and listened with enthusiasm to all the Symphony Concerts this season; the orchestra, too, being in full force and entering into it with a hearty will to do their best, and the programme made up of such sterling matter as the following:

Trumpet Overture, in C, op. 101 No. 30 of the Posthumous Works. First time in Boston....Mendelssohn.
Unfinished Symphony, in B minor, (posthumous). Schubert.
P.F. Concerto, in E flat, op. 73 ....Beethoven. Ernst Perabo.
Fifth Symphony, in C minor.....Beethoven.

Mr. Zerrahn was very warmly welcomed as he came to the Conductor's stand, and all felt that it would not be his fault if the posthumous Overture did not sound well. We think it proved more enjoyable to many than they had quite dared to anticipate. We could perceive no reason why it should be called a "Trumpet Overture;" the trumpets have no particularly prominent part to play in it, except that they blow a good blast in the opening *tutti*. Possibly the trumpet-like character of a little phrase given to softer instruments and frequently recurring as a motive may have suggested the idea to some publisher, but we suspect the title never came from Mendelssohn himself. It is a singular Overture for him, in parts quite characteristic of him, in other parts not so at all. Perhaps it was the consciousness of a certain want of unity of character that made him unwilling to send it out to the world during his lifetime. In listening to the opening portion one would be little apt to think of Mendelssohn; the style is formal, contrapuntal, not so very unlike Handel; the ideas commonplace, but strong and wholesome, so that you are borne along with life and vigor. In the middle portions, on the other hand, it falls into the well-known Mendelssohnian romantic vein of the *Hebriden* Overture, the Scotch Symphony, the *Mélusina*, &c. It ends in the style of the beginning, but worked up to an imposing climax. It was well played, and is a valuable addition to our stock of concert Overtures, although much inferior in originality and charm to its author's more familiar overtures, which we feel to be about his very best works.

We were thankful for the chance to hear the Schubert fragments by the larger orchestra. Plainly they were listened to with deep and general interest, and doubtless there were some in ecstacy with the two movements, ready to declare they never heard so wonderful a Symphony. The charm, we fancy, was not so much symphonic, as

in the main sentimental and dramatic. Saddero music we have hardly listened to; much of it, the Andante especially, sounds much in the vein of very tragic modern operatic music on the stage. There are beautiful themes, as we have said before; there are lovely passages, and passages that for the time are great, seeming to stir the orchestral forces from their lowest depths, as if about to grow and swell into a sublime symphonic whole, like the great one in C. But such passages are momentary.

Mr. PERABO's appearance was a graceful free-will offering, and most welcome. The "Emperor Concerto," as the English musicians call it, with Perabo to play it, was certainly not the least attractive or sterling feature of the concert. He played it admirably, better even than before, entirely from memory, and the effect was inspiring. He played *con amore*. Of the Fifth Symphony, which is at least one of the three or four that can put in a claim to be considered the most perfect among *great* Symphonies, there is no need of saying more than that it was played with uncommon spirit, making the deep impression which it never fails to make here when it is fairly rendered. Such a work can never grow old.

Mr. B. J. LANG had "the pleasure" he so courteously craved "of introducing to the musical public of Boston" the *Eighth Book of Songs without Words* (first brought to light so recently) by his favorite composer. He must have had that pleasure in a high degree, introducing them to an audience so select, so large, and so much gratified as that assembled in Chickering Hall on the afternoon of March 18. He played the six little pieces, not in the order in which they appear in print, but with due regard to succession of keys and contrast, as in the programme which here follows:

Grand Sonata, Op. 22, in B flat maj. for Piano. Beethoven
Allegro con brio. Adagio con molto espressione. Menuetto Allegro.
Eighth Book of Songs without Words.... Mendelssohn
In the following order, twice.
No. 1, in E min —Andante un poco agitato
London, June 1st. 1842.
No 6, in C maj —Andante. ....London, July 5th, 1842.
From a manuscript in the possession of Mrs Weber.
No. 5, in A maj —Allegro vivace Leipzig, Dec. 12th, 1845
No 2, in D maj.— Adagio.
From a manuscript in the possession of Mrs Klingemann
No 4, in G min —Un poco agitato ma andante
Feb. 14th, 1841.
No 3, in C maj —Presto.....Dec. 12th, 1845
Sonata, op. 58, in D maj, for P F. & 'cello Mendelssohn.
Allegro assai vivace Allegretto scherzando. Adagio. Molto allegro e vivace.

After hearing the new *Lieder* played twice through by Mr. Lang, and very beautiful and clearly, he entering into the spirit of them, besides reading them over and over since they have been republished here, we cannot feel that they are equal to the best among those we knew before; and yet they have the real Mendelssohn flavor; there is no mistaking them as his. They are reproductions of several of the old types, so characteristic of him, and which never of course can appear so original again as when they first took form for us. They are less ambitious efforts than many of those, though none the less genuine and graceful; true little tone-poems certainly and full of feeling. They are at least much better than those of the 7th set, excepting one. And we confess that they all grow upon us.

Naturally the two brightest took most readily with an audience. The one in A, (No. 5) is just such a blithe, exhilarating little "Spring Song" as Felix several times produced; blue skies and dewy freshness; the harmony crystal clear. The other, No. 3, a whirling *Tarantella* movement, is also very charming. Most beautiful in point of melody and depth of feeling is to us the *Andante agitato* in G minor (No. 4), though it is but another variation of one of Mendelssohn's well known moods; from him no new revelation. But it is singularly beautiful, this sweet sad, pleading melody, clothed in loose flowing arpeggio as if accompanied by but a single voice. More *agitato*, and more fiery, with broad full-chord accompaniment, is the other Andante, in E minor; but less interesting. Here the *agitato* is in the little catching, syncopated phrases of the middle voices, as it were second violins and violas, while the bass rocks steadily in full chords.—The *Adagio* in D, in four-part writing, is full of sweet, deep, calm religious feeling,—a piece one needs must fall in love with.—The Andante, No. 6, in C, is a regular four-part song, like some in the earlier sets; grave and stately, yet familiar.

If asked which are the finest of the six songs, we should find it hard to choose between three: the Adagio in D, the Andante in G minor, or the "Spring Song." But our musical friends are already studying and choosing for themselves, for with characteristic promptness our publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co., have already issued a neat reprint of the *Eighth Book*.

We did not think Mr. Lang quite so happy in his interpretation of the Beethoven Sonata as he is with Mendelssohn; but the Sonata Duo, with WULF FRIES, went splendidly and was worth the whole.

A beautiful, sincere occasion was the little concert complimentary to Mr. WULF FRIES, so quietly organized among his friends and pupils, given at Chickering's on Thursday afternoon, March 19. The room was filled with the best company, and fragrant with fresh flowers, for the whole stage was embowered with plants, exquisitely arranged by fair hands. The musical selection was equally choice, and of course the artists could not but be inspired.

1 Sonata, in A major, op. 69, for Pianoforte and Violoncello .....Beethoven.
Messrs. PERABO and FRIES.
2 Song, with Violoncello obligato.... ..... Kuchen.
"Der Himmel hat eine Thrne geweint."
Mr KREISSMANN
3. Adagio, for Violoncello.... .....Mozart.
Mr WULF FRIES
4 Song "Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge steigt"
R Franz
Mr. KREISSMANN
5. Quintet, in B flat major, op 87.....Mendelssohn.
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB

That Sonata, one of the happiest of Beethoven's inspirations, so original, spontaneous, perfect in every movement, while singularly lacking a slow movement as such, was admirably rendered by both artists' and gave great delight. The tones of Mr. Fries's 'cello never sounded more sweet and rich and marrowy, and they had fine chance (which they improved) to tell their feeling in the almost vocal melody of that lovely Adagio by Mozart. Mr. KREISSMANN sang most beautifully. And the strong Mendelssohn Quintet, so breezy and exciting in the first and last Allegros, was played with a will by the Quintette Club in honor of their tried old comrade, who has been of them from the first.

Our neighbors in Brookline have a Choral Club, who meet at one another's houses for the practice of of good music under the good direction of Mr. KREISSMANN, on whose residence among them they may be congratulated. Read the choice programme of one of their little social concerts:

Stabat Mater ..... Pergolese
Quartet from Fidelio.....Beethoven.
Duet from Figaro .... Mozart.
Terzet from Stabat Mater..... .....Astorga.
Spring Song, Quartet ..... R. Franz.
Magnificat..... .....Durante.

Excellent promise this. Quality before quantity: should be the motto for all Art unions. The Club is small, but if it will keep on in this way, it may prove the germ of a true *Sing-Academie*.

The "Grand Combination Concert," of Mme. GAZZANIGA, LEOPOLD DE MEYER, &c., in the Music Hall, March 13, had its points of interest; chief of which was the remarkably fine violin playing of Herr LISTEMANN. His selections were of the virtuoso order:—part of a Paganini Concerto, and Slavonic airs as strung together and bedecked by Vieuxtemps. His tone is slender, but sweet, pure, searching, his execution marvellously perfect, and the whole performance at once finely true and full of feeling and *abandon*. Mme. GAZZANIGA still sings like a woman of soul and an artist, though her voice has lost much of its freshness. Sig. ARDAVANI proved himself an uncommonly good baritone singer, and Mr. SAMUEL P. WARREN (like Paine, a pupil of Haupt) an excellent organist, though he had small chance in such a concert. DE MEYER was more extravagant than ever, never more at home apparently than in the "*Grande Duchesse*."

CONCERTS COMING. Doubtless the most tempting to a large circle of choice musical spirits are:

Mr. OTTO DRESEL's Piano forte "Readings," as he calls them,—by way of intimating (we suppose) the informal, unpretending nature of the entertainment, the programmes shaping themselves to mood and circumstance, leaving the artist free from all the fetters and the fret of pledges. And this is an artist who can be safely trusted with that freedom. Indeed in this way we are pretty sure to get the best of one of the truest interpreters of true tone-poets only. We need only say that the "Readings" begin *next Thursday afternoon*, at Chickering's, and will be continued on the four following Thursdays of April.

NEXT *Tuesday evening* brings the fourth and last chamber concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The great Quartet in F, of the Rasumowsky set, by Beethoven, will be the main feature; and Mr. PERABO will play, besides a solo, a Sonata Duo of Beethoven with WULF FRIES.

A SYMPHONY CONCERT, for the Cretans, will be given by the Harvard Musical Association on Monday Afternoon, April 20th,—immediately after and in aid of the Ladies' Fair for the same humane object. Among the attractions of the programme will be Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, which Mr. HUGO LEONHARD (to the joy of all who heard it before) has kindly offered to play again. Tickets, with reserved seats, at $1 00, are now ready at the Music Hall.

Mr. PECK, of the Music Hall, for his annual benefit, has secured the services of Mme. PAREPA-ROSA and CARL ROSA, and of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who will help make up an attractive first part before the "Son and Stranger," Mendelssohn's little opera, the entire music of which will be given for the first time here with orchestra and good solo artists, Mr. LANG conducting.

Mr. GILMORE, this and to-morrow evening, "does the secular and the "sacred" by means of a Grand Italian Opera Troupe, beginning with Mme. LaGrange, Brignoli, Mlle. Stella Bonheur (happy stars!), &c., &c., and tapering off with solo on the cithern. He is also grown so classical as to announce an Italian "Symphony,"—not by Mendelssohn, but by—Brignoli! Perhaps a tenor Symphony.

AN EVENING FOR THE CRETANS. Here is the programme of the very successful entertainment given last Monday evening at the Chapel of the Hollis Street Church; Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE was the reader (from her own recent poems and notes of travel), and ERNST PERABO the pianist:

Reading. Visit to Crete
Piano Sonata in F Minor, Op 142 ... Schubert.
Reading, Italy .....Kirchner.
Piano. a "Albumblatter, F major
b. " Op 7, G minor.
c Prelude in B flat major
Reading Poem: "To Venice."
Piano. Fifteen Variations in E flat.....Beethoven

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONICS. We cheerfully give place to the following correction :

"Your Correspondent from Brooklyn has twice mis-stated the number of our Orchestra, saying that the programme was done as well as could be with *forty-five* in the orchestra. We have had *sixty* in the orchestra for several seasons. This season the funds are lower than usual (the musical barometer in these parts being low all around), and our expenses have been reduced to as low a figure as possible ; still the band number as follows: 9 1st Violins, 8 2nd, 7 Viole, 7 'Celli, 7 Contra Bassi, 2 Flauti, 2 Clarinetti, 2 Oboi, 2 Fagotti, 4 Corni, 2, Trombi, 3 Tromboni, 1 Tuba, 1 Tympani, 1 Cymbals, Triangles, etc. Total 58.

The bills are for never less than fifty-five members. When the subscription warrants, the orchestra will be increased to eighty, which number in our acoustically perfect "Academy" will leave nothing to desire. The last concert was a great success, musically and financially, owing in a great measure to the services of Miss Phillips. I enclose a rehearsal programme of the 5th concert which promises better than well. The work of keeping up this excellent society and criterion of good musical taste in our midst devolves upon a few enthusiasts in good (as you say in Boston) music, and if the fates do not entirely go against us, the Society will continue to flourish ; but we don't want your readers to suppose that we were obliged to fall from sixty in the orchestra to forty-five, and I beg you will print this hasty note from your old friend.

GEORGE WM. WARREN.
Chairman Music Committee.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16. On Saturday we listened to the 4th of Mason and Thomas's classical Soirées (at Irving Hall). The programme was an interesting one :

Quartet, D minor, op 77.....Raff.
P F. Quintet, E flat, op. 44.....Schumann.
Quartet, B, op 18, No. 6.....Beethoven.

The Raff Quartet is excellent, well worked up and including many fine ideas ; it is a work of great talent. The Adagio in G is charming, its theme a genuine song without words, and the subtle harmonies enwreathing it masterly in their surprises. The second movement, Scherzo, is attractive, with a neat little episode appearing first in D major and afterwards in B flat major. Altogether the Quartet made a most favorable impression.

The feature of the Soirée was, inevitably, the Quintet. Strong, vigorous, and full of health, it is a worthy example of Schumann's broad and noble genius. To speak of the movements *seriatim* would require too much space ; suffice it to say that the second, "*In modo d'una marcia*, is the most captivating.

The final Quartet, an old favorite, belongs to the genuine, fresh, early Beethoven period, and there is in it but little of the breadth and grandeur peculiar to the later works of the author.

It appears that Signor Brignoli has written a "romantic Symphony" called "A Sailor's Dream," and that it is soon to be performed at the Academy of Music under the composer's personal direction. Ye Gods ! "here's richness !"

Somebody in the N. Y. *Weekly Review* has been feebly throwing dirt at Mendelssohn, apropos of the Italian Symphony, performed at the last Philharmonic concert, and calls him a "*petite maitre de musique*," &c. Alas, poor Mendelssohn ! fortunately he is not alive to sink under the weight of this crushing dictum. F.

MARCH 23. This has been eminently a musical week. On Wednesday evening, Ole Bull's first concert ; Thursday evening, the "Elijah ;" Friday evening and Saturday morning an Ole Bull concert and matinée ; and on Saturday evening, Mr. Theo. Thomas's fifth Symphony Soirée.

A decade has passed since the Norwegian violinist has played in this city. The enthusiastic greeting which he received on Wednesday from a very large audience—some 1800 or 2000 people—must have convinced him that our musical public has held him in pleasant and appreciative remembrance. Who does not remember what Longfellow says of him in the "Wayside Inn."

> "Erect the rapt musician stood ;
> And ever and anon he bent
> His head upon his instrument,
> And seemed to listen, 'till he caught
> Confessions of its secret thought."

Of his playing, one must say that clearness of tone and rapidity of execution are the leading characteristics. He was warmly applauded and of course encored—as indeed were all the artists who assisted him—but his selections were hardly calculated to move one irresistibly. The "Nightingale Fantasia" and the "Mother's Prayer" (both by himself) are rambling, disconnected, and in themselves uninteresting, being only redeemed from mediocrity by the wonderful sentiment and expression which the artist throws into them. His best success was an exceedingly unique and very beautiful arrangement for violin *alone* (his encore pieces are always unaccompanied) of "*La ci darem* ;" his firm, clear, accurate management of three parts simultaneously was a piece of consummate skill.

In lieu of orchestra the accompaniments were supplied by G. W. Morgan (organ), Edward Hoffman (piano) and Toulmin (harp) ; the effect was not a thoroughly good one. Sigs. Severini and Pollack, with Mad. Varian, contributed each two solos. The latter acquitted herself fairly, in spite of her extremely futile attempt at a D flat in Auber's "Laughing Song." Edwd Hoffman displayed much facility of finger. Severini, who has an excellent voice, pronounced none of his syllables distinctly. Sig. Pollack seemed far too mournful to enjoy his solos, and G. W. Morgan hardly did himself justice.

On Thursday evening, "Elijah" was given by the N. Y. Harmonic Society with the following leading soloists : Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Simpson, J. R. Thomas and Mrs. Kempton. A more discreditable and thoroughly unsatisfactory performance I have rarely heard ; the chorus force was very unevenly balanced, the sopranos being weak and the tenors boisterously strong. I am compelled to say that the recitatives, not including those of Simpson and Mme. Parepa, were sung in an utterly hard, wooden manner ; indeed those of Mr. Thomas were often very inaccurate and untrue to score.

Everything was painfully uncertain and disconnected, excepting always the efforts of Mme. Parepa and Simpson. Had the latter made some approach to distinctness in his articulation he would have done admirably. The charming "Angel Trio" lost its proper and intended effect because the lowest voiced angel thought proper to use a perpetual tremolando, which was simply and utterly absurd.

As a whole the Oratorio left a most favorable impression, and it is certainly an insult to an intelligent audience to offer such an incomplete and apparently unrehearsed performance.

At the Friday evening concert and at the Saturday matinée, which latter was attended (despite the inclemency of the weather) by about 1000 people, Ole Bull strengthened the favorable impression created at his initial concert. His double-note playing was something wonderful and delightful, reminding me, in a lesser degree, of Joachim.

A tremendous snow-storm prevented my attending the Symphony Soirée on Saturday evening, and I am therefore unable to give any account of it. I regret this the more as it was the last of the series, and the programme, which included the *Eroica* Symphony, was a good one. F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Oh, native scenes. Song. *G. L. Perring.* 50
A very good concert song, of medium difficulty.

The Rhine, the beautiful river. (Im Rhein). *Franz.* 25
We welcome one of these songs as we welcome the sight of a new precious jewel.

Three to one. Bar two. Racing song. *Merion.* 30
Good for the "Man on Horseback" to sing.

Where the grass grows green. *Clifton.* 30
A really pretty and touching song of "old Ireland."

Grant at the head of the nation. *Fiske.* 30
A stirring campaign song.

As Pat came over the hill, or The Whistling Thief. *W. H. Lee.* 30

Not for Joseph. 30
The last has a title that is catching, and already shows sign of becoming a common expression in conversation. The first is one of the best Irish songs recently published

Old worn out slave. Song and Chorus. *White.* 35
Worn out slaves are things of the past, but this "White" man has made an interesting song about them, nevertheless.

Fond mem'ries of the past. Ballad. *Keller.* 30
Sweet and pleasing ballad.

Instrumental.

Friendship Grand March. *O. Harrison.* 40
Very spirited, and not difficult.

Cornflower Waltz. *Kinkel.* 30

First Impressions Waltz. " 30

Caller Herring. *Rimbault.* 20
Easy and useful for beginners.

Fire-fly Galop. (White Fawn) *Jannotta.* 30

He's a Pal-o-mine Waltz. *Lisle.* 30

La Belle Helene. Lancers Quadrille. *Knight.* 50

Eclipse Galop. *Coote.* 40

Doodah Galop. *Burchardt.* 30

Champagne Charlie Schottisch. *Wellman.* 30

Fire of youth. (Jugendfeuer). Galop. *Herrmann.* 40

Not for Joe. Galop. *Knight.* 50
A first class list of taking pieces. A little more difficult than the preceding, but still easy.

Books.

MATERIA MUSICA. Materials for the Pianist ; A Class Book containing the Principles of Music applied to Pianoforte Playing, adapted for Private Tuition, but more especially arranged for the use of Schools for Young Ladies, Normal Schools, and other Seminaries of Learning. By *J. C. Engelbrecht.* 75
The author has a very happy way of making a dry study interesting. The subject is treated in an easy, conversational style, and frequent quotations of proverbs, lines of poetry, and wise sayings of various writers, give the whole a refined and finished tone, and render it easy to retain in memory what is recorded.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. Book 8. 75
Recently discovered, and quite new to the public. Admirers of these Songs, (which are said, more than most other things, to mirror the mind of the great composer), will be glad to hear this new instalment of his musical thoughts.

PEDAL STUDIES FOR ORGAN. *Mayer.* 75
Persons desirous of "tripping it on the light fantastic" pedals, will here find valuable aid.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 705. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 2.

Ferdinand Hiller's Tribute to the Memory of Hauptmann.

We translate from the *Cölnische Zeitung* of Jan 7, as follows:

MORITZ HAUPTMANN, too, has passed away, and with him one of those rare representatives of the true dignity of a high Art sphere. In his seventy-sixth year, on the 3d of this month, unexpectedly, but gently, he departed.

In devoting a few lines here to the excellent man, I write them simply in affectionate remembrance. For any clear and searching estimate of his achievements I am hardly competent, nor is this the fitting moment. I may be permitted to give only a few biographical data, for the information of those within whose horizon the deceased had not stood.

Born in Dresden, in the year 1792, he was originally destined by his father for his own profession, that of architecture, but the love of music gained the upperhand in him. For a short time he was a pupil of Spohr, who, after an interval which Hauptmann mainly spent in Russia, attracted him to Cassel. There he remained for twenty years a member of the Court Capelle, but he earned so high a name as a composer and a theorist, that in the year 1842 he was called to the place of Cantor in the Thomas-Schule at Leipzig. The Conservatorium, founded soon afterward by Mendelssohn, won him as a teacher in the higher departments of musical composition, and found in him one of the main pillars of its fame and influence. In the past year it was vouchsafed to him to enjoy a festival in honor of the five-and-twentieth year of his activity in Leipzig. His health was already failing and he wrote to me on that occasion: "Such jubilees one should anticipate, and celebrate them in his younger years; later they are a useless consumption of the vital energy." We may hope, in spite of this expression, that the countless tokens of sympathy and honor, which were offered him on that occasion, had more of quickening than of weakening influence upon him.

Since John Sebastian Bach gave an immortal consecration to the office of Cantor in the Thomas-Schule, Hauptmann, take him all in all, was certainly the most important of all his successors. During a century sterling composers, to be sure, and honored men had held that illustrious post; but there is hardly to be found among them a person of such comprehensive culture, such ripe intellect, such pure taste, such sharpness and clearness of judgment. Not only was Hauptmann, as a matter of course, most intimately acquainted with the masterworks of our art; he was not less at home in the creations of poetry and of the plastic arts. And such deep studies had he made in the German Philosophy, that in his famous work: "*Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik*" he could oppose the marriage thereof with the laws of musical science. His not over many, but most charmingly complete instrumental and vocal compositions are known and loved by the whole musical world of Germany.

But now of the personality, the character and nature of the man!

The *Thomasplatz* (open place before the Thomas School) does not remind one of Athens, and no Corinthian columns adorn the entrance to the whilome dwelling of Sebastian Bach;—but after one had sat in Hauptmann's study chamber, crammed with books and music, and had chatted with him for an hour, he went away with the moral image of an old Greek sage impressed upon his mind. That cheerful serenity, that smiling earnestness of comprehension, that mild justness of judgment, yet wanting by no means in Attic salt! And what a friendly interest he took in the work of every one who showed himself in earnest,—encouraging, instructing, softening, subduing!

Pushing his own doings, without any affectation, into the background: saying about his own productions only what was wrung from him as it were; demeaning himself with the most modest simplicity, yet he could not avoid being constantly looked up to as a superior. Often silent, but never saying what was insignificant: simple, plain, yet full of dignity; quiet, yet always intellectually active! Thinking of him, one finds no end of theme for praise.

Many of the best of several generations of German, English, Scandinavian composers name him with pride as their teacher. More insignificant ones may not always have been fit subjects for his depth and acuteness. What might not such a man have done as critic! It may be doubted whether any living person gives us an idea of it. For to the knowledge and the comprehension, which he was able to express in perfect form, was added a complete impartiality. But he was of too peaceful a disposition, and his views always reached out too much to the universal and the whole. But in his letters to his friends he has strown treasures of artistic wisdom. We hope this will not all be lost to the large circle that might be mentally enriched by it.

Might I also speak of the noble family life of the excellent man, without stepping too near to his distinguished, his afflicted wife? A mistress in singing and in drawing, she was to him not only the most faithful companion, but at the same time the representative of the two arts which he loved most of all.

Those who are left behind to mourn him may regard these poor lines as a simple wreath, which we from this distance cannot actually lay upon the coffin of the deceased. For wreaths of fame he never strove—all the more richly will the wreaths of love and reverence adorn his grave.

Franz Schubert's "Tragische Sinfonie."

(From the Crystal Palace Programmes.)

Adagio molto: Allegro.
Andante
Menuetto e Trio.
Allegro

This is the fourth of the nine symphonies which, in addition to a host of other compositions, Franz Schubert produced during his too short life of thirty-one years. It was composed in April, 1816, when he was 19 years of age, leading a quiet life in Vienna, the most important events of which were such trifles as the return of the Emperor from a tour in Italy; a *fête* to Salieri, the venerable Court composer; the production of some new work by Beethoven; an unsuccessful contest for the post of music-master to the normal school at Laybach, with a salary of £45; or, more monotonous than all, the fact which he notes in his diary, under June 16: "To-day for the first time I composed for money—a Cantata for the birthday of Professor von Draxler. Price 100 florins." Such were the small matters which at that time made up the outward life of the young composer, who was destined to be so great. But, however quiet its outward course, the inner life of so sensitive and poetical a nature as Schubert's, cast in such cruel circumstances, must have been constantly chequered and agitated. From his smallest song to his largest symphony, no composition of his but bears witness to the fact. What led him to affix (if, indeed, he himself affixed it), the title of *Tragic Symphony* to this composition is not known. It is a title that might be bestowed on almost everything that he wrote—for there are few, even of his more cheerful works, in which a tone of melancholy does not pervade and underlie their gaiety. But beyond the title there is nothing in the symphony to indicate that it was inspired by any specially tragic theme, or was the result of any severe private misfortune. Possibly it is the record of some passing love affair, which though "tragical" enough at the moment was soon forgotten (as one forgets at 19), and may even have melted away as the symphony occupied his brain and his fingers; or it is some pang of poverty, like that which dictated the letter to his brother, in which he begs for wherewithal to buy "a penny loaf and a few apples," and signs himself "your loving, poor, hopeful, but still poor brother, Franz"—a frame of mind which would fly before the first few kreutzers that chance or kindness put in his way. His application for the music school at Laybach is dated April 9, 1816, so that the Symphony may have been composed during the hopes and fears attending the quest of that post, which, unremunerative as it was, would have been a fortune to Franz Schubert.

But "Tragic" or not, the Symphony in C minor is a grand and beautiful work, one which would do honor to any master, however matured, and truly astonishing as the production of a youth not out of his teens. Traces there are throughout of the influence of both Mozart and Beethoven; but such similarities are inevitable in the early works of a youth, and are here amply redeemed by the original strokes and features with which each movement abounds. The sudden transitions, and the method of repeating a whole phrase in another key remote to that in which it is first heard, so characteristic of Schubert, are both to be found here; and it is interesting to notice the first tokens of the sympathy shown to the wind instruments, which are so prominent in Schubert's later works, and to which in the unfinished Symphony in B minor, the *Rosamunde* music, and the grand Symphony in C, he confides the interest and most touching secrets of his soul, as no one else has done before or after him. The orchestra, too, has that peculiarly sweet and balanced tone which is so obvious in the great works just named, and which is the more wonderful when we consider how rarely he can have heard his music performed. The two most obviously striking movements in the Symphony are the *andante* and the *finale*. The former is one of the most beautiful and engaging

things in all music; a strain of lovely melody enriched and set off by every device of art, and yet true, sweet, and unaffected to the last. In form it is somewhat unusual, consisting of two independent melodies, which are repeated alternately and separately, without being worked together. The returns from the one melody to the other are truly exquisite. The *finale* is very busy and brilliant throughout, with beautifully melodious subjects and charming treatment of the wind instruments. The *allegro* and minuet are only less interesting than the other two; the minuet might have been signed "Beethoven," without in any way derogating his fame. It is astonishing that a work so full of spirit and beauty should have been allowed to remain in oblivion for so many years. The first two movements were tried at a concert in Vienna in 1860, but appear to have met with no success, and the score remained in its dusty retirement in the cupboard of Dr. Schneider, an advocate of Vienna, side by side with the *Rosamunde* music and many other MS. treasures, till the autumn of last year. That its neglect was due to no opposition on the part of its possessor is evident from the kind readiness with which he allowed the representatives of the Crystal Palace Company to take a copy of it. To Dr. Schneider the thanks of our audience are due, since it is by his liberality that we are enabled to present to their notice a work which cannot fail to become a greater favorite the oftener it is heard.—The autograph of the symphony has disappeared, the score in Dr. Schneider's possession being a copy by Ferdinand Schubert with the title, "*Tragische Sinfonie in C minor von Franz Schubert. Componirt in Aprile* 1816."

Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a small schoolmaster of Vienna, and was born at a house which still bears the sign of "The Red Crab," No. 54 of the Nussdorfer-Strasse in the Himmelpfortgrund suburb, on the 31st January, 1797. The records of his childhood are very scanty, but they show that his genius for music and his general ability manifested themselves very early. At eleven years of age he had a lovely voice and was put into the Court Chapel and into a public school called the *Convict*, where he remained for five years. His first known composition was a four-hand fantasia for pianoforte (1810), and his first song the "Lament of Hagar" (1811). The following are the principal events of his life:—

1813. Symphony No. 1, composed Oct. 28.
1814. Leaves the Convict. First Mass in F composed
1815. Symphonies 2 and 3 composed, Seven Operas, and the "Erlkönig."
1816. Symphonies 4 and 5, Mass in C, Stabat Mater, and opera of "Die Bürgschaft."
1817. Five Pianoforte Sonatas.
1818. Resides with the Esterhazy family in Hungary, and has a secret passion for the Countess Caroline. Symphony No 6, Divertissement à la Hongroise, Fantasia in F minor.
1819. Visits Salzburg and Linz. Composes the Pianoforte Quintet.
1820. Composes for the stage, "Die Zwillinge;" "Die Zauberhafer;" "Sacuntala;" oratorio of "Lazarus," Fantasia (Op. 15).
1821. Sketches the Symphony in E (No. 7).
1822. Opera of "Alfonso and Estrella;" meets Weber and Beethoven; composes B minor Symphony (No. 8) and Mass in A flat.
1823. Composes for the stage, "Rosamunde," "Fierrabras," and "Die häusliche Krieg."
1824. Octet; Strieg Quartets in A flat, E, E flat; Grand Duo in C. Returns to Esterhazy's.
1825. Pianoforte Sonatas in A minor and C (duets).
1826. The "Winterreise;" String Quartets in D minor and G; Rondeau brilliant Pianoforte Trio in B flat.
1827. Trio in E flat; many songs.
1828. Symphony No. 9 (in C); String Quintet; Mass in E flat; "Miriams Siegesgesang;" "Schwanengesang." Dies Nov. 19th.

His works include: 5 masses; 15 operas, operettas, &c.: 9 symphonies; 10 quartets, quintets, octet and trios; 12 pianoforte sonatas; 32 pianoforte four-hand sonatas, marches, variations, &c.; 36 part songs; 575 songs.

It is to be regretted that there is no portrait of Schubert which can be accepted as giving any adequate idea of his looks. The head which appears at the top of Diabelli's edition of his songs is a caricature. A sketch by Kupelwieser, taken July 10, 1821, is engraved as the frontispiece to his life by Kreissle, but it is only necessary to compare this most wooden of wood-cuts with the photograph of the original sketch—to be found in some of the early editions of Kreissle, and itself a poor thing—to show how inadequate they both are. There remains the life-sized bust which forms part of the monument on Schubert's tomb in the Wahringer Cemetery, outside Vienna. This is said by those who knew him to be a good likeness, and I am therefore glad to inform my readers that photographs, both of the tomb and the bust may be purchased in the nave at the entrance of the concert room. But even this, probably taken from a posthumous mask, is an unsatisfactory representation of the outward man of our dear composer. His face was evidently one that was heavy in repose, but surely with his genial disposition, and with the brilliant imagination and soft sweet heart which are present in every bar of his music, he must have had one of the most changeable countenances ever possessed by man. His eyes were usually dull, says a contemporary, but would kindle at the least allusion to music, or to Beethoven, and would light up the whole of his features. Faces like these are notoriously hard to portray; only the best artists can catch their shifting, flying traits of delicate expression. And such artists never came in the way of Schubert. *Now*, the greatest painters would feel honored by having to paint his portrait; but when he lived his worth was not known, and so the world has lost forever the living image of his face. But, thank God, we have his works.

He was about 5ft. 6in. high, thick-set and of solid make, black hair, and short-sighted, for which he wore glasses.

The best biography of Schubert is by Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, Vienna, 1865. A translation of this is announced by Messrs. Longman as to appear early in the spring, in one vol. 8vo., under the title of "The Life of Franz Schubert. Translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge."

(From the Journal of Speculative Philosophy).

The Seventh Symphony.

BY CHAS. W. CHAPMAN.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter into any comparative estimate of the place which the Beethoven Symphonies hold in classic musical literature. They have long since taken their stand at the head of orchestral compositions as models of human genius and skill, and time only increases the admiration—the feelings akin to worship—which they inspire.

The Seventh, Op. 92, thought by many to be the greatest of the series, consists of four grand movements, besides a shorter introductory movement, viz.:

I. *Poco sostenuto; Vivace.*
II. *Allegretto.*
III. *Presto*, including the *meno assai.*
IV. *Allegro con brio.*

These parts, though quite distinct in outline and separate from each other, yet have an inner relative proportion and sequence. They form together a complete unity and constitute a Tone-poem, a Joy-song of unsurpassed magnificence. The opening "*poco sostenuto*," in two-fold measure, stretches out like a newly awakened athlete, beginning preparation at once for the day's contest. Bright hints of good news, full of promise, excite the hopes and anticipate the certain success. A beautiful figure* only partially worked out, shadows forth the great things coming, and, gathering force, leads gradually to a climax of expectation, and conducts the hearer directly to the most inspiriting *Vivace*, a 6-8 movement abounding in vigor and love of play. The motive or subject, although so free and spontaneous, is treated throughout with the thoroughness and strength of Beethoven. It is full of the activity of youth, the freedom and freshness of morning. The unshaped gladness of the Prelude has here become fully determined. Before the end of the part,† and after the Coda has begun, appears in the violas, violoncellos and double basses, a new phrasing of the subject, an epitome of the first motive; it denotes an ecstatic summing up of the deepest delight; it is ten times repeated with increasing emphasis, and rolls up like the ground swell of a conquering storm gone by; it is an extraordinary effect, and in the last part of the work‡ occurs a reminiscence of it in a broader setting. The theme is developed to a culminating point of astonishing force; by a simultaneous charge the mount of joy is scaled, and the movement finishes in a fortissimo of attainment and victory.§

ALLEGRETTO.

From the height of exhilaration to this next movement, what a fall! we are in another country from the last. The hearer is startled by a hollow and yet piercing cry of pain.‖ A marchlike,¶ musing theme begins from the foundations* a spectral harmony without melodic voice; a message of such momentous import that articulate utterance is denied it. At length arises a melody (violas) so simple, so grand, it seems to take hold of the very innermost of song. Is it a weary nation whose deliverer has not yet arisen—or the loneliness of a leader whose people will not follow? Balboa at the foot of the Isthmian rocks with a hardly suppressed mutiny about him? Or a vast procession bowed in profoundest feeling, and signalled by that sharp cry to move on? Rather let us conclude, a song of love and compassion for erring mortals; a symphonic picture of performance, matched with the attempted ideal—(subpart in A major, the triple motion again). Once, twice, does the gloomy curtain lift amid strains from Elysium, seldom given to mortals to hear; still it is far off, and while it comforts, it is that "remembering happier things" which is truly the "crown of sorrow." We call this Seventh Symphony a joy-song! Yes! not the mere briskness and unthinking levity of youth or bodily spirits, but the soundness of a great and healthy nature. Woe—even the wretchedest†—to which such consolations are permitted to come, can never utterly lose courage. The sources of grief well up with increased power; though the Divine assistance does not fail, human endurance has a limit; a desperate effort against fate, only rends the striver, and calls forth again the same bitter cry, ending the movement as it began. This sad and most beautiful picture let into the body of the work, heightens in the greatest degree the contrast of feelings both before and after it; just the converse of the grave-digger scene in Hamlet. it answers a similar purpose. The dignity and nobleness of the sorrow here shown is perhaps without a parallel in the domain of musical expression. Totally unlike this movement is the third or, or "*Presto*," and "*meno assai*." It has such an impetuosity of frolic as to run itself almost out of control. Flutes and oboes call to strings and fagottos back and forth like elves and nixies, and chase and hiding alternate in the imaginative sport. Hungry wild birds come upon a supply of food ridiculously overmuch for them, chuckle such assuring notes together. The combination of might and fairy fleetness is masterly. Upon the fire and vehemence of this "*Presto*," fairly sails the *assai meno* (*Presto*) [The Trio to this Scherzo]. The acute notes held so long by the violins, remind one of the sea of insect sound filling all the air, which rises from an August field. It is a colossal calm, fitly introduced after the three great movements preceding, telling of infinite content and the leisure of midsummer heats. The old is not forgotten, but surmounted; the herald cry at the beginning and end of the "*Allegretto*" comes up again, but stripped of the minor interval—it is the strong, unison breath of robust maturity‡ Soothed to slumbrous quiet by these splendid tones, and loth to let them go, the part ends abruptly.

ALLEGRO CON BRIO.

This powerful composition rounds and completes the work. It overflows with millennial rejoicing. The undercurrent of bliss reached in the *Vivace* here finds room for development upon a broader basis. The pleasure is so intense and active that phrases from the *Allegretto*, expressing the deepest affliction, are here turned into proudest notes of exultation.§

* 23d measure; oboes.

† 50 measures before the close, the Coda including 60 measures.

‡ Allegro con brio, 77 measures from the end. Note —There is a subtle analogy in the phenomena of material forces which these Codas of Beethoven remind one of. It is to this effect: The greatest force moves largest masses through least space, e. g. compare the flight of the yellow bird and the eagle; or, better, see the sun make the hills lean for him in his daily round, to settle back under the cold of night. If the mountains could sing, would they not gently hum such a figure as this over and over and over: (Bass 6-8) d (1-4), d, c sharp, b sharp, b sharp (1-8), c sharp (1-4), c sharp (1-4).

§ Note.—Victory, undoubtedly. And yet why does the cadence chord fall upon the third? Is something further to be looked for? Ah! it is the very nature of the triplet, the 6-8 motion to be incapable of reaching the final solution of life. Youth, with its inexperience, its high bent and its caprice, favors the triple motion: there is in it a little of the curvet and the magniloquent, which anguish or tragedy prunes away in good time. The romantic is insufficient for itself.

‖ Oboes, clarionets, fagottos and horns.

* Violas, violoncellos and contrabassi

† 143d measure of Allegretto, or 5th measure after the first episode in A major.

‡ Coda to Scherzo and also before the "Assai meno."

§ Compare the 38th measure, Allegretto, for instance, with the 16th measure of the Allegro con brio—(24th, reckoning the repeat).

When the resources of art seem well nigh exhausted, we are carried to still higher flights in periods of excelling majesty. In joy like this we learn truths that sadness may help teach us, but itself could never reveal. We feel the brotherhood of man, and that suffering is but an incident in the life of the soul. Beethoven himself said, this is "one of my very best" works. (Letter to J. P. Salomon, 1815). Over particular beauties of the work one could linger long. The crisis introduced at the 143d measure, Allegretto—what a vast sigh terminating in paroxysmal pain—it shudders like the recoiling surf that has spent its utmost upon the unyielding breaker.

The flute sings eloquently—each sufferer responding less fluently, with greater emphasis; the weight descends with ever added mass upon those terrible couplets, *fortissimo*—and the last hope of deliverance by active effort is exhausted. The very least note of this gigantic dissolution is indispensable. * * There is nothing in all experience adequate to such a composition, except the glory to the world of having for a while detained such an author. Just as the breadth of treatment urges for more performers than it would be practicable to assemble, so does the greatness of ideas contained therein transcend the actual and look beyond to the dream of the poet, or to prophetic vision. An intellectual nature so energetic as to superintend inspirations of such magnitude, can stand for humanity to a distant future, as a symbol of Divine power. If it is the province of Art to develop the latent sense of Beauty in man, to bring into clearness the indistinct but ever-beckoning Possible, surely little should be needed to incite us to love and study works placed in our hands by the labor and genius that have gone before: they have made the habitable earth more habitable, and the gift of Life more welcome to us.

Beethoven's Symphony in A.

(From the Crystal Palace Programmes).

This Symphony was written in the early part of the year 1812, the original manuscript, in the possession of Herr Paul Mendelssohn, of Berlin, the brother of the composer, bearing the autograph date 13th May. Four years had elapsed since the production of the 5th and 6th symphonies (the C minor and Pastoral), an interval for which Beethoven revenged himself by achieving, in the space of some six months, another pair of Colossi—namely, this and the 8th symphonies (the latter, dated October, 1812), which, however, except in the fact that they are colossal, and are the off-spring of his mighty mind, have nothing in common with each other, or with those that preceded them. Mr. Thayer's researches, embodied in his accurate and interesting work, indispensable to the Beethoven student, *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Beethovens*, give no support to the doubt expressed by Berlioz in his interesting remarks on this symphony, that it was composed as early as the Eroica. On the contrary, they fix it definitely to the date above named. It is interesting to know also that the Grand Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97), though not published till after the 7th and 8th symphonies, and therefore numbered after them, was really composed a year before them—namely, in March 1811.

I can find no warrant for another statement by M. Berlioz in one of his clever *feuilletons*, that the *Vivace* of the symphony was written three times over before it satisfied its author. The rumor may have originated in Beethoven's habit of writing and rewriting his themes and passages in his sketch-books, which contain the most curious and abundant evidence of his severity towards the off-spring of his brain, whom he would sacrifice again and again, erasing and altering times without number, till he was completely satisfied. But he usually confined this process to his sketch-books, and except in the *Leonora* overtures I remember no instance of his making two complete scores of the same work. Certainly no second version of any movement of this one is known.

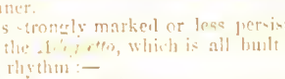
The Symphony in A remained for a year and a half in manuscript and unheard. It was first performed at the Grosse Redouten-Saale in Vienna, on the 8th December, 1813, at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau, where the Austrian and Bavarian armies endeavored to cut off Napoleon's retreat from Leipsic. Much enthusiasm was felt in Vienna on the subject of the concert, and every one was eager to lend a helping hand. Besides conducting the performance in person, Beethoven contributed two new works to the programme, the "Battle Symphony" and that now before us. The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the desks being tenanted by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Spohr and Mayseder played among the violins, Meyerbeer and Hummel had the drums, and Moscheles the cymbals. Even Beethoven's old adviser, Kapellmeister Salieri, was there among the players. There was a black-haired, thick-set, short-sighted lad of fifteen in Vienna at that time, named Franz Schubert, who had finished his own first symphony only six weeks* before, and we may depend upon it that he was somewhere in the room, though at that time too insignificant to be mentioned in any of the accounts. The performance, says Spohr, was "quite masterly," the slow movement was encored, and the success of the concert extraordinary. Beethoven was so much gratified as to write a letter of thanks to all the performers. The concert was repeated on the 12th December, and the symphony was played again more than once before the 27th of the following March, when it was performed, together with its twin brother, No. 8. The two were published together at the close of the year 1816.

This is the only one of his nine symphonies for which Beethoven chose the key of A; indeed, it is his only great orchestral work in that key. Mozart, too, would seem to have avoided this key for orchestral compositions, out of his forty-nine symphonies only two being in A. Of nine symphonies of Schubert, and five of Schumann (including the "Overture Scherzo and Finale"), not one is in this key. But, on the other hand, compare Mendelssohn, of whose four published symphonies, one, the Scotch, is in A minor; another, the Italian, in A major. Beethoven's other important compositions in A are the so-called Kreutzer Sonata,† the fine and poetical Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 101, and the posthumous Quartet, Op. 132; but it must be admitted that if nothing but the symphony had ever been written in that key, that alone would have been sufficient to immortalize it.

In form the seventh symphony varies little from the accepted model on which the Eroica and B flat symphonies are formed. In the *Scherzo* alone is there any obvious variation, though that is of some importance as having probably given rise to a still further departure from precedent adopted by Schumann and Mendelssohn. I allude to the repetition of the trio, which is twice played instead of once as in the former symphonies, and which no doubt led to the practice of having two trios, as in Schumann's B flat and C major symphonies and in Mendelssohn's recently published "Cornelius March." This innovation increases the length of the movement to nearly double what it would have been under the original plan. Here, and in the eighth only, has Beethoven substituted an *allegretto* for the usual *Andante* or *larghetto*, but, beyond the name, the two *allegrettos* have no likeness whatever.—Strange, the strength and variety of this prodigious genius! Of his nine symphonies, not only is the general character of each quite different from that of any of the others, so that it is impossible to confuse the Eroica with No. 7, or No. 4 with No. 8, or the first and second; not only this, but each of the four movements, which compose each entire symphony, is entirely and absolutely distinct from all the other eight corresponding movements which form part of the others. The symphonies of Mozart and of Haydn have not only a family likeness of stature, cast of countenance, general bearing of the whole person, but even between the separate features of each there is a strong similarity that makes it difficult to keep them apart, clear and distinct, in the recollection. The slow movements of the G minor and Jupiter Symphonies of Mozart, or his minuets in the same and the E flat Symphony, will afford an instance of what is meant. Their general character is so similar, that it requires some little consideration to disentangle them one from the other. But in Beethoven's movements who ever experienced any difficulty of this kind? The minuets of the first, second, fourth, and eighth symphonies, or the *scherzos* of the Eroica, the C minor, the seventh, and the Choral, are all as individual and distinct as if they were written in different measure, and different *tempo*, and different form, instead of being, so far as those particulars are concerned, all cast in one mould. And so in like manner with all the other movements. Each *allegro*, each *andante* and each *finale* stands forth in one's memory with a living individuality which makes it impossible to confound it with any other. In this, as in some other respects, the only comparison with which I can compare Beethoven is Shakespeare. Let any non-musical reader (inclined, perhaps, to be sceptical at what I have said) think of the radical difference between *Othello* and *Hamlet*, *King John* and *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and further, between Desdemona and Imogen, Miranda and Cordelia, Lance and Touchstone, and he will realize my meaning better than if I were to write a volume.

The symphony opens with an introduction, *poco sostenuto*, far surpassing in its dimensions, as well as in breadth and grandeur of style, those of the first, second, or fourth symphonies, the only others of the immortal nine which exhibit that feature. This introduction is a wonderfully grand and impressive movement, and resembles a vast and stately portico or hall, leading to the great galleries, corridors, and apartments of a noble palace. The transition from the introduction to the "first movement" proper, the *Vivace*, by an E forty-eight times repeated, and echoed backwards and forwards, between the flutes and oboes and the violins—a passage now listened for with delight as one of the most characteristic in the whole work—was for a long time a great stumbling-block to the reception of the symphony both in London and Paris. The *Vivace* itself, into which the truly daring and original passage just alluded to leads, is a movement of wonderful fire and audacity. The principal theme, in its character and in the frequent employment of the oboe, has a quasi-rustic air; but there is nothing rustic about the way in which it is treated and developed; on the contrary, it is not surpassed in dignity, variety, and richness, by any of Beethoven's first movements.

It is difficult as well as presumptuous to compare masterpieces so full of beauty and strength, and differing so completely in their character, as do the nine symphonies of Beethoven; but if any one quality may be said to distinguish that now before us, where all its qualities are so great, it is, perhaps, that it is the most *romantic* of the nine, by which I mean that it is full of swift, unexpected changes and contrasts, which excite the imagination in the highest degree, and whirl it suddenly into new and strange regions. In this respect the C minor perhaps most nearly resembles it; but I venture to think that *this* surpasses *that*. There are some places in this *Vivace* where a sudden change occurs from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, which have an effect unknown to me elsewhere. A sudden change from *ff* to *pp* in the full hurry and swing of a movement is a favorite device of Beethoven's, and is always highly effective, but here the change from loud to soft is accompanied by a simultaneous change in harmony, or by an interruption of the figure, or a bold leap from the top to the bottom of the scale—producing the most surprising and irresistible effect. This *Vivace* is full of these sudden effects, and they give it a distinct character from that of the opening movements of any of the other symphonies. The rhythm is marked as strongly as possible throughout. There is hardly a bar which does not contain its two groups of dotted triplets,—



varied and treated in the most astonishingly free and bold manner.

Not less strongly marked or less persistent is the march of the *Allegretto*, which is all built upon the following rhythm:—

or, to use the terms of metre, a dactyl and a spondee, a dactyl and a spondee. Here again, there is hardly a bar in the movement in which the perpetual stroke of the rhythm is not heard, and yet the feeling of monotony never intrudes itself. It is full of melancholy beauties:—the vague soft chord in the wind instruments with which it begins and ends; the incessant beat of the rhythmical subject just spoken of; the lovely second melody, which, beginning in the tenors as a mere subordinate accompaniment, becomes after awhile the principal tune of the orchestra. But the most striking of all is the passage where the clarinets come in with a fresh melody, the key changing at the same time from A minor to A major, and the effect being exactly like a sudden gleam of sunshine. During this truly heavenly melody, however, the bass, with a kind of "grim repose," keeps up inexorably the rhythm with which the

movement started, like the

> "One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
> Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

of the poet. No wonder that this *Allegretto* was encored at the first performance of the symphony, or that it was for long the only movement of Beethoven that could be endured in Paris.

* The manuscript of Schubert's first symphony, in D, in possession of Dr. Schneider of Vienna, bears the inscription, "Der 28te Oct. 1813. Finis et Fine," at the end of the last movement.

† On the cover of one of Beethoven's sketch books (lettered E) in the Royal Library at Berlin, I found in his own writing a variation of the title of the Kreutzer Sonata, which appears hitherto to have escaped notice—"Sonata scritta in un stilo brillante quasi come d'un concerto," "brillante" being scratched through, and "molto concertante" written above it.

The third movement—*Presto*, and *assai meno presto*—not entitled *Scherzo* and *Trio*) contains a passage for the horns, which is as original and impressive as anything else of Beethoven's, if not even more so. The electrical return to the theme of the *Scherzo*, after the passage alluded to, will not fail to be noticed. The extension given to this movement by the repetition of the trio has already been spoken of. Both the *Allegretto* and the *Scherzo* partake of the romantic character of the first movement, though from different causes.

Nor is the *Finale* less full of fiery genius and effect than the others, or less characteristic of its author, though it is wanting in those sudden "romantic" changes which (as I have with much diffidence attempted to show) distinguish the first movement. It reflects rather the prodigious force and energy and the grim, rough, humorous aspect of Beethoven, abrupt and harsh in his outward manner and speech. In the preceding movements this outward harshness but rarely appears. Force and vigor they exhibit in every bar, but it is rather the general nature of the man, his command of beauty—that well-spring of loveliness and grace which lay deep beneath his exterior—and his sense of awe and mystery, that distinguish them. In the *Finale*, however, his more obvious external characteristics have their sway. "Beethoven," says Spohr, "was often a little hard, not to say raw in his ways; but he carried a kindly eye under his bushy eyebrows." It is this side of his character which appear to me to be reflected by this *Finale*.

These wonderful works—the nine symphonies of Beethoven—the youngest of which is nearly fifty years old, are as fresh as the day they were written. Every time they are played they seem to become more youthful, more free from obscurity, fuller of meaning and beauty, and more secure against the attacks of time and fashion: like the great statues of antiquity, and like a few (a very few) pictures of more modern date, they appear destined to last as long as the human race itself.

But it is well to remember that these great works were not always so loved and appreciated, but have had to work their way through misunderstanding and coldness, as all great things always will. Even so eminent a musician as Weber received this very symphony with the following words:—"The extravagances of this great genius have at length reached their climax, and Beethoven is now ripe for a madhouse." The particular passage which excited this unlucky outburst, occurs near the end of the *Vivace*, where the basses repeat this figure—

not less than eleven times over—a departure from precedent which was enough to poison the mind of one of the most romantic composers in the world to the romantic changes and contrasts of the rest of the movement, now so delightful to us. It is a lesson worth remembering, that the innovations of one age are the settled laws of the next.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

Organs in Chicago.

Among the encouraging signs of western improvement in musical aspirations, mention ought to be made of the considerable number of good sized organs erected in Chicago during the past year.

For several years the most complete organ here was one of Erben's in St. Paul's (Universalist) church. It has three manuals and about twenty-eight stops.

About a year since, Wm. Johnson, of Westfield, erected in the First Baptist church here the largest instrument in the city, as well as the largest of his works. It has three Manuals, and a Pedal of thirty keys. There are in all about fifty-four draw-stops, and over three thousand pipes. The number of pipes, however, gives an illusive idea of the real power of the instrument, for the reason that there are a large number of mutation and compound stops. In the Great Organ, there are, I think, eleven ranks of mixture; in the Swell, nine ranks; and in the Choir, *five*. Besides there is in the Great a Twelfth and Quint, and a Quint in the Pedale. Moreover the number of reeds is open to exception. There are in the Great three trumpets of 16 ft., 8 ft., and 4 ft., respectively; in the Choir, a Clarinet; in the Swell, a Trumpet, Oboe, Musette, and Vox Humana; and in the Pedale a Trombone. Owing to the great amount of "mixture" and reeds the tone of the full organ is universally criticized by connoisseurs. Yet Dudley Buck, Jr. is reported to have said that he "played this organ with more satisfaction than the one in the Boston Music Hall." There is no accounting for tastes, and "when doctors disagree" how shall we ignorant "suckers" form an opinion? There was also a grave oversight in this organ, in that the Choir organ does not contain a stop soft enough to accompany a solo in the Swell. The best thing now is the Stopped Diapason, and this has too much body and is not a suitable quality of tone. Yet the instrument has many excellencies. The Violone in the Pedale is a very successful stop. So also the Violoncello. The exterior is also very imposing, about *three thousand* dollars having been spent on the case.

More recently Mr. Johnson has erected an organ of two Manuals in the Union Park Congregationalist church. This is well spoken of, but I have not heard it. It contains about thirty stops and cost about four thousand dollars. The Pedale contains three stops, and the Great a 16ft. Open Diapason.

Henry Erben has recently erected an organ of similar extent in Christ Church. It is much liked. But by consent and acclamation of all connoisseurs the best organ we have is one just erected in Dr. Hatfield's (Centenary M. E.) church, by E. & G. G. Hook, who I suppose in New England are not unknown to fame. This magnificent instrument is not unlike those in the Swedenborgian and St. James's churches in Boston, and the beautiful one recently erected in the Westminster church at Elizabeth, N.J., described in a former number of this journal. The Centenary organ has three Manuals. The stops are distributed in this wise: Great, eleven stops; Swell, eleven stops; Solo, eight stops; Pedale, four; Mechanical movements, eleven, two of which are pedals operating stops of Great Organ. The summary of pipes in this organ is not large, the total being only about 2,300. And this is owing to the fact that the organ contains only nine ranks of mixture, and one Twelfth. Nor are the reeds numerous. There are: Great, one; Swell, two; Solo, two, one a "free reed;" Pedale, one. As usual in the Hooks' organs the tone is delightful. The symmetrical adjustment of the power and qualities of tone in the several departments of the instrument is most admirable. The full organ is grand, dignified, sombre enough, yet brilliant and clear. Every one of the solo stops is a gem in its way. The Melodia is a well-known "speciality" of the Hooks. The Clarinet is pronounced perfect. The sweet Dulciana in the solo organ is soft enough to accompany the softest possible solo in the Swell. And then the comfortable and agreeable pneumatic action! And the pneumatic couplers place the instrument under easy control of the player. With combinations prepared the player can place his hands on the keys of the Great organ and control *nine distinct degrees of power without removing his hands from the keys or operating the swell pedal.* Most of the organists of the city have tried this organ, and all alike are enthusiastic in its praise. And then the case deserves notice. Almost the entire front above the "belt" consists of pipes richly ornamented in bright colors and gilt. In the back-ground towers the great swell-box. The symmetrical arrangement of the pipes, the beautiful curves presented to the eye, and the happy contrast of color, render this exterior unique and beautiful. The organ stands in a recess behind the pulpit, on a floor six feet above the main floor of the room. The choir gallery is a lower continuation of the gallery which surrounds the other three sides of the church. The gallery front makes a sweep downwards at the pulpit end of the house, so that the whole front is continuous.

The church itself has enough of the social element to render it a fit subject of comment in a journal like this. The auditorium is on the second floor, and will comfortably seat twelve hundred. On the first floor is the beautiful minor audience room in which the Sabbath School is held. Here may be comfortably seated over eight hundred people. The average attendance at the Sabbath School is about seven hundred. Below this room is the basement which contains *a completely furnished kitchen and a dining room, with table accommodation for one hundred and fifty at once.* This is for "festivals," etc. Great is the West!

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Auber at Eighty-Six.

(By "Spiridion" in the Evening Gazette.)

Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of Mons. Auber (who, by the way, is at work upon a new opera comique to be performed next winter!) which is interesting:—Mons. Auber is a singular character. Nobody will ever tell everything about him. Nobody may flatter himself he thoroughly knows that composer. We relinquish the task of explaining that happy man to whom everything has proved propitious, although for the last fifteen years we have constantly seen him every evening walk slowly towards the Grand Opera or Italian Opera where he faithfully fills his wonted seat, and have constantly followed him into society where about two o'clock A. M. this little old man with an inscrutable face still keeps his own in conversation with the nimblest minds. He is an old man who defies time and is seen walking on the boulevards after midnight without an overcoat. He still loves at eighty-six what he loved in the morning of life, and he has made the Parisian public accept his tastes. The authority of age, the magic of talents, a complete absence of human respect, an unconcealed contempt for humanity, an obstinate persevering practice of the Epicurean's creed have led him to sacrifice nothing of his whims and fancies to that society which would have given him in exchange compensations which he probably does not value. Applied to another class of ideas this would be called wisdom; but so far as Mons. Auber is concerned Minerva has nothing to do. Venus, rather than Pallas, is his goddess, and if we credit famous rumors familiar to all Parisians, it is not she he invokes when his hand is on the fingerboard summoning inspiration which is rarely deaf to his call. After a life of labor Mons. Auber has attained the ideal Balzac pursued during a whole month, the only month of his life when he was seen at the Grand Opera and in the Bois de Boulogne. For fifty years Mons. Auber has daily appeared to every eye like an elegant idler who was ignorant of work. For fifty years he has been present at every ball, every festival, every pleasure. Races, parties, concerts, theatres have all numbered him among their spectators. It seemed the title of head of the French School given him was a sinecure; and while other composers less prolific than him felt constrained to retire from the world, to seek a secluded spot in some valley's most distant nook or in some haven of the Norman coast to labor in peace without interruption, Mons. Auber plunged headlong into the surf of Paris, let it roll him where it would, gained new strength in this *inferno* of pleasures and found new life and eternal youth where his friends and rivals found nothing but wrinkles and cares. Rossini draws out his watch every minute to see how many pulsations he has and is an uneasy and timid invalid who refuses to consider death and eternity. Mons. Auber replied to a young tenor who, seeing the success of "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," asked for a part in the composer's next opera: "Reckon on me, I will send you my score from the graveyard." This sceptic old man who recalls Anacreon smiles at death. Everybody quotes his sprightly sayings, his repartees, his sallies. He is seen every night surrounded by the dresses of four pretty women, his assiduous companions. He never misses a first performance. He carries everywhere his sprightly mind and his prompt repartee under his tired, oppressed air. He moves slowly but securely, without cares, without envy, without remorse. He leaves official and stiff bearing for objects which please him. He knows no aristocracy but that of plastic beauty, and his opera glass discovers in the highest tier a pretty face for which he is tempted to redress fate's injustice by offering it his parquet seat. Nevertheless this harmonious being has nothing of the troubador about him. He has no laughter on his lips. His mouth is not screwed up amiably, he scarcely smiles when he lets fly a sarcasm or a keen remark. He is sure of himself. He suffices to himself. He has a sort of artist's dignity which supplies the place of that human respect expected from all men. He carries abreast his place of chapel master of the Emperor and his

post of high priest of Cytherea. His first day of happiness has lasted all his life. He has not known winter. His head does not bend. His white hair is not powdered with snow, but with almond tree flowers. Everything is forgiven him, everything is lawful in him. There is no doubt the sphere in which he lives is the very condition of the existence of his talents. An old man of his age cannot be transplanted, and the atmosphere of feminine objects is, perhaps, the only air he can breathe. Nothing could surprise us more and make a deeper impression on us than this artistic longevity, like some tree riven and wrenched by old age which is still covered with flowers all the year round. The last melody which has fallen from the lips of this composer of 86 seems a nightingale's song coming from a nest hidden in some willow's cleft while the leaves vanquished by the winter's winds have forsaken the naked boughs.

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The new opera house, said to be one of the most perfect and beautiful in Europe, after being dedicated in January with a performance of Goethe's *Iphigenia*, &c., was opened for opera early in February, *Fidelio* leading off. Special pains were bestowed on the performance to make it more excellent than usual; and the Leonora of Fräulein Löwe, the Florestan of Herr Gross, the Jaquino of Herr Rebling are highly praised. Next followed a course of Italian operas, with Mlle. Aglaia Orgeni for prima donna, who was educated in the school of Viardot, and bids fair to be a *coloratur* singer of the first rank. *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, the *Barber of Seville*, *Trovatore*, and Rossini's *Otello* were given, all in German, the other singers being mostly German. On the 26th Feb Mlle. Orgeni was to close her engagement with the part of Agatha in *Der Freyschütz*.

The 19th Gewandhaus Concert (March 5) fell on the 125th anniversary of the foundation of these concerts, which was celebrated accordingly by a programme made up wholly from the compositions of the directors during the last 25 years, namely: the Concert Overture by Julius Rietz (1848–54, and 1856–60); Aria from *Elijah* and Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn (1835–43, and 1846–47); "*Frühlings-Fantasie*" by Gade (1844–46); A-major Symphony by Reinecke (since 1860); *Andante* and *Scherzo capriccioso* for violin by David (1847–8, and 1854–56); *Lieder* for soprano and male chorus by Ferd. Hiller (1843–44).—Here is a summary of other concerts since our last:

17th Gewandhaus Concert: Suite No. 4, Lachner (conducted by the composer); Violin Concerto, A minor, No. 5, Molique (Herr Ferdinand Laub); Air from *Don Juan*, Mozart (Mme. Janner-Krall); Solo Pieces for the Violin, Laub; and songs with piano Mme. Janner-Krall).—Concert of the Dilettanti Orchestral Association; Symphony in D major, Mozart; March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; "*Die Tageszeiten*," Robert Volkmann, arranged for piano by R. Schöneck.—Ninth Concert of the Euterpe Association: Symphony in G major, Haydn; Violin Concerto, in A minor, No. 5, Molique (Herr Auer); Chorus for female voices from *Blanche de Provence*, Cherubini; Solos for Violin, Spohr and Auer; and overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven.

Concert of Chamber Music given by Riedel's Association: G major Trio for Stringed Instruments, Op. 9, No. 1, Beethoven; "Volkslied und Gesänge," for an alto voice, Rubinstein; D major Trio, Op. 70, No. 1, Beethoven; Songs, Lassen, Holstein, Kremling; and Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 47, Schumann.—Eighth concert of the Euterpe Association: Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; Air from *Oberon*, Weber (Mlle. Spohr); Second Concerto (F minor), Op. 21, Chopin (Mlle. Dietrich from Prague); Symphony in D minor, Op. 120, Schumann; Solos for Pianoforte, Bach, Schumann, and Raff; Songs, Kirchner and Schubert.—Concert of the Pauliner Vocal Association: Concert overture (No. 2) Jadassohn; "Der Morgen," for chorus and orchestra, Rubinstein; Air from *Joseph*, Méhul (Herr Wiedemann); Quartets, Hauptmann, Volkmann, and Schumann; Scotch Melody, arranged by Bruch; "Märchen" for solo, chorus, and orchestra, H. Götz; "Das Grab im Busento" for chorus and orchestra, Nessler; "Der Jäger Heimkehr," Reinecke; Notturno, Chopin; Ballad, Op. 20 Reinecke; "Volkslieder," Herbeck and Silcher; and "Der Landsknecht," for male chorus and orchestra, Herbeck.

Eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert: Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn; Air with *obbligato* Pianoforte Accompaniment, Mozart (Mlle. Reiter from Basle, and Herr von Inten); Concerto for Violoncello, No. 1, A minor, Goltermann (Herr Hegar); and music to *Egmont*, Beethoven, with connecting verses by Mosengeil, the songs sung by Mlle. Reiter.

Concert for the Orchestral Fund: Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; Violin Concerto, Davidoff (performed by the composer); Toccata, Bach; Nocturne, Etude, and Polonaise, Chopin; Fantasia on *Don Juan*, Liszt (Herr Tausig); Solos for Violoncello (Herr Davidoff); and "Harold Symphony," Berlioz.

Paris.

The correspondent of the *Orchestra* (March 10) writes:

M. Ambroise Thomas has written an opera of "*Hamlet*," and has not failed; nay, he deserves success. His "*Hamlet*" is a classical composition of pure taste, but which the public will probably say is "chaste, but trying;" it is, however, saved by the insertion of one gem, a pearl of great price, which lightens up the whole. I should tell you that Faure was *Hamlet*. He is so charming an actor, and looked the part so well, that we were tempted to wish he had a great deal more singing, or no singing at all, and so might have played *Hamlet à la* Charles Kemble. Mlle. Nilsson was *Ophelia*; Mlle. Guesmard, the *Queen*; M. Belval, the *King*—which did not much matter; and, alas, poor *Ghost!* he was dressed in bright armor and a sort of fool's cap in steel, and accompanied by a chorus of guns and trumpets, as if Danes were fighting beneath the walls. The orchestra was, as usual there, perfect; the overture was very pretty, especially some movements which brought back the dead Lucia and "Salla Tomba." The first act brings *Hamlet* (the Dane) and *Ophelia* (the Swede) together. He is melancholy, and she asks him, "Pour quoi detournez vous les yeux?" which gives Nilsson and Faure so nice a duet that the house settled in its place, and thought it was in for a good time. Mlle. Nilsson then sang a charming song; M. Collin one, neither so good nor so well sung; then the *Ghost* was invoked in rather ghostly music, and came on, when we got dull. I regret to say so, but the second and third acts—which are devoted to the heavy scenes between *Hamlet*—"my mother"—"my uncle"—with a periodical visit from the "Ombra Adorata," "The spirit of my sainted sire"—were very wearying. While Mlle. Nilsson was on the stage we are all right, and her aria—

> Sa main depuis hier
> N'a pas touché ma main,

was a great effect. The scene of the players was bad. The "play was the thing," but it was a pestilent thing; in fact, the opera bid fair to lapse into a tragedy, with the accompaniment of sad music. The pantomime and finale, which took up half an hour, will, I suppose, be mercifully spared our successors in that stall. The third act has some fine music, but still it is heavy music. We have "To be, or not to be" (*Être, ou ne pas être*), and "Go to a nunnery" (*Allez dans un cloître*); indeed, I have never seen such fidelity in translation; but there is no air nor sweetness in the music which is married to that immortal (if translated) verse. The *Queen*, in rather a grand duo with M. Faure, tells us, "*Hamlet*, ma douleur est immense," and the curtain falls on the third act. Then dancing—a ballet in "*Hamlet*," *fiancées*, a ballet!—set in for about an hour; and very pretty *danseuses*, anything but warmly clad, danced before us, probably to warm themselves, in a scene which was simply charming; and, indeed, I may say that it was generally agreed the scenery and decorations were worthy of the Grand Opera of Paris in the best of its many grand days. After a "pas" which was very pretty to the young, and which to the elders brought back a celebrated *pas de deux* danced by one Cerito and one Perrot years ago, in the "*Lucie des Fées*," *Ophelia* came in mad, and sang,

> A vos jeux, mes amis,
> Permettez-moi de grâce.

And here I pause, and change my tone. Up to this time the opera had been dull—decidedly dull; and, when Nilsson was not singing or Faure acting, I believe the house rather wished it all over. But the fourth act would have not only saved, but made popular an infinitely heavier opera. We knew in Paris that Nilsson was clever and pretty, nice to see, and charming to look upon; that she could act, and could sing; but I do not think the best judge in Paris could have predicted that she could have been the *Ophelia* of that fourth act. "Il est mort, je suis sa veuve," she murmured sadly, and then, radiant with smiles, broke out into Hebe-like mirth. They were dancing round her, and she paused in her grief to listen to the waltz, and then sang it joyously. A moment later she said:

> And will he not come again?
> And will he not come again?
> No, no, he is dead.

and then the fair, brilliant face again changed its expression, and *Ophelia* scattered flowers and smiles for the memory of her love. The music is beautiful—simply beautiful—but still the actress in this scene engrossed all attention. Then the chorus danced off, and *Ophelia* was left alone—alone before that lake whose deadly waters were about to receive her. Then there burst forth a chorus from an unseen choir, and *Ophelia* gathered her senses and listened. It seems to me I have rarely, if ever, seen such acting—such play of feature, such expression of feeling. The house—a very critical but very intelligent one—was hushed, as if *Ophelia* was the personal care and affection of each. Great ladies—not the most sensitive of our creatures—crafty statesmen, hard bankers, stern politicians, frivolous *gandins*, were mute almost with alarm as poor *Ophelia* resolved to take that "too much of water." Mlle. Nilsson was recalled twice during this act, and the whole house rose and applauded her grand artistic conception. To more than one person the *Ophelia* of Mlle. Nilsson will go down to the grave linked with the memory of Jenny Lind in "*Roberto*," and Patti in "*Sonnambula*."

With the death of *Ophelia*, who floats off under an electric light, rather like "The Lily Maid of the Astolat," the interest in the opera ceases. There is a chorus of grave-diggers, and Faure has a fine air, "Comme une pâle fleur;" but with Nilsson, exit our regard for the opera. I think "*Hamlet*" may be safely set down as a success. It is not a fine work; it is indisputably heavy and dull, but it is above the average, and clever, and the memory of *Ophelia* is enough to provoke a second and third visit, and to induce all your friends to go too.

AMSTERDAM.—The eighth Felix Meritis concert brought us the following programme: 1. Symphony No. 3, op. 56 (Mendelssohn); 2. Air from Marschner's opera "*Hans Heiling*;" 3. Concerto for violine (Rode); 4. Overture "*Rosamunde*" (Schubert); 5. Air, "*Ah perfido spero*" (Beethoven); 6. *Adagio* and *Rondo* for violine (Vieuxtemps); 7. (*a*), "*Am Meer*," poem of H. Heine, music by F. Schubert, (*b*) "*An Mignon*," poem of Goethe, music by Beethoven; 8. Overture "*Die Weihe des Hauses*," op. 124 (Beethoven). As singer we had Herr Hermann Philippi from Wiesbaden; as violinist, Mme. WILMA NERUDA-NORMANN from Stockholm. This talented artist is a member of that very musical family from Brünn (Moravia) consisting of two brothers (pianist and violoncellist), and two sisters (pianist and violinist), who some years ago made such frequent and successful excursions through Germany. Wilma Neruda in the year 1864 married Herr L. Normann (born in Stockholm in 1831), a pupil of Lindblad and a well-known artist and composer in Sweden. Herr Normann has been teacher at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm since 1857, and royal *Kapellmeister* there since 1861. As for his "accomplished wife" (*style du jour*) she really is a first-rate artist. I do not think one could easily find so remarkable and talented a violinist of the fair sex, except perhaps Domenica Teresa Milanollo; but since her marriage she is lost to the public at large. Mme. Normann has the facility of Wieniawski, the feeling of Joachim. It was astonishing with what correctness and *aplomb* she performed the spirited but difficult Adagio and Rondo by Vieuxtemps. She was each time frantically cheered, and thrice recalled at the end.—*Orch.*

AIX LA CHAPELLE.—At the fourth Subscription Concert, Herr Joachim played with great success a Violin Concerto by Herr Bruch, in addition to that by Beethoven. Among the other pieces performed were Symphony in D major, Mozart; Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," Ferdinand Hiller; and Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini.

ELBERFELD.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert contained scenes from Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, and Schumann's *Genoveva*.

MANNHEIM.—Shakespeare's *Tempest* with Herr Taubert's music has been very favorably received.

KOENIGSBERG.—On the 21st March, 1828, Herr Dorn, who has been Court *Capellmeister* in Berlin since 1849, commenced his public career by conducting *Le Macon* in this, his native town. This year, therefore, he will have fulfilled the duties of a conductor forty years. Next to Herr Krebs, of Dresden, he has wielded the *baton* longer than any German musician living, the oldest of all, Herr Lachner, of Munich, having been lately pensioned. During this long period, Herr Dorn has officiated in Königsberg, Dantzic, Leipsic, Hamburgh, Riga, Cologne and Berlin.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1868.

Music in Boston.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. On Tuesday evening, March 31, with the fourth concert, the nineteenth season came to an end. The Chickering Hall was crowded, and the programme of peculiar interest, the three great masters of classical chamber music only being represented, Beethoven having, very properly, the lion's share.

Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, in A, op. 69 ....Beethoven.
Allegro. Scherzo. Adagio and Finale, Allegro Vivace.
Messrs Perabo and Fries.
Quartet in B flat, No 69 .....Haydn.
Allegro. Andante, Minuetto, and Finale Allegro.
Sonata for Piano.....Mozart.
a, Allegro maestoso. b, Andante cantabile. c, Finale. Presto.
Ernst Perabo.
Seventh Quartet in F, op. 59.....Beethoven.
Allegro, Allegretto Scherzando, Adagio molto e mesta, Finale Allegro, Thème russe.

Neither of Beethoven's two predecessors were *greatly*, though they were characteristically represented. The Haydn Quartet, smoothly, clearly flowing, reflecting his serene, cheerful, child-like spirit, complete and elegant in form and style, was very beautiful, but perhaps a little tame after the marked individuality and happy inspiration of that Beethoven Sonata. In the execution it was good clear, even quartet playing as we have heard for a long while.—It was good to hear for once one of Mozart's piano Sonatas, and PERABO had selected one of the best, one of the strongest, the most full of matter (*Inhalt*) and of passion, while it has the spontaneity and grace with which his genial creations always charm. It was the one in A minor, No 5 in Ditson's edition. He played the first Allegro with great fire and sustained force, bringing out the contrasts of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* in those bold organ-point passages after the repeat, where the angry figure forces its way along through chords or rather discords of the ninth, with startling effect. The Andante and the Presto movements are also of marked character, especially the last, and were made to tell with great point and beauty in the rendering—though perhaps at times with some excess of force.

The two Beethoven works are noble ones. We have recently had occasion to speak of that singularly happy Sonata in A, for piano and 'cello, which has no slow movement except the brief introduction to the Finale. It was admirably played again by FRIES and PERABO, and caused great delight.—The Quartet in F is the well-known No. 1 of the three dedicated to Prince Rasoumoflsky. What a stride had the gigantic genius made from the six quartets of op. 18 to these! Though doubtless happier in the rendering this time, it recalled the impression that it made upon us some fifteen years ago when the Club first introduced it. Now, as then, we must say:

It is hard to believe that the opus number, 59, can mark the true date of this composition. In strange individuality of thought and manner, in remoteness from all common forms, in utter newness of invention and of exploration as it were in wondrous, untried spheres, it seems in advance of the symphonies of the same date, indeed of all the symphonies except the ninth. Those are all clearer and more readily appreciable to the common ear than are these quartets of his middle period. Does it not show, that in quartet writing the composer invites you to communion with his most interior, esoteric life; that in this form of Art he sets down the most advanced posts in his spiritual and artistic progress? The ideas are nervous, bold, unique, pregnant; and the rhythmical forms unfolded into the most intricate and subtle, yet symmetrical and expressive fineness of divisions.

MR. OTTO DRESEL's first "Reading" of pianoforte music, on Thursday afternoon of last week, though it came on Fast Day, and while the heavens were blackened with the first April shower (fallacious promise of "ethereal mildness!") drew together a large and highly appreciative company at Chickering's. There is no need of assuring those who had not the good fortune to be present, that it was a feast of exquisite music exquisitely interpreted. These were the choice selections, all from the more modern romantic school of true tone-poets.

Caprice.....Ferd. Hiller.
Scherzo.....Rob. Schumann.
Fantaisie.....Chopin.
Etude.....Chopin.
Three Mazourkas.....Chopin.
Two "Fantasie-stucke".....Aug. Saran.
Intermezzo.....Otto Dresel.
Slumber Song.....Rob. Schumann.
Introduction and Rondo.....Chopin.

Ferdinand Hiller has written many good things,—some so good as to make one wonder that such a mass of works in all forms from his prolific pen, all respectable, musician-like, vastly superior to the common run, have made no more enduring mark. Take him all in all, he is perhaps the first musician living now in Germany, though Robert Franz shows, in the less ambitious sphere to which he confines himself, more of original creative power, besides having so deeply "lived himself into" the polyphonic art of Bach. This *Caprice*, full of live, fresh fancy and felicitous expression, shows what Hiller *can* do, and made a very interesting introduction to the other readings. Of the larger Chopin pieces, the *Fantaisie* (in F minor, op. 49) and the bright *Rondo* (in E flat, op. 16) with stately introduction in C minor like a Concerto, the former is the less familiar, and a work of rare power and beauty, rich in variety and contrast. Schumann appeared once in the bolder, more fantastic, and once in the gentler, sentimental phase; and both were of the finest instances. The two "fancy pieces" of Saran, the pupil of Franz, whose few published piano pieces have given such decided promise, but who seems to have quietly withdrawn of late years from a field for which he has shown so clear a calling, still assert their marked originality. Mr. Dresel's own little *Intermezzo* and "Slumber Song," which he added at the end, were plainly very welcome and wear well.

Of this week's "Reading" we must speak next time. Three more light up the musical prospect, and will come along on the remaining Thursdays of the month.

"THE SON & STRANGER."—The charming little parlor Operetta with which the young Mendelssohn of twenty (1829), on his return home from travels abroad, surprised his parents on the anniversary of their "silver wedding," was performed for the first time in this country, last Wednesday night, in the annual benefit concert of Mr. ALFRED P. PECK, the efficient superintendent of the Music Hall.

"*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*" (Return from Abroad) is the real title, changed as above in England. It was done all in the family, with aid of friends and neighbors, and afterwards kept in sacred privacy, until three or four years after the composer's death, when it was publicly performed in Leipzig. The hero of the little plot, the young soldier restored to the anxious mother, typifies himself. The libretto, originally written by his friend Klingemann, who died a few years since in England (can we forget sitting by the side of the sweet old gentleman, in Exeter Hall, listening to Mme. Goldschmidt in *Elijah!*), has since been rearranged and expanded, partly by Mr. Chorley for the London edition. The argument is simply this:

In a village of Suabia, one day, *Ursula*, the mayor's wife, was sitting in front of her house, spinning, and sadly thinking of her absent son, *Herrmann*, who had enlisted some years previously, and from whom they had, for some time, heard nothing, although the mayor had patiently spelt out all the war-news in their paper, which, in those slow-moving days, was so old when it arrived at the village, that the face of matters might have entirely changed in the world since its first printing. *Lisbeth*, ward to the burgomaster, enters, and endeavors to cheer up the good *Ursula*, who is ever looking at the dark side of things. She succeeds partially, and then proceeds to make preparation for the morrow's jubilee, which is to be the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the mayorship of her guardian. *Kanz*, a pedlar, now enters, and, suspecting that some kind of merry-making is in view, questions *Lisbeth*, with a view to ascertain what profit, and also what pleasure, he may receive in the coming festival. He is somewhat impertinent; and she is quite relieved by the approach of *Herrmann*, the long-lost son, who has assumed the disguise of a musician, and who, after a while, makes himself known to her, much to the dissatisfaction of the forward pedlar.

Soon after, the pompous but good-hearted mayor enters, and is somewhat puzzled by the excitement of *Lisbeth*, who finds it difficult to give a satisfactory explanation. *Kanz* enters, and the mayor mistakes him for an expected military officer. *Kanz* gives an account of the tender meeting of *Herrmann* with the young lady, representing *Herrmann* to be a vagabond musician. The mayor and his wife will believe nothing against *Lisbeth*; but *Martin*, the vigilant night-watchman of the village, entering, he is ordered to arrest all vagabonds.

Next follows a comical serenade scene, in which *Herrmann*, as serenader, is interrupted by *Kanz*, in the dress of a watchman, who makes unearthly noises on his horn to drown the pretty guitar-music. *Herrmann* revenges himself by borrowing the cloak and lantern of the tipsy *Martin*, and arresting *Kanz*, whom he frightens well.

The morning dawns, and the pretty *Lisbeth* is seen decorating the house-front with flowers, after which she disappears, to advance again with a procession of villagers, who come to congratulate the mayor on the arrival of his golden anniversary. *Kanz*, having assumed a shabby military dress, now tries to pass himself off as the son of the mayor, but is speedily put to confusion by the advance of the real *Herrmann*, who, being a real military officer, threatens to take him as a recruit. He is only too glad to re-assume his true *role* of pedlar.

The spoken dialogue, which forms the larger part, is very natural and clever and, with the music, it would make a capital thing for "private theatricals." On this occasion it was omitted, and the entire music given, with a good orchestra of thirty, under the conductorship of Mr. B. J. LANG. The charming Overture, about the best thing in it, so fresh and genial, and in the vein of the opening of the Italian Symphony, was already familiar here. The cheerful sky it spreads over us is clouded by the sweet, sad Romance of Ursula, musing on her absent son, a touching contralto strain, sung with good style and feeling by Miss ADDIE RYAN. Then a duet of the sad mother cheered by the bright soprano of Lisbeth (Mrs. H. W. SMITH) seeking to win her thoughts to the gay festival preparing. Then Lisbeth, left alone, yields to her own sad mood, and sings of the absent

lover. All this is natural and pleasing music, though it becomes slightly monotonous and tame.

Then begins the comic part of the music, which is the best; the Pedlar's voluble, conceited song: "I am a roamer bold and gay," which was dashed off with capital spirit, as was all his music, by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, with very bright and care-dispelling orchestral accompaniment. Hermann's song about the "evening bells," sweet and tender, but a little too long, was beautifully sung in Mr. JAMES WHITNEY's best style and voice (tenor), which is pure and delicate, and told with more power than usual. The Terzet, after Hermann has revealed himself to Lisbeth, in which the Pedlar tries to keep him from her, is charmingly humorous. Still more so the Trio between the old couple and the Pedlar, with his calumnious tale against the lovers,—and all the funnier that the old Mayor's part musically is written wholly in one note, of which arduous task Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, with his round bass, acquitted himself honorably, though at the end he had to drop an octave for a shadow of variety!

The best of the whole, however, is the Serenade scene, Hermann's mysterious strain "Tis now the hour when spirits rise," with the interruption of the pretended watchman's street-cry and horn; and then the rival (tenor) watchman, who arrests him. All this is mightily effective and amusing, and reveals a real comic vein in Mendelssohn. A short orchestral interlude, *Adagio*, suggestive of Night, follows, ending with a reminiscence of the Spring-like Overture by way of prelude to the buoyant, bright soprano song: "The flowers are ringing," which Mrs. Smith sang with great flexibility and evenness and in fine voice. The work ends with a couple of nice choruses, which were sung as quartets, and sounded very much like some of Mendelssohn's part songs. The whole thing was a success, and we hope we may hear it again, and with the dialogue and action.

For a first part to his concert Mr. Peck had brought together almost too many attractions. But the length, protracted by the inevitable *encores* wherever there is a long string of songs presented, was shortened on the other hand by the omission of the longest and by far the most important piece, the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn. To the sincere regret of all, Mr. CARL ROSA was disabled by an accident to one of his hands; he "faced the music" bravely, though, in one sense, by frankly coming on the stage and pleading his own excuse in the most simple and convincing way. An orchestral piece would have done well in its place, and made the whole *feel* shorter, by breaking up such a succession of vocal solos. The only orchestral piece was the delightful *Preciosa* Overture of Weber, which it was a treat to hear again.

Madame PAREPA-ROSA was in remarkably fine voice even for her, and sang Millard's "Waiting," full of brilliant bird-like trills and echoes, which took mightily with the audience, a florid Aria from *Linda*, and a couple of ballads for encores, all in her heartiest and most triumphant manner. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS sang the Romanza: "Son leggero," from *Maria di Rohan*, in admirable voice and style; also a rather common sentimental song by Blumenthal, "The Message," in which we could see no occasion for an orchestral accompaniment. Strenuously recalled, she gave much pleasure with a playful Spanish song. Mrs. SMITH had bouquets rained upon her after her fluent, brilliant, but rather mechanical rendering of "*Regnava nel silenzio.*" Mrs. ISABEL BLANCHARD made a very encouraging debut in a somewhat florid aria by Centemeri. She has a delicate mezzo soprano of warm, sympathetic quality, evenly developed, fresh and telling, and sings with chaste and good expression. She gave the ballad of the "Three Fishers," upon being recalled. Mr. WHITNEY, basso, improves constantly in voice and style. His large tones, even the deepest, told with great power, and musically, in the air "*Bello ardir*" from Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*.

The Music Hall was crowded, and Mr. Peck must be congratulated upon such response to his announcement.

MISS CUSHMAN'S GIFT TO THE MUSIC HALL.—Half the matter we had intended for this paper is unexpectedly crowded out, but we must advise our readers to go to Child's Art Gallery and see the busts of PALESTRINA, MOZART and BEETHOVEN, noble heads, with most expressive allegorical supports, by the Danish sculptor MATHIEU. Our own impression of their significance and beauty is already expressed in the article which we tranferred last week from the *Atlantic Monthly*. They can be seen and studied now, so well are they arranged, to far better advantage than will be possible when they are placed at a great height on the walls of the Music Hall. Every time we take a look at them we are confirmed in our conviction that in intrinsic beauty and in truth to subject they are excelled by no designs of modern plastic art yet seen in this city.

Good Things Coming.

I. THE CONCERT FOR THE CRETANS, to be given by the Harvard Musical Association, on Monday Afternoon, April 20, *at three o'clock*—not half-past as before announced—must prove as interesting to all good music-lovers as any of the nine "Symphony Concerts" which they have followed up so eagerly. The orchestra will be in full force, of course with Mr. ZERRAHN as Conductor, and the programme of the usual character, yet appropriate to the occasion: *Part I.* Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, which has a Greek suggestion; Seventh Symphony, in A, by Beethoven. *Part II.* Chopin's Piano Concerto in E minor, which Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, who gave such delight with it in the seventh Symphony Concert, has kindly consented to play again; and, for a patriotic, rousing, popular finale, Rossini's splendid Overture to "William Tell,"—the first time for a year past.—If such musical attraction do not suffice, what heart with any human feeling can resist the burning appeal of the Committee in behalf of the Ladies' Fair, to which this concert will be tributary?

The Christian patriots of Crete,—struggling at earful odds with their Turkish enslavers, who have devastated their country, burned down their villages, deserted their churches, uprooted their vineyards, and outraged every sentiment and right which civilized warriors hold sacred—the brave upholders of the standard of the Cross against the Crescent in this the beginning of the end of Moslem domination in Europe—after defying and defeating every army sent against them, are still unsubdued, still hopeful and confident of final victory, still determined to do or die in the cause of their religious and national independence.

They ask no aid for themselves—neither in money nor munitions of war; but they do appeal to us, as the recognized champions of that liberty for which they struggle, to permit them to continue to fight their invaders, without, at the same time, making the dreadful Abrahamic sacrifice of their families. They entreat us to feed *them* and to clothe *them*—to do our part, at least, in providing them with the bare necessities of life—until, the Turk driven into the sea, they can descend from their mountain fastnesses, and again gather their wives and their children to their homes. Forty thousand souls—old men, women and children of all ages—are now dependent on the charity of Christendom. Already America has done more for them than any other Christian land; already, in the caves and on the rugged passes of Crete, our nation is daily blessed and God's benediction invoked on it; already, every American is saluted in Greece and wherever Greeks assemble, as a true and tried friend of their race in this their time of need.

But we need to do more. These famishing multitudes increase from day to day; and Greece is too poor to feed them all. The contributions from European nations are entirely inadequate to meet these pressing wants. Indeed they are altogether too small to materially affect the vast amount of destitution to be relieved.

Shall we continue to give the Cretans our sympathy, our prayers, and our help? Our sympathy *has* sustained the fainting hearts of women and invigorated the stout arms of the fighting men; and our help has kept thousands of mothers and children from cold and nakedness by garments made by the hands of American women.

The Ladies of several cities and towns will hold a Fair in Boston on Easter week for the benefit of the Cretans.

Let contributions pour in for this beneficent cause—the cause of Liberty against Despotism; of nationality against foreign subjugation; of civilization against barbarism—of the Cross against the Crescent!

II. The TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, beginning on Tuesday, May 5, and closing on the following Sunday evening, bids fair to eclipse the glory of the preceding festivals. The guaranty fund was rapidly filled up, and now exceeds the required sum of $25,000. The chorus will number more than 600 singers, more select and better drilled than usual; and the grand orchestra, reinforced by the best strength of the New York Philharmonic Society, will exceed one hundred instruments. The solo singing will be by the very best talent available, including of course Mme PAREPA-ROSA, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, in all probability the great German baritone, JULIUS STOCKHARSEN, to whom an invitation has been sent, and other distinguished artists, besides those nearer who have repeatedly done such excellent service in our Oratorios. For the opening on Tuesday morning will be given Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm (first time) and "Hymn of Praise," preceded by Nicolai's Overture and Choral: "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" The Oratorios selected for the following evenings are the "Messiah," "Creation," "Samson" and "St. Paul."

There will be four Afternoon Concerts of instrumental and vocal music, with noble programmes. Each will include a Symphony, among which are named the great one in C by Schubert, the sparkling favorite in G by Haydn, and finally the sublime "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, which, with such an orchestra and chorus, and with such a voice as Mme. Rosa's in the trying soprano solo, bids fair to prove even more impressive than it did at the end of the Symphony Concerts last year. CARL ROSA is engaged to play a Violin Concerto; and for two at least of the concerts the services of Fräulein ALIDE TOPP, the young lady pianist who has created such a sensation in New York, and who came to this country with the fullest endorsement of her teacher, Von Bülow, and of Liszt, have been secured. She will play Schumann's Concerto in A minor, and the Concerto in E flat (never before heard here) by Liszt. Von Bülow, in a letter to the Steinways, writes: "Miss Alide Topp, court pianist to the prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, whom I am proud to call my pupil, though not yet world-renowned, will soon become so, as her debut in every place where she has thus far appeared has always produced great sensation. Excellent female pianists as we have in the musical world (Schumann, Clauss, Mehlig, Goddard, &c.), Miss Topp beats them all. The '*virtuose Qualität*' which distinguishes her makes us regard her as a male, rather than a female, pianist. The delicate, handsome woman, has a *technique*, an energy, a fire, which enable her to enter the lists with a Rubinstein or a Tausig. Do not think I exaggerate; you will certainly counter-sign my recommendation as soon as you have heard and admired the lady herself"—This may be partial praise, as well as wholesale; but certainly it comes from very high authority; and, though it is like bringing coals to Newcastle, to bring another fine pianist to Boston, there will be great interest to hear this lady, and she will no doubt be warmly welcomed.

Among the Overtures for the Festival concerts we hear named Beethoven's *Leonora*, No. 3; Mendelssohn's "Becalmed at Sea," &c; Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, that to *Freyschütz*, &c., &c.

Mr. F. L. Ritter continues the good work among his pupils. Here is the programme of the second Soirée given, under his direction, by the teachers of Vassar College: Overture to *Egmont* (8 hands); Polonaise, C-sharp minor, *Chopin*; Aria from *Freyschütz*; Fantaisie and Sonata, C minor, *Mozart*; Septet (8 hands), *Beethoven*; Andante and Variations for two pianos, *Schumann*; Song without Words, *Mendelssohn*; "Wanderstund," *S. Heller*; Songs, "Ye faded flowers," *Schubert*, and "Ich wandre nicht," *Schumann*; Capriccio, B minor, *Mendelssohn*; Organ Toccata, D minor, *Bach*.

At another, also under Mr. Ritter's direction, given at Mlle. Rostan's Young Ladies' School (New York). Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, for Soprano and Contralto voices, was given entire, with the original string quartet accompaniment. The "Ladies' Vocal Society," connected with the school, furnished the vocal part, and Messrs. Matzka, Gipner, Schwartz and Bergner the instrumental. The *Stabat* was preceded by Beethoven's E-flat Trio, op. 1, and followed by Liszt's *Lucia* Fantasia, played by Mr. Mills.

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Worcester, Mass.—At this late day I forward you the programme of a musical entertainment recently given here (to invited guests) of so rare and unusual a character not only for this, but for a more pretentious locality, that I think some notice of the affair should appear in your columns. The residents of the "heart of the Commonwealth" are justly proud of their many fine vocal and instrumental performers; prominent among whom are the artists named upon the enclosed programme, who are always listened to with delight. R.

Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 22. Arranged in Historical Order.

		Born.	Died.
	PERIOD I		
Concert Sonata	Domenico Scarlatti.	1683	
Variations, Harmonious Blacksmith	Handel.	1684.	1759.
Alto Air from Mass in G minor.	J. S. Bach.	1685.	1750.
	PERIOD II.		
Fantasia in C.....	Haydn.	1732.	1809.
La Consolation.....	Dussek.	1761.	1812.
Song. L'Addio.....	Mozart.	1756.	1792.
	PERIOD III.		
Sonata in B flat, op. 22	Beethoven.	1770.	1827.
Prayer from Der Freischütz....	Von Weber.	1786.	1826.
Song. Faded Flowers....	Franz Schubert.	1797.	1828.
	PERIOD IV.		
Prelude in E minor	Mendelssohn.	1809.	1847.
Album Leaf. May, dearest May	Schumann.	1810	1854.
Waltz Op. 64, No. 2	F. Chopin.	1810.	1849.
Fantasia Les Huguenots....	S. Thalberg.	1812	

Vocalist, Mrs. A. C. Munroe. Pianist, B. D. Allen.

———

New York, April 1.—On Wednesday evening a miscellaneous concert was given at Steinway Hall. The only interesting features were the solos of S. B. Mills and Camilla Urso. Mr. M. played in his usual admirable style, but his selections were somewhat unenjoyable. Mme. Urso was superb; the clearness, purity and unerring accuracy of her tone are beyond praise, and her bowing is delightfully easy and smooth. She was tumultuously encored and gave us a fine rendering of Ernst's *Elegie*. The accompaniments were "done" in a thoroughly execrable, sledge-hammer style by some one who rejoices in the euphonious name of "Cavalliere Paolo Giorza."

There were three Ole Bull concerts last week. His odd, quaint, fanciful performance of such pieces as the "Carnival of Venice" and "Witches' Dance" is eminently calculated to please the popular mind: on the other hand, his best and most artistic point,—i.e., his wonderful three and four-part playing—is appreciated only by the few. We must regret that a violinist of such pre-eminent ability should condescend to play—as he did on Saturday evening—such low barroom trash as the "Arkansas Traveller;" and we would suggest to Sig. Severini the propriety of leaving the dead undisturbed; "Oft in the stilly night" is very well in its way, but it is unkind to unearth it at this late day.

On Saturday evening occurred the 5th of the Chamber Music Soirées with this programme:

Octet, E, op. 32..... ... .Spohr.
P. F. Solo, "Faschingsschwank" .....Schumann.
Wm. Mason.
Quartet, B flat, op. 130.....Beethoven.

The Spohr Octet attracted a larger audience than is usually present at these soirées; a fine work, carefully instrumented and well elaborated. The Menuetto is very nice; the 3d movement—an adaptation of the "Harmonious Blacksmith"—has a very pleasing effect; the Finale, an airy, sprightly Allegretto in E major, sets out with a melody which at first appears trivial, but suddenly surprises one by its fine changes of key and the artistic working up of the theme. Altogether, the Octet was very enjoyable.

Mr. Mason played the Schumann piece in his habitually careful, accurate, and, I grieve to say, phlegmatic manner; firmness and precision were there, but delicacy and feeling were somewhat lacking.

The Beethoven Quartet, built on a large, broad scale, is an admirable instance of what has been termed the author's "third period." The 5th movement, "*Cavatina, Adagio molto espressivo*," is more clear and less involved than are most of the other movements (there are six in all), and is therefore better calculated to please upon a first hearing.

At the 27th Sunday Evening concert (Steinway Hall) these were the interesting points:—

2 movements from unfinished Symphony.....Schubert.
Violin Solo, Adagio and Rondo, (1st Concerto). Paganini.
B. Listemann.
Dirge for full Orchestra.....Jerome Hopkins.

The Dirge by Hopkins is really a composition of merit, in which there is some individuality (not to any dangerous extent), and much that is suggestive of Schumann and Wagner. It was admirably played by the compact little orchestra of 30. Mr. Listemann created a genuine sensation by the general brilliancy of his execution and the lightning-like rapidity of his staccato passages; his tone is, however, rather thin. He was heartily and deservedly encored. Mr. DeMeyer and his inevitable hat amused the audience after the usual fashion. F.

April 6.—On Thursday evening, April 2nd, Mr. Fr. Bergner gave his 4th Annual Concert in Irving Hall. He was assisted by Messrs. S. B. Mills, Theo. Thomas, Mosenthal, G. Matzka, Liesegang, Pfeiffenschneider, F. Letsch, and Miss Maria Brainerd. The interesting features of the programme were two movements from one of Mendelssohn's early quartets (Op 12, written in 1828), and the Andante with variations from the Beethoven quatuor, op. 18, No. 5.

Mr. Bergner in his two solos displayed the same ease and carefulness of execution, together with the fine, pure tone, which have always been the most noteworthy characteristics of his artistic excellence. His best effort was his performance (as an encore) of Gounod's *Meditation* upon Bach's Prelude in C major. Mr. Mills gave us the wearisome Liszt Fantasia upon *Lucrezia Borgia* and a potpourri of his own. The audience numbered some five hundred.

On Saturday evening the 5th and last Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert was given before a very large audience. The orchestral pieces were the following:

Symphony No 4, "Weihe der Töne"..... ..... Spohr.
1 movem't from Symphony, "Romeo & Juliette." Berlioz.
Overture, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.

Mr. Arbuckle gave two solos upon the cornet à piston in a very neat, clean, and acceptable style. He was honored with hearty encores. Mme. Parepa-Rosa sang the "*Ah, perfido*" (Beethoven) and Handel's "Let the bright seraphim." The latter was a great success; a repetition was demanded and gracefully accorded by the obliging cantatrice. Miss Toedt, who had not appeared in public for some time, played a trashy composition by Prume, in very good style. Her bowing is not very strong and her tone is less sympathetic than might be wished; yet she is young, there is still time, and there are many violinists of greater age who would give much to play as well as she.

We trust that the season has been sufficiently prosperous to warrant the directors in attempting, next winter, the twelfth season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. I had almost forgotten to say—and I hasten to make good the omission, inasmuch as accuracy seems to be essential—that the orchestra numbered exactly fifty-five. F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Why should we part? Song. *Keller.* 30
Why, indeed, when this charming song so prettily urges the contrary? The publishers, however, will readily part with it on payment of the very reasonable price.

Cruel Mary Holder. Comic Song. *Lloyd.* 35
I'm 75. " " " 30
Two very amusing songs.

My Father sould Charcoal. S'g & dance. *G. T.* 30
An unmistakable Irish song. Good melody.

O'er the Bright Waves. Barcarole. *Schubert.* 40
My Queen. Song. *Blumenthal.* 50
May God love thee. Song. *Birdseye.* 30
Good songs, by well-known composers.

Far away the King doth stray. (Mari sage). "*La Belle Helene.*" 30
A very piquant and pretty melody. The song has a chorus.

Sailing on the Ægean. (Roi Plaintif). "*La Belle Helene.*" 30
The Kings of Grecia. (Voici les rois). " 30
Dancing, singing. (Dansons, Chantons). " 30
The trumpet calls (Trio patriotique), " 40
Four very spirited songs, fitted to classic English words.

Jennie dear. S'g or Duet and Cho. *Salisbury.* 30

Instrumental.

Silver Bells. (Silberglöcken). Nos. 1 and 2. *Spindler*, each. 60
Marked with the composer's peculiar elegance of arrangement.

Sleigh bells Mazurka. *Wels.* 60
Les Feuilles D'Automne. *Marcailhou.* 35
Combining brilliancy with grace. The last is a very graceful tribute to the beauty of Autumn.

Polka. "La Belle Helene." *Smith.* 30
March. " " " 30
Two pleasing extracts, with bright melodies.

Impeachment Polka. *C. D. Blake.* 30
Already quite in demand Spirited, and a little difficult.

Ricci Polka. *L. W. Merriam.* 30
Village Bell Waltz. *Jarvis.* 75
La Belle Helene Schottisch. *Knight.* 30
" " Polka Redowa. " 35
Flying Trapeze Galop. " 35
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For Dwight's Journal of Music

Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat, Op. 26.

BY ADOLPH KIELBLOCK.

Among the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven there is hardly one more universally loved than opus 26, in A flat major. The noble, pensive character of the work, so well expressed, justly entitles it to this distinction. A vein of sadness, of deep longing, runs through it, touching even the more lively movements, produced partly by the solemn key of A-flat, partly the low position in which the melodies frequently move, but most especially by something that evades description, as proceeding directly from the genius of the tone-poet. Who has stood at the close of a fine day in September, gazing on the setting sun, as the last rays illumine hill and valley, and not experienced that nameless longing which makes the bosom heave, and moves us to wish for wings that we might fly on and on to those golden fields, where the sun is just going, where all is so much more beautiful, so much better, purer, and where everything, once so dear to us, but now lost, is to be found again? Involuntarily we think of those words from Schubert's "Wanderer":

"Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land,
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt?"

Yes, where art thou, my beloved land, looked for, dreamed of, and yet never known? The land so green with hope, where my roses are blooming, my friends are walking, oh, land, where art thou?

"This sonata," says an eminent critic, "is a model in the treatment of the instrument: thoughtful, many sided, and truly poetic." Let us glance at each of the four movements in succession. The opening one is an Andante con variazioni, instead of the usual Allegro. In the beginning of the present century, and later, a set of variations stood in high favor with the musical public, so much so that third-rate composers found it a profitable business to devote themselves exclusively to the manufacture of variations, which were devoured by the dilettanti as hotly as they were turned out. The consequence was that the form 'tself fell into disgrace; but unjustly. Beethoven has cultivated this field most zealously, and clearly shown what can be made of it, not only as portions of his larger works, but independently, as pieces complete in themselves. For most of the latter he took his themes from operas, or selected national airs and other melodies that were popular at his time. The theme which supplies the material for the first movement of our sonata, however, is an original one and belongs to the finest and most characteristic periods that have flowed from his pen. It is not more distinguished for beautiful melody than for beautiful harmony and modulation, all, closely interwoven, forming one inseparable whole. To the most sonorous octave of the instrument the composer has assigned the task of singing this exquisite melody. The same tone, expressive of deep longing, that pervades the Andante, we find more fully developed in the variations. The former a germ, the latter the full-blown flowers; or, if you will, call the theme a tree and the variations the blossoms.

As with a flower each leaf forms a little whole by itself, so here, in the first variation, every measure forms one; only occasionally do we find them grown in clusters of two or four. More technically speaking, the motive in this variation consists of a short melodic phrase of one measure's length, originating in the depth, and responded to now in the height, again in the depth, in short all around,—always with the same pleading expression: a seeking for something that can never be found.

In the second variation the longing element assumes a character more restless, even to impetuosity; everything is a-stir. It is the imprisoned spirit struggling for liberty. The bass presents the tema in a most energetic manner, the treble bravely supporting it.

Number three, in A-flat minor, offers a striking contrast to the energy developed in the preceding variation. A cloud is hanging over it. In a weary, melancholy mood the melody rises gradually, but indolently and hesitatingly, from the deep E-flat upward in syncopated notes, continually pushed onward by the decided step of its grave companion, *culpa* bass.

In number four we have the silver lining to the cloud before. It is not well to dwell long in dark moods; so the spell of Minor is broken, Major restored; there is room for innocent sport, so far as the pensive nature of the parent tree permits.

Number five forms the true crown to the whole series. In dress and outfit it appears quite brilliant, and accommodates itself admirably to the nature of the instrument; in spirit and expression it is full of hope and serenity; even the theme, where it enters in its original shape, seems to smile pensively through the sparkling accompaniment above and below it. The glow animating this variation, however, begins to pale in the coda. How sympathetically in the last eight measures the bass answers to the short melodic motive in the treble, until it gently retires, as if to say: now all is ended.

The Scherzo—Allegro molto—as far as is consistent with the design and character of this form, agrees well with the general mood of the sonata. In many sonatas, symphonies and the like, it seems to be appointed to play the roll of the king's fool, whose office is to make sport of the tears that may have been produced by the Adagio generally preceding it. Its place, therefore, as one of the legitimate movements has frequently been questioned: and it cannot be denied that greater unity is attainable in sonatas where the scherzo is not admitted. But, who could wish that Beethoven had acted on this theory? Some of his scherzos belong to the most wonderful creations from his great genius. We would not even miss this one, small as it is. It sparkles with life and humor, with occasional out-breaks of a melancholy temper, while in the Trio it appears sedate, earnest, even solemn. Interesting is the second part (of the Scherzo). The treble three times and with much violence attempts a rush upward through nearly two octaves; but the third time the attempt fails, so that twice a fresh start is taken, but with no better result; it attains only to the middle, and there settles, moving indifferently about, apparently at a loss what to do next. The bass takes advantage of this indecision and suddenly seizes the principal subject (at the end of the 28th measure) compelling the treble to run along with it as best it can, or, as we would say in technical parlance, to form the counterpoint. The roles are then changed, the treble asserting its supremacy, ruling the bass triumphantly and with a firm hand, until the close.

We come next to the *Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un eroe* (Funeral march on the death of a hero). Perhaps no single movement of any of Beethoven's sonatas has become so famous among the more cultivated portion of the musical world as this funeral march. It has been arranged for orchestra and published as such; it has been arranged for reed bands, for brass bands and all sorts of bands. The march, it is said, was composed by Beethoven to show that by his productive genius he could out-rival a certain funeral march, from the opera Achilles, by the Italian composer Paer, at that time a great favorite with the public. In other words, this *marcia funebre* was designed to kill or cause the death of another *marcia funebre*. We may say, then, we have here a funeral march on the death of a funeral march, since events have proved that Beethoven completely succeeded in his undertaking. The authority for the above statement is probably Anton Schindler, the biographer, or "l'ami de Beethoven," as he used to call himself on his card. Let it be so. We find the march as a part of our sonata and care not how it has come there.

The march, as the composer has indicated, is destined to solemnize the funeral of a hero. Here the mourners are not men and women who follow the corpse with weeping and lamentations, but bearded warriors with swords, muskets and drums; men of steel and iron to whom necessity is law; men not used to display their emotions nor ponder much on a happiness beyond the grave. There is, accordingly, in this composition a total absence of anything that passes under the name of a sweet, pleasing melody. Even the Trio (in A flat major) which commonly is made the occasion for fine, ear-tickling melodies intended, or rather pretended, to convey comfort and consolation to the bereaved mind—in Beethoven's march resounds with the roll of drums, with the clatter of swords and sabres and with the manifold echo of the volleys fired over the grave of the hero. All is stern, solemn, even to coldness. Only once or twice do we meet with an expression of grief—but, what a grief!—beginning faintly and asserting itself with more vehemence from measure to measure (17th measure from the commencement, etc.), while beneath

it are heard the quiet, solemn steps of the procession. But soon the stern voice of command stops this indulgence; soldiers must not be afflicted with such weakness, and—forward!—with an iron tramp the procession moves on. Once more we find a very mournful phrase in the closing portion of the march (beginning in the 8th measure from the end). A world of grief and tears is reflected from these notes; but all will finally be dissolved into joy; so we are promised, and so the last chord in its change from the gloomy Minor to the serene Major, with the longing fifth above, clearly indicates.

The Finale (Allegro) contrasts strongly with the serious, solemn cast of the funeral march. It rushes along, as if on wings, never pausing in its rapid flight. If the preceding movement suggests death, this Allegro surely proclaims life. After all it forms the proper finale to this sonata. In its dimensions, lucidity and conciseness it harmonizes excellently with the first movements; nor is it wanting in those sombre tints that mark the variations. It is a pleasure to observe how spontaneously this finale unfolds itself, how naturally one thing follows another! At the same time it offers a most grateful task to the executant; a piece that any pianist must delight to perform, so well do the motives, phrases and passages agree with the demands of the instrument. The germs of the whole of this movement may be reduced to three. First, the four sixteenth notes (semi-quavers) at the commencement. This motive follows a downward course, all alone, until met by the bass. Here, in the upper part, another motive is introduced, a short, melodic phrase, beginning with d-flat and tending likewise downward, thereby impelling the former to a course upward. Each of these two motives in its turn serves both as treble and as bass, as principal and as accompaniment, or we may say: bass and treble continually change parts. As a third motive may be mentioned the chord in the thirtieth measure, performed successively by bass and treble, confirming the passage (solo) of the former into E-flat; two measures later into B-flat; the bass striking on the accentuated part of the measure. From this chord, inadvertently thrown out, as it were, arises the following humorous, sportive bit of melody, moving irresolutely up and down, appearing first in the treble, then in the bass, banished for the whole time of its duration to that loose, transparent, etherial harmony, called the chord of the seventh; and when finally firm ground is reached, or, as musicians say, a resolution takes place, three brilliant runs down the scale, beginning every time a third higher, finish the pleasant sport in a becoming manner. After the episode in C-minor, all this happens again, but in A-flat instead of E-flat, and in connection with the principal portion of the movement, as observed at the commencement. A beautiful organ point, or pedal bass, constitutes the closing part or coda of the work The tone that vibrates through the whole sonata once more finds proper expression here. Twice we meet with a sharp dissonance (at the close of the 15th and 11th measures from the end), like the bitter recollection of hopes deferred, longings unsatisfied, while the ruling figure with undiminished speed is winding its way steadily downward, lower and lower, softer and softer, until it has reached that place whence all tones proceed and whither in their natural course they all tend, *the deepest depth*, when it expires.

The Voice in Singing.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(From the North American Review.)

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of EMMA SEILER, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 16mo. pp. 168.

This little book is worthy of the most thorough criticism, which is already saying much for it. It is an attempt "to bring into harmony things which have always been treated separately, —the science and the art of singing": an attempt begun in the right spirit, cautious, candid, prompted alike by love of beauty and of truth, and carried through in quiet earnestness. And here is the simple story of results, in which much that is new is reported without egotism, and more anxiety is shown that the new knowledge may not be misused than to win credit for discovery. It is not a manual of singing, and does not profess to teach the art. It is a memoir embodying results of scientific observation while yet fresh, and pointing out their practical value, abounding, for the rest, in pregnant hints of what has been lost in the once noble art of song, and how it may be won back, and what good singing is. Beyond that, too, it has another charm, in that it is the record of a life's devotion, wherein all is set down so simply and so clearly, with such single wish that all may learn, as to give it unconsciously a beauty and a value as a literary production. The unpretending little book is really in its way a work of art, and, if only in that sense, was worthy to find a translator in the accomplished "Member of the American Philosophical Society" who has done so excellent a service in introducing it to the American reader.

Madame Seiler is a German lady, who to a musical character as such unites rare scientific attainments. After studying with the best masters, German and Italian, and singing with favor in concerts, she thought herself qualified to teach; but, more conscientious than most teachers, she was unwilling to proceed in the special culture of individual voices in the dark. Seeking light in schools, she found contradiction and confusion; doctors disagreed; each had a system of his own, with plentiful lack of reasons; no two used terms alike; in the jargon about registers, &c., all was bewilderingly vague, as every one who goes from method to method, from master to master, seeking to learn to sing, is pretty sure to find. Losing her voice at last (under an eminent teacher), she turned her attention to the piano, but without ceasing to pursue the knowledge of the human voice, as she indeed showed by choosing for her piano-teacher old Wieck, of Dresden, Clara Schumann's father, who is at the same time one of the wisest singing-masters of the day. There, too, she learned what she could by hearing Jenny Lind, in whom almost alone the great tradition lived. In Italy, the land of song, and in the schools of France, she also tarried, only to find "no sure and radical knowledge." Finally, the scientific instinct hinted of a surer way, and she sought the counsel of Professor Helmholtz, at Heidelberg, the great explorer of the natural laws of musical sound, from whom Tyndall draws so much which he has popularized in his delightful "Lectures upon Sound." Under his guidance she devoted herself to a long and patient observation, by means of the laryngoscope, of the physiological processes that go on in the larynx in the production of musical tones. "My special thanks are due to him," she says, "that now, with a more thorough knowledge of the human voice, I can give instruction in singing, without the fear of doing any injury." In 1861 she published in Germany a part of her investigations, now incorporated with other matter in the work before us. Coming to this country with the fullest indorsement by Helmholtz, who speaks of having been assisted by her in his own "essay upon the formation of the vowel tones, and the registers of the female voice," she has taken up her abode in Philadelphia, where she has won the esteem of the most cultivated persons, and where her labors as a teacher of singing are already said to be bearing fruits worthy of her zeal in seeking a scientific basis on which to restore the natural method.

Opening with the common complaint, too well founded, that fine singers are becoming more and more rare, the book is full of regretful allusions to "that rich summer-time of song, not yet lying very far behind us, in the last half of the last century," when we read of such a multitude of noble voices, so full and sweet in tone, so wonderfully preserved, when measured by the short career of singers now-a-days. Catalani, Malibran, Rubini, Mara, were among the last of them. The first chapter is historical, tracing the rise, development, and decline of vocal music in a concise, clear, interesting manner, and showing how the very study of expression in the dramatic singer, the very æsthetics of his art, gradually tempted him into the neglect of its externals, of the sound culture of the vocal instrument, until it began to be thought only necessary to be *musical*, or at the most a singer, to be qualified for a teacher of singing. And so the tradition of true song was lost. True as the old Italian school was, it was yet *empirical;* it had found Nature's way by instinct, treasuring up lessons of experience; it "builded better than it knew"; its pupils "learned by imitation, as children learn their mother tongue." The tradition once lost cannot by empiricism be restored, nor by intuition, nor by any means short of a scientific verification of principles. Most men have drunk adulterated wines until their taste is no criterion of genuine flavors; so in the vocal art, "our feeling is no longer sufficiently simple and natural to distinguish the true without the help of scientific principles." It will not do to trust to Italian teachers just because they are Italian, and because (as Jenny Lind once said to us) the one only school of song is the Italian; but that, even in Italy, in these Verdi days, exists no longer. Broken-down Italian opera-singers, with pupils thronging to them in all countries, do the fashionable mischief. They have not known enough to save their own voices through a short summer's day, but they do know enough to spoil the voices of our children.

This by way of introduction. In the second chapter we come to the core of the matter, the "physiological view" of the voice, showing how sounds are formed in the larynx. The history of such investigations is first briefly sketched, beginning with the experiments of Müller, who succeeded in producing all the tones of the human voice from the excised larynx, and ending with Manuel Garcia's observations with the laryngoscope, he having been the first to apply this instrument to the larynx in the act of singing. Garcia's results are cited in full in his own words, and a brief anatomical description of the vocal organ, for the aid of the unscientific reader, is found in an Appendix. "The most eminent of singing-masters now living," Jenny Lind's master, did this of course purely in the interest of vocal music, watched the vibration of the vocal chords, and the concurrent play of the other portions of the larynx, with patient scientific accuracy, and his *Mémoire* was favorably reported on in the French Academy of Sciences. He did a great service, if only in establishing a truly scientific method of inquiry. But his results are, after all, incomplete and vague, especially in the cardinal point of determining the transitions of the registers, and though he names the *head tones*, he tells us nothing of them.

Madame Seiler's own use of the laryngoscope has been directed solely to the discovery of the natural limits of the different registers of the voice. Slowly and patiently getting such control of the epiglottis, or lid which covers the glottis, that she could at will lay bare to sight the whole length of the vocal chords, (Garcia tells us that one third of the glottis was always hidden from him by the epiglottis,) and learning to produce tones freely and naturally under such constraint, she is convinced that she has absolutely and precisely fixed the limits, not only of the three registers commonly, though vaguely, recognized,—the *chest*, the *falsetto* and the *head*,—but also of an upper and a lower series of tones in the

chest and in the falsetto register, thus making in reality *five* series of tones or registers, due to five different actions of the vocal organ, which are thus distinguished: —

"1. *The first series of tones of the chest register*, in which the whole glottis is moved by large, loose vibrations, and the arytenoid cartilages with the vocal ligaments are in action.

"2. *The second series of the chest register*, where the vocal ligaments alone act, and are likewise moved by large, loose vibrations.

"3. *The first series of the falsetto register*, where again the whole glottis, consisting of the arytenoid cartilages and vocal ligaments, is in action,—the very fine interior edges of the ligaments, however, being alone in vibrating motion.

"4. *The second series of the falsetto register*, the tones of which are generated by the vibrations of the edges alone of the vocal ligaments.

"5. *The head register*, in the same manner, and by the same vibrations, and with a partial closing of the vocal ligaments."—p. 65.

The falsetto register covers the same tones in the male and in the female voice, that is, the same octave in the general scale of tones. To the popular notion with which most of us grew up, this is at first bewildering. By *falsetto* we were wont to understand that sort of feigned or false voice with which a man would try to sing like a woman. Now all the singing masters, Madame Seiler with them, being too much engaged with *things* to cavil about names, borrow from the supposed *false* male tones a name for the same range of real tones in the female voice, where they are principal and normal. They are real likewise, and legitimate in the male voice, only not characteristically masculine like the chest tones; whereas of the average female voice the *falsetto* is the best part, the most womanly, most musical and beautiful. Our author marks the *transition* from the chest voice to the falsetto with a precision to which we have not been accustomed heretofore. It falls alike in *all* voices on the same tone, *fa* ♮, while the other transitions differ by a note or two, because the male larynx is a third larger than the female. This is important. —On the other hand, it is not clear that she recognizes any head tones in the male voice.

Whether these results are final is more than a mere literary review may undertake to assert; that question must be left to the more thorough criticism which we began with saying such a book deserves. It is for scientific experts, themselves familiar with the use of the laryngoscope, and with the art of singing, (and we have such among us,) to audit the account. But there is strong presumption in favor of Madame Seiler's statements: first, in the evident conscientiousness and carefulness of her investigations; then, in the fact that they have been repeated by men of science in Germany, and acknowledged as correct, and in the indorsement of men like Helmholtz and Du Bois-Reymond; then, in the practical wisdom which lights up every page, when it comes to the application of these principles to the culture of the voice; above all, in the irresistible persuasiveness of the whole spirit of the book, so sensitive to the demands of art as well as science, so fully alive to the spiritual as well as the physical conditions of good singing, so candid and impartial, and with such a zeal for truth, burning quietly and deeply, shining without rhetoric, blurred by no sentimentality. It is, at all events, a work by one of the right sort of *character* for such an undertaking.

But whether the soundness of the physiology be absolutely proved or not, there can be no doubt of the value of the application here made to the culture of the singing voice. The rules deduced are excellent. Thus, first of all, the registers may not be forced up beyond their limits without "a straining of the organs which may be both seen and felt, and no organ will bear continual over-straining." This is the chief cause of the decay of voices. Tenors, emulous of some Duprez's *do di petto*, try to force the action of the chest tones up into the rightful domain of the falsetto; the registers become confused by habits wilfully begun, the natural limits are lost sight of, till the voice, continually weakened, is destroyed. Again, it is shown how the falsetto tones, without ceasing to be such, may be educated to a strength and fullness hardly to be distinguished from the chest tones. How much better this than "the forced-up chest tones of our tenorists, sung with swollen-out throats and blood-red faces"! Again, how we are misled by the terms *chest*, *throat*, *head* tones,—a distinction purely imaginary, a matter of the nerves; physical sensations being confounded with the seat of actual processes, which for *all* tones is in the throat, the larynx! And yet how rightly may the singer know which kind of tones he is producing by these same sensations! Passing a multitude of good directions about the training of the soprano and the other voices, (noting by the way that Madame Seiler, contrary to the common notions, finds mezzo-soprano and barytone voices by no means so common as the four chief kinds,) we only mention further the important advice, that *the male voice should be trained by men, and the female voice by women*: for this lady is not the slave of science to believe that singing can be learned by scientific explanations, when it must be done by imitation of examples, as the child learns to talk.

To the physiological succeeds the *physical* view, which tells us how to treat the instrument we have examined. This third portion of the work is full of sound suggestions. The laws and properties of tone are briefly recited, after Helmholtz and Tyndall, and particularly the *timbre* of tones, and its dependence upon what are called the *over-tones* (harmonics) which mingle with the fundamental tone, are dwelt on. Upon these natural laws are founded excellent instructions, chief among which are those related to the control and the division of the breath; the importance of avoiding a *too great pressure of the breath*, lest "the form of the waves of sound most favorable to a good tone" be disturbed; the danger of the too common exhortation "to bring out the voice" as strongly as possible, in the first exercises, instead of beginning gently, gaining strength by slow and sure degrees; then the right direction of the vibrating columns of air, *bringing the voice forward in the mouth*: then the great matter of the vowels, and the adaptation of certain vowels to certain tones, so much neglected in the setting of words to music, and in which the old Italian vocal music offers the most classical and faultless model. And here the German author, with all her enthusiastic feeling for the great song-composers of her country, shows her candor in confessing that these have not understood this matter, nor another equally important: Schubert placing the words so that the favorable vowels seldom come upon the right tones; Schumann using intervals which come upon the boundary tones of the register; and Mendelssohn often laying the stress in his soprano songs upon the *fa* ♮, the transition from the falsetto to the head voice. What an importance this gives to the manner in which the words of a song are translated into another language! But we are anticipating. Flexibility of voice comes in for a good share of attention, and exercises to this end are recommended at an early stage,—florid passages, trills, other ornaments, arias before plain ballads: for the cultivation of flexibility is the "easiest and most grateful part of the education of the voice"; the large, sustained delivery of longer tones in simple melody, with all the light and shade and accent of expression, being indeed the last and crowning beauty of the singer's art. Purity of tone, too, is a theme not lightly nor pedantically treated. But what avails it to skim over so many tempting topics which we can only name?

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the last chapter, in which the æsthetic view of the art of singing is presented very briefly, but with such sound common-sense and fine perception, and so beautifully and simply, that we would fain quote the whole. Of many good sayings take these specimens:—

"An artist must, therefore, be esteemed according as his works excite and ravish the hearers or beholders without their knowing why; and he stands all the higher, the simpler and the more naturally, i.e., the more *unconsciously* this takes place."

"Empty and dead as all technical knowledge is, unless it is animated with a soul, yet no product of art æsthetically beautiful is possible without a perfect technique."

"Unhappily, our whole music is vitiated by this sickly sentimentalism, the perfect horror of every person of cultivated taste. In these later years the powerful reaction of German æsthetics has had favorable results in regard to instrumental music; but in the execution of vocal music this unhealthy fashion of singing still always commands great applause. This sickly sentimental style has also naturalized in singing a gross trick, unfortunately very prevalent, the *tremolo* of the tones. When, in rare cases, the greatest passion is to be expressed, to endeavor to deepen the expression by a trembling of the notes is all very well, and fully to be justified; but in songs and arias in which quiet and elevated sentiments are to be expressed, to tremble as if the whole soul were in an uproar, and not at all in a condition for quiet singing, is unnatural and offensive."

Under this head the subjects of rhythm, correct understanding of the tempo, composition, the delivery of the sentiment of a work, and the aids to a fine execution are treated with good taste and judgment. And, finally, the time for beginning instruction is discussed, with strong recommendation of an early age, but with caution against the dangers to the young voice of singing in schools in chorus, where the teacher is satisfied, if the tones are only pure and the time is kept, but pays no regard to the formation of the tones.

The book is admirably translated, and on the whole we must regard it as the best essay upon the voice in singing that has yet appeared.

Two Sisters.

A CHAPTER FROM RAU'S "MOZART."*

At the time of which we write, the fine city of Mannheim, round which the Rhine and Neckar are extended like protecting arms, had, on the side towards the former stream, an imposing entrance-way, surmounted by an elegant stone arch, and called the Rhine-gate. On the keystone of the arch is cut the coat of arms of the Elector who built it, Karl Philip, and beneath the shield these words:

BONUS PRINCEPS NUNQUAM
ET PACI CREDIT NON SE
PRÆPARET BELLO.

"A good prince never trusts peace so far as not to be prepared for war."

Close by this Rhine Gate of Mannheim stood, in the year 1777, a small, unpretending house. It made no display of size or expensiveness, but it was pretty and home-like, and showed at the first glance that its inhabitants believed in order and neatness. Two five-sided bay-windows, rising into turrets, projected on the sides of the house, as if there were eyes within which liked to see out; and from the gable windows above, those eyes could enjoy a splendid view across the Rhine.

The owner of this dwelling was an open-hearted, honorable man, named Weber. His position was not indeed among the high ones, but he had an office under the Elector, which he had filled with the greatest fidelity for many years: his salary had, until recently, been only two hundred florins a year, which was little enough, with wife and six children—five daughters and a son. But now the household circumstances were a little less straitened, since, as a reward for his long faithfulness in the service of the Elector, his salary had been raised to four hundred florins. Fortunately, too, he owned the pretty house of which we have spoken, and had a little side-income from two of its chambers, which were rented to an old friend of the family.

But small though his house and his salary were, the contentment and happiness of the Weber household were great. There was not one of the family who made any further demand on life than for health, cheerfulness, daily food, and, as the spice of all these, the heartiest affection for each other. And, in truth, fate was so friendly as to richly satisfy these modest demands. The father and mother had the firmest health, the children bloomed like fresh roses, and since bodies were sound and souls were satisfied, of course cheerfulness and contentment were not wanting; while the pleasant family-life made all desire for outside pleasure superfluous.

Herr Weber was no dry and juiceless husk of a man, such as many lawyers of that day were; on the contrary, he loved art and science, and though his limited means made the purchase of books or the en-

* Mozart: a Biographical Romance, from the German of Heribert Rau by E. R. Sill. New York. Leypoldt & Holt.

joyment of concerts a rare indulgence, yet the good man had many a friend who was glad to lend him choice volumes, and give him invitations to feasts of music. Music was one of the greatest pleasures of the Weber household, and the father spent many an hour in playing the old clavier, which it was the hope of his life to exchange for one of the new piano fortes, at that time just coming into vogue in Germany. His scholarly and musical culture was kept constantly burnished by his duties as teacher of his children. For in those times a man's education was prevented from becoming rusty by the necessity of being his own family's schoolmaster. Some idea of the facilities for school education may be got from this fact: that even at the court of the Elector, the teacher of the young nobility ranked below the head hostler. The court coachman got a salary of three hundred florins; the vice-coachman and the twelve trumpeters each two hundred and fifty florins; the teacher—Professor Philosophiæ—two hundred florins, annually!

Herr Weber had, in his wife, a priceless assistant in the education of his children. She was good troops in every respect;—notable as a housewife, simple, economical, unweariedly diligent, bent upon good order, and sincerely pious; without in the remotest degree belonging to that class of women whose piety runs to a sentimental playing with religious feelings.

The oldest two of the children were girls. Aloysia was fifteen years old, Constanze fourteen. Both were beautiful, and blooming as fresh rosebuds on which the morning-dew still trembles.

They loved each other devotedly; yet their characters were strongly contrasted. Aloysia, who had a fine voice and was educating herself for a singer, was full of life and fire. Nothing appeared to her too difficult or unattainable; her zealous diligence bore down all obstacles to reach a chosen end. And this end the maiden had already determined upon—to charm the world with her voice. She was therefore passionately enthusiastic in music, and revelled in dreams of being herself a priestess of it.

It was quite otherwise with Constanze, who seemed much more restful, quiet and spiritual than her sister. She was still a child, in the strongest sense of the word. She lived like a modest and lovely flower, born to bloom only for its own little forest-nook. That which especially characterized her was a tender sorrowfulness, to which she seemed inclined by nature. To a keener insight it was apparent that this disposition to melancholy was nothing but the reflection of a deeply sensitive soul, exalted and moved by its inner unfolding, as it passed from childhood into womanhood.

Constanze had continually a vague, undefined consciousness of *something*, she knew not what, unfolding and developing in body and soul. She sought to understand it, but in vain; yet often its tenderness and yearning melted her even to tears. When, at such times, her sisters would banter and rally her, she could be as gay and merry as any of them; but the gayety on her part always seemed a little overstrained. Constanze had, perhaps, more docility and patience than Aloysia, and loved music as well; but her voice, though soft and sweet, was not powerful.

All the Weber children had pure hearts behind their pure faces. They had but little to do with people outside of their own household; and of the world's wickedness they knew nothing. Never had they heard a word or a tale at which their cheeks must redden or their eyes be cast down.

Of finery in dress they had no notion in that household. What they understood by "dress" was only extreme neatness and tidiness applied to the simplest materials. Therefore, whenever Aloysia or Constanze completed their dressing, by putting a flower in their fine hair, they had no thought of how they were made more beautiful by it, but only how beautiful the blossom looked upon them. So lived they, in pleasant, quiet contentment, with hearts warm to each other, and friendly toward all the world.

Aloysia had already made her *debut* on the Mannheim stage in the opera of *Lamori*, and had been well received. There seemed to be nothing to prevent her taking the position of prima-donna at once, except her lack of dramatic power. But this entrance upon the somewhat perilous life of the stage had made no difference in Aloysia's character. Her girlish bashfulness, of course, was removed; but the childlike modesty of her heart remained untouched. She possessed a great safeguard in her teacher, Wendling, who was conductor of the orchestra and a warm friend of her father's. Neither had her entrance into a public musical life made any great changes in the household. She could not, it is true, so regularly help in the housekeeping as before, on account of her practising and rehearsals; and at such times Constanze took her place at her mother's side. But in keeping the house tidy, in making the younger children's garments, in the evening employments of spinning and knitting—all was as before. She was the same diligent, simple-hearted, cheerful daughter of the house; only there was a little tinge upon her face of increased dignity, and a certain respect paid to her by the others, as to one who had been out in the world.

The mother's true heart was a little disturbed at the future prospect which seemed to open before Aloysia. It was such a seductive career, that of a public singer, and the child knew so little of the temptations which were in store for her! Sometimes her motherly anxieties would express themselves in silent shakings of the head, or words of regret that the loud world would claim her oldest darling.

At such times father Weber would bring to her comfort the calm, restful force of his reason, and show her how it was a true gift from God, that Aloysia possessed such a voice and such aspirations; and how it was unchristian to be otherwise than thankful for it. The maid had good principles, and so long as she held fast to them, he had no fear for her.

"You are right, good man!" Frau Weber would reply; "you are right! I am a foolish woman—but you know how Aloysia has grown a part of my very heart!" and she would brush a tear from her eyes with her apron corner.

Not less so, indeed, were the other children to the good mother; but naturally the anxiety which the eldest caused, made her doubly dear. Is it not always so?

Nothing could be pleasanter than the group in the comfortable sitting room, especially of an evening, when the raw autumnal wind beat and shook the round window-panes in a ghostly way. Then the smaller children would be clustered near the fire-place, where a bright fire crackled and glowed; while Johanna and Maria sat knitting warm garments for themselves or the others, and the mother, with Aloysia and Constanze—sometimes, too, Wendling's daughter, Gustl—kept their spinning-wheels whirling and humming. Herr Weber, meantime, would be playing the old clavier, or walking up and down the room, in his long dressing-gown, his pipe in his mouth, listening to the talk or singing of the others.

Not for tons of gold would Weber have given up these hours at home; and if now and then a friend, as Wendling, joined the group, and the conversation became more interesting, he was happy as a king.

On such an evening the family were so gathered together about the cheerful fireside. November had set in, raw and fierce, and an icy wind came whistling from the Rhine, beating and rattling about the bow-windows, so that now and then a single slate tile from the gable roof would fall crackling into the street, and the staid old weathercock was whisked around till it squeaked with anger.

A fine rain blew against the windows, as if mocking spirits of the night were beckoning and making signals to the maidens, who from time to time would glance up, as an unusually spiteful gust whisked against the panes.

"Nice weather, this!" said father Weber, cheerily, stopping before the fire as he paced up and down in his gown of flowered chintz, and puffing a fragrant cloud from his long pipe. "You'll have no calls to-night, girls!"

"None made of sugar or salt, Papa, that's certain!" said Constanze, looking up roguishly.

"None at all, I hope!" said the mother: "we are pretty well off, as we are."

"Yes indeed—yes indeed!" replied Weber, with heartiness: "but how I pity, such nights, those human creatures who stand alone in life, and never know what a home is!"

"Poor souls!" returned Frau Weber: "no one knows better how to pity them than we women; for no one can appreciate so well as we what they miss."

"Yes, the family life!" said the father, standing in front of Aloysia, and laying a hand lovingly on her shoulder. "Mark this well, you girls! that woman has the family life to thank, for what she is to-day. What was she in the early times of all nations? Nothing but a slave! Even with the Greeks, exalted as they were, woman was shut up to the narrow circle of the one house and its petty concerns—shut up, for that matter, in a few rooms, called the female apartments!"

"And musn't they see even their papa?" asked little Sophie, in surprise.

"Yes, the father and the husband—nobody else!" answered Weber, with a smile.

"With the Romans, though, it was better," said Aloysia.

"Perhaps—a little," replied her father; but with them, as with our own chivalrous ancestors, there was, in the very reverence paid to woman, an implied contempt. The Egyptians worshipped their cats, you know!"

"How horrible the Oriental life must be to women!" said Constanze.

"Body and soul in chains," replied her father,—"iron chains or golden ones, it matters little which. Where there is a family life, there only is woman's position secured."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aloysia, "if we only had the strength and independence of men! I feel, every day, that there is no lack of good purpose in me, to do something great and distinguished; but the strength, the strength is wanting!"

Herr Weber smiled at his daughter's eagerness. Taking her by the chin he lifted up her glowing face and looked down into her eyes for a moment; then releasing her, he said—

"I thought my Aloysia never lacked for courage, strength, or confidence."

"That is not always true," replied the maiden; and in her earnestness she made her spinning-wheel hum so swiftly, that the thread broke in her fingers.

"Nor need it be," said the mother, at that: "otherwise many a thread in life would be snapped. Strength, for men: patience, for women!"

At that moment came a loud knock on the street door. All listened while the old servant, Kathrina, went to the door, with her keys rattling in her hand. They heard the lock turn, and then a hearty voice inquire, "Are they at home?"

"That's Wendling!" said father Weber; "but what does he stop on the steps to ask that question for?"

But Kathrina's answer had already been returned, and they heard two people come into the hall.

"He is not alone!" muttered Weber, a little put out at the idea of having his pleasant evening disturbed by a stranger. But at the familiar tap on the sitting-room door, he called out, "Come in!" and the door opened.

It was indeed their old friend Wendling; but to their surprise, there stood at his side an unknown young man, of slight and not particularly imposing form, with a face not beautiful certainly, but peculiarly interesting, the brow high and swelling out at the temples, the mouth finely cut, and the eyes deep and full of soul.

Wendling, who was evidently in the best of humor, cried out, gayly—

"Haven't I surprised you? In such abominable weather—you ought to see the soaked hats and cloaks we gave to old Kathrina!—at night, too, and especially in company with a strange visitor!"

"Who must beg your forgiveness for the intrusion," said, with a courtly bow, the young man; "but the Herr Orchestra-conductor—"

"Led you astray," interrupted Wendling, laughing; "because he knew that he would be giving a great pleasure to the Webers, and at the same time showing his young friend something pleasant."

"At all events you are both heartily welcome," said father Weber, shaking hands with them cordially: "Wendling knows it for himself; and as for you, Sir, you could not have had a better introduction into our quiet household."

"My dear fellow!" cried Wendling, with such a beaming face as they were not accustomed to see on him, as he brought one hand down on Weber's shoulder, and pointed to the stranger with the other, "our friend here needs no introduction—his name and his works are recommendation enough."

"Herr Conductor—"

"Hush!" said Wendling, smiling delightedly, while the whole family gazed in curiosity at their guest, who began to feel quite embarrassed.

"And whom, then, have we the pleasure of greeting?" asked the mother.

The young man would have replied, but Wendling clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Not a word!" he cried, threatening him, with mock ferocity. "You must guess!"

Then all of a sudden, Aloysia sprang up, pushing aside her spinning-wheel, and cried—

"Mozart! I bet it is Herr Mozart!"

"So it is," said Wendling. Then there was an enthusiastic greeting from every one; for that name, already so renowned in the musical world, was well known in the Weber household.

"But, girlkin!" at last said Wendling to Aloysia, "how came you to guess it?"

Aloysia blushed, as the attention of all was suddenly turned to her by the question; but immediately recovering herself, she replied, that it had flashed upon her like a revelation. Besides, she had heard them say yesterday, at the opera, that Herr Concert-meister Mozart was present in the audience.

"And so I was," said Mozart; "and was right glad to hear you sing, for your voice is exceedingly sweet and pure."

"You heard and saw only a beginner," replied Aloysia, with sincere modesty.

"'Saw'—yes!" returned Mozart, with his own peculiar frankness; "but I *heard* a cultivated singer. Your style is excellent, and when your acting is a little better, you can go where you please as a prima-donna."

Possibly this judgment, expressed by any other young stranger, might have seemed arrogant to the family, and been somewhat resented; but the tone in which the words were said, full as it was of the same hearty frankness and straightforwardness which shone in the young man's face, allowed of no mistake as to his good meaning. Besides, there is in all men of genius a certain something which acts as an over-mastering power over common persons. Their souls feel instinctively the presence of a mightier spirit near them, and they yield willingly to it, even before they are conscious of this natural submission.

So was it here, while the lovable and genial nature of their guest put forth its unconscious winning influence on the Webers. It was evident that the characters which met here were naturally adapted for each other;—frankness met frankness; truthfulness met truthfulness; sincere friendliness met sincere friendliness in return.

It was no wonder, therefore, that Mozart had already before half an hour had expired, clean forgotten where he was; at least he felt as much at home as if he had grown up with the family. At Wendling's request he had brought with him several songs of his composition, which Aloysia now sang, while he accompanied her on the clavier.

Most enviable gift of genius, that it can so delight good hearts! While the music was going on, there stood father Weber, blowing clouds of smoke from his pipe, as though he had undertaken to hide all Olympus with them; the orchestra-conductor expressed nothing but beaming delight from head to foot; while the mother's eyes were full of tears, and the children sat as if at church.

When at last Aloysia came to a terribly hard passage, which Mozart had written in Italy for the famous *De Amicis*, and went through it with extraordinary skill, even Amadeus also was carried away with delight and surprise. Forgetting where he was, he sprang up from the clavier, took the maiden by the shoulders, and exclaiming, "Wonderful! I must give the girlkin a kiss for that!" he carried out his words without an instant's hesitation.

Every one laughed aloud; and little Hermann, clapping his hands and spinning round like a top, cried—

"Now Aloys will have a beau! She has let herself be kissed!"

Aloysia herself was red as a rosebud, and so half-terrified that she fled to her mother's side like a scared fawn; but the father, who usually failed to see the fun of such proceedings, recognized its harmlessness on this occasion, and cried, laughing:

"A kiss in fun
Harms never a one."

Then to give things another turn, and relieve her daughter's embarrassment, the wise mother gave orders for tea, and quick as a flash both the girls had disappeared—one to set the table, the other to give directions in the kitchen. Meantime the gentlemen talked about music, and at last came to speak of a man who was just at that time very noted in Mannheim, and afterward famous throughout the musical world—Abt Vogler.

Weber praised him, but Wendling held fast to his assertion that Abt Vogler was a musical mountebank. In support of this he pulled a paper from his pocket, and unfolded a huge poster; then turning to Amadeus, he said, in a tone of indignation:

"Herr Mozart, what sort of a man and composer can he be who announces the programme of his new work in enormous letters after this fashion: 'A Sea-Fight!—The Fall of the Walls of Jericho!—Stamping-out Rice in Africa!'"

Here a merry peal of laughter from Mozart interrupted the reading: "What sort of a man? I should say he was a fool or a mountebank, certainly!"

"Didn't I say so!" cried Wendling in triumph. "When a man tells me, as Abt Vogler did, that he can make a composer in three weeks and a singer in six months, I call him the biggest swindler and windbag in the world!"

"Well," said Amadeus quietly, "I am curious to see the man and hear his music. I hate to judge a thing without a fair trial. There *are* people who push their originality to the point of *bizarrerie*."

"Yes, and hide their quackery under it!" said Wendling.

After the simple meal—the "Evening-bread"—was over and the tea-things removed, the remainder of the evening was passed most pleasantly. Mozart was never in better spirits, and entertained the whole company with wit and odd tales and an inexhaustible stream of droll verses. The last thing before they said good-night, he sat down to the clavier, and improvised for a long time, till the whole witchery of his presence seemed to be transmuted into music and sink into their hearts.

But wherefore sat Aloysia so long without disrobing, at the window of their sleeping-chamber, gazing out through the round panes into that rainy midnight? She hardly knew wherefore, herself. Her mood was one she had never experienced before: joyful—almost happy; and yet so oppressive, that her heart trembled and palpitated.

"Why don't you come to bed?" asked Constanze, now for the third time, and half asleep.

"Because I am so excited!" answered Aloysia: and her sister turned over, and softly slept.

Herr Richard Wagner.

Few living composers have created wider themes for controversy than Richard Wagner. He has his passionate admirers, and his equally passionate detractors, which is the case only with men of unusual merit; mediocrity seldom calls forth violent emotions of any sort. Herr Wagner holds strong opinions, and does not stay to measure terms when he expresses them. He attacks the opera as it exists with great warmth, denouncing it as a "frivolous institution"—inexcusable language when the immortal masterpieces it has produced are remembered. But, it is only just to add, Herr Wagner is not fired with that absurd ambition so generally attributed to him. He has no wish to destroy the opera; on the contrary, he desires to make it greater, to elevate it to something beyond what it is or has ever been—not to sing solely for the sake of singing, not to be content with mere melodies, not to lead a convict to death to the air of a jig, but to strive always to express sentiments. There is nothing revolutionary in all this. It is a principle carried very high, and Herr Wagner's defect is that he exaggerates it. He only in reality takes up the doctrine that Gluck held a century ago, and which the Gluckists contended for against the Piccinists.

No other art exercises such an action over the soul, touches the very essence of the spirit, as music, and Gluck's desire was that this power should never be lost sight of. He wished that vain and superfluous ornaments should be put aside—that parasitic airs should never be written expressly for some favorite prima donna or tenor—that music should not serve to amuse, but to call forth the highest and grandest emotions of which the human soul is capable.

But Herr Wagner's reproaches are not merited to the full, because the opera neglects this noble doctrine far less than he believes. Great artists have always understood that this was the highest aim of music, and how frequently they have compassed it! Let us take as a single example Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a masterpiece in all its parts—one that can never be excelled. The whole of it, from one end to the other, is not only imbued with the local coloring it should have received; but each part, musically speaking, has its own distinctive stamp, which marks the individuality of the personage in as perfect a manner as in any play that Shakspeare or Moliere ever wrote. Truth will never be better realized in art. The French art-axiom, "*Le vrai c'est le seul dieu du vrai*," can in truth be applied to it. Herr Wagner, however, wishes to go further. He estimates that by an alliance of the diverse arts of the poets, of the musician, of the singer, of the decorator, of the machinist, a still more profound effect should be produced, and he predicts that this alliance will be made. This is what he calls the *art of the future*, and what his adversaries have very unfairly ridiculed and called *the music of the future*.

Whether the ideal of this polemical composer be realized or not, it is noble, and it is deplorable that it has been so misrepresented that its author is held up to ridicule. Herr Wagner is no iconoclast, as his detractors wish to paint him; he is a man who aspires to the grand and sublime with passion, aye, perhaps with fanaticism. Let him attain his goal, or let him fail, he should not be held in contempt, for high aspirations, unfortunately, are not contagious in these days. Whatever may be his defects, he is in earnest in his aspirations, and earnestness in high aims should always command respect.

He was born at Leipzig on the 22nd of May, 1813, and studied at Dresden, as well as at the university of his native town. He manifested at a very early age a strong love for that art to which he has consecrated his life. He was attached successively to the orchestras of the theatres of Konigsberg, Dresden, and Riga, and in 1841 he visited Paris, taking London on his way. He crossed the Channel in a storm, and this episode furnished him with fresh musical inspirations; once arrived in Paris, surrounded by privations and troubles of all sorts, he finished "Rienzi," his first opera, and wrote a second, "The Phantom Ship."

On his return to Riga two years afterwards, he wrote an overture for Goethe's "Faust," as well as "The Apostles' Feast." His remaining operas are "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Yseult," and the "Nibelungen." Besides being a musician, Herr Wagner is also a poet and critic. He has written his own librettos, and has defended his theories by his pen on several occasions. The celebrated Liszt has published, under the title of "Lohengrin et Tannhäuser de M. Richard Wagner," his own reflections on the principal works of this composer. In politics Wagner is a warm Liberal. His opinions got him into trouble in 1848, when he was compelled to leave Saxony and take refuge in Zurich, where on his arrival he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm, and at once offered the post of director of the orchestra, at the theatre, as well as conductor of the musical society of that city. He lived there several years, but now resides in Munich. The youthful King of Bavaria, who is infatuated with both the musician and his compositions, grants him a pension of 4000 florins. In 1852 Herr Wagner accepted the invitation of the London Philharmonic Society to undertake the direction of their concerts for that season; and musicians will remember the proof he gave of the astounding memory with which he is gifted. He led Beethoven's, Mozart's, and Haydn's symphonies without a score before him, without a note to refer to.

Music Abroad.

London.

OPERA.—The attempt to form a union of the two Operas having failed, Mr. Mapleson had secured Drury Lane and was to open on the 28th of March. In a style of much less verbiage than usual he announces his prospectus:

The sopranos consist of Mlles. Tietjens, Christine Nilsson, Clara Louisa Kellogg, Sinico, Bauermeister, Corsi, and Rose Hersee, a young lady who has passed the matriculation of the concert room, and is now an opera undergraduate. The principal contraltos are Mme. Trebelli Bettini and Mme. Demeric-Lablache. The tenors are Signors Mongini, Fraschini, Bettini, Conti, Agretti, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Tom Hohler. The baritones and basses, Signors Gassier, Scalese, Zoboli, Bossi, Casaboni, and Foli, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitansky.

The list of the operas to be presented is scanty as regards novelty. In fact only one novelty is promised—Wagner's "*Lohengrin*." The chief revival of the season will be that of the "*Gustavus*" by Auber, a work produced at the same house between twenty and thirty years ago and received with acclamation. The "*Gazza Ladra*" is also announced, to be supported by Mlle. Louise Kellog, Mlle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitansky.

The list of old favorites is long and satisfactory, referring among others to Mozart's "*Flauto Magico*," Cherubim's "*Medea*," Beethoven's "*Fidelio*," Gluck's "*Iphigenia en Tauride*," Weber's "*Der Freischutz*" and "*Oberon*."

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Gye's prospectus is thus mentioned:

The list of works which the manager of the Italian Opera proposes to set before his patrons includes three novelties. The first is Rossini's "*Assedio di Corinto*," which was originally destined for the Italian stage, but which, rearranged by its illustrious author, was brought out at the Grand Opera in 1826. A work by the author of "*Guillaume Tell*" and "*Il Barbiere*," with which the English public are not acquainted, will doubtless be welcomed with acclamation. The original of "*L'Assedio di Corinto*" was "*Maometto Secondo*," which was represented for the first time at San Carlos, of Naples, during the Carnival season of 1820. The principal artists were Mme. Colbrand (afterwards Rossini's wife), Mlle. Chaumel (subsequently married to Rubini), Signors Mezzari Cicimarra, Benedetti, and Filippo Galli. Six years after, on the 9th of October, 1826, "*Le Siège de Corinthe*," considerably altered and amplified from "*Maometto Secondo*," was produced for the first time at the Grand Opera of Paris, with MM. Nourrit *père*, Adolphe Nourrit, Dérivis, Prévost, Mlle. Cinti-Damoureau and Frémont, as interpreters. About the year 1833 or 1834, "*L'Assedio di Corinto*" was performed for the first time in this country at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini in the principal characters. Some

years later an English version of "*The Siege of Corinth*" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Balfe playing Tamburini's part, which is written in Rossini's most florid style. The principal characters in "*L'Assedio di Corinto*" at the Royal Italian Opera will be sustained by Mlle. Adelina Patti, Mlle. Lavrofska, Signors Mario, Naudin, and Colini. The second feature of interest is Verdi's "*Giovanna d' Arco,*" an early production of that composer brought out in Milan in 1845 The third is the rearrangement of "*Le Domino Noir,*" which Auber—indefatigable at eighty—is going to trim up again: with more energy, we think, than prudence. We await with some anxiety the result of Auber improved by himself; for the "*Domino Noir*" is, as it is, perfect. A new Italian translation has been made expressly for Covent Garden by M. de Lausières. The "*Domino Noir*" will be produced soon after the arrival of Mlle. Pauline Lucca, who will be assisted in the principal characters by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Signors Mario, Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and M. Petit. Of "*Giovanna d'Arco*" we are simply instructed that "this opera *eroica* of Signor Verdi will be produced towards the end of June, and will be performed for the first time in this country, the part of *Giovanna* by Mlle. Adelina Patti, her first appearance in the character in England." The rest of the repertory will be filled with last year's novelties—the "*Romeo*" and the "*Don Carlos*"—and with old favorites, such as "*L'Etoile du Nord,*" "*Robert le Diable,*" "*La Figlia,*" "*I Puritani,*" and "*L'Africaine.*"

In the artists engaged we meet with the well-known names, to mention which is to recall old successes. Among the sopranos are Mmes. Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucca, Antoinetta Fricci, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Morensi; in the tenors, Signors Mario, Fancelli, Neri-Baraldi, and Naudin; and in the baritone-basses, Signors Graziani, Cotogni, Ciampi, Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, Polonini, Capponi, and M. Petit. To the ladies are added Mme. Fioretti, the brilliant *fioriturist*, who made so favorable an impression four years ago; Mlle. Vanzini (from the Scala at Milan)—who makes her first appearance in England; Mlle. Lavrofska (from the Opera, St. Petersburg)—her first appearance in England. To Mlle. Vanzini is entrusted the part of *Gilda* in "*Rigoletto*:" we therefore await in her talents equal to the importance of the part, although her antecedents are unknown to us Mlle. Locatelli would appear to be a contralto; but Mlle. Lavrofska's qualification is not given. Signor Colini among the bassi will have his time pretty well occupied, for *Marcel, Bertram*, and the bass part of "*L'Assedio*" are the important trusts allotted to him. Mlle. Patti is again the star of the company of Mr. Gye, who, by the way, manifests some sensitiveness as to "public rumor having busied itself much of late with certain reports as to Mlle. Patti's retirement from the stage." She is not to retire yet awhile, adds Mr. Gye; and therefore it behoves the public to enjoy her while her public career lasts. Mlle. Patti is announced to fill the principal characters in "*L'Assedio di Corinto*" and "*Giovanna d' Arco.*" She will also appear for the first time in England as *Elvira* in "*I Puritani,*" and she will resume her impersonations of *Ninetta* in "*La Gazza Ladra,*" "*Dinorah,*" and "*La Figlia del Reggimento,*" which she has abandoned for several years. Mlle. Lucca comes to us with St. Petersburg laurels, and will in the course of the season repeat her favorite characters of *Margherita* in "*Faust,*" *Leonora* in "*La Favorita,*" *Valentine* in "*Les Huguenots,*" *Cherubino* in "*Le Nozze di Figaro,*" and is set down for *Angela* in "*Le Domino Noir.*" The list is defective in the basso element; for the names of Faure and Ronconi are absent—two gentlemen very hard to replace. *En revanche*, Signor Mario is said to have found rejuvenescence during a Russian campaign, and to have taken out a new vocal lease. We trust to find rumor so far correct.—*Orchestra.*

The programme has appeared of the preliminary arrangements for the forthcoming triennial Handel Festival, to be held, as before, at the Crystal Palace, London, in the month of June—the days fixed being Monday the 15th, Wednesday the 17th, and Friday the 19th; the great general rehearsal being appointed for the preceding Friday, the 12th. The directors judiciously adhere to the former practice of giving the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" on the first and third days—those works being admittedly the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and most eminently representative of his powers. The second day, as on former occasions, will consist of a miscellaneous selection. The vast resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society and other London choristers and instrumentalists, with the large additions from provincial sources; the personal superintendance and direction of rehearsals and performances by Mr. Costa; and the excellent arrangement of business details by the Crystal Palace authorities, offer strong guaranties for success in this great undertaking. With the beginning of the month of June is to appear, by subscription, a fac simile in photo-lithography, of Handel's manuscript score of the "Messiah," taken from the original in the Royal library. The profits of the publication are to be shared between the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Royal Society of Musicians.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 25, 1868.

Music in Boston.

Otto Dresel gave the fourth of his five weekly "Readings of Piano-forte Music," last Thursday afternoon,—too late for notice in today's paper. The two preceding Readings were extremely interesting, and, although one occurred on the eve of Good Friday and the other in a pouring rain, the Chickering Hall presented an inspiring show of the best sort of audience.

Mr. Dresel's second selection opened with a very satisfactory arrangement which he had made of the Andante of a well-known Symphony in D by Haydn, full of piquant elegance; the crisp *staccato*, the light and shade, the pointed accent of the rendering were all that could be desired. Then came a Sonata of Beethoven (Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat),—just the finely passionate, intense, nervous one which Mr. Dresel is sure to play better than almost anybody. The Scherzo in D flat (*Allegro vivace*), with its fitful explosions of passion, followed by quick staccato phrases in underbreath, and the sweeping *Presto* of the Finale, in 6-8, were brought out with most vivid force and sharpness of outline; like scenes revealed at night by lightning.—A singularly beautiful *Introduction* (we know not whence he took it) and three *Mazourkas* of Chopin, well contrasted, closed the first part.

Part second comprised an *Allegretto* (crisp little movement in close *Canon* form) by Schumann; a *Scherzino* by Mendelssohn; a Song or two of Robert Franz, transcribed by Liszt; an *Etude* by Thalberg, one of the few really original, poetic works of the father of the modern virtuoso school; a charming little "*Albumblatt*," fugitive piece, of fresh date, by the concert-giver himself; and a very spirited *Presto Scherzando*, new to most, by Mendelssohn:—all choice, in matter and in the manner of their presentation.

Here is the programme of the third "Reading," April 16.

Allegro from op. 58	Schumann.
Minuets and Gavotte	Bach.
Allegro from op 58	Schumann.
Sarabande, Rondo and Gavotte	Bach.
Sonata, op 52	Beethoven.
Mazourkas	Chopin.
"Evening," from the "Phantasiestücke"	Schumann.
Phantasiestück	Otto Dresel.
Scherzo, from Sonata	Chopin.
Notturno	Chopin.
Waltz	Chopin.

The first four numbers were grouped into one kaleidoscopic series, passing from one to another without pause, and making an ingenious and charming whole of a variety of single pictures. The alternation of little things of Bach with little things of Schumann was a felicitous idea. The Minuets, Gavottes, Sarabande, &c., from Bach's *English Suites* and *Partitas*, though of a more antique, formal cut, are as fresh as if they had sprung up in these very April showers, and have a poetry of their own quite as fascinating as those flowers of modern romance; with the healthiest, finest things of Schumann, Chopin Mendelssohn, they go well together. Their *apparently* thin harmony, mostly in only two or three parts, implies a harmony as full as Schumann's. They look like very simple things to play; you may get through them, glibly enough, scores of times, with your own fingers, and yet not suspect a tithe of their beauty and their point until you hear them played by an artist like Dresel, whose reverence for Bach is not pedantry, but live communion with the spirit.

The Beethoven Sonata in C, op. 53,—one of the most modern in point of virtuosity—yet wonderfully poetic and *entrainant*,—transporting you indeed into a strange, romantic element,—we have heard interpreted by not a few famous pianists, both here and in Europe, but never before have we felt the power and beauty of the work so fully as that afternoon. In the last two movements, *Rondo* and *Prestissimo*, you are whirled away through Fairyland, and a very exciting time you have of it; in this light it is every whit as graphic and original as Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music. But, first, that, short, mysterious, wonderful Adagio that precedes it with a broken marchlike rhythm! You are, as it were, led blind-folded, full of wondrous expectations, all deep chords in you strangely vibrating, into the midst of all these splendors and there suddenly restored to sight.

The most new and striking pieces in the second part of the concert were "Evening" by Schumann, and the Scherzo from Chopin's almost impossible Sonata, op. 35, in B-flat minor (he wrote three). The Scherzo has a marvellous fire and vigor in it, and must be extremely difficult to play, with such strange weight of harmony, and such relentless speed. The Trio, in a softer mood, has an exquisitely lovely melody. It is this Scherzo that precedes the *Marcia funebre* so familiar in concert room and parlor.

Next Thursday offers the only chance of hearing Mr. Dresel in this way for a year to come.

For the Cretans.—The Symphony Concert, given by the Harvard Musical Association in aid of the Ladies' Fair for the Cretans, was not, we regret to say, so successful for that object as it was musically. For the first time the prestige of the Harvard concerts failed to fill the Music Hall. It barely paid expenses. The indifference of the many, who have always answered to the call, was something unaccountable, and, when we think of the splendid result of the concert for the same purpose, under the same auspices, last year, rather mortifying. Only some seven hundred people came. Neither the intrinsic charm of the music, nor long repeated notice, nor the busy tongues of the Fair itself, of which it was to be the closing scene and festival, could overcome the lethargy. Even the newspaper critics, those vigilant and valiant racers on a wordy sea, seemed to be sleeping on their oars, in anticipation perhaps of the long pull of a whole week's Festival in May, and had no word to say, no sage opinions to announce, after a concert equal to the best; Gilmores and "Grand Duchesses" never catch them napping, but Gluck, Beethoven, Chopin—do not need them! Probably, however, the mistake was in the timing of the concert; it should have followed up the regular Symphony series in quick continuity, before the current of interest could shift to other objects; it was looked upon as so far future that people dropped it from their thoughts and did not pick it up again; the Fair itself, instead of helping the sale of tickets, stood rather in its way; and now, just ahead, there loomed the Great Festival to overshadow it. Finally, the weather was as bad as possible, and lent little stimulus to people weary with excitements.

But the concert was a good one, and those present found in it delight and inspiration. Could it be otherwise with such an orchestra, and this programme?

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" ..... Gluck.
Seventh Symphony, in A ..... Beethoven
Piano Concerto in E minor, Op 11 ..... Chopin.
Hugo Leonhard.
Overture to "William Tell," ..... Rossini

The "Iphigenia" Overture still holds its place among the most beautiful and noble of orchestral preludes, and its sure charm soon made the dark and dreary day forgotten. A few strains of the Seventh Symphony, and the supremacy of the ideal world was all complete. Mr. LEONHARD played the Chopin Concerto even better, if that were possible, than before; indeed wonderfully well, exciting rapturous applause. The "Tell" Overture, most brilliant of concluding pieces, calling up pictures of mountaineer life in the beginning, and closing in such a rousing peal of patriotic heroism, hence easily associated with the Cretan struggle, was played with remarkable spirit and ensemble, the tempo of the finale being taken almost *too* fast.—So everybody went away musically happy, in spite of the disappointment of not adding another thousand dollars to Boston's noble contribution for the homeless Cretans.

The Fair itself, however, without this intended aid, was a signal, glorious success, far outreaching in the sum realized the highest mark which it had set for itself in the most sanguine hopes of its projectors. Dr. and Mrs. Howe, and Mr. Rodocanachi, the Greek Consul, who has given heart and soul and strength to it, must feel very happy in it; and Boston may feel proud,—"our little city, set upon a hill" as Wendell Phillips said), "amid the nationalities of the earth, backs Dr. Howe against the world," sends nearly $50,000 to the Cretans in a single year! This Fair besides, was so agreeable in every way, so beautiful, as to deserve mention on the score of Art, and in our record of æsthetic progress. The scene in the Music Hall was enchanting. Mr. Roeth had surpassed himself in his tasteful decorations, in which the Greek blue and white predominated, and classical emblems met the eye on all sides. All was in perfect harmony, a sight the eyes could feast upon and not grow weary. Then the tables, heaped with beautiful things, tastefully disposed, the youth and beauty and refinement, the faces shining with intelligence and goodness and enthusiasm, the prevailing courtesy and grace of manner, the pretty children, all so happy, the absence of all coarse discordant elements, even in the throngs of visitors, the sweet enlivening music, the rare contributions of artists (in paintings, albums, illustrated books), the fresh flowers, and the charming ones who dealt them out, the picturesque costumes, and finally the eloquence of Phillips,—all conspired to make up an ideal, yet most human, practical, substantial, world for the time being. It almost converted us to Fairs; for it was good to live and move for one week amid so many good and noble people, where goodness lent to every face a certain beauty; where nothing but good will and kindness were continually developed, so that the atmosphere of the place was instinct with blessing and encouragement to all good impulses.

We must speak particularly of the music, although music of course cannot claim attention as *Art* under such circumstances; and music to a music-lover must be principal, claiming the whole attention, not a mere accompaniment to something else (except in dances, marches, &c.), in order to be enjoyable at all. But bright and festal strains from a band give buoyancy to such crowds, without suspending talk or trade. To these evenings the music, freely contributed, lent new life and charm. It was supplied on the opening night (Monday, April 13) by Mr. J. K. Paine and Mr. Eugene Thayer, in light and brilliant performances on the Great Organ; on two evenings, by the Band from the Navy Yard and Bond's Cornet Band, both excellent and happy in their selections, and on three evenings by the Band of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, composed of some 25 of the blind pupils, under Mr. Campbell, the musical director of the Institution, himself blind, a man of wonderful energy and patience, great intelligence, thorough devotion to his work, who has made himself one of our most accomplished musicians, and has worked wonders in teaching music to the blind. Naturally the presence of this blind band was a touching feature of the Fair; nor did their music suffer by comparison with any. Indeed their greater number, and the greater variety of *timbre* in their instruments (they have six or eight clarionets, including a *bass* clarionet, never heard here before), and their selection of more pieces of a softer character, and the evident *feeling* with which they played, as well as good ensemble, good intonation, light and shade, &c., made their hearty service most acceptable. Particularly pleasant and suited to so refined an occasion were those Mendelssohn part-songs which they sometimes gave us upon four brass instruments; while the Wedding March, the popular street marches, waltzes, &c., by the whole band, were rich and vigorous without often running into noise.

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MR. PARKER'S CLUB.—A concert by this vocal club of amateurs is too important an event to be treated of without *some* space; reduced to almost none, we must postpone the pleasant task of chronicling that of last week (given twice over), in which two large works, wholly new here, and of rare interest (parts of Schumann's Mass, and the whole of Gade's Cantata "The Crusaders") were so admirably rendered, the singing of MRS. HARWOOD, in the latter, by its perfection of voice and style, dramatic expression, real inspiration, being something which we must count among the finest moments of our life in listening to *great* singing.

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The great MUSICAL FESTIVAL of the Handel and Haydn Society will have begun before another issue of our paper. The preparations are progressing well, and the demand for season tickets has been eager. Besides the Oratorios and other works named already, the programme will include (for the last afternoon concert) an interesting novelty: Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," a copy of the score having at last come to hand.

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MONSIEUR FETIS, cited with so much flourish upon one side of the great Piano controversy of the Paris Exposition, is the knowing one who, in 1832, wrote this "heathenish" criticism on the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture:

"The first impression made by Monsieur Mendelssohn's overture is not advantageous. I do not speak of *the incorrectness in harmony, and the contempt for the art of composing, which are manifested in this work.* Monsieur Mendelssohn is of a school which is not very severe on these points."

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MR. ANDREAS T. THORUP, well-known in Boston some years since, and much esteemed as a musician and a man, died suddenly last Sunday in New Bedford. We learn the sad news from the *Mercury* of Monday:

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our whole community was startled and shocked, yesterday morning, by the intelligence that Mr Andreas T. Thorup, one of our most respectable and esteemed citizens, had terminated his life, by a pistol, in a moment of temporary insanity.

The deceased was by birth a Dane, and came to this country in 1839. Shortly afterwards he was invited from New York to officiate as organist at the First Congregational Church in this city, a position he had occupied ever since, with the exception of a few years while a resident in Boston, where he was organist in Rev. Doctor Gannet's church. There, as here, his generous disposition and child like purity of character made friends of all who knew him. He leaves a wife and one son, about 16 years of age, to mourn the irreparable loss of one so devoted and faithful to them. And in this community, where in all the relations of life, he had for so many years held the esteem of his fellow citizens, a wide circle of acquaintances sympathize with those who grieve most, that disease in its most cruel form has brought him to an untimely grave. Mr. Thorup's age was 51 years.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13.—The 13th season of Mason and Thomas's Chamber Music Soirées closed with the 6th of the series, at Irving Hall, on Saturday evening, April 11th. I append the programme:

Quartet, D minor ..... Mozart
Sonata, P F and 'cello, G minor, op 5, No. 2 Beethoven
P F Sonata, G minor, op 22 ..... Schumann.
Octet, E flat, op. 20 ..... Mendelssohn

These fine compositions were admirably played by the faithful and conscientious artists to whose untiring and but poorly remunerated efforts a growing taste for this class of music is mainly due in this metropolis. Any detailed analysis of the works performed is of course unnecessary, but it will suffice to say that the successes of the evening were the Mendelssohn Octet and Mr. S B. Mills's superb performance of the exceedingly intricate Schumann Sonata.

The Octet exhibits—as it seems to me—less of the author's charming and unmistakable individuality than one finds in his later works. It contains, however, many exquisite passages, and when we recollect that it was written in 1825, when Felix was a mere boy of 16, we cannot be surprised that the unanimous judgment of the musical world has placed Mendelssohn among the "bright immortals."

Mr. Mills, as we have intimated, achieved a notable success in the solo Sonata. The composition is not attractive to the general mass of hearers; one has to search too deeply after the intention of the author, and one's nerves are too intensely strained in the quest. Mr M., however, brought out most admirably the themes which lie hidden beneath the labyrinth of notes, and his skilful handling of the mechanical difficulties which crowd the Sonata, won from the audience a very enthusiastic and well-deserved encore.

These Soirées have been most enjoyable during the winter, and the audiences—although disgracefully small—have mostly been composed of the earnest lovers of true Art. The deficiency in numbers has been more than compensated for by the presence of thorough and intelligent appreciation. Our enjoyment has been sometimes marred by the stalking in, during the performance of some fine passage, of persons with diabolically creaking boots, and—an even greater nuisance—by the crackling and rustling of newspapers in the hands of prosaic boors. These little performances are extremely annoying to those who sincerely desire to listen and who attend these concerts with no other purpose. If such "disturbers of the peace"—viz., the aforesaid boors—could be summarily kicked from the hall your correspondent would be happy. Doubtless there are many others who would experience a similar feeling of satisfaction.

The regular Sunday Evening concerts terminated with the 27th of the series on April 5th; but a supplementary "Easter Concert" was given last evening. Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. G. W Colby, Mme. Natalie Testa, Miss Topp, Mr. Simpson, Carl Rosa and J. R. Thomas were the soloists upon this occasion. The first section of the programme was devoted to sacred music, while the second contained several glees, ballads and madrigals.

Mme. Parepa sang delightfully; indeed one might almost wish that sometimes she would fall short of her usual excellence so that one might deviate occasionally from the set phrases of admiration. Miss Topp played one of Liszt's vagaries in such fine style and with such grace as to win an encore; to this she responded with a quaint Air and Gavotte in the Bach style. Mme. Testa sang "O rest in the Lord" and another solo in a simply shocking manner.

I close this letter with two items of news. Mr. G. W. Morgan, so long the organist at Grace Church in this city, has resigned that post, and the position is to be taken—so runs the rumor—by Mr. S. P. Warren. Item 2d: Mr. Leopold DeMeyer sailed for Europe in the *Hansa* on Thursday last. F.

April 20.—Mr. G. W. Morgan, the well-known and efficient organist at Grace Church, had his annual concert at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, April 16. He was assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips, S. B. Mills, Theo. Thomas and others.

Messrs. Mills and Morgan played a fantasia for two pianos upon "Don Juan" and did it in fine style. Mr. Mills also played his "Recollections of Home," and, being encored, his charming "2d Tarantelle." Mr. Thomas played most admirably a quaint Handel Sonata, which depended for its effect upon a pure and well-sustained tone. Miss Phillips sang three times, her first solo being the Handel *aria* which she sang so effectively at the 4th Brooklyn Philharmonic. She was in each instance warmly encored and received two superb baskets of flowers.

On Saturday evening at the Academy of Music we had the 5th and last Philharmonic. These were the orchestral selections:

Symphony, No. 1, B flat, op. 38.....Schumann.
Violin Concerto, op. 61 .....Beethoven.
Theo. Thomas.
"Midsummer Night's Dream" music.....Mendelssohn.
Overture," "Der Freischutz" .....Weber.

The programme also included three vocal selections by the Arion Society.

The Symphony is one of those indisputably great works which have made an enduring fame for Robert Schumann. Built upon a basis less broad than that of his masterpiece (No. 2, in C major), it is yet most vigorous and healthy, graceful and charming. The Larghetto is a passionate and delicious poem. In its completeness this is one of the great Symphonies.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" music is so well known that it needs no description. The Overture, an amazingly precocious work for a boy of 15, and the famous Wedding March, are established favorites with the general public. The Scherzo is the gem of the work, and was played wonderfully well by the splendid orchestra of 100 members.

Mr. Thomas scarcely did justice to himself or to the Concerto. Admitting, as we gladly do, his pre-eminent ability, it is nevertheless our duty, as a conscientious critic, to say that his performance was less smooth and easy than might have been desired; it seemed too labored. It is but justice to Mr. Thomas to say that the difficulties of the composition are immense, and that it lies awkwardly for the instrument.

The Arion Society sang with good effect two songs without accompaniment, and one, called "A Roman Triumph" in which the orchestra assisted. The "Farewell," which was really well done, met with great favor, was warmly encored and, contrary to the rule of the Society, a repetition was obligingly accorded by Herr Bergmann.

The Academy was crammed from parquette to ceiling. Indeed the attendance during the entire season has been unprecedently large, both at the rehearsals and concerts. This evident hearty appreciation of the purposes of the Society must be, and doubtless is, extremely gratifying to those staunch and steadfast pioneers of Art who, twenty-six years ago, founded the N. Y. Philharmonic Society. F.

The Encore Thief.

"Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing *twice* everything which is put down for him in a programme, and hulled for not doing so. He was so treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

At the usual hour yesterday morning, Mr. Punch, the worthy Magistrate, took his seat on the bench.

The night charges having been disposed of,

Bonassus Bellowmore, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated that he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in Handel's oratorio, "Jephtha." He had sung to the best of his ability——

The Magistrate.—Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying air, "Deeper and Deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down, when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and chose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate.—The Statute of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. Who are you?

Prisoner.—A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate.—Is anything known of him?

Policeman, B 52.—I believe he is a respectable man, your Worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he done last night.

The Magistrate.—Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner.—I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate.—Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is intrusted with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner.—Very good, your Worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate.—Send me in a first-rate Stilton, ripe.

Prisoner.—It shall be at your Worship's house before dinner time.

The Magistrate.—It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send me another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

Prisoner.—If I was not speaking to a Magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The Magistrate.—Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from Mr. Reeves for nothing.

Prisoner.—O bother! A cheese costs me money, I pay the farmer, and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate.—A song costs Mr. Reeves money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the Hall, or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and great skill, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner.—I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate.—Then try and see it in the light of a prison cell. I shall deal with you as I should with any other rogue, who, buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

Mr. Sims Reeves interceded for the prisoner.

The Magistrate.—Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he *was* stupid, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The Magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.—*Punch.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O summer gales. (Sachez le bien). *"La Belle Helene."* 35

Come to the feast. (Venus au fond). " 35

Two favorites, the last having a simple but very taking chorus. The English words are not translations, but have a Grecian character, and transport one to merry scenes on the shores of the Ægean.

O that we two were Maying. Duet. *Clifton.* 40

Many who have sighed (and shoveled) amid the snow banks this spring, have been ready to respond in full chorus, "O that we *too* were Maying." But there is room for all in the woods and fields, where, with flowers in either hand, you may pause upon a hill top, and perform this fine duet.

Under the Mulberry tree. *Allen.* 30

The two boats. *H. Russell.* 30

So they come, with the sweet flowering season. Songs of the trees and songs of the water; blue water and green leaves, both strangers for so long!

She is a winsome wee thing. *Mietzke.* 30

A sweet little ballad by Burns, and so prettily set to a Scotch-like air, that one cannot help having a good opinion of "the wee wife" there celebrated.

U. S. Grant is the Man. Campaign Song. 30

There's a song for you, gentlemen! Bright and stirring enough to cause the whole Republican party to spring to its feet, and a grand thing to shout out at the onset or the victory. Pass it around to all the clubs.

Well-mated. As sung by *Howard Paul.* 30

Arranged by Mrs. H. P. and is comic, pretty and easy, not rising higher than D on the 4th line, which fits it for a mezzo-soprano, or any other voice which does not rise higher than that letter.

Instrumental.

Elfenhall Waltz. *Heuser.* 35

A brilliant affair, of easy medium difficulty.

Firefly Waltz. White Fawn. *McKever.* 30

A very pretty little affair, graceful and light.

La Roses. Grand Waltz. *Knight.* 40

Composed by Metra, and arranged by Knight, and is pleasing throughout. It includes four waltzes, in the keys of C, F, B flat and G, and is not difficult

Pretty Jemima Galop. *Coote.* 30

This composer is very "coot" (Dutch Tr.) at getting up pieces of simple construction, and easy to play, that are at the same time very pleasing.

Grand Polka de Concert. *J. H. Morey.* 60

Brilliant and effective.

Mildred Waltz. *Godfrey.* 40

A little in the style of "Mabel" and "the Guard's" waltzes, but only a little, and quite original and pleasing.

Books.

Oratorio Librettos. each 30

Those who have carried Librettos to the hearing of Oratorios, will very likely follow up the practice, since the enjoyment of the music is thereby so greatly increased. These librettos contain, in addition to all the words, a large portion of the solos, and a portion of the choruses, almost, in fact, serving the purpose of a complete book of the music.

The set includes The Messiah, Creation, Elijah, Sampson, Judas Maccabæus, Naaman, Eli, St. Paul, David, Moses in Egypt, Stabat Mater, and the semi-sacred Seasons.

Buy *now* and be studying out the melodies which are to please you in the coming Festival.

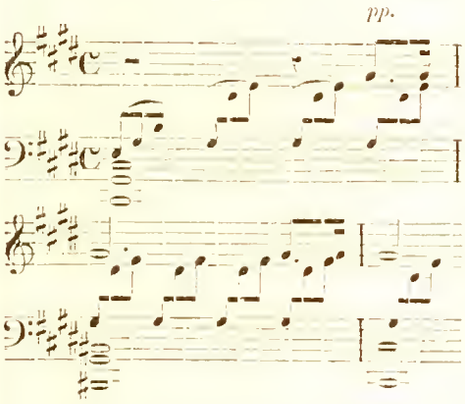
Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 707. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 4.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Rising of the Tide.



Sonata, opus 27, No. 2. Beethoven.

I promised you last night, if you would play for me the Sonata which you *will* call the "*Moonlight*," although every accent from your flexible fingers gives the lie to the title, that I would tell you a story of music and of myself. You made a very pretty little speech about all I must have known and heard in my life, but I know very well what you really wish. You think that somewhere in my past, music and love are buried together, for you have said that they come only as ghosts to haunt me. And you are piqued because I will not tell you why I so unwillingly play on my violin. But, my lady, those fingers of yours so skilful on the piano keys would make sad work with this same violin, and I fear me its owner like it, yields only to a Master. But you like modulations, you say, and I can make you one "*quasi una fantasia*" on this same story, and on the music you played. I will own to you that it recalls to me always *my* countess; not that she played it or loved it,—but it also brings back to me a certain night some years ago.

I had been for many days travelling, and had at last reached a little village that seemed pushed down from the mainland to the river edge. I was not alone:—this was my trouble. All day I had been fretting because I was cooped up in a stage-coach with others, and yet until this day they had been very pleasant companions, but suddenly they had grown terrible to me. I had, however, held in my discontent, and I doubt if any of them guessed my fierce desire to be alone. It was no new grief that had suddenly made a charming journey hateful, and good friends tiresome. It was a pair of vivid eyes that did it all. A girl sitting sewing at a window, as we passed through a village in the morning, looked up at us. This was all. But they reminded me of eyes best forgotten, and stirred up in me a tumult that I longed to still. I thought that I had conquered all this idle passion; but at the first alarm, Love, like Samson, arose strong from his sleep and cast all my poor ropes behind as if they were threads.

But when night came I was freed, and I left them all, and in the darkness followed the river as it flowed downward to the sea, and to her. How long I walked I know not, but at length, wearied out, I sat down on a log by the river side. It was a lonely, desolate place, the tide was coming up, the stars shone dimly, the trees moaned as a light wind passed through them, the wind itself sighed like the ghost of some dead dream. Back a little distance stood a house; I could just make out its blurred outline although it was not far off. I sat there a long time, I had many memories to visit me, many dreams to mock me, but I sat quietly and had a full surfeit of all the luxury of pain, when suddenly I heard a piano lightly touched, and then out of various modulations stole this Sonata. I cannot tell you who played it, nor analyze for you what my mood and the witchery of this sad, dreary place had to do with my interpretation, but certainly from it the very goddess of pain spoke and her message was to me. Hereafter this is a picture to me, and this scene part of the music. But it was not music to me, it was an articulate voice. Sitting motionless, suffering from passionate pain, rebelling, yet crushed by Fate, watching the river, I rather felt than heard this cry of a heart, that no man should attempt to criticize nor sound.

And I cannot see how when you hear this you can fancy any "Moonlight" in it. I can see the lonely lake, the rocky shore, the tossing boat, but where is the more than Sabbath calm that the moon gives even to the streets of a city?

Ah, no, Luna is a peaceful, happy goddess. Long since the name of Endymion ceased to be more than a painless memory to her. She glorifies and soothes the scenes she shines on. No abuses does she unveil, but to the meanest objects lends a romance and beauty. In music we may sing of her in the full golden key of D flat, but not in the nervous one of C-sharp minor. And if the even, uniform movement of this Adagio speaks of moonlight to any one, I think it brings them a false message.

But as I have said, I never before understood it. This dark, mysterious river creeping up to me, the dim and shadowy trees, the few stars, the wierd wind, this marvellous music, are now part of one picture to me. And as over the dark, lush water weeds, over the sands, rising, receding, yet steadily creeping on, comes the river, so also to me comes this Sonata. There is the run of water in it, the dullest ear must hear that,—the soft rippling opening, coming in triplets, the true musical figure of the curve and beat of the wave, seems to steal out of the silence without breaking it.

Stealing uneasily, steadily, full of pain and longing, it hardly needs the minor third in the low passionate bass to intensify it. It moves into near unquiet harmonies, goes into the dominant seventh, and then as we listen and catch the retreat into the tonic as it climbs up, we are conscious of a voice that sings above the wave yet with it. It is so in harmony, so much a part of it, that every wave may have carried it up, but our dull ear has before only caught the wash of the water below. As it passes through the sensitive chords lying near, each catches the stifled cry and repeats it, until in E minor the sigh becomes a sob. Every water-plant, every stone and fallen tree, every dead hope and every sad despair, lend changing color as the tide comes on. It intensifies the cry in F-sharp minor, it floats up hardly a tangible thing into high tones, it sinks deep into the bass, it repeats its monotonous song in different octaves. There is no sound out of which it can create a cry of complaint that escapes it. It falls slowly down deep among the bass tones, then climbs up to its first form, where we hear the same solemn cry of sorrow again.

The bass repeats the treble as it sinks; it goes far beyond the power of analysis. We can only lie still and feel,—we can hear no more, when the key of D flat breaks in full upon us and deep, high tide rests upon the river. The breeze blows more freshly, the stars seem brighter, the wreck on the shore is covered by the water; here we might fancy a moon, a narrow crescent of pale light clasping a dark orb, struggling through heavy clouds; the accents are strong, there is life in it, where lingering, alternating the trio sounds; the tones cling closely and send fierce vibrations through; it would strangle all hope if it could; and when the Allegretto comes back, trying to bring some little peace, it but reveals its own unrest, when suddenly it is caught by a fierce wind The tones of C-sharp minor come rolling back, a tempest seizes the waves, great sweeps of sound run swiftly up and culminate in heavy chords; the invisible shrieks out to us; we need not tremble nor shrink as it dashes up to the clouded skies its triumph and our despair.

You wonder as you read why I hear this so differently from you. Ah, my, child, we cannot interpret for each other. The Sphynx of music speaks, but to each of us there comes a different message.

> "Two friends who wander by the shore,
> Look not upon the self same seas,
> Hearing two voices in the roar,
> Because of different memories.
> For him whose love the sea has drowned,
> It moans the music of his wrong;
> For him whose life with love is crowned,
> It breaks upon the beach in song."

But you may be right. I speak only for myself.

E. E. N.

Mendelssohn's Letters to Baermann.*

I.

To Heinrich Bärmann, Zürich.

Rome, Feb. 14, 1831.

Dear Bärmann,

Long have I delayed fulfilling my promise to write to you, and indeed you have cause to be rather angry with me on this account; but when daily excited by novel impressions, and the objects around perpetually changing, the superabundance of material renders it quite as difficult to write a proper sensible letter as a dearth of subjects, while remaining in undisturbed quiet in one's old circumstances and neighborhood;

* From Nohl's collection of "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated by LADY WALLACE. London, 1867.

and as I now break silence, pray be good-natured also, and let me hear from you again, for indeed this letter chiefly originates in my wish to hear all about you, and to know how you are, and the tenor of your life and doings. But to describe what I have seen and experienced since we met, a letter is much too short, and in fact it is not easy to do so at all in writing; we might talk it over better at some future day, and who can tell how soon that may be? For it is a settled and favorite plan of mine to return to Munich for a few weeks this year, and, if all turns out as I hope, perhaps I may pay you a visit again this autumn, make my appearance unexpectedly at the Carlstrasse, eat dumplings, play the A flat major sonata, and then you will say, He drives me distracted! I should much like on this account to have a few words from you, to let me know whether you are to remain at Munich during the summer and autumn, or have any journey in prospect, for I prized the time we lived together there far too much not to wish once more to enjoy it. They were the jolliest days I ever passed, and I have you specially to thank for this, as you well know, and you may imagine how grateful I am to you. Life here is on a splendid scale, richer and more exciting than we can find it elsewhere; but a man like myself, who is after all essentially a musician, longs for music of merit, and none such is to be heard here. There are indeed other things in its stead, that bring beautiful music with them; the most balmy spring breezes, a warm blue sky, everywhere divine pictures, and nature and relics of past ages, more bright and abundant than the imagination can conceive; but just now, even now, while writing to you, I feel that a musical tone, and a musical friend, are both wanting, and I would give a good deal if we could talk together once more, even for half an hour.

Since I have been in Italy, my own music is all I ever hear; orchestras and singers are really too miserable. People whom I knew in London as quite second-rate performers, sing the first parts in Venice and in Florence; Mlle. Carl, of the Berlin theatre, was engaged in Rome as *prima donna* (she, however, was a great failure, so that the contract was annulled), and such persons as Pasta, Malibran, and David, are utterly out of the question, being either in London or in Paris.

It is therefore quite natural that the people themselves take no longer much pleasure here in music, and I might safely declare that nowhere in Rome have I felt so unmusical as at the opera. You must figure to yourself an orchestra like that of the most obscure Bavarian village; to describe it by words is not easy. Among others, there is a first clarionet in the Teatro di Apollo here. Oh! Bärmann, you really ought to hear him; I believe the race of Oerindur, 'the mighty pillars of our throne,'* would topple over, and roll on the ground with laughing. The fellow always starts off with an *appoggiatura*, when the third note sticks fast, and he winds up by a shake produced entirely by the elbow, and the man's tone is such that at the first moment I thought it was a very bad oboe, but then the oboe itself followed in a solo, when I saw it all clearly. The bassoons are exactly like so many combs, and no instrument is in tune except the big drum; every instant some of them plays out of time, and all of a sudden the kettle-drums burst forth vigorously into the midst of a tender solo, when the first violinist calls *st! st!* and brings them together again. The double-bass is a formidable fellow, who wears a scarlet cap in the orchestra, and thick moustachios, lies on the watch for the notes, and strikes in, whenever by good luck he can descry a good-sized one. Thus all goes on "with fire and precision," as our critics say.

No symphony has ever been played in Rome. But their pride is that some years ago Haydn's "Creation" was given here, and they declare that the orchestra managed to get through the affair very tolerably, for that such frightfully difficult music could be really well executed must be impossible even in Germany, where this learned style is understood. I then put on a face like that of St. Nepomuk, reminding myself that I am in the fatherland of music, where everything is to be found except musicians; so I take refuge as much as possible with the young ladies, who talk very little about art, and are all the prettier for it. I must not forget to mention that the trumpeters, one and all, blow away at those infernal keyed trumpets, which always seemed to me like a pretty woman with a beard: they are also without the chromatic tones, and sound shrill and unnatural. But variations are executed on them here. Now pray don't show this page to Stunz, or he will kill me as dead as a rat when I go back to Munich: besides, I am only speaking of Rome; elsewhere it may be different. When I, however, tell you that in spite of all this I lead a famous life here, and that the winter I have passed seems to have flown like moments, and that I enjoy the gayest and happiest time, you will possibly think that I have become a renegade to good music. We pass our time thus:—Every morning early I compose in my own room and work hard, that I may be able to show you something new when I return; so this is a great pleasure, and suffices me. Then I go out at twelve o'clock to look at Rome, some gallery, or ruins, or scenery, which is again a great pleasure. In the evening I always go into society—in fact, more than ever, and have seen a mass of people of different nations and lands, a gay assemblage, and not to be despised; to which I may add the mild air of spring, that makes one totally forget winter, and this is cheering in itself; and now I no longer heat my stove, but sit at the open window. The almond-trees are all in full bloom, the shrubs are coming into leaf, and already we seek the shade, which in the month of February is pleasant enough. A few days ago the mad Carnival commenced, when every one runs about all day long in the open air. The most grotesque masks swarm on every side. The Italian ladies are in all their splendor, the crowd bombarding each other with sugar-plums like mad. This childish sport is every where vehemently carried on, and it is impossible to resist joining in it. The ladies have nosegays, roses, and violets thrown into their carriages, and in return shower down bonbons and sugar-almonds. You lie in ambush watching for an acquaintance, the men so covered with white dust that they look like millers, while intrigues and chaff are in full swing. Unluckily, we were cheated of the three last days, when the extravagance is at its height; for yesterday, on reaching the Corso, laden with sugar-plums, the place was black with crowds of men—no ladies, no masks to be seen; and at last I discovered in a corner an edict from the Pope, setting forth that the Carnival was at an end, owing to certain painful occurrences. It was pretended that a revolution had been discovered; and soldiers were posted in every street with loaded fire-arms, and in the evening some shots were heard, a few people arrested, and one severely wounded. Thus the merry game was changed into sad earnest; and though Lent does not begin until the day after to-morrow, the streets are quiet, and just as usual. But now, *basta*. Heaven knows you must be preciously tired of this letter. If it only induces you to give me an answer, its object will be accomplished, and you promised faithfully to reply to me at once—pray, pray, then, do so. One more request. I wrote a few lines from hence to Count Pocci,* in answer to a letter from him. As, however, scarcely any letter that I put in the post myself there seems to have reached its destination, I being deemed a dangerous spy, writing in cypher, on account of my written music, I should like to know whether he received my letter; therefore I beg, if it does not give too much trouble, that you will enquire about this, and write to me about it. And how is Mme. Vespermann? [the singer] I beg you will give her my kind regards. Let me hear of all my acquaintances and friends, and whether everything looks about the same as when I left Munich. You know how every topic there interests me; but above all, tell me of you and yours; whether Carl and Heinrich [the sons] make satisfactory progress, and sometimes remember me. Give my heartfelt good wishes to all your family, particularly to your charming wife, and that I commend myself to your own friendly remembrance is a matter of course.

Farewell! may you all continue well and happy.

Your

F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

P.S.—My address is, "A. M. F. M. B., Rome, Piazza di Spagna, No. 5."

* A quotation from a play of Raupach.

* Intendant, until the last few years, of the Royal Bavarian Court Music, at present Royal Bavarian *Obercremonienmeister*; well known as a zealous friend of music, and as having published various musical compositions.

II.

Milan, July 9, 1831.

Dear Bärmann.

This is no letter, but a lecture that I mean, not to write, but to read to you. Most faithless of men! not one line in answer to my charming letter of eight pages (exaggeration!). I had firmly resolved never to write to you again in the course of my life, as a punishment; but this evening it somehow all of a sudden struck me that I punish you far more by writing: hence I do so at once. But it is really the last letter I mean to write unless you answer me forthwith; and that you may not be able to do so, I take care not to send to you my address. Your sins are crying out like an F clarionet or an increased seventh, the race of Oerindur is an unpunctual race, and does not reply to the race of Mendelssohn, when they write; nature resolves to put an end to this; it is bad, it is base, it is excruciating!

I have the honor to announce to you by these present lines—not my marriage by any means, nor yet the baptism of my youngest son, nor, further, that I continue to carry on the wine and ale-house of my deceased wife under the same firm, but what makes me happier than all these put together, namely, that God willing, I shall soon be in Munich again. In the course of six or seven weeks, I beg that your charming wife will buy up all the plums in Bavaria for dumplings, to be cooked for me, and then you shall see whether I have not learned something in Italy. But, seriously, I expect to arrive in the Carlstrasse the beginning of September, or about the middle of the month at latest, and rejoice already at the thoughts of it, for that you will be as kind and as friendly to me as on a former occasion, I feel well assured of—I know Heinrich Bärmann. I come to Munich prompted by the wish, before plunging into the mad, wild life of Paris, once more to be with people whom I love, and with whom I can pass a few happy weeks, and because I long once more to have a downright good practice, and to hear music *con amore*, which I have not done since I have been in Italy, for at present no musician exists in this land, and I should like again to be renovated by something sound and solid. I mean to play to you as long, and as much of Weber as I can, or you choose; but you must also bring out your clarionet, that we may take something in hand together, and then I must again hear the piece in E flat major and the F minor concerto [Weber], and even at this moment I am as happy as a child in thinking of it, for in my life I never did hear more beautiful tones than yours, old fellow! I do not forget that afternoon at Staudacher's when you played the concerto. I have never since been able to have such music—and this is why I come to you, so welcome me kindly.

I am going to remain here for a short time to finish a whimsical composition which I began in Rome, and one day I intend to play it and sing it to you (are you dismayed?). In the course of ten or twelve days, I set off for the lakes, to Como and to the Borromean Islands, then by the Simplon to Geneva, whence I cut across Switzerland in a straight line, and go on direct to Munich till I arrive there. Who the first man will be that I seek out, we both pretty well know, and if you don't know, you will find it out one day. But it is only vexatious to set one's heart too long beforehand on anything; there are far too many troubles afloat in the world, raging and threatening, and who can tell whether in the course of a few months all may not be changed and overthrown? God forbid! I trust the

world will last yet awhile, and if war and pestilence do not assail us at too close quarters, I shall be with you in September. Be sure you have Carl's piano thoroughly tuned. How is he? and what of the Basset horn? and how about Heinrich's painting? But it is stupid in me to ask these questions, for I intend to come myself for the answers, which is far better. Otherwise there are many persons whom I should have liked to ask for: the fat Moralt and Mme. Vespermann, Mangotti and the Müllers, Von der Mark and Delphine von Schauroth, Standacher and Fraulein Keias, Ascher, half the orchestra and the Himsel family. All this I shall be told when we meet. The sketch I took of you at the baths is now lying before me, your name written in on one of the folds of your blouse; it is wonderfully like, my master hand is visible in it; you look particularly sweet. Do not take it amiss that I am writing you nothing worth hearing, for I reserve everything till we meet, and indeed I have abundance to relate. Give my best regards to your dear wife and sons, and to Mme. Vespermann, if she is again in Munich, and has not allowed herself to be detained in Paris. Remember me also to the handsome Müllers (the dark one is by far the prettiest), and to Stunz and his wife, to Hector and the Standachers. Place my homage at Poissl's feet, and greet Mangotti from me; in short, remember me to all at Munich, and one besides. My compliments also to your B clarionet, an excellent creature, and one that I highly respect. All the clarionet players I heard in Italy must have been born with a wooden leg, one always feels inclined to throw them something into the orchestra; it all sounds so feeble and miserable; but for Heaven's sake don't say this to a soul in Munich, or they might stone me. Germans can play a vast deal better, but it won't do to tell the Germans so, for they would take it amiss. May we soon meet, dear Bärmann. Think of me kindly.

By the bye, I quite forgot to tell you a most amusing and interesting story. One day when, according to my custom for some time past [breaks off, see No. 3].

Perhaps you may no longer remember my name?

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony."

(From the Crystal Palace Programme, Nov. 30th).

The composition which is to day presented for the first time to the audience of the Crystal Palace Concerts derives its name of "Reformation Symphony," from its connection with the tercentenary festival of the Augsburg Protestant Confession, which was celebrated in Germany on June 25th, 1830. In the catalogue of the unpublished works of Mendelssohn, by Herr Julius Rietz, of Dresden, one of his executors, appended to the second volume of Letters, the work is described as *Sinfonie zur Feier des Reformationsfestes, D moll*, 1830. *Aufgeführt in London und Berlin*—"Symphony for the ceremonial of the Reformation Festival, 1830. Performed in London and Berlin." In the latter part of this statement there would appear to be an inaccuracy; at least the writer has not succeeded in finding any trace of a performance in London. That it was composed with a view to the Reformation Festival there need be no doubt. It is proved by Herr Rietz's statement, by the allusion in a letter of the composer himself quoted below, and by the use of the Lutheran Choral in the concluding movements. Whether the work was a "commission" or not, it was completed more than a month before the date for which it was intended, and before Mendelssohn started on the journey to Italy, which forms the subject of the delightful first volume of his *Letters*. On May 15th, 1830, just after his arrival at Goethe's house at Weimar, he writes to his sister Fanny: "I will soon send you my Symphony. I am having it copied here, and will forward it to Leipsic—where it may perhaps be performed—with strict injunctions to them to give it into your hands as quickly as possible. Find out what will be the best name for it:—'Reformation Symphony,' 'Confession Symphony,'' 'Symphony for a Church Festival,' 'Juvenile Symphony,' or anything you like." The MS. was doubtless duly despatched, but no performance took place. The revolutionary troubles had broken out in Germany, conflicts had taken place between Protestants and Catholics, and Mendelssohn preferred to postpone his work till its success should be endangered by no polemical or political difference. The accounts of the proceedings of the 25th June, 1830, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and other papers of the day, show that they were almost entirely restricted to Church services and to mere official acts. No mention is made of any musical performance on the occasion. But when Mendelssohn arrived in Paris in the early part of 1832, an opportunity seemed to offer for the production of his Symphony, and we find it constantly mentioned in his letters. He had the score with him, and fully intended to have it published "if he could get any publisher to print it and pay for it" (January 21, 1832). A few lines further on, in the same letter, he announces that it is to be performed at the third concert of the Conservatoire, and that "seven or eight rehearsals were talked of; which would be very welcome." On the 13th February he is again "looking forward to the D minor Symphony, which they are to take up next week;" "and which," says he, "I never dreamed that I should hear for the first time in Paris." The Symphony was not executed at the third concert, one by Onslow having taken its place; but a week or two later we find it again referred to as in rehearsal—that the band had insisted on repeating the slow movement, and that Habeneck (the conductor) had "made them a little speech, pointing out that there was one solo bar at the end which they must just be kind enough to wait for." He is anticipating his journey to London on the 8th of March, but still the prominent thought is that "he should hear his Symphony in the Conservatoire." This pleasure, however, he was doomed not to enjoy. The performance never arrived—the cholera came instead, and Mendelssohn was taken ill and had to keep the house, and Paris was emptied, and he came to London without having enjoyed the triumph of bringing his work before the public.

At length, however, Mendelssohn reached home after his long absence, and then the occasion which had so often approached and as often retreated actually arrived. This occasion was a series of concerts which he gave in Berlin, in November, 1832, for the benefit of the Orchestral Widows' Fund. At the first of these, three of his compositions were played, all apparently new to the Berlin audience; one was the *Reformation Symphony*, the others were the G minor Pianoforte Concerto, and the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This, then, was the first and apparently the only time that the Symphony has been performed in public. Why a work so perfect in form and so dearly esteemed by its composer should have been laid on the shelf, it is hard to conjecture. Shortly after this Meyerbeer composed *The Huguenots*, in which a prominent feature is made of Luther's chorale, "Ein' feste Burg," which forms the subject of the last movement of Mendelssohn's Symphony. Nothing was so likely to arouse Mendelssohn's fastidiousness as this, and it is said that one main reason of his suppressing the Symphony was his dislike to appear in competition with Meyerbeer. Another reason, equally strong, was probably his feeling that the work had been composed for a particular occasion and with particular feelings. These had passed, and he was every day growing and soaring; he would put by the work till an opportunity occurred of modifying or recasting some portions, and suiting them to his more advanced taste and intellect. We know that this was the case with the *Italian Symphony*, and that he delayed the publication of that charming work because to his keen and fastidious taste, some polish and some development were still wanting in the last movement. Honor to the man who thus respects his fame!

> "He gave the people of his best,
> His worst he kept, his best he gave."

To him may well be applied the words of the Poet Laureate on the Prince Consort—

> ". . . . . We have lost him, he is gone;
> We know him now: all narrow jealousies
> Are silent: and we see him as he moved;
> How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise;
> *With what sublime repression of himself*,
> And in what limits, and how tenderly."

As long as such a man lives, he is, of course, the sole arbiter of the fate of his works. But when he is removed from the world, and takes his seat among the immortals, the case is surely changed. It becomes then a duty to discover, to cherish, and to study everything that he has left behind him. Every step in the ascent leading to that pinnacle of fame, from which he took his final upward flight, has its special interest and its peculiar lesson. The letters which a distinguished man leaves behind him may contain personal allusions or judgments which may make it desirable either entirely to suppress them, or at least to delay their publication. But such considerations cannot apply to artistic works. With them, the only danger possible is to the reputation of the artist, and in Mendelssohn's case this need not be feared. The publication of his earlier or immature compositions, especially if accompanied by dates, and, where possible, by such information as to the causes of their suppression, as many of his friends could furnish, would never detract from his fame. It would rather assist his humbler brethren to comprehend the secrets of that delicate fancy, that perfect knowledge, that unwearied labor, that consummate tact, and that exquisite taste which have enriched the world with the *Hebrides* Overture, the *Scotch Symphony*, the C minor Trio, and the Oratorio of *Elijah*.

The score from which the Symphony is played to-day, contains the latest corrections and compressions of its author, which are dated 1832, and were made doubtless with the view to the intended performance in Paris. For this score the Company is indebted to Messrs. Novello & Co., whose property it is.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born on the 3d February, 1809, and died on the 4th November, 1847, at the age of 38. When he thus laid down

> The laurel greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,

he had published seventy-two works of all descriptions. But he left behind him a still larger number in manuscript. Some of these have been published since and are among the most delightful and favorite of his compositions. The music to *Athalie*, *Œdipus*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *finale* to *Loreley*, the *Son and Stranger*, the *Italian Symphony*, the F minor quartet, the B flat quintet, and the overture to *Ruy Blas*, are all among the compositions which for some cause or other he had refused to make public. The last treasures that have been brought forth from this storehouse are the Trumpet Overture, the *Reformation Symphony* and the eighth book of "Songs without Words."

There remains, however, a mass of compositions of all descriptions and all dimensions, among which there must be much to interest all true lovers of music. The list of Herr Rietz, already mentioned, enumerates them in greater or less detail. There are 22 pieces of Sacred Music—Cantatas, Psalms, Motets, Te Deums, and the like, composed for the Academy or the Cathedral Choir at Berlin; 3 Secular Cantatas; 5 Operas and Operettas; a Symphony and several Marches for full orchestra; more than a dozen pieces for stringed orchestra only, including a Concerto for the Violin; a large number of compositions for the Piano, with and without accompaniment, including Concertos for one and two Pianos, a grand Sextet for Piano and Strings, a Sonata for Piano and Violin, and a Sonata for Piano Solo.

Crystal Palace Concerts.

(From the "Saturday Review," March 14.)

Just now our concert societies are exhibiting unaccustomed spirit. Before all, a desire to bring forward unknown or comparatively unknown works is conspicuous; and many things of indisputable value have recently, one after another, in quick succession, come to light. As usual, the musical authorities of the Crystal Palace have been indefatigable in this direction; and it is hardly too much to say that the series of "Saturday Concerts" for 1867-8, of which the twenty first took place last week, and which will include twenty-eight concerts in all, promises to be remembered as the most brilliant on record.

The first half of the season was brought to a close, in the worthiest manner, by a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's Ninth ("Choral") Symphony, placed last in the programme, and wisely too, inasmuch as to listen to anything after it would, under the circumstances, have been hardly possible. We have already found it our agreeable duty to speak in high terms of the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, for their almost irreproachable execution of the three purely instrumental movements of this mightiest of symphonies—and indeed of all that devolves upon them in the final part as well; but on the present occasion the praise we have to give to the players in general, and to Herr Manns, their untiring conductor, in particular, whom no difficulties abash, and who has made the Saturday performances in the Crystal Palace concert-room the admiration of all intelligent hearers, is absolutely unqualified. The "No. 9," however, was not the only symphony of Beethoven performed in the course of the pre-Christmas season. We had also Nos. 4, 5, and 8 (in B flat, C minor and F) of the same composer, Haydn's so called "Oxford" symphony (in G), Mozart's incomparable G minor, Schubert's great symphony in C, with the two movements of his unfinished work in B minor, and Schumann's symphony in B flat (the first of the four). But of still higher interest, for evident reasons, than any of these was

the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, a work which though, as the composer's published letters instruct us, written as far back as 1830, was never, except on one occasion, played in public until Herr Manns introduced it at the Crystal Palace—that one occasion being some obscure and forgotten concert at Berlin, two years after the symphony was composed. The "Reformation Symphony" is a masterpiece, as the most capable judges unanimously admit; and the only difficulty is to understand how those to whose care were entrusted the MS. compositions of its author should not till more than twenty years after his death have screwed up courage to produce it. It is certain that two performances at the Crystal Palace were listened to with delight, and that elsewhere, if not heard to such advantage—for the orchestral performances under Herr Manns are the finest now to be heard in England, perhaps, indeed, in Europe—it has at least met with equally flattering marks of approval.

Besides the symphonies we have named, no less than twenty overtures were played during the first half of the season. Among these are some not, we apprehend, very likely to be heard again at the Crystal Palace—such, for example, as the *Prometheus* of Herr Bargiel, which is as empty as it is pretentious, and the *Hamlet* of Herr Niels Gade, who has hardly succeeded in accomplishing what the too generous Mendelssohn predicted of him. This last work is nothing if not dry. Far better was the concert-overture, *Marmion*, by Mr. A. S. Sullivan, who, young as he is, promises so well that reasonable hopes may be entertained of his becoming one day a composer of whom his country may feel proud. Of course we had an overture by Schumann; and of all the overtures by that angrily disputed master the overture to his opera, *Genoveva* (fancy an opera by Schumann!), is probably the best, even if the best be at best a more laborious striving after an ideal something which its author never once succeeds in positively attaining.* About the other overtures we need say nothing, seeing that they were by Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert, intermixed with some brilliant operatic preludes of the French and Italian schools, by Auber and Rossini. At the same time we would mention, as among the most interesting, the "Trumpet Overture" in C, a recent concession from Mendelssohn's family, which the oftener it is heard the more it is liked, and the overture to *Alfonso and Estrella*, one of Schubert's brightest, if not one of his strongest orchestral pieces. A military march in D, by Schubert, and a very poor *entr'acte* from M. Gounod's very poor opera, *La Colombe*, besides Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, finale to *Loreley*, and music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, together with concertos for various instruments, from various masters, played by Mme. Arabella Goddard, Signor Piatti, Mr. Henry Holmes, &c., were also included in the series of concerts which formed the first half of the season 1867-8.

The first seven concerts of the second half of the series 1867-8 have been quite as interesting as their fourteen predecessors. It is enough to state that Beethoven's glorious Symphony in A (No. 7), Spohr's (No. 4), *Die Weihe der Töne* ("The Consecration of Sound"); Mendelssohn's "Reformation" (for the second time); Mozart's immortal "Jupiter" (so called, *not* by Mozart); and Schumann's No. 2, in C major, an ambitiously laborious effort, which, however magnificently played—and the execution by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under Herr Manns, whose strenuous exertions might almost galvanize a corpse, is nothing short of magnificent—by no means gains with closer familiarity,* have all been performed. Two very interesting novelties, however, demand a word apart. The first of these was a hitherto unknown symphony by Haydn, in the very rarely employed key of B major, written for a small orchestra (that is to say, without flutes, clarionets, trumpets, trombones, or drums), which we cannot think, with the official writer of the programmes (not answerable for the articles signed "A.M-") is "a very early production," seeing that it bears, in its treatment—masterly though concise—the strongest evidence of maturity. In any case such an addition to the recognized 118 symphonies of the grand old master is right welcome. It shows him at his best, and, if among his least elaborate, is by no means among his least finished works. Far more interesting, however, if only because one of nine instead of one of 119, was a symphony in C minor by Franz Schubert, which bears the title of "Tragische Sinfonie" ("Tragic Symphony"), wherefore no one can tell, inasmuch as it has scarcely a vestige of the "tragic" element from beginning to end. For this addition to our modern repertory of orchestral music we are indebted to Mr. George Grove, Secretary of the Crystal Palace, well-known as an accomplished and enthusiastic connoisseur. This gentleman, hearing of various MSS. by Schubert in the possession of a certain Dr. Schneider, Advocate at Vienna, was adventurous enough to travel to the Austrian capital and seek them out. Mr. Grove, who had already provided us with the charming *entr'acte* music from the drama of *Rosamunde*, was successful beyond his hopes, and came back furnished with two symphonies (Nos. 4 and 6), and a variety of other much coveted treasures. The "Tragic Symphony" is the fourth of nine which Schubert wrote, seven of which were completed, one (No. 7, in E) merely sketched,* and one (in B minor, No. 8, for which again we are indebted to Mr. Grove of the Crystal Palace) abandoned after the first two movements. As a mere work of art, if finished workmanship goes for anything, the symphony in C minor of Schubert is not to be compared with the symphony in B major of Haydn, being the production of a boy in his nineteenth year, and a boy, whatever his genius, by no means such a master of his resources as, for instance, Mendelssohn, who composed his Octet and other wonderful things when four years younger. But notwithstanding the diffuseness and want of congruity in every movement—except the *minuetto*, which is absolutely perfect—notwithstanding the fact that almost any number of bars might be taken out from almost any part of it without being missed, for Schubert was never an adept at form, the symphony in C minor is so full of melody, so dramatic, and so overflowing with spirit from one end to the other, that to criticize it appears an obtrusive exhibition of pedantry. At the same time it should never be forgotten that, though a "heaven-born genius," Schubert was not a great master; and in estimating the value of his compositions we should remember how some by mere dint of application have been able to effect what to a man so richly endowed as Schubert ought to have come quite naturally. The symphony was marvellously well played under the direction of Herr Manns—and was received by the audience with quite as much enthusiasm as the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn. No doubt the majority thought it quite as good as the "Reformation Symphony," if not better. Time, however, will put each work in its proper place; and no matter how their relative merits may be apportioned, the series of concerts at which both were produced for the first time must always be looked back to as to one that reflected the highest credit on those who direct the musical affairs at the Crystal Palace.

Among the overtures brought forward during the last seven concerts have been many recognized masterpieces, (such as *Egmont* (Beethoven), *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Die Hebriden* (Mendelssohn), &c.—besides Beethoven's ballet overture, *Prometheus*, Mozart's *Impresario* (only second to his *Figaro*), Meyerbeer's labored though highly dramatic *Struensee*, &c. But the most notable were unquestionably the first and second of the four overtures composed by Beethoven for his opera, *Leonore* (*Fidelio*), in which may be seen the germs of the third overture to the same opera, the great one in C, as unrivalled among overtures as *Fidelio* among operas. Schumann's lugubrious overture to *Manfred* has also been given, but, as usual, with little effect; while Auber's *Masaniello* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* have been welcomed with enthusiasm. And yet Schumann's overture was played to perfection. Add to the foregoing two marches by Mendelssohn—a Funeral March for the young composer, Norbert Burgmüller, and a Festival March to celebrate a visit of the famous painter, Cornelius, to Dresden—both, though wholly unpretending, calculated to increase our respect and admiration for their composer, and we have finished the whole catalogue of orchestral pieces produced at the Crystal Palace in the series of concerts now approaching their termination.

In the way of solos, with orchestral accompaniment, we have had Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by Madame Schumann as no one else can now, ever did, or ever is likely to play her late husband's music: Mendelssohn's No. 2 (in D minor), scarcely so congenial to the gifted lady; and Beethoven's in E flat, the chief of all concertos, no matter what the instrument—a more artistically finished performance of which than that by Madame Arabella Goddard could hardly be imagined.

The vocal music at these concerts is of little account; nor has there been any display of sufficient consequence to call for particular notice.

* Here the old *English* Adam screams out!—Ed.

* Mendelssohn long entertained the idea of filling up this sketch.

Monday Popular Concerts in London.

(From the Saturday Review).

In reviewing the Monday Popular Concerts it is of more importance to take into consideration the works performed than the manner of their performance. The seven concerts that preceded Christmas, and the nine that began the present year, did not enjoy the inestimable advantage of Herr Joachim's aid, as leading violin; but they were full of genuine interest. Herr Ludwig Straus and M. Sainton are both excellent players; and Signor Piatti, who is engaged from one end of the season to the other, knows no rival as a violoncellist; so that, with Herr L. Ries, second violin from the commencement, and Mr. Henry Blagrove, who holds the post of principal tenor, left vacant by the death of Mr. H. Webb, the quartets were invariably well executed. Herr Joachim made his first appearance in the middle of February, and has taken part in every concert since. The pianists most frequently heard have been Mr. Charles Hallé, who began early in November, and Madame Schumann, who appeared at the end of January. Herr Pauer has played at some three or four concerts, and Madame Arabella Goddard at some four or five.

Beethoven, according to established custom, has occupied the prominent position which in such entertainments belongs by right to the greatest and, considering the intrinsic value of his art-work, most prolific of instrumental composers. His quartets, quintets, trios, piano sonatas, etc., have been repeatedly brought forward, and in no single instance has any composition of his failed to evoke sympathy. Excepting the G major and G minor, op. 49, which, being mere trifles, do not count, all his pianoforte sonatas but two had already been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts. These two were No. 1, op. 14 (in E), and the so-termed "sonatina," op. 79 (in G), both of which Mr. Charles Hallé, who had played them at his own "Beethoven Recitals," has now made familiar to a very different, a much more numerous, and, it can hardly be denied, a far superior audience to that which attends his "Academic" lectures in the summer, where he preaches, after his manner, to a select and admiring *coterie*. Last year Mr. Halle produced the first sonata of op. 2, in F minor, in which the young Beethoven at once proclaims himself a worthy rival of Mozart; and Madame Arabella Goddard filled up an awkward gap by boldly grappling with the enormously difficult one in B flat, op. 106, the colossal proportions of which have gained it the title of "the Ninth Symphony for the Piano"; so that not one of the 30 solo sonatas of Beethoven remains to be heard by Mr. Chappell's intelligent and appreciative audiences. A chance might now be awarded to his lesser works for the pianoforte—rondos, variations, etc.—which are all more or less genial and engaging. Another service rendered by Mr. Hallé during the early part of the winter, was the introduction, for the first time, of the truly Mozart-like quintet in E flat, op. 16, for pianoforte and wind instruments, which delighted every hearer. Madame Arabella Goddard, never behindhand where good music is concerned, has completed the series of sonatas for pianoforte and violin, by performing with Herr Straus, the earliest of the ten—the one in D, first of the three inscribed to Antonio Salieri, Mozart's Italian rival, who gave lessons to Beethoven in dramatic music which had about the same effect upon Beethoven as the lessons in harmony and counterpoint which he gave to Franz Schubert had upon Schubert—in each instance the pupil being too much for the master. These additions to the repertory of Beethoven, all of whose quartets, quintets, etc., had already been included, would alone suffice to mark the season. But there were other novelties which court attention. Mozart, whose unimaginable wealth of resources is still scarcely more than half explored, has been allowed to speak twice in language unfamiliar to the frequenters of St. James's Hall. The melodious and beautiful trio in E major of that master was played for the first time by Mr. Hallé, in conjunction with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, and caused a general feeling of surprise that it should so long have been neglected. This trio, the sixth of eight trios by Mozart for piano, violin, and violoncello, was written in 1788, the year in which the three famous orchestral symphonies—in E flat, G minor, and C (the "Jupiter")—were composed. Again, Madame Arabella Goddard, as zealous for Mozart as for Beethoven, made the public acquainted with the charming sonata in B flat, the third of six sonatas for pianoforte composed in 1777, to which Mozart refers in several letters, he having himself performed them at Augsburg, Munich, and elsewhere.

Among the welcome revivals must also be mentioned a quartet in C major and a quartet in F minor by Haydn, the first (one of ten quartets written by him in that primitive key) brought forward by Herr Straus, the last by M. Sainton. Each of these is remarkable, more particularly the quartet in F minor, which contains a finale in the fugued style, showing Haydn as a contrapuntal writer at his very best. Mr.

Chappell has now vouchsafed to us 22 of the 83 quartets by the father of instrumental music; and we shall look to him from time to time for further specimens. He must not leave all to his "head fiddler," whoever the "head fiddler" at the period may happen to be, but must select occasionally for himself. No doubt a good many of the best of Haydn's quartets have been heard; but others not less worthy consideration remain behind.

Even Handel has been ransacked for new contributions to the Monday Popular Concerts. All that was known of him before by the St. James's Hall public, except an organ concerto or two, introduced by Mr. Best and Mr. E. J. Hopkins in 1859, consisted of some fugues and other selections from his "Suites de Pièces," and especially the fugue in E minor, and the variations on the air of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (so often played by Madame Goddard); but Herr Straus has fished out of the waters of oblivion a sonata in A major, one of six violin solos composed by Handel for a certain Prince of Wales, and introduced it, with a somewhat pretentious accompaniment from the pen of Herr Ferdinand David—violinist of violinists at Leipsic, just as M. Alard used to be violinist of violinists at Paris. This sonata is not of remarkable value. Nevertheless, a greater than Herr Straus, no other than Herr Joachim, thought proper to play it also; and, because Herr Joachim played it, the majority of the audience became enthusiastic, found it delightful, and encored the last movement. To the best of our belief, however, Handel himself would have derived little pleasure from a public performance of this, or, indeed, any sonata of the series. Nor would Handel's contemporary, J. S. Bach, in all probability have cared to hear under similar circumstances the *prelude*, *allemande*, and *courante* from his own six violoncello sonatas, incomparably as they were executed by Signor Piatti. These pieces of Bach, in fact, were merely intended as mechanical exercises.

Hummel's not very lively quintet in E flat minor, for pianoforte and string instruments, introduced by Mr. Halle, probably to exhibit the extreme glibness of his fingers, was another novelty. But of all the pieces of this Mozart-and-water composer, his celebrated septet in D minor, for piano, wind, and strings, his best pianoforte sonata, in F minor, op. 40, and his longest, most elaborate, and most difficult, in D major, op. 106 (the F minor introduced by Herr Pauer, the D major by Madame Goddard), had alone made a genuine impression. The "Military Septet," and the pianoforte trios, op. 12, 83, and 93, fell comparatively dead; and so now did the quintet in E flat minor—about as stale and dull a piece of work as anything extant of its kind. Some "Lieder ohne Worte," by M. Stephen Heller, also introduced into a recent programme by Mr. Hallé, ought never to have found a hearing at the Monday Popular Concerts; nor were they heard, as the saying is, "with rapture." M. Heller has written much better things than these, which Mr. Hallé, who is well aware of the fact, might have borne in mind. Infinitely more acceptable—acceptable, in short, in the amplest sense—was the solo sonata in A minor, of Schubert, op. 42, one of the most original, romantic, and beautiful works which that great genius, who achieved so much during his brief sojourn among us, has dedicated to the piano. For this Mr. Halle, who has played it at two concerts, is entitled to the thanks of amateurs, and would be still more entitled to their gratitude had he given the trio of the scherzo in the proper movement—that is, just a little slower ("*un poco più lento*") than the first theme—instead of turning it into a kind of sentimental after-dinner song.

Last and most interesting among the things unknown till now, and made known through the Monday Popular Concerts, must be named an eighth book of "Lieder ohne Worte," a solo pianoforte sonata in B flat, and a sextet in D, for pianoforte and string instruments, by Mendelssohn.

That the engagement, season after season, of Herr Joachim is of essential importance no one can doubt. This greatest of all violinists has never played more superbly than now. In Beethoven's "Rasoumoffsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), on the night of his first appearance, and subsequently in Mozart's divine G minor quintet, the E minor quartet of Mendelssohn, No. 2, op. 44, Mozart's No. 6, in C, the second of Beethoven's quintets (C major), and (most remarkable of all) the great quartet in A minor of the same unequaled master, one of the so-called "Posthumous," Herr Joachim, more emphatically than ever, has shown that in according to him the very highest position that can possibly be held by an executive artist the connoisseurs of England, like the connoisseurs of Europe generally, have done him no more than justice. At the same time Herr Joachim must allow that nowhere else in Europe can he meet with a compeer on another instrument in every way so worthy to be associated with him as Signor Piatti. It is something for "unmusical England" to boast of, that when this unparallelled German comes among us we can furnish him with an Italian violoncellist like Signor Piatti for his quartets, and an English pianist like Madame Goddard for his duets and trios.

Of the vocal music, which at these entertainments is usually of subordinate interest, it is enough to say that it has been generally well selected, for the most part well sung, and—Mr. Benedict retaining the post he has held from the beginning—invariably well accompanied.

At the concert last year for the "benefit" of the director—in accordance with custom the final concert of the series—Bach's concerto in D minor for three pianofortes, performed by the three pianists who had shared among them the chief honors of their department (Mme. Schumann, Mme. Goddard, and Mr. Hallé) was the principal attraction, and created the lively sensation which might have been anticipated. There were no "cadenzas," and the old master's design was followed reverentially, the original finale of the concerto being given, instead of the first allegro of the concerto in C major, which (transposed into D for the purpose) had been frequently preferred, in consequence of the imagined weakness of the one and the superior strength of the other. The extraordinary enthusiasm created by this performance is still remembered; and no greater attraction could possibly have been invented for the last concert of the present series than another performance of the same kind, by the same artists, the piece now selected being the triple concerto in C major itself, to be played, as the phrase is, "in its integrity," and accompanied, as was its companion, by MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti (string quartet).

Music Abroad.

Leipzig.

The twenty Gewandhaus Concerts of the season of 1867–8 are completed, besides the usual two concerts for charitable ends, and the *Signale* sums up the works which have been performed, as follows:

Symphonies. Of Beethoven: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9; Berlioz: "Harold in Italy;" Haydn: in G major (No. 6 of the Breitkopf and Härtel edition); Mendelssohn: in A major ("Italian"); Mozart: C major ("Jupiter"), G minor; Reinecke: A major; Rietz: E-flat major; Schubert: C major; Schumann: B flat, C, and D minor; Spohr: C minor.

Overtures. Beethoven: *Coriolan*, *Weihe des Hauses* (op. 124); Bennett: "The Naiads;" Catel: *Semiramis*; Cherubini: "Anacreon," *Les Abencerages*; Hauptmann: *Mathilde*; Horneman: "Aladdin;" Mendelssohn: "Hebrides," "Athalia;" Mozart: *Zauberflöte*; Raff: "*Ein feste Burg*"; Reinecke, "King Manfred"; Rietz: Concert Overture; Rudorff: "*Otto der Schütz*"; Schumann: "Genoveva," "Manfred"; Arthur Sullivan: "In Memorium"; Weber: "Euryanthe."

Suites, &c. Bach: Toccata, arranged by Esser; Beethoven: pieces from *Prometheus*, Music to *Egmont*; Esser: Suite, No. 2; Grimm: Suite in Canon form for stringed instruments; Lachner: Suite No. 4; Reinecke: Entr'act from "King Manfred;" Schubert: two movements from unfinished Symphony in B minor.

Concertos for Violin. By Bach (A minor), Beethoven, Besekirski, Dupuis, Mendelssohn, Molique (No. 5), Mozart (op. 76,) Rode (A minor), Spohr (*Scena cantante*), Viotti (A minor), Vieuxtemps (E major, second and third movements).

Concertos for Piano. Beethoven (Choral Fantasia), Henselt, Reinecke (F-sharp minor), Rubinstein (D minor), Schumann (A minor).

Concertos for Violoncello. Davidoff (No. 2, A minor), Goltermann (No. 1), B. Romberg (B minor, first movement).

Concertos for several instruments. Mozart: *Sinfonie concertante* for violin and viola; *Concertone* for two principal violins, oboe, two violas, violoncello solo and orchestra.

Smaller Solo Pieces. 1). *For Piano*: by Alcan, *Saltarello*; Bach: Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, transcribed by Tausig; Beethoven: Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens," transcribed by Rubinstein; Chopin: Scherzo in B flat minor, *Berceuse*, Waltz in A flat, Ballade in A flat, Nocturne (op. 62, No. 1), Etude (op. 25, No. 6), Polonaise; Handel: Variations; Haessler: *Gigue*; Heller: No. 2 from "Wanderstunden"; Henselt: "*Dunklied nach Sturm*"; Jaell: Transcription on Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde;" Liszt: *Rhapsodie Hongroise* No. 4, *Don Juan* Fantasia; Mendelssohn: Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and in F minor; Mozart: *Gigue*; Rubinstein: Barcarolle; Scarlatti: Allegro vivacissimo.——2). *For Violin*: David: Variations on a theme by Mozart, Andante and Scherzo capriccioso; Handel: Sonata (with piano accompaniment by David); Laub: Romanza, Ballade and Polonaise; Nardini: Sonata (piano accomp. by David); Tartini: Sonata ("*Le trille du Diable*"); Wieniawski: Fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*.——3). *For Violoncello*: Mozart, Larghetto; Servais, Fantasia.

Vocal works, large and small, for Chorus with and without Orchestra. Beethoven: Choruses from "Ruins of Athens;" Kyrie, Sanctus and Benedictus from the *Missa Solemnis*. Gade: "Erlking's Daughter;" "Spring" Fantasia. Hauptmann: *Salvum fac Regem*; *Salve Regina*; Evening Song, "*Nimm mir Alles, Gott!*" Betrothal Song. Hiller: "*Versacrum*," or The Founding of Rome; three songs for Soprano solo and male chorus. Jahnke: *Aftonen*. Kjerulf: *Brudefærden i Hardangr*. Lindblad: "The Lute of Orpheus." Mendelssohn: Finale from *Lorelay*; 98th Psalm; Chorus, "Happy and blest," from "St. Paul." Mozart: *Ave verum*. French and Swedish popular songs.

Vocal Solos with Orchestra: Berlioz: "Separation" (from the "Summer Nights"). Boieldieu: Aria from "John of Paris." Gluck: Aria from "Lucio Vero," and from "Iphigenia in Tauris." Handel: Aria from "Ezio." Mendelssohn: Arias from *Elijah* and *St. Paul*. Mozart: Arias from *Figaro*, from *Don Juan* (three), from *Così fan tutte* and *Zauberflöte*; Scena and Aria with piano obbligato. Reinecke: Ave Maria; Aria from "King Manfred." Schubert: *Die Allmacht* (instrumentation by Hopffer). Spohr: Concert Aria; Aria from *Faust*. Wagner: Aria from *Tannhäuser*. Weber: Arias from *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*.

Songs for one voice: By Franz, 1; Mendelssohn, 1; Schubert, 12; Schumann, 5; Weber, 1.

Of these works, 23 were heard for the first time. The different composers were represented as follows: Mozart, 17 times; Beethoven, 15; Schubert and Mendelssohn, 13 each; Schumann, 11; Chopin, 7; Hauptmann and Reinecke, 6 each; Bach, Hiller and Spohr, 4 each, Laub and Handel, 3 each; the rest one each.

The Soloists were the following: *a*) *Singers*: *ladies*: Frl. Therese Sechofer, Frl. Thoma Börs, Frl. Helene Magnus; Frau Bürde Ney, Blume, Peschka-Leutner, Hüfner-Harken, Jauner-Krall, Frl. Madeleine Reiter, Frl. Borré, Frl. Thomae; *gentlemen*: Stockhausen, Rebling, Hill, Wallenreiter, Lüttemann, Koester, Ellberg, Ryberg, Hasselbeck.——*b*) *Pianists*: Frl. Marstrand, and Herren Rubinstein, Tausig, Jaell, Barth, von Inten, Reinecke.——*c*) *Violinists*: Frau Wilma Neruda-Normann, and Herren Wieniawski, David, Deecke, Dupuis, Röntgen, Walter, Lauterbach, Laub, Straus and Beselkirski.——*d*) *Violoncellists*: Bennatt, Hegar, Davidoff.——*e*) *Viola*: Hermann, Thümer, David——*f*) *Oboe*: Herr Hinke. The harp parts in various orchestral and choral works were executed by Mmes. Rudolph and Daries.

London.

Her Majesty's Opera. This Theatre (Drury Lane) opened on Saturday, March 26, the opera being *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed, with Mlle. Tietjens (Semiramide), Mme. Trebelli-Bettini (Ar-

sace), Signor Gassier (Assur), Signor Foli (Oroe), and Signor Bettini (Idreno).

On Thursday, owing to the illness of Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Fraschini, the *Barbiere* was substituted for *Lucrezia*, Mme. Trebelli Bettini (Rosina), Signor Bettini (Almaviva), Signor Gassier (Figaro), Signor Zoboli (Bartolo), Signor Foli (Basilio), and Mlle. Corsi (Berta). In the "Lesson scene" Mme. Trebelli introduced a waltz by Signor Alary.

On Saturday *La Traviata*—for the *rentrée* of Mlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore*—with Mlle. Sinico (Leonora), Mme. Trebelli-Bettini (Azucena), Sig. Fraschini (Maurico), Mr. Santley (Count di Luna), and Sig. Foli (Fernando).

On Thursday *Linda di Chamouni*—with Mlle. Kellogg (Linda), Mme. Trebelli-Bettini (Pierotto), Sig. Bettini (Carlo), Mr. Santley (Antonio), Sig. Foli (the Prefect), and Sig. Zoboli (the Marquis).

Mozart's *Don Giovanni* on Saturday, with Mlles. Tietjens, Clara Kellogg, and Sinico, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Zoboli, Foli, Casaboni, &c. in the cast, nearly identical, by the way, with that in the last week of the season before. Since her indisposition, Mlle. Tietjens has been recruiting by the sea-side, and her re-appearance as *Donna Anna* testified to the recovery of her old strength and powers. There is no finer *Donna Anna* on the stage than hers; and never was hers finer. The grand air of denunciation, the letter-song, the fierce duet "*Fuggi crudele*," the beautiful trio "*Proteggi il giusto ciel*," were all taken with spirit and intention, and electrified the audience. Mlle. Kellogg's *Zerlina* is full of loveliness—distinguished no less by the sweetness of her voice and its flexibility than by the purity and simplicity of the conception, with the animation and vivacity of the country beauty affording some very charming points. Mlle Sinico played the not very gracious part of *Elvira* in artistic fashion, and sang extremely well. All likewise good in their spheres were the *Ottavio* of Sig. Bettini, the *Giovanni*, of Sig. Gassier, the *Leporello* of Sig. Zoboli, and the *Commendatore* of Sig. Foli.

On Tuesday "*Lucrezia Borgia*" was given, and on Thursday "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," with the following cast,—*Almaviva*, Mr. Santley; *Figaro*, Sig. Gassier; *Bartolo*, Sig. Zoboli; *Barsilio*, Mr. Lyall; *Don Curzio*, Sig. Agretti; *Antonio*, Sig. Casaboni; *Cherubino*, Mme. Trebelli Bettini; *Marcellina*, Mlle. Corsi; *Susanna*, Mlle. Sinico; and *La Contessa*, Mlle. Tietjens

Royal Italian Opera. The Theatre opened on Tuesday, March 29, with *Norma*.

On Thursday Verdi's *Don Carlos* was performed, with Mlle. Doria (Tebaldo—in place of Mlle. Locatelli), Sig. Naudin (Carlos), Sig. Graziani (Rodrigo), Sig. Bagagiolo (Grand Inquisitor), M. Petit (Philip II.), Sig. Rossi (Herald), and Sig. Fallar (Friar).

Saturday *Rigoletto*, for the *debut* of two new singers, Mlles. Vanzini and Mayer, and the first appearance of Sig. Mario.

The debut on Thursday of Mlle. Vanzini, at Covent Garden, as *Oscar*, in the "*Ballo in Maschera*," was attended with much pleasant interest. She is a graceful and vivacious actress, possessing a flexible and ringing voice of great softness, sweetness, and compass. Her sympathetic qualities were strikingly displayed in the role of the page, who is too often left in the hands of mediocrity. In the favorite "E scherzo od e follia" she won an encore. As the sorceress *Ulrica*, Mlle. Mayer was outweighted; in fact she was utterly unfitted for such a part, lacking impressiveness and vocal power. *Amelia* was played by Mme. Fricci, and *Renato* by Sig. Graziani. Mario was in very good voice.

On Saturday Mlle. Fioretti appeared as *Elvira* of he "*Puritani*," given for the first time this season; while Sig. Mario was *Arturo*. Many years have passed since this opera, written specially for the wonderful quartet, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, has been performed at Covent Garden; its return was therefore singularly welcome. Mlle. Fioretti's excellent voice, so sweet and clear in its upper register, and her wonderful vocalization, went far as substitute for that quality which Mlle. Fioretti lacks—the subtle quality which we may call fascination. Her singing commanded admiration, but her dramatic abilities were strangely deficient. But vocal merit nearly supplied the place of dramatic charm, and compelled an encore for the "Vergin vezzosa." In *Arturo*, Mario displayed much feeling and passion, and interpreted the "A te o Cara" with ineffable pathos and tenderness, such as almost hid the deficiency of a fast-failing voice.—*Orchestra*.

The *Athenæum* says of the London season thus far:

Signor Verdi rules the hour at the time being. We have had his oppressive "Don Carlo," his meretricious "La Traviata," his repulsive "Rigoletto," all within the compass of a very few days. There is no need to re state the judgment already passed here on this gloomy and hectic music, in which the art is driven to such extravagances of effect as to lose almost the semblance of Art, and to trench on charlatanry. The composer, in his later works, has lost that spontaneity of melody which carried his audience at first, and has affected intricacy upon a most slender basis of constructive science to support his fancies and embroideries. Yet his works go down, while the superb "Semiramide" of Signor Rossini—aided by the advantages of the great voice of Mlle. Tietjens, and the real vocal grace of Mme. Trebelli (the most accomplished *contralto* we know at the time present)—is received with indifference. There is more beauty in the first act of that opera (too lengthy though it be, a bad consequence of Sig. Rossini's indifference to the arrangement of his *libretti*) than in all Sig. Verdi's bombastic productions put together. In "La Traviata," Mlle. Kellogg (who has distinctly made her mark, and not a shallow one, on her public) re-appeared, with more than her last year's success. In "Rigoletto," the vocal accomplishments of Mme. Fioretti carried off the obvious discrepancy between the person and the part.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 9, 1868.

First Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Musical interest has its centre for this week at least in Boston. Five great Oratorios in one week, grandly given by a well balanced, well trained force of 750 voices, with an orchestra of more than a hundred instruments, the best solo singers in the country, and one of the grandest organs in the world, as well as in the noblest Music Hall in the whole country—besides four Symphony Concerts, with splendid programmes and by such an orchestra:—this may indeed be called a Festival. Now there might be more of smoke than fire in all this; the American people often err in the ambition to do things on a bigger scale than others, to compel cheap wonder by display of quantity, with too small regard to quality. So this great Festival might have been a windy, unsatisfactory, self-glorifying enterprise, a piling of Ossa upon Pelion of imposing "monster" concerts, of doubtful influence on musical taste and culture, compared with the usual more quiet influences. But both the spirit and the matter and the manner of it forbid that supposition. The musical matter chosen is all of the highest intrinsic worth, deserving large interpretation, and to be received with ears and souls quickened by a general sympathy; the means of execution are adequate in every sense; the labor of arrangement, organization and rehearsal has been earnest and continuous, and all prompted by an artistic desire to make all these means coöperate with ease and certainty in a performance as nearly perfect as possible in this busy and distracting world, and in an inclement season particularly trying to singers' throats and to the whole musical and moral temper of any but an utterly unsensitive "harp of a thousand strings."

Our old Handel and Haydn Society made a brave first experiment of musical festivals in May, 1857. In spite of bad weather, of the amount of public scepticism or indifference then to be overcome, and of the comparatively small means then at their command (although unprecedented in this country for that time), the measure of success was, to say the least, convincing; the plan was *destined* to succeed, after a few more trials, with more means and experience, and growing taste in the community to meet the invitations half way. A prime condition of that effort was our possession of a worthy Music Hall. Three years ago, May, 1865, the Society chose the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary for another and more matured attempt, and on a larger scale. By that time the Great Organ stood in the Hall, a proud hope realized. The love of chorus practice had spread more among our people, not a few of the most cultivated families contributing a voice or two to the vocal ranks, and the Society, under zealous and judicious management, was in better condition than ever before. Public interest, too, in great music of all kinds had grown more and more encouraging, and a bolder, higher aim (this time instead of a three days' Festival, as in '57, it was for a whole week, the chorus at its fullest numbered 700 voices, and the orchestra of 75 had been raised to 100), yet cautious as it was bold, secured a signal success. Though it cost more than $17,000, not only were the guarantors not taxed as before, but there was left a balance of $4,000, to be divided between the two great War charities and the Societies own fund for further musical usefulness.

This week the Society inaugurates the custom of a great Triennial Musical Festival. It has felt the musical temper of the community and the musical means of the country clearly and long enough, and now feels its own strength and tendency and temper well enough to be able to resolve, that this thing, now, on the third trial, done with something like completeness and with the sure instinct of success in it through every stage of its preparation, is not for once, but from this time forward shall become the custom, a great feast of music to come round, as regularly as that in Birmingham, every third year in Boston.

The present Festival goes as far beyond that of 1865, as that went beyond the one of 1857. The foundations have been laid broad and deep, and all the preparation made with judgment, energy and skill. The guaranty fund, subscribed by 200 individuals and firms, amounts to nearly $50,000; but there is not the slightest fear that any one will be called upon to pay a dollar; the sale of tickets for the season and for each single Oratorio and Concert soon made the thing financially sure. The chorus of the Society, never averaging so well before in numbers, or in quality of voices, or in the right sort of musical spirit, has been kept in rehearsal nearly all winter on the oratorios, and lately on the choral parts of the Ninth Symphony, and Mr. Zerrahn's drill has been more critical and searching, as well as more inspiring, even than before. The parts are uncommonly well balanced. According to the printed list contained in the handsomely printed and convenient Book Programme of the Festival, the Soprano singers number 230, the Alto 171, the Tenor 142, and the Bass 204, making a total of 747 voices. For several weeks past there have been four rehearsals in a week, and so nearly filled have been the wide half circles of the lower (Bumstead) Hall with actual singers, that there has been small room for listeners. For solo singers, although the hopes which for some time rested upon one or two of the famous English singers and upon the great German baritone Stockhausen, were disappointed, the government have been able to present a goodly list, headed by Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Miss Adelaide Phillipps, each a host in herself, and continuing with such names of good assurance as Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. Cary, Mr. George Simpson, of New York, (who sang also in our first Festival), and Messrs.

James Whitney, J. F. Winch, H. Wilde, J. F. Rudolphsen and M. W. Whitney. Two distinguished instrumental solo artists were engaged, too, for the afternoon concerts,—Miss Alide Topp, the young German Pianiste, pupil of von Bülow, and Mr. Carl Rosa, the violinist. The grand orchestra is even finer than that of three years ago, and numbers 115 musicians. To the sixty odd of our own, who have been moulded together and consolidated and refined during the last three years by the good exercise afforded by the Harvard Symphony Concerts, are added about 40 of the best members of the New York Philharmonic Society and several from Philadelphia,—among them many welcome faces of the old "Germania." The proportions are excellent,—22 first violins, headed by our own William Schultze, with Julius Eichberg as Lieutenant; 20 second violins; 12 violas; 10 violoncellos; 13 double basses; 4 flutes, besides piccolo; 4 oboes; 4 clarionets; 4 bassoons; 6 horns; 4 trumpets; 1 cornet; 3 trombones; 2 ophicleids; 1 serpent; 4 instruments of percussion. But our record will be more interesting if we give the names,—

1st. Violins.	Zoehler, F.	*Clarionets.*
Schultze.	Wiesel.	Weber
Eichberg.	Eudres.	Kalkmann.
Meisel.	Keller.	Liebsch.
Weinz.	Bauer.	Albrecht.
Suck, H.	Schwartz.	*Bassoons.*
Lo sch.	Schillinger.	Eltz, P
Lothian.	Haupt.	Solist
Schulz.	Unger	Hochstein.
Trautmann.	Lobstein.	Regestein III.
Schmidt	*Violoncellos.*	*Horns.*
Van Olker.	Fries, W.	Hamann.
Coenen.	Suck, A.	Murphy
Gaertner.	Rietzel	Regestein I
Besig.	Moorhouse.	Kluge.
Reyer.	Heindl, A.	Knostenmacher.
Herwig.	Schnitz	Plagemann
Hahn.	Brannes.	*Trumpets.*
Grill	Hennig.	Heinicke.
Weingarten.	Hoch.	Arbuckle.
Prahl.	Allner.	Pinter.
Walther.	*Double Basses.*	Brown
Plate.	Stein.	*Cornet;*
2d Violins.	Regestein II.	Patz
Eichler, C.	Friese	*Trombones.*
Eichler, J.	Steinmann.	Lacroix
Goering.	Kammerling.	Letsch.
Schneider, A.	Kehrhahn	Saul.
Ford.	Bapp	*Ophicleide.*
Eisner.	Bartels.	Gumprecht.
Beyer.	Pfeiffenschneider.	Miersch
Kunzmann.	Behder.	*Serpent*
Krebs.	Heinicke.	Cundy.
Mulhly I	Preusser.	*Double Drums*
Mulhly II.	Gebhardt	Stochr, H
Sentz.	*Flutes.*	*Side Drum & Tram-*
Jarvis.	Zoehler, Ed.	Stochr, W. [*gle.*
Eltz I.	Heindl, E.	*Cymbals.*
Bernstein, A	Rametti	Field
Bernstein, J.	Ryan, W	*Bass Drum.*
Henamm.	*Piccolo.*	Simpson
Bahls.	Schlimper	*Orch. Librarian.*
Schneider, G.	*Oboes.*	Leis
Wieland.	De Ribas.	Nichols.
Violas.	Eller	*Chorus Librarian.*
Ryan, T.	Ohlemann.	Bedlington, S. M.
Heindl, F.	Fantwasser.	Total 115.

The New York and Philadelphia quota of the orchestra having arrived, Sunday (May 3) was devoted to rehearsals:—in the morning, of the grand orchestral symphonies and overtures, and of the Schumann Concerto with the Fräulein Alide Topp;—in the evening, of the opening concert of the Festival for Tuesday morning. This last was a public rehearsal, each of the nearly 800 singers being allowed to bring a friend, while all the remaining space of the great Hall was more than filled by those who paid a dollar for admission. For the first time the full force, vocal and instrumental, was brought together; when lo! a curious difficulty, there was too much of a good thing! As the Sopranos on the one side, and the Contraltos on the other, filed in upon the platform, the human tide kept rising rank upon rank up either slope, until it even trenched upon the side balconies; where were the gentlemen Tenors and Basses to find room? They bestowed themselves in the corners round the organ, in the balconies and finally away up in the second balcony above, and still more remained outside, to wander about the hall finding no place or "coigne of vantage" whence to join their voices with their brethren, while the great choir and orchestra and organ rolled out their mighty floods of harmony. But this was an evil not irremediable; better err on the safe side, and have too many rather than too few; a natural shrinkage has to be allowed for; and it is a fact of choral, at least of Handel and Haydn Society experience, that to make sure of 600 singers, at least 800 must be invited. What, should they all accept! Well, many evils cure themselves, —as Tuesday morning showed.

Opening of the Festival.

Tuesday, May 5, was in all respects a bright, auspicious day. Even the weather of this so far black and wintry Spring for once was sunshiny and delightful. By the appointed hour of eleven, the large and eager audience were in their places; presently the tide of orchestra and singers—the latter reduced to a convenient 700—flooded all the stage again, and only the adjoining lower balconies; and at that moment the Music Hall indeed presented a beautiful and brilliant aspect, yet with wise abstinence from extra ornament. What first followed may as well be told in the language of the *Advertiser:*

In the lull that ensued after the principals and the conductor had been welcomed to their places, Dr. Upham, President of the Society, stepped forward and spoke as follows:

"I will detain you, ladies and gentlemen, only for a single moment. Three years ago about this time, the Handel and Haydn Society celebrated here the fiftieth anniversary of their existence as an incorporated body.

"To day they inaugurate a series of musical performances which they hope may prove to be the first of a long and unbroken succession of triennial festivals, similar in their nature to, and on a scale commensurate with, those great musical gatherings which, for more than half a century have been kept up triennially at Birmingham, and, if not triennially, at brief intervals only, at Liverpool, at Worcester, at Gloucester, at York, and elsewhere in Great Britain, and more recently in the larger cities along the valley of the Rhine in Germany. What shall be the success of this undertaking remains to be seen.

"It becomes my duty, as it is also my pleasure and my privilege, to welcome you to the feast, and, on behalf of my associates in the government and of the members of the society over which I have the honor to preside, to thank you sincerely and most cordially for the evidence you have given, by your presence here this morning, of your sympathy and coöperation in the responsible duties that are before us.

"I will only add that it has seemed to the directors of the Music Hall association an appropriate occasion on which to place against these walls the rare and beautiful sculptures which have recently been presented to the association by Miss Charlotte Cushman, and which are now, for the first time, to be publicly seen.

"These are the busts of Beethoven, of Palestrina, and of Mozart,—designed by Wilhelm Matthieu, a Danish sculptor, living at Rome, who was a companion and co-worker with Thorwaldsen, and whose works, I venture to say, can claim fellowship and equality with those of the great master I have named, with those of Canova and of Dannecker.

"It is a beautiful custom in the cities of the Old World to connect the first exhibition of a rare work of art with imposing pageant and ceremony.

"'As of yore the swart Egyptians rent the air with choral song,
When Osiris' golden statue triumphing they bore along:
As along the streets of Florence, borne in glad procession, went
Cimabue's famed Madonna, praised by voice and instrument:'

"So, as I have said, it has seemed most fortunate and opportune now and here to associate the unveiling of these creations of a kindred art—the almost living and breathing portraitures of this great trio of musical kings,—with their own solemn revelations in symphony and in song."

As Dr. Upham ended his brief and judicious preface, the curtains which had been hanging against the rear wall of the Music Hall were let fall, and there were disclosed the busts of Palestrina and of Mozart, poised upon their symbolical brackets, one at the right and the other at the left of the Apollo Belvidere. Many of the audience rose eagerly in their places, the chorus waved their handkerchiefs, and Charlotte Cushman's gift was acknowledged with many a token of appreciation and pleasure. For the remaining bust and bracket—the Beethoven—no place has yet been decided upon, and they are temporarily set up in the lower vestibule.

Then Zerrahn waved his baton, and all the voices and the instruments and the great Organ, at which sat Mr. B. J. Lang, burst at once upon the ear, *fortissimo*, in all their weight and splendor, in the Choral, "*Ein feste Burg*," with which Nicolai begins his Festival Overture. We have only room now to say that the whole concert was a magnificent success, and that the three works, the Choral Overture, the 95th Psalm and the "Hymn of Praise" by Mendelssohn, were indeed admirably rendered, Mme. Rosa and Miss Phillipps being in fine voice and mood, and Mr. Simpson well up to his task in the tenor solos. Indeed, we think we never heard an Oratorio performance on the whole so perfect, so electrifying, as that of the "Hymn of Praise" on Tuesday, both in the opening symphonic movements and the vocal part which follows.—"Samson" went almost equally well in the evening; and glorious was the Symphony Concert of Wednesday afternoon, of which the sensation was the wonderful piano performance (Schumann's Concerto and one of Liszt's *Rhapsodies Hongroises*) by Miss Alide Topp.—But, we must return to these tempting topics and complete the story of the Festival next time.

Musical Correspondence.

Washington, May 3.—Walt. Whitman writes somewhere in his prose poetry, "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments." You can easily imagine then what music awoke in my soul when last week I was reminded by the instruments of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; what pleasant memories running back now close upon a score of years (for this is their *nineteenth* season), memories of all that is sweetest and best in music and in friendship; memories of such and so many pleasant evenings in many pleasant places, chief among them, as you and many friends remember, those rooms where Ary Scheffer's Dante and Beatrice, and Crawford's Beethoven looked down from among other gems of all beautiful arts, on us, and seemed to listen with us to the delightful strains. You can believe that it was indeed pleasant to see the familiar faces of the Club here, and the not less friendly countenance of Mr. J. C. D. Parker, who came with them. They gave two concerts in Metzerott Hall, a place not congenial for that sort of music. It is too long and cheerless, and at times noisy; nevertheless, on both evenings was well filled with the very élite of the musical people of this city, where you see people from all the corners of the earth. For example, on these evenings, sat not far apart the official representatives of Abdul Medjid, (if that is the right name of the present Sultan), of Her Majesty Victoria and of Kamehameha, King of the Sandwich Islands! If it had not been a concert of classical music, doubtless Kit Carson would have been present with fierce and wicked painted Indians from the distant plains by the Rocky Mountains. So much for the company, which, wherever it hailed from, was intelligent and appreciative of the very excellent programmes which were given.

April 21.

Quintet in B flat, No. 2, op. 87. . . . . Mendelssohn.
Rhapsodie for Flute . . . . . Tershack.
Edward Heindl.
Quintet in E flat, op. 44, for Piano & Strings. Schumann.
Mr Parker and Club
Legend for Violin. . . . . Wieniawski.
William Schultze
Finale, 2d act of Euryanthe. Arranged . . . . . Weber.

April 22.

Quintet in A, op. 108, with Clarionet . . Mozart
An Ente and Finale from the Sonate Duo for Piano and 'cello in G minor . . . . . Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Parker and Fries.
Fantasie for Flute. . . . . Briccialdi.
Fairies Chorus and Scene from Oberon. . . . . Weber.
Second Trio in C minor, op 66 . . . . . Mendelssohn.

This is all familiar to you and it is needless to say how they played what you have heard so often; suffice it to say that to all the audience it was a real feast of good things, in a place where good things are rare indeed. The solos by Messrs. Parker, Schultze and Heindl, of course received their due share of commendation. The Mendelssohn Club have many friends here, and will always be sure of a hearty welcome.

About the same time the "Philharmonic Society" gave very acceptably, in some respects very well, (though on a miniature scale), *The Messiah*. Their chorus numbers some hundred and fifty remarkably good voices and remarkably well drilled by their conductor, Dr. J. P. Caulfield, whose brother Mr. V. W. Caulfield, in default of an orchestra (which alas, cannot be had here), played admirable accompaniments; while Mrs. J. P. Caulfield, sang the alto solos. With such intelligent professional aid from this family, a good deal of real life has been infused into the Society. Mrs. Mozart (well known in Boston), Mr. Simpson of New York, and Mr. F. G. Chase of this city, gave the other solos as well as we hear them any where, save on rare occasions, so that the performance was one to be greatly enjoyed, in spite of its limited scale. Best of all, though, is the good influence exerted or that may be exerted, in such a place as this in favor of good music, by such a body of cultivated amateurs.

Then came three nights of German opera; the same good company we have often heard in Boston; but *Faust* I have never heard so badly done as they sang it. The orchestra was abominable, the chorus only less bad, so that even the ever charming Frederici, and Himmer, and Johannsen and Hermanns, lost all their charm in such surroundings. The second night they gave *Fra Diavolo*, and the third night *Martha*, more within the grasp of an orchestra apparently improvised, and therefore better done; the last night being by far the best of the three, Johannsen and Frederica singing in it, the latter one of the most charming *Nancys* I ever heard, as you can easily imagine, so fresh and sweet in voice, face and action is she, and so well suited to the part.

Next week we are to have *La Grande Duchesse* and *La Belle Helene*, and then I suppose for all music must fall back upon the Marine Band. The public grounds of the Capitol and the White House are green as June, fragrant as can be with violets and hyacinths and all spring blossoms; the ladies are ready with their finery from the latest "opening," and it is indeed time for the band to play. W.

Florence, Italy, March 29. My dear Journal: I have the pleasure of sending you the programme* of an agreeable little musical entertainment given last week by the "Cherubini Society." We have about forty members of nearly every nation under the sun, but meet on the common ground of music and Italian. Like Mr. Parker's club in Boston, we have weekly rehearsals for the study of good music, and occasionally give our friends the benefit of our labors. I think it is the only society of the kind in Florence, and opportunities to hear other than Italian Opera music, and that not of the best, are rare. On this occasion we had present Mme. Rosaline, the daughter of Cherubini, a most charming looking old lady, who by chance was passing through Florence. After the performance of the Cherubini Motet, a superb bouquet was given to her by the Society as a slight tribute to the genius and memory of her lamented parent.

We are now hard at work on the "St. Elizabeth" of Liszt, and hope to get ready for our third and last concert by the end of April, before all the world is busy with the Fêtes for the Royal Wedding, which are to take place the first ten days of May. Wilhelmi, the truly great violinist, is to play for us, and it is whispered the Abbate himself is coming to conduct our performance. He is the master and friend of our accomplished conductress, and takes much interest in her efforts for the culture of good music. Is it not odd, that in this city of music and fine arts no such thing as a bust of Cherubini could be found? We wished one very much to decorate our platform for the concert. We have suggested to our Sculptor, Ball, at one time a *Parkerite*, but now a *Cherub*, that it would be well to make a companion to his Liszt bust. Of course you have heard how delighted Liszt is with his Chickering Piano. He had it taken to the top of the Rospigliosi Palace for a musical party at which he was to play and accompany one of our best young lady amateurs, once of Boston. A compliment to America all round, was it not?

One of the Cherubs.

* The programme has not come.

Hartford, Conn.—On Good Friday Haydn's Passion Music and "Creation" were performed by the Beethoven Society, with the aid of Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. Geo. Simpson of New York, and Mr. M. W. Whitney of Boston, and an efficient orchestra selected from the New York Philharmonic Society,—and most successfully, if we may trust the newspapers and an anonymous correspondent. The conductor was that zealous and intelligent musician, J. G. Barnett, on whom Yale College recently conferred the honor of the Musical Doctorate. The Hartford people seem to be unqualified in their admiration of Mme. Rosa, especially one enthusiastic printer, who, in compliment to "the magnificent Queen of Song," prepared a programme and a little book of words, which is indeed a gem of exquisite typography, with illuminated borders, and all in perfect taste. This display of printer's art seems to have quite upset our anonymous correspondent's notions of the relations of things, when he says that the Hartford Society, "in being indirectly the means of extending such a compliment" to the great singer, "may now claim a position second to none in the world where she has appeared!"

The same correspondent speaks, furthermore, of the first performance of a Fairy Opera, "The Triumph of Spring," the words and music both by Dr. Barnett. It proved very pleasing, well adapted for stage effect, the words piquant, brilliant, with a spice of fun.

Philadelphia. The Handel and Haydn Society performed *Judas Maccabæus* in their third and last concert, April 17. Carl Sentz conducted. The solo parts were well sustained, being entrusted to Mrs. Sophie Mozart, of New York, soprano; Mr. Graf, tenor, and Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Barnhurst, bassos. With the exception of Mrs. Mozart, therefore, the singers taking the principal parts are all Philadelphians, and acquitted themselves with great credit.

The Mendelssohn Society, a young and prosperous organization, gave the last of its concerts, at the Academy of Music, in compliment to their leader, Mr. Jean Luis. The entertainment commenced by the performance of the overture to the *Magic Flute* of Mozart, by the superior orchestra of Carl Sentz, consisting of forty performers. The very first talent of the city made up this fine force of instrumentalists, and they acquitted themselves with that degree of credit which might have been expected.

The splendid choral Fantasia of Beethoven, in which this Society have in their previous concerts distinguished themselves, was given with elegant taste and finish. Mr. Carl Wolfsohn performed the piano solo with that artistic grace and brilliancy for which he stands pre-eminent in the rendition of the classic music of Beethoven, in Philadelphia, and the chorus was given with abandon by the Society. The *Rondo Brilliante* of Mendelssohn, a piano solo of much beauty, was to have been performed by Mr. Henry G. Thunder, but was necessarily postponed in consequence of the sudden indisposition of that gentleman.

The Duet *Valse*, by Muzio, was sung with spirit and expression by Miss Orlina A. Cunnington and Mrs. Josephine Schimpf, both of whose merits are well and favorably known in this city. Miss Cunnington is the daughter of Dr. Cunnington, our Philadelphia maestro, possessing a mellifluous soprano of superior culture.

Hiller's *Lurline* was the next piece on the programme, the solos being given with splendid effect by Mrs. Behrens and Mr. Habelmann. A singular drawback to this part of the performance, however, was, that Mrs. Behrens sung in English, and Mr. Habelmann in German. The concert closed with Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*.

The Ninth Beethoven Matinée was given by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn on Friday afternoon, in the Foyer of the Academy of Music, Miss Rosa Fraenkel singing songs by Schubert and Mendelssohn, and some of Beethoven's greatest works performed by Mr. Wolfsohn. Amongst these, were the Grand Sonata in B flat, No. 22, the Sonata Opus 27, No. 1, in E flat major, and the last Sonata of Beethoven, his "Sonata Testament."

ecial Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Abbreviations.—As it is proposed, hereafter, to record the key, the degree of difficulty &c., of pieces, please notice that a capital letter denotes the key; a small Roman letter indicates the highest note, if on the staff; a small *italic* letter, if above the staff. Thus, G means key of G; g means that g on the second line is the highest note, and g means that g in the first space above is the highest note. Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7.

Vocal, with Piano Accompanimont.

Farewell my jolly old comrades. The bachelor's adieu. *Hoag.* 30
Key of E flat. Highest note, e.
Very sweet melody, and good sentiment.

The eye that brightens when I come. *Farnie.* 35
Key of C. Highest note, e.
Graceful. Melody of Belgravia Waltz.

Laughing eyes of blue. A to c. *Philip Phillips.* 30
Very pretty.

Flying Trapeze. *Lee.* 30

Two in the Morning. G to c. *Marriott.* 30

I'll ask my mother, and I'll let you know next Sunday afternoon. F to f. *Stanwood.* 30
The last title may (possibly) be repeated in one breath. Three comic songs with very agreeable melodies. The second has a capital ending. All are easy.

Katy's letter. *Lady Dufferin.* 30
Capital little Irish song.

Flower-bells in Spring. (Frühlingsglocken). Duet. F to *a*. *Kücken.* 60

Tho' from thee severed. (Von dir geschieden). Duet. A flat to *a*. *Kücken.* 40

Thousand greetings. (Tausend Grnesse). *Abt.* 30
The first two are fine duets of exquisite workmanship, and melodious. The last is equally good, as a song.

Instrumental.

Trout Brook. Valse Redowa. *Wellman.* 35
Key of E flat. 3d degree of difficulty, or rather more difficult than a common waltz. Brilliant.

Le Chant du Cigne. *Blumenthal.* 35
Key of A minor, changing to A major. 4th degree of difficulty, or medium. A sort of Song without words, plaintive and melodious.

Mail train Galop. 2. Key of C. *Coote.* 35

Sunbeam Schottisch. 1. " G. *Kinkel.*

Silver Shower Polka. 2. " E. " 30

Whirlwind Galop. 2. " 30
Easy and pretty instructive piece.

Home, Sweet Home. Var. for Guitar. A. *Hayden.* 30

Juanita. " " A. " 30
Favorites, prettily varied, and the music does not seem to be difficult.

Divertissement Galop. "Helene." D. 3. *Fradel.* 50
A pretty and brilliant arrangement.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 708. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 5.

Darwin's "Development" Theory applied to Music.

From the Leipzig *Signale*, of April 17, we translate the following notice of a curious book which has recently appeared in Germany.

"Musikalische Studien" (Musical Studies), by WILHELM TAPPERT. Published by Guttentag, Berlin.

The book contains six essays: "*Wandernde Melodien*" (Wandering Melodies); "*Ein Umbildungsprocess*" (A Transformation Process); "*Der überflüssige Dreiklang*" (The Superfluous Trichord); "*Die alterirten Accorde*" (The Altered Accords); "*Ein Dogma*" (A Dogma); "*Zooplastik in Tönen*" (Moulding of Animals in Tones). In general, in these essays, the author places himself among the believers in the never resting, endless development of the musical art, and, by closely examining and tracing this development, seeks to raise his faith to clear conviction. This is all very well in itself; for only the most narrow intellect can maintain that there is any such thing in Art (or anywhere else) as an instantaneous, arbitrary *fiat* from above, and, consequently, that hairbreadth limitations and conclusions may be drawn in single phases of development, when, on the contrary, one thing stands upon the shoulders of another. But now Herr Tappert brings the Darwin theory of transformation and progression into the field and seeks to carry it over into music, by an attempt to show, that all tone-forms are derived from a few organisms, developing themselves in the long run by a natural process. That too, apparently, is not so bad; only, in our opinion, there is but little gained toward the knowledge of our Art and of its development upon the whole, when the author, in support of his Darwinian view, takes a bit of melody out of some old *Processionale*, Choral or Hymn book, popular Song, or what not, and then proceeds to find and point out again the same bit of melody in the same form, or somewhat modified ("transformed," as Herr Tappert likes to have it), in the most different compositions of succeeding times. This he does in the first two essays, where, for example, at the very beginning of the first he snatches a phrase out of a Prague *Processionale* of the 14th century and accompanies it upon its "wanderings" through the ages, faithfully reporting how and where it has settled down for some length of time, what traces of it still appear in Germany, France, Italy, &c., and how it is found made use of—to cite only one or two examples—as the beginning of Haydn's "God save the Emperor Francis," and not less as the beginning of the Coronation March in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, (here, to be sure, considerably "transformed," or in other words, bearing only a remote resemblance).

In the second essay Herr Tappert goes still further: he takes the Tetrachord succession, *c*, *b*, *a*, *g*, and shows first in many examples its recurrence in itself, then what manifold "transformations" it has undergone (by additions, expansions, &c.), and how in this "transformed" way it meets one at every step, in ancient and modern, in church and theatre, in the street, the parlor, everywhere. The resemblances we get, in this transformatory process, between forms often lying very far apart both as to time and purpose, are indeed often striking and also amusing; but how can it be proved whether the transformation (conscious or unconscious, it is all the same) has really occurred of itself, or whether we have not to do with Herr Tappert's own clever combination games? We might almost espouse the latter view; but then we have nothing further before us but a hunt for reminiscences pushed to a grand scale (or rather to the smallest), which only does business under the name of the Darwin theory without needing to incommode that theo- at all, if the point be merely to prove that "nothing new exists under the sun," or that "everything has been already once before." The author's industry in searching out and bringing together material, as well as his acuteness in conjecture and in combination, should be held in honor; but he may not hope that the world will take his expositions as seriously as he perhaps takes them himself, or that the Darwin theory will be deemed of as much importance for the art of Music as it is for natural science. Indeed we must think the application of this theory to music—in spite of Herr Tappert—practicable only in the most vague and general outlines. A final decision, however, is reserved for one who is equally well versed in music and in the natural sciences,—a qualification to which the writer of these lines at least makes no claims.

In the third and fourth essays, as we have said, Herr Tappert occupies himself with the "Superfluous Trichord" and with the "Altered Chords," chiefly with regard to their nature and their applicability; he soundly rates the theorists, who in his opinion have not paid these chords due honor, and prognosticates for them a great future yet (the way to which he sees already paved in the productions of the "musicians of the Future," of whom he announces himself to be a zealous follower). The musical theorist, or more especially the harmonist, by profession, will find much to interest him in these chapters of Herr Tappert's book, but also much to make him shake his head, much riding of hobbies with assumed principles.

The essay entitled "A Dogma" has for its subject various doctrines and prescriptions, laid down by the earlier theory as irreversible, but which nevertheless gradually have been reversed, as, for example, that the final chord of a piece of music must contain no third; that the step of the tritone (*b flat* to *e*, for instance) was never to be taken; that no piece of music might begin with any other than the trichord fundamental harmony and must close with the same, &c., &c. The examples he has here adduced of both the former and the present usage, are interesting and testify to the great reading of the author.

Very amusing is the concluding essay, entitled "*Zooplastik in Tönen*." It brings together and compares the various attempts to *represent animals in music*, and, as might be expected Haydn's "Creation" affords a particularly rich crop of examples; but there are also cited "animal tone-paintings" out of other, especially older and rarer musical works, and the whole, in its ironical attitude towards tone-painting altogether, furnishes much sport.

Finally, in respect of style and manner of presentation, Herr Tappert's book is fresh and often attractive through witty points and brilliant strokes of light. If one cannot approve all that the author thinks and would have us think, yet his "Musical Studies" must leave in every unprejudiced mind the impression of intellectual cleverness and of an honest will. E. B.

Mendelssohn's Letters to Baermann.*

III.

Paris

. . . And now, to tell you the story at full length. The clarionet players here are in a miserable condition, so that in the orchestra of the Conservatoire, which is in most respects really admirable, there are two clarionets, neither of them fit to dust your coat, if tone, execution, mode of playing and ordinary fairness still go for anything in this world. The first one recently, in the minuet of the Pastoral Symphony, commenced his solo a bar too soon, but went on puffing away as merrily as possible, never observing that it sounded quite infamous, and that some of the audience, and among others the undersigned, were making dreadful wry faces, and that the director had got stomach-ache; the horn ought then to have come in, but took fright, and did not come in, on which the violins took fright also and played softer and softer, on which the thing every moment became more like a Dutch concert, for they were all out, and only a movement in 3-4 time being close at hand, saved them from the disgrace of stopping short, and beginning all over again. So, as I was going home, it was but natural that I should think over the affair, and exclaim to myself "This is beyond bearing," and instantly resolve to write to you, and tell you all about it, and ask if you can look on quietly while the Parisian clarionet world is going on in such a shabby fashion. For this fellow is a professor in the Conservatoire, and I understand the best here. I believe his name is Dacosta. Seriously, however, do you really feel no inclination to found a clarionet seminary here? I think it would be a very good plan, and sure to succeed; besides, you had already a project to go to Paris, so I most strongly advise you to do so, for they have not the most remote idea of your instrument, and therefore would doubly appreciate it; it would also be a capital thing, in my opinion, if you were to bring one of your pupils with you, for instance, your son Carl, for I am convinced that he could easily find a good and respectable livelihood here. This is, of course, merely a suggestion, but I wish you would reflect on it. Besides, you told me to look round, and to write to you if I could find anything for Carl, and I do so now, as this seems to me a good opportunity. I hinted something of the kind last autumn to Leitrum, and said you wished to get an appointment for your son; he seemed much taken with his playing, and praised him highly, but I don't know whether anything resulted from it, as the orchestra appeared to be already complete. I saw a good deal of Lindpaintner during those

* From NOHL's collection of "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated by LADY WALLACE.

few days, and feel a great liking for him. You are right in what you say of him, he is certainly very devoted to you, and if you had only accompanied me on that journey, it would indeed have been famous. At all events, I hope to return thither once more to enjoy with might and main music, flirting, and merry pranks, but then we must go there together. And now I will begin my letter.

Paris, April 16, 1832.

Dear old Bärmann and Friend,

The above is the continuation of the story I began in Rome [see No. 2], and Dohrn, who came in at the moment, wishing to put in something of his own, wrote the postscript. How long it is since I heard from you! But I must first of all apologize for not having written to you for such a time. Do not take it amiss, my dear fellow, for it was impossible. I was as sulky as a porpoise, and felt as miserable during the whole winter as a fish on dry land. There was always something amiss with me, and at length I became positively ill, and was obliged to stay in bed, and submit to have my stomach rubbed by an old woman, to have warm cloths applied, to perspire a great deal, eat nothing, and undergo a great many visits and much compassion, wishing every one at the devil, swallowing peppermint pills, and bored to death; at last, by dint of constant perspirations, my bad humor and my stomach-ache were driven away, and likewise the dreaded cholera. Now that I have done with perspirations, I feel for the first time for many months light and cheerful, and so I write to you forthwith, you capital clarionet *bear* and *man!* At times (for instance now), I would give the whole of Paris to be able to hear even for a minute that sweet world of magic tones of every grade that stream from your wooden instrument so light and bright, so mellow and low, flowing and glowing, clear and dear, pure and sure, clinging and singing so sweetly. But without any compliments, the truth is that I am as glad as a *Spitz* at the thoughts of seeing you again. I have passed a very dull winter, what with illness and the stupidity of the circles here. Devil take them all! I never felt quite right, either as regards myself or others. Still I composed many new pieces, and am now publishing a whole pile of new music in Leipzig, designed to make a great man of me. Probably you will never hear any of it, and my fame will remain *incognito*. I have heard some of my things performed in public here, and played myself several times. The Parisians applauded and extolled me, and some of the musicians looked very savage at me when it was over, so I have certainly made effect! For some weeks past, however, everything has come to an end, for cholera has been raging fearfully here, and the people no longer think of music but of cholic. Whoever could get away, went away, and the rest do not now go out in the evening, and if I had not been forced to stay, and have my stomach rubbed by an old woman, I would have been off long ago myself. I hope to get away in a few days to London. There the cholera is quite gone. * * * *

IV.

To Bärmann.

My adored Heinrich,*

I can no longer guard my secret; indeed you must long ago have guessed it by my eyes, by the disquiet that assails me the moment you enter the room, by my whole demeanor. Away then, oh! virgin timidity, and may love alone guide my goose-quill! for, ah! I love you but too dearly! My father would be furious were he to know, for he destines the Crown Prince of Buxtehude to be my husband! But what matters a Crown Prince to a heart touched by love? Ever since hearing the dulcet tones proceeding from your mouth (I mean when you play the clarionet), since then, I say, I think of you alone. I must speak to you, and secretly too, in some retired spot; meet me then to-morrow at two o'clock at the Scheidel Coffee-house,† where your Isabella is to dine. There we shall be private, and may continue private, and that will be very charming.

The whim seized me to set to music my passion for you, and thus to elude the vigilance of my governess; so the chief master of ceremonies and head cook, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, has written the enclosed page for you.

Ah! how my heart palpitates! Forgive so many blots; they are tears that have dropped on the paper while writing.

To eternity I am and ever shall be your affectionately devoted

Isabella, Princess of Trapezunt.

P.S.—I wear a cholera bandage at present; do so likewise for love of me.

* Outside is written, "To Herr Heinrich Barmann, first clarionet, private, and a post-mark sketched with the word *Trapezunt*. The whole letter is written in the feigned hand of a lady.

† A frequented coffee-house in the Kaufinger Strasse in Munich.

Three Pianists.

(From the London "Sunday Times," April 12).

The last Monday Popular Concert of the season was remarkable in several respects. Audience, programme, and performers contributed to this result. The first named did so by exhibiting a power of compression far beyond any past experience within the walls of St. James's Hall. We are told that a hundred persons more than ever had succeeded before managed to effect an entrance. In proportion to the cubic space required by that hundred was the noble endurance of the whole. But there was compensation in the music, and, also, in the very fact of making part of such an audience. One likes to be attached to a superlative. Then the programme was remarkable for its length and comprehensiveness. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Molique contributed to it—men of all eras in modern music, and of all styles. Lastly, the performers were remarkable as presenting a combination of talent rarely brought together. Joachim, prince of fiddlers, and Piatti, prince of violoncellists, were there, and with them three pianists who stand by general consent in the very front rank of their profession. It is with these last that we have now to do.

We can imagine circumstances under which three pianists at one concert would be a sore affliction. If all, or some, were bad, for example, or if all were equally good, and in precisely the same respects, we should have reason to dread them, in the one case out of regard for nerves, in the other out of consideration for patience under monotony. Happily the latter can rarely come about. In culture, taste, and execution, artists may be on a level; but their individuality asserts itself in performance, and no two, however equal, can give the same reading of the same thing. Hence there was no monotony at St. James's Hall, when Mme. Schumann, Mme. Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé appeared together; rather was there an interesting diversity which deserves attention after the event has passed.

Mme. Schumann is clearly at the head of the special class of pianists, to which she belongs—a class we may, for distinction's sake, call the inspired. The inspired pianist, being a popular individual, is not a rare phenomenon. The source and nature of his inspiration, however, are sometimes of doubtful genuineness, because, the value of the article being great, it pays him to palm off a sham upon the unwary. The trick usually succeeds, since the unwary are numerous and the outward and visible signs of inspiration are easily assumed. He gulls the public to a wonderful extent and with marvellous ease. His *modus operandi* is as simple as the apparatus with which David brought down Goliah. Just as the youthful Israelite needed only a sling and a stone, so the inspired pianist requires only absorption and gesticulation. By help of a mirror the former can soon be acquired, and the countenance be made to assume a rapt and ecstatic expression. The latter is even more easy to work up. Let there be sufficient swaying to and fro, sufficient wrestling with the instrument after the fashion of a musical Samson Agonistes, and a sufficiently "high action" upon the keys, and the thing is done. Then the public say: "See what expression! what intellect! what execution!"—although, it may be, the floor round about the performer is littered with dropped notes. Of the school to which this sham artist attaches himself Mme. Schumann is chief, not from choice, as in his case, but because she cannot help it, which is both a distinction and a material difference. She is a real artist, and a great one, but with an ill-balanced constitution. Her sympathy with the work to be done is intense, it is, also, unrestrained. Hence that laboring style, that want of repose, and the impression she makes of always working at the top of her power. It is not so much an excess of sympathy that causes this as a want of check action by which to control its manifestations. The result is to impress the undiscerning public; but familiarity with it brings disquiet. One cannot always admire the rush and roar of a cyclone. In a little while the peaceful centre of gyration becomes a blessed relief. Mme. Schumann's more salient peculiarity is, therefore, of little real advantage. In point of fact, it is a formidable disqualification for certain work. The fact that she plays best the music of her late husband may arise in part from other causes than a natural devotion to his memory. The predominant style of that music suits her genius, as do, to a less extent, the more passionate and dramatic compositions of other masters by the interpretation of which she has gained renown. But she cannot understand their gentler moods. Engaged upon a quiet and reposeful movement, Mme. Schumann engenders uncomfortableness such as would arise from seeing Pegasus in harness, or the safety valve of a high pressure engine sat upon. In some respects her prevailing characteristic works ill. It is opposed to finish, to accuracy, and to that power of expression which comprehends all a composer's ideas. But, on the other hand, give her a congenial work, and there is something magnificent in Mme. Schumann's impetuosity. Her performance of the C minor *allegro molto vivace*, in Beethoven's *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* in E flat (Op. 27), has all the grandeur and a good deal of the noise of an avalanche.

Our countrywoman, Mme. Goddard, is in marked contrast to Mme. Schumann as regards manner. The eye is conscious of no demonstrated inspiration in her case. She sets to work calm and equable, with an apparently perfect self-possession. There is no excess of sympathy, neither is there any lack of it; just as in her playing force is never unpleasantly prominent and never absent when wanted. In fact, Mme. Goddard at the piano is the impersonation of quiet strength. Either nature or art, or both, combined, have enabled her to regulate the outflow of her feeling with the greatest nicety. She is like a Nasmyth's hammer, which can crack a nut, without injuring the kernel, one minute, and, if need be, smash a blacksmith's anvil the next. Listening to her, as she plays some delicate *Lied* of Mendelssohn's, and noting the finely graduated tones, the feathery touch and the easy gentleness with which the work is done, it is difficult to recognize the artist who, preserving the same calmness of manner, can thunder out the *chorale* in Mendelssohn's E minor *Fugue* with all requisite power and majesty of style. She realizes the idea of a hand of iron in a velvet glove. Her touch can be gentle as the alighting of a butterfly, it can also be firm as the footfall of a giant. But, this well-balanced temperament and nicely regulated action are not our countrywoman's only merits. Her ability is many-sided, and enables her to be equally at home with whatever she has to do. From a showy fantasia up to Beethoven's stupendous B flat sonata (Op. 106)—this is to say, over the entire range of pianoforte music—she walks with assured tread. This is a great as well as a true thing to say, but almost as great, and certainly as true, is the remark that Mme. Goddard never stoops to artifice to catch the plaudits of those upon whom it is easy to impose. She presents her audience with the music of the chosen master in all faithfulness and simplicity; and if the presentation elicits no thanks, so much the worse for her audience.

A critic once said that if Mme. Schumann is likened to the torrid zone, Mr. Charles Hallé must be compared with the frigid. There is truth in the remark. The latter never stirs the emotions, making the pulse beat quicker with excitement; never feels enthusiasm and, therefore, never communicates any. He simply challenges admiration, of which he must fairly be accorded a good deal. His mechanical precision is like that of a musical box; and the neatness and delicacy of his execution are wonderful to note. He is an artist of independent thought, and does nothing without a reason which satisfies himself. But his unvarying coldness checks the great results which such qualities might produce. He has the air of an anatomical demonstrator, who cuts up the "human form divine," unmoved by the nature of his "subject." He always seems to be engaged upon details, unmindful of the grand whole, while not unfrequently he appears to see no more of his work at a time than what comes within the field of a microscope. Hence his habit of minute elaboration, of bringing into undue prominence features which strike his fancy, and the consequent disproportion of the several parts of his work. Yet with all this Mr. Hallé is not an artist the musical public can spare. Under him they can study with coolness and self-possession the master he plays, feeling sure that not a note is missed nor a passage "scamped."

The conjunction of these three artists at St. James's Hall was one of rare interest, not only because it suggested such observations as the foregoing, but because the inevitable comparisons were not all unfavorable to the representative of "unmusical England."

The Musical Festival.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1868.

To the Worcester Palladium:

The old Handel and Haydn Society has reason to be proud of its first triennial Festival. Proud of the executive ability which could so successfully plan and carry out arrangements which have led to results so satisfactory; proud of the talent, not only in its own ranks, but of that summoned from outside; proud of a conductor so fully equal to his work; proud of a community ready to sustain it in so gigantic an enterprise. As we looked upon the crowded and enthusiastic audiences, and above all, noticed how great was the majority of those who went for the music rather than for purposes less worthy, our thoughts went back to the first Festival, entered upon with no little fear and trembling, discouraging at first with its thin attendance, but increasing in popular interest, until, on the last day, the Hall could not contain the great audience that came, amazed at the wealth of musical treasure spread before them. In these four years, music has grown to be a necessity for the million, rather than a luxury for the few; and when we say music, we mean that of the highest order; "Seek ever, in Art and Life, the *highest!*"

The opening day, Tuesday, 5th inst., brought a fine May morning. The audience was large and expectant. Punctually, the great chorus, seven hundred and forty seven in number, began to enter, one at a time, on each side of the platform, climbing up the amphitheatre like steps, which were raised in semi-circular form to the upper balcony. The scene was remarkable. The bright faces of the soprano and alto singers, relieved against the rich, parti-colored background of their own dresses, afforded a brilliant yet harmonious effect of color, upon which the eye rested with pleasure. Martin Luther's Choral, "*Our God is a sure defence,*" as sung by the chorus, with Nicolai's arrangement for orchestra and organ, was a most impressive introduction to the Festival. Its strong, sustained tones, were followed by a short symphony, in which were suggested the mystery and the many-and-oft perplexities of life. Then the chorus break in, soft and distant, like the singing of angels, and most fitly it seemed to lead the way to the performance of the "Ninety-Fifth Psalm" of Mendelssohn, a song of sincere homage and heart-felt gratitude. Parepa's "*Come let us sing,*" was most inspiriting, the chorus joining "with gladness," and in "tuneful rejoicing." The "Psalm" was well chosen for the opening. So, too, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which followed. Its theme never seemed so richly set in beauty and splendor as when given by that matchless body of stringed instruments, *over seventy* in number, and of a tone singularly fine, firm, and resonant. It pervades the first two movements, a silver thread, interwoven around which play beautiful images, often fanciful and brilliant, leading finally to the *adagio*, which is deeply religious in sentiment, full of sacred fervor and sublimity. The theme, familiar grown, is resumed at the opening of the Cantata; and when the chorus took it up, the effect was electrical. It was a perfect jubilee. Parepa's "*Praise thou the Lord,*" was in her finest manner, and the duet, with Miss Phillipps, worthy the *encore* it received. Mr Simpson sang well the air, "*Watchman, will the night soon pass?*" with its suppliant repetition; and the soprano reply, "*The night is departing,*" was like a burst of light. The choral was very effective, as indeed was every choral which was sung during the week; and, with the unison passages, was the perfection of congregational singing. The final chorus of the Hymn rolled forth in great waves of harmony, massive and powerful. The opening of the Festival proved wholly satisfactory.

The second performance was that of the oratorio of "*Samson,*" on Tuesday evening. Although there are strong and telling points in the work, as a whole it is not one that appeals to the public, unless the long tenor recitatives were entrusted to a Sims Reeves for spirited and dramatic rendering. Very fine was the performance of some of the choruses of "*Samson,*" fully compensating for the dull portions of the work. "*Then round about the starry throne,*" was superbly given; and full of variety and interest was the double chorus of Israelites and Philistines. Messrs. Simpson, Whitney, and Wilde sang acceptably, but the great feature of the evening was, of course, Parepa's singing of "*Let the bright seraphim,*" with trumpet obbligato. It was incomparably fine in effect. The chorus, "*Let their celestial concerts all unite,*" was brilliant in the extreme.

Next followed the orchestral and vocal concerts of Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. At the former, the particular "sensation" was the first appearance in Boston of the pianist Miss Aline Topp, a pupil of Von Bulow, who took her audience by storm, and in the most quiet, unassuming manner. She came out with all the *prestige* of reputation, and youthful beauty and grace; won all hearts by her simple, German manner, her affability and modesty; and then astonished and delighted every one, even the most critical, by her wonderful performance of Schumann's Concerto in A minor. As her fingers flew over the keys, mastering difficulties without seeming effort, playing, as is her practice, without the score; her graceful bended figure, and her rapt face—sometimes upturned for a moment, made a picture long to be remembered. Around her were grouped the orchestra, their earnest, artistic faces watching her intently; some listening with wonder to her execution, some with eyes aglow with delight, some pressing forward mentally, as if reading the future, others gazing back to awakened visions of Rhineland and Father country. The *encore* was most hearty, even demonstrative. Her acknowledgment did not suffice. After the piano was closed, and its wrappings prepared for removal from the platform, the applause of the audience was so unbounded that Miss Topp reappeared, the piano was re-opened, and the player gave another selection, of Modern-German character, not sufficiently classical for the critics, but acceptable to most of the audience, evidently. The contralto air from "*Rienzi,*" "*Lasciatemi morire,*" was superbly sung by Miss Phillipps, whose artistic singing affords the deepest pleasure. Her contributions to the Festival have been some of the choicest vocal gems. The overtures on Wednesday afternoon were Weber's to "*Euryanthe,*" and Beethoven's "*Leonora,*" No. 3. The former was most enlivening; whetting the appetite for more from an orchestra so well-balanced, so finely drilled, always entering into the spirit of its work with artistic devotion. The playing of the "*Leonora*" was one of the best performances of the week. The overture was heard in all the perfection of its magnificence and breadth. The symphony was Mozart's in G Minor. The first movement is characterized by charming delicacy and sweetness, blended with a majestic stateliness. The *andante*, of rare beauty and rest-full sentiment; the *minuetto*, graceful and sparkling, and the exceedingly effective *finale*, were tone pictures to be pleasantly cherished in memory.

On Thursday afternoon there was the *Mozart* overture, with its Turner-like atmosphere, and the never-so joyful "coming into port;" Beethoven's song, "*Ah, Perfido,*" sung with impassioned feeling, by Parepa; Spohr's Violin Concerto in G major, admirably played by Carl Rosa. Its calm, dreamy beauty seemed to hold the audience spell-bound, and there was scarcely a rustle of fan or programme, until the closing strain. The Symphony was Schubert's, in C major; the one that excited so much enthusiasm at one of the later concerts of the Harvard Musical Association. To many, as played by that great orchestra, it was a new revelation of the genius of the young man for whom Beethoven prophesied a great name among musical composers. It opens with a slow movement of rare beauty, succeeded by a *crescendo* of great power, which is wrought out with fine effect, and culminating in a *tutti* passage of brazen splendor, with charming interweavings of delicate fancies. The theme of the *andante* is a minor air of much poetic beauty; the *scherzo* brilliant with most effective light and shade; the *finale* a whirl of splendor upon splendor—a fitting climax for a work of such grandeur. Towards the close it returns to the original theme, to which it gives a simple, winning accompaniment. Around it the different instruments weave graceful images, as if beguiling it to stay. But soon comes the final strain, indescribably sweet and charming, and then the tumultuous applause of the audience—delighted beyond measure with the work and its masterly rendering.

On Thursday evening, "*St. Paul*" was given, with fine success. The choruses generally were well sung, some of them being especially remarkable for power and good gradation of light and shade. "*O great is the depth,*" was well given; and there was great strength and massive grandeur in others, among them "*Arise, and shine!*" and "*Sleepest, and wake!*" The chorals were unusually impressive. The solo-singers were Miss Houston, Mrs. Cary, and Messrs Simpson and Rudolphsen. Each sang well, and they were well received. Miss Houston's conscientious rendering of oratorio-music often affords us more satisfaction than the brilliant efforts of singers of world wide fame. Mrs. Cary's singing of "*The Lord is mindful,*" considering song and singer, could not escape an *encore*; while Mr. Simpson's singing of "*Be thou faithful,*" was similarly complimented.

The Friday afternoon concert opened with the *Euryanthe* overture, and we doubt if it ever had so fine a rendering in this country. Its barbaric splendor and quaint fancies were finely developed. Parepa's singing of the great *scena* from Oberon, "*Ocean, thou mighty monster,*" was one of her triumphs. The air has a peculiarly romantic beauty, suggestive of wild sea traditions, and pervaded with the primitive freshness of Ossian's poems. Two movements of an unfinished symphony by Schubert, (B minor), were given. The *allegro* was stormy, strong, and fervid; the *andante*, placid and calm, with passages of exceeding delicacy; the whole embodying much of Schubert's genius. And then came the *great event of the week*, the performance of *Beethoven's Choral Symphony*, for which alone it were worth while to assemble the great chorus and the grand orchestra, and call that one hour a *Festival!* Could the auspices have been better? Scarcely. And the result? Fine, beyond description! This immortal work tells the story, as it has never been told by painter, poet, or other musician, of the conflict between the human soul and this life to which it is bidden; of that constant seeking for happiness, that inward aspiration for something beyond, that makes life a struggle and a warfare. How perfectly the music of the symphony interprets all this! How at times the clouds break away, and, for a while, life wears a rosy hue! How the curtains are again drawn about us, shutting us from human sympathy and love; and, with fear and trembling we are left to gird ourselves for the conflict with self—to tread the wine-press alone! Then, when resignation holds sway, and trust begins to take possession of the soul, a clearer vision is given, and, as from a mountain height, we look down upon the petty cares and strifes of life, and tread them under our feet, resolving that *they* shall be *our* servants; not *we their* slaves! The instrumental portion of the symphony received the finest possible interpretation, and we could dwell with pleasure upon it, did time and space allow. But the choral, the words from Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," surpassed anything in our musical experience. No language can describe the effect of that wild delirium of joy which follows the solution of the great problem—"Love to God and man!" and every listener, however he interpreted the music, must have been lifted to a giddy height, from which the descent was slow and painful. People looked at each other as if uncertain of their own identity. There was a struggle for breath, as if respiration had ceased; and there was no relief in words, for they came not. In all the excited multitude there was but one calm face, and Beethoven looked down from his pedestal, with gaze so benignant and restful, that we questioned whether Crawford had not worked better than he knew.

After the Choral Symphony there seemed but one other work that could bear performance—Handel's *Messiah*, announced for Sunday evening. Still, an oratorio and a concert were yet upon the programme, and these, upon Saturday, proved very popular, and drew a large audience. At the concert, were performed Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, two overtures, the *Tell*, and *Jessonda*; and Miss Phillipps sang with finest expression and excellent voice, Mozart's "*Voi che sapete.*" Miss Topp excited another *furore*, with her playing of Liszt's piano forte Concerto, (E flat major), and the whole proved just the

thing for the Saturday afternoon audience which was added to the regular attendance upon the Festival, even to overflowing into the entries.

On the evening of Saturday Haydn's *Creation* received splendid performance from the great musical host. The choruses with their splendid accompaniment of orchestra and organ were highly effective; light and graceful in the softer passages, they came out with grandeur in the great expressions of gratitude and praise. "The heavens are telling" was electrifying; loudly encored, it was repeated with even more fervor than at first. It was a great triumph. The solos were sustained by Parepa, Mrs. Cary, Mr. James Whitney, Mr. Rudolphsen, and Mr. M. W. Whitney; all faithful in their respective parts, each had some triumph by which to make himself remembered. Parepa was wonderful; the music so well suited to her voice, found a rare interpreter; "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens" were masterpieces. The performance was a noble one, and one of the most interesting occasions of the week.

On Sunday evening came the last performance, and a glorious one it was! How the old *Messiah* grew in majesty and splendor at the hands of such interpreters! Perhaps the chorus was not always prompt to the instant; possibly Parepa cannot sing the *Messiah* airs so well as she sings almost everything else; but, what of that? As a whole it was a triumphant close, and everybody felt that it was good to be there. There were great and thrilling effects of combined orchestra and chorus, but why detail them? They came just where they were expected—where Handel meant they should come. The contralto and bass airs were particularly well sung by Miss Phillipps and Mr. Whitney, and Mr. Simpson did well when he forgot to use his *portamento*, and entered into the spirit of the music as he does when it comes within his capacity of performance. All in all, it was a grand *finale* of this first Triennial Festival of the worthy old Handel and Haydn Society.

STELLA.

Schubert's Music to "Rosamunde."

(From the Crystal Palace Programmes).

Overture, B minor.
1. Entr'acte between 1st and 2nd Acts (B minor).
MS. 2. Entr'acte (B minor) and Air de Ballet (G).
MS. 3. Entr'acte between 2nd and 3rd Acts (D.)
3½. Romanze for Soprano, "Der Vollmond strahlt" (F minor).
MS. 4. Chorus of Spirits.
5. Entr'acte between the 3d and 4th Acts (B flat).
MS. 6. Shepherd Melody.
MS. 7. Chorus of Shepherds.
MS 8. Huntsman's Chorus.
MS. 9. Air de Ballet (G).

The above is a complete list of the music employed in the drama of *Rosamunde* on the two occasions of its representation at Vienna in 1823, and discovered, after a lapse of 44 years, during the course of the last autumn among the original part books in possession of Dr. Schneider, a well known amateur of Vienna. The pieces are enumerated in the order in which they come in the part books; but as there is not the relief of the intervening portions of the drama, it was thought better at the recent performance in the Crystal Palace to alter the order in one or two cases—as follows:—

[Overture.
1. Entr'acte in B minor. Allegro moderato.
2. Air de Ballet in G. Andantino.
3. Shepherd Melody in B flat. Andante.
4. Chorus of Shepherds in B flat. Allegretto.
5. Romanze in F minor. Andante con moto.
6. Entr'acte in B flat. Andantino.
7. Chorus of Spirits in D. Adagio.
8. Entr'acte in B minor, and Air de Ballet in G.
9. Huntsman's Chorus in D. Allegro moderato.

Schubert did not compose an overture specially for this work. That which was played at the Crystal Palace, and which the part books show to have been originally performed, was written by Schubert a few months previously, for his opera of *Alfonso and Estrella*, while that published as *Rosamunde* (Op. 26), and frequently used in the daily practices of the Crystal Palace, belongs to the *Zauberharfe*, an opera which he had composed in 1820, three years before the date of *Rosamunde*.

The numbers presented on the occasion referred to for the first time to an English audience* were 4, 6, 7, and 8. No. 3 was omitted. The overture was played at the concert of November 3, 1866, and Nos. 1, 5, and 9 on the 10th November, 1866, and 16th March, 1867. The romanze, No. 3½, was also performed on both these occasions, but with an accompaniment scored by Mr. Manns from the piano-forte copy.

The following is the outline of the drama of *Rosamunde*, the production of Mme. Wilhelmine Chezy—translated from the abstract published in the Life of Schubert by Kreissle von Hellborn. Every effort was made by the writer (when at Vienna) to discover a copy of the full libretto, but without success; it probably was never printed. The abstract, however, is enough for our present purpose. It shows conclusively how independent Schubert's genius was of the materials which served to set it in motion; and it is impossible to discover anything in this most empty story fit to have inspired the lofty and tragic strains of much of the music which illustrates it.

By a caprice of her father's, the Princess Rosamunde, of Cyprus, has been brought up from the first as a shepherdess, with the understanding that on the completion of her eighteenth year her nurse is to reveal her rank, and that the crown is to be offered to her. In the meantime, the Prince of Candia, betrothed to Rosamunde in her cradle, has received a mysterious letter which has driven him to Cyprus. On the road thither the vessel is wrecked, and he alone of all the crew reaches the island alive. During the sixteen years of Rosamunde's disappearance the government of the island has been in the hands of Fulgentius, and he naturally receives the news of her existence with anything but satisfaction. Rosamunde and the Prince meet, and although both are in disguise each recognizes the other. The Prince, partly to test her constancy, partly because he is unable to rely on her companions, retains his disguise, enters the service of the Governor, rescues his daughter from robbers, and thus secures his confidence. This favorable state of affairs, however, is interrupted by a violent passion of Fulgentius for Rosamunde, which, when rejected, turns into no less violent hatred; he accuses her of being the cause of his daughter's misfortunes, and at length throws her into prison. Here he still pursues her, and attempts to kill her by a letter impregnated with a deadly and instantaneous poison, to be presented to her by the Prince, who is still disguised. Rosamunde in the meantime has contrived to escape to her nurse's cottage, where she lies concealed. Here the Prince finds her, and tells her of the wicked schemes of Fulgentius. Unfortunately Fulgentius surprises them together, and the result would be fatal if the Prince did not succeed in persuading him that he has presented the letter, and that its effect has been to take away the sense of Rosamunde—a statement which she corroborates by her mad behavior. Fulgentius, easily convinced, commits the care of Rosamunde to the Prince, and all seems in good train. At this moment arrives a letter from Albanus—the writer of the former mysterious letter to the Prince—who is aware of the secret of the Princess's troth, and is enraged at the bad government of Fulgentius. Fulgentius surprises the Prince in the act of reading this letter, and insists that he shall give it up and lose his life. But this the Prince does not intend; his determination is to live and marry. Instead of Albanus' letter, he contrives to give Fulgentius his own poisoned one. It has not lost its power. The Governor seizes it, tears it open, eagerly reads it, and immediately expires.

* The Shepherd's Chorus has been occasionally sung in London, but arranged as a part-song, the symphonies being omitted.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The last concert of the season 1867 8, on Saturday afternoon, terminated, in the worthiest possible manner, an unexampled series of high class performances. The first piece in the programme was the overture composed by Auber for the International Exhibition of 1862.

The overture was followed, after the accustomed and judiciously adopted "interval of five minutes," by the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The Ninth Symphony was the chief feature at the last of the fourteen concerts preceding Christmas; and it is agreeable to indulge in a belief that Mr. Manns may have it in contemplation to include two performances of this colossus of orchestral music in every future series of twenty-eight concerts. Such a step would merely be paying honor where honor is due. Fine as was the execution of the Ninth Symphony in December, it was even finer on the present occasion. The three orchestral movements as nearly reached perfection as in a work so complex, intricate, and difficult is in all likelihood feasible. Even the "*allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso*"—for reasons with which amateurs are acquainted, the most trying as well as the grandest and most impressive of all—was played with an accuracy, precision, and minute observance of the gradations of tone hardly to be surpassed. The inimitable *scherzo*, the principal theme of which—Herr Otto Jahn informs us—was suggested to Beethoven[?] by the sudden appearance of lights in a dark chamber, which caused the surrounding objects, like the lights themselves, to dance before his eyes, was taken just a shade slower than before, by which increased distinctness, both of articulation and accent, was obtained. A more wonderful performance we cannot remember. The instruments, as Schumann observes in describing the *scherzo* of Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony in A minor (which, by the way, he curiously confounds with the Italian Symphony in A major), seemed to be "talking to each other." The playing of the "wind"—flutes, oboes, clarionets, bassoons, and horns—in the most melodious and beautiful of all symphonic trios, was absolutely irreproachable. Excellently handled, too, were the drums in F. The *scherzo* being in D minor, the drums, which are silent during the *trio* in the major, have no other note than F to play; but one of the most important points is allotted to them, in that interesting and original section of the movement where the rhythm of four bars is abandoned for a rhythm of three, by which ingenious contrivance all sense of monotony is avoided. Equally to be praised were the trombones, which impart such magical brightness of color to the close of the *trio*, the lowest of the three being, as usual, represented by the mellow-toned "euphonion." In the *adagio molto e cantabile* in B flat—again the most melodious and beautiful even of Beethoven's slow movements—where, after a prelude of two bars, assigned to bassoons and clarionets, the violins begin to sing a melody of which the parallel can scarcely be found in music, not a fault could be detected. The admirably sustained delicacy of the wind instruments, combined with a justness of intonation never for one instant wavering, harmonized gratefully with the unceasing stream of tune to which (the largest share of responsibility devolving upon the first violins, in varying, embellishing, and developing the leading theme) it is the task of the string instruments to give utterance—a task achieved from beginning to end in perfection. If the *finale*, built upon Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, was not as uniformly beyond reproach as what preceded it, the choral parts, to say nothing of vocal solos for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, being of excessive difficulty, it may at least be said, without exaggeration, that, on the whole, a finer performance of even this portion of the symphony has rarely, if ever, been heard in England. The solo quartet was represented by Mlle. Enequist (soprano), Miss Julia Elton (contralto), Mr. Wilbye Cooper (tenor), and Herr Wallenreiter (bass); the chorus by the Crystal Palace Choir, which is making such rapid progress that hopes are reasonably entertained of its becoming, at no very distant period, a worthy companion to the already renowned Crystal Palace Orchestra. The vast audience listened, "quiet as a stone," from one end of the symphony to the other, only breaking out, at the intervals between the several movements, into loud applause, which, at the end of the *finale*, became quite enthusiastic. It would seem that this, the most extraordinary of the "tone-poems" of Beethoven, now forty four years since its birth, was becoming decidedly "popular."

In comparison with such a performance of such a work the rest of the concert was inevitably tame. It might almost be laid down as a maxim that after the Ninth Symphony nothing else should come. It is a concert in itself, and so completely exhausts the attention of those who listen to it as it ought to be listened to, that they are incapable of doing justice to anything that may follow. Nevertheless, the playing by Herr F. Grützmacher, violoncellist to the King of Saxony, of a concerto, or rather, its form considered, a *concertino* (with orchestral accompaniments), of his own, well calculated to exhibit the capabilities of the instrument, and to display to advantage his own remarkable skill as an executant, would, under no matter what circumstances, have excited real interest; nor was it surprising that Mr. Arthur Sullivan's very charming setting of the pearl of "lullabies," "O hush me, my baby" (*Guy Mannering*) as a part-song, given so thoroughly well as it was by the Crystal Palace Choir, should elicit a unanimous encore. But there were yet other interesting things. Herr Wallenreiter, a bass from the Court Opera of Stuttgart, evidently an artist of experience, sang with genuine spirit one of the most striking and characteristic of all Handel's dramatic pieces—the recitative, "Io, tremate," and air, "O voi dell' Ereho" (from the *Resurrezzione*), in which the composer of the *Messiah* seems to point out the way for Gluck, but over a road too difficult for the timid feet of Gluck to tread. —*Mus. World, May* 2.

The programme for the new season is just out. As the Palace was opened in June, 1854, the present will be the fifteenth season, and no greater sign of its vitality can be given than the liberality of the arrangements which the directors are enabled to offer to season ticket holders. The policy which has been pursued for the last three years receives further exemplification this year by the season ticket being made

available during the four days of the Handel Festival. For the first three months of the season, May, June, and July, upwards of twenty special fête days have been appointed, admission to which on these, and on the other extra days throughout the year, would alone cost a non season ticket holder considerably more than ten times the price of a season ticket. If the ordinary days be added, it will be seen that a season ticket, if used every day, would reimburse its owner considerably more than twenty times its cost. The admission to so great a musical celebration as the Handel Festival is in itself sufficient to stamp the value of the season ticket, and warrant its familiar eulogium as the "cheapest guinea's worth in the world."

The first event of the season is the grand opening performance this day, of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," till recently unheard in England, to be played by 150 instrumentalists, conducted by Mr. Manns. The music by the same composer to *Œdipus at Colonos* will be given, with a chorus of 1,000 male voices, besides a miscellaneous selection by some of the chief artists of Her Majesty's Opera.

There will be eight opera concerts, on Saturdays, commencing on the 9th May: six supported by the principal artists from Her Majesty's Opera, the other two by the principal artists from the Royal Italian Opera.

The choral demonstrations by school children, conducted by Mr. Martin, Mr. Ballah and Mr. Sarll; the popular ballad concerts and the classical Saturday Concerts, will be continued.

THE OPERAS. A few sentences from the *Orchestra*, of April 25 and May 2, will show what has been going on:

Nothing could have been better than the cast of "*Rigoletto*" on Saturday at Her Majesty's, or than the acting and singing of Mlle. Kellogg as *Gilda* the heroine. Indeed the assumption deserves to be assigned a prominent place in operatic records. It was more than a success: it was a triumph. Hitherto, the American prima donna has borne the reputation of a careful and conscientious artist, rather than a performer into whom, as the Germans might say, the "genial" element has entered; but this study of *Gilda* was so perfect, betrayed such intensity and passion, with the pervading homeliness yet unimpaired, that if, as stated, the performance was a first one, we must credit Mlle. Kellogg with something more than carefulness or clockwork proficiency: we must recognize in her that unerring truthfulness of instinct which is only another name for genius.

"*Faust*," given at Convent Garden on Saturday for the first time this season, introduced the new (American) prima donna, Mlle. Vanzini (Van Zandt), as a dark-haired *Marguerite*. The other characters were thus apportioned:—*Faust*, Signor Mario; *Mephistopheles*, M. Petit; *Valentine*, Signor Cotogni; *Wagner*, Signor Tagliafico; *Siebel*, Mlle. Locatelli; and *Martha*, Mlle. Anese. Scarcely the best suited *role*, we think, is the part of *Marguerite* in Mlle. Vanzini's hands. Her powers are of a gentle order: she is mild and calm, with a light, pure voice, and a manner from which the stirring qualities are absent. Notwithstanding the flexibility of her voice, and her general intelligence, she is in our opinion the least satisfactory representative of the character we have yet seen on the Italian stage.

On Monday a new *basso profondo* was introduced in the person of Sig. Colini, who took the part of *Bertram* in Meyerbeer's "*Robert le Diable*." Of the new-comer we may say that a correct school of singing, good phrasing, a tall, powerful figure, and an artistic knowledge of make up, recommended him at once to the audience; while as the performance went on and the fiendish purposes of *Bertram* were more developed, he showed so good an appreciation of the dramatic situation as to call down hearty applause and the opinion that Sig. Colini possessed histrionic talents nowise inferior to his vocal powers. His voice is not very full, but in correctness he makes up for the deficiencies of resonance. On the whole the management is to be congratulated on the acquisition of this young and clever artist—the more valuable in proportion to the rarity of good *bassi profondi*. Mlle. Fricci was excellent as *Alice*, and sang with accustomed success the favorite numbers of the opera, "Vanne disse" and "Nel lasciar la Normandia." A first appearance in *Isabella* proved Mme. Sherrington's fitness to undertake the brilliant and florid class of music.

A treat to admirers of Beethoven was afforded on Saturday at Drury Lane, when "*Fidelio*" was performed, with Mlle. Tietjens as *Leonora*, Mlle. Sinico as *Marcellina*, Mr. Santley as *Pizarro*, and Signor Gassier as the *Minister*. The alterations from last year were Signor Bettini for Signor Gardoni in the part of *Florestan*, and Signor Foli for Herr Rokitansky in the part of *Rocco*. No part in all Mlle. Tietjens' large repertory can be found more suitable to her capacities than this role of *Leonora*. In splendid voice, in the full enjoyment of her physical powers, with a grasp of passion and pathos never at any time in her career surpassed, she unites all the diversities of grandeur and energy and tragedy in one character

At the other house, after a repetition of "*Faust*" on Monday with the cast we have already noticed, "*Guillaume Tell*" was given on Tuesday for the first time this season: the *Matilda* being sustained by Mlle. Vanzini, and the part of *Arnoldo* affording occasion for the *début* of a M. Lefranc. Neither impersonation calls for special welcome. The great barrier to the frequent performance of Rossini's masterpiece—the want of a capable tenor for the part which Tamberlik illustrated with that wonderful high C in the "*Suivez-moi*," and which Duprez rendered immortal—will scarcely be removed by M. Lefranc.

COLOGNE.—The Rhenish Musical Festival will be held this year in Cologne, at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. As the first festival was held at Dusseldorf, in 1818, this will be the 50th anniversary. On the first day, the programme will include Handel's *Messiah*, with Mmes. Wippern and Joachim, Drs. Gunz and Schmidt as solo singers. Herr Joachim, also, will play a solo. Among the pieces set down for the second day are: Overture, Gade (conducted by the composer); "Whitsuntide Cantata," Bach (arranged by Robert Franz); Eighth Psalm, No. 114, Mendelssohn; and Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. On the third day, there will be an Overture, Ferdinand Hiller; a Symphony, Schumann; a Violin Concerto played by Herr Joachim; and various vocal pieces by the solo singers.

On Palm Sunday the usual performance of J. S. Bach's Passion-music took place at the Gürzenich room. The soli on the occasion were intrusted to Frl. H. Scheuerlein (soprano), Frau. H. Hufner-Harken, from Geuers (contralto), Herr Schild, from Dresden (tenor), Herr Hill, from Francfort (baryton), and M. Du Mont, an amateur (bass). The choruses were divided as follows: Mixed chorus of the *juniors*, by the pupils of the Conservatoire. The boy's chorus, by the pupils of the Gymnasium, and the double chorus, by the Sing-Akademie and the Männer Gesang Verein. The band numbering as usual, there were nearly 600 performers. Herr Musik-Director F. Weber presided at the organ as in former occasions.

AMSTERDAM.—Concert of the Cecilia Society: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Symphony, Verhulst; Second Symphony, Beethoven, etc.—Concert of the "Felix Meritis" Society: Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Concertstück for Violoncello, Servais; Two movements from the B minor Symphony, Schubert; Overture to *Genovera*, Schumann.

BREMEN.—A highly satisfactory performance of Herr Löwe's oratorio, *Johann Huss*, was lately given, under the direction of Herr H. Kurth, on which occasion the same composer's overture to Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth* was also comprised in the programme.

MUNICH.—At the second Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy were performed: Overture to *The Vestalin*, Spohr; Symphony, C minor, Haydn; Concertstuck for two Violins with Orchestra, Venzl; "Reiter marsch" (scored by the Abbé Liszt), Schubert; and Third Symphony E flat major, Schumann.

HAMBURGH.—J. S. Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* was performed in Passion week in St. Michael's church, under the direction of Herr von Bernuth, the solo vocalists being Mlles. Shreck, Baumeister, Herren O. Wollers and Stockhausen

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FLORENCE.—The programme of the last concert given by the Società del Quartetto contained exclusively instrumental pieces by Schumann. Mlle. Czillag was to have sung two of his vocal pieces, greatly to the disgust of the regular subscribers, who contended that the introduction of vocal music into the programme was a departure from the rule which always had governed, and always ought to govern, the Society. Their susceptibilities were spared the anticipated shock, however, by the fact that Mlle. Czillag was taken ill, and could not appear.—The Pergola is always empty when M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* is put up. The next opera to be produced is *Marta*, with Sigra. Lotti in the principal part.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 23, 1868.

The Triennial Festival.

To resume our uncompleted record (for which and for short comings in what remains illness must be in part responsible), let us first go back to

THE OPENING PERFORMANCE.

Tuesday Morning, May 5. We had only room to mention its imposing grandeur and complete success. Of the three works chosen, we could best have spared the Festival Overture on "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," by Nicolai. If the object simply were to exhibit all the resources of the Festival, the 750 voices, the orchestra of 115 instruments, and the great Organ, massed together in colossal power and grandeur, that end was accomplished, and the effect on a miscellaneous audience was one of wonder and delight. But this work had been performed here twice before on similar occasions: at the choral dedication of the Organ, in November, 1863, and at the Festival three years ago. It hardly bears much repetition. The Choral itself is of course grand, and in its plain original form, or harmonized by Bach, we should have been content with it. The contrapuntal working of the theme and fragmentary phrases, with the fugue, that follow in the orchestra, is quaint and learned to be sure, but dry and uninspired. And then the second, lively, theme, so suddenly introduced and worked up with the Chorale, is of a very common, secular and homely sort; it bears too strong a likeness to "Rule Britannia," and gives a grotesque incongruity to the whole. With such a chorus, and especially with such a searching, marrowy tone of 70 or more stringed instruments, it was in an outward sense effective, a proclamation full of pomp and splendor giving assurance of great things to come. Yet we should have much preferred one of the Cantatas of Bach (a purpose which the directors did for a time entertain). Best of all would have been Bach's Cantata on this very Choral; and nothing short of that, perhaps, would have redeemed the Choral from the commonness into which it has been dragged by Meyerbeer's too popular perversion of it in his overture to the *Huguenots*. Otherwise, one or two less familiar chorals, of the best which Bach has harmonized, sung in parts by voices unaccompanied, or with alternate stanzas sung in unison and with full accompaniment, would have opened such a week with dignity and beauty.

Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, "Come let us sing," was the one new thing (vocal) of the Festival; we do not remember that it was ever sung here except once by Mr. Parker's Club some years ago. It is short and sweet and full of fervor, masterly in style, nor does it lack variety or powerful contrasts. It begins with a Tenor Solo: "O come, let us worship," a warm, melodious, cheerful invitation, sung in good voice and style by Mr. SIMPSON, who as precentor ushers in the chorus with the same strain, enriched with arts of harmony, and in a few bars of solo again dismisses them before the final chords. It is a lovely chorus, and was beautifully sung. Then to the composed, peaceful rhythm succeeds the excited 6-4 of the more stirring, jubilant, tumultu-

ously tuneful chorus: "Come, let us sing to the Lord with gladness," taking pattern from a half-sentence of bright soprano solo (Mme. PAREPA-ROSA) soaring to a sustained high G and dropping an octave,—very animating in her large, clear tones. This splendid, overwhelming chorus, which is in C major, ends in a Canon in the minor; beginning with tenors and basses in unison, strong and stern: "For the Lord is a mighty God, and a mighty ruler over all false idols," in which Truth's terrible and warning aspect for a moment is disclosed with a right Old Testament Hebrew relish; of course the final chord is major—"a mighty God"—and triumphantly held out.

No. 3 is one of Mendelssohn's most characteristic and beautiful Duets, for two Sopranos, with a lovely undulating figure in the accompaniment: "In His hands are all the corners of the earth," very finely sung by Mme. ROSA and Miss PHILLIPPS. From the gentle and beguiling stream of the Duet we are summoned by the bold fugued chorus: "For His is the sea," to a near religious sense of what is grand in Nature. In the vigorous, emphatic phrasing of its theme, first given by the basses, and startling by its upward leap of a flat seventh, bringing a vivid flash-of-lightning accent upon the word "sea," it is the most eloquent chorus in the Psalm, and with the rich and lively orchestration becomes almost graphic. It ends, however, in a gentler and familiar strain, a return of the opening theme: "O come, let us worship." We felt the full significance and grandeur of this chorus brought out in the rendering. It is in E flat, but the orchestra goes on, *diminuendo*, gradually modulating into a close on the full chord of D major, preparatory to the fifth and final piece in G minor, which opens with a sweet, sad, pleading strain (Andante, 3-8), for the Tenor Solo: "Henceforth, when ye hear His voice entreating, turn not deaf ears," &c. This touching strain is in one of the most characteristic and individual veins of Mendelssohn, akin to that of "Hear ye Israel" in *Elijah*, but more deeply shaded. The rhythmical flow is ruffled at the thought of Israel's rebellious hearts, and the instruments whisper with short breath, growing more and more excited, and swelling to a startling climax as the voice tells of the divine wrath; but the music means it more in sorrow than in anger. Then the pleading theme is sweetly taken up in chorus by the female voices only, with intermittent tenor solo, till finally it takes possession of the whole chorus, and is worked up with increasing power and volume, and more and more florid and highly colored instrumentation, until it reaches a pitch of agonizing earnestness, almost unendurable, in that reiterated *diminished seventh* chord: "Turn not deaf ears;" but instantly out of this stern rock is struck as it were a sweet spring of tears, a lovely instrumental figure leading us back to the meadows, and rippling around the remainder of the chorus, which is in the tender strain of the beginning, and thus brings the composition to a close, only with a whispered last reminder, loving and gentle, (yet again with *diminished seventh*, this time *pianissimo*): "Turn not deaf ears and hard hearts!"

But the grand feature of that morning's programme, and, as we have before said, about the most magnificent performance of the Oratorio kind that we remember in this country, was the "Hymn of Praise." That *Sinfonie-Cantata* seemed to us that day, if never before, to be Mendelssohn's greatest sacred work,—at any rate the most felicitous and thoroughly transporting; in its originality of form so naturally and spontaneously developed, such an organic whole quickened by one vital thought and feeling. The three introductory Symphonic movements, the first so grand, and all so beautiful, were rendered to a charm by that great orchestra. Then one felt the fine and searching quality of that large body of first violins, the good, substantial tone in the middle strings, so rich and eloquently persuasive in the violoncellos especially, and the broad and satisfying double-bass foundations. But oboe, clarinet, bassoons, &c., also sang their melodic passages expressively, and all the wind instruments supplied their shades of color in due degree of delicacy and power. All went with precision, clearness, spirit, light and shade. It was very nearly perfect. Then the whole multitude of voices burst forth on that first chorus: "All men, all things," as if by an innate irresistible necessity, as if their song had all the while been potentially contained, and thus far detained, in the long Symphony. The effect was stupendous, a glorious sun-burst of light and life and praise, dazzling and flooding all. And so on through the quickened tempo, when they take up the theme so strongly set at the beginning and the end of the first symphonic movement: "All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord."

The *Lobgesang* has become quite familiar here, and we have so often spoken of its merits that we need not discourse further on it, while so many topics still await their turn. Suffice it to say, that with the exception perhaps of some pressing of the *tempo* in two or three choruses at a little expense of clearness, the whole was so well done as to leave nothing to be desired. The exciting chorus: "The night is departing," especially the fugue part: "Let us gird on the armor of light," is so rapid, so complex, so taxing to voice and breath, that one doubts whether it ever can be perfectly executed; on the other hand that whole scene, beginning with the tenor recitative: "Will the night soon pass," then the clear, high tones of the soprano voice (Parepa) in heavenly assurance, then the chorus,—is so wonderfully dramatic, that the intention and the spirit of it cannot be lost in a rendering so good as that was. The solo parts were all good; Mme. Parepa-Rosa's voice seemed never more bright and birdlike, soaring with perfect ease. The Duet with Miss Phillipps: "We waited for the Lord," with chorus rising full and tranquil like a tide of sweet, exhaustless harmony, was admirably sung, and the inevitable encore was insisted on with more than usual fervor. Mr. Simpson sang the watchman recitative and other solo portions in good voice, with taste and judgment, only not much inspiration.

TUESDAY EVENING. "SAMSON."

We have ever found this more tedious than any of Handel's Oratorios. And for the reason that it is not an Oratorio in the *distinctive* sense, of which the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," Bach's Passions, and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" are the best examples, although nearer to the dramatic origin of Oratorio before it had developed into an independent character of its own. "Samson" is a nondescript, mainly dramatic and personal, crowded with characters, who have great lengths of recitative, almost always given without life or point, and with arias, characteristic to be sure, and sometimes beautiful, very various, now quaintly florid like those of Delilah, now serious and noble like "Return, O God of hosts," now of this individuality, now that; but broken up into so many kinds and personalities, that all *seems* longer than it is, and even with the omission of a third part of the work, as on this occasion, it taxes patience to sit through it all. Scattered among these are splendid choruses, whose refreshment ever comes most timely; they sink into the mind like rain into the thirsty desert. "O first created beam," "Then round about the starry throne," "Fixed in his everlasting seat," &c., are splendid pieces and superbly were they sung.

We do not say that there is not in nearly all these arias something to reward study, but, crowded into one work, they are as confusing and sit as heavily upon the spirits (so nimble through the choruses) as a promenade miscellaneous concert. Generally they fell to good interpreters,—excellent, in Mme. ROSA and Miss PHILLIPPS. The former sang in several characters, warbling "the merry, merry pipe" of the *Philistine Woman*, and cooing Delilah's "plaintive turtle notes," with thorough comprehension and mastery of all the piquant accent and quaint, ingenious turns of phrase and ornament through which Handel makes this character so unmistakable. We were too unwell to stay through the last part, and lost the splendor of her "Let the bright Seraphim." Miss Phillipps produced a deep impression in the contralto air, "Return," and her whole part of Micah was indeed admirable. Mr. WILDE, in the part of *Manoah*, showed himself possessor, hardly master of a rich and telling bass voice, which he used manfully, with fair execution and expression. Mr. WHITNEY had the declamatory part of *Harapha*, and did it ample justice. We wonder that such musical rodomontade as the air "Honor and arms," by whomsoever sung, can still find admirers; it is as uninteresting as so pompous, commonplace a hero himself would be. *Simson* is German for *Samson*, but Mr. SIMPSON's voice hardly suggests the strong man. He sang the sweeter portions well; best of all "Total Eclipse," an air which has a certain beauty of its own, but which to us is chiefly interesting as prologue to the sublime chorus: "O first created beam."

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—CONCERT.

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber.
Song, from "Rinaldo," "Lascia ch' io pianga.....Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Symphony, (G minor).....Mozart.
Concerto for the Piano-Forte. (A minor) .....Schumann.
Miss Alide Topp, (First appearance in Boston).
Overture, "Leonora" No. 3.....Beethoven.

The feasts of Symphony and Overture, played by that complete and splendid orchestra, were not the least interesting events of the week. This time the Overtures and Symphony were just those with which the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association first made their mark three years ago. They have all been often heard in Boston, but never before with such a rich sonority, and altogether so effectively. The band already worked together admirably under Mr. ZERRAHN's inspiriting and firm conductorship. In some points, to be sure, that model Symphony of Mozart, so subtly interwoven are its parts throughout, might have gained by more rehearsal, the opportunities for which are few in such a week. That all went so well shows of what good musicians, and how experienced in classical music, that orchestra was composed. The home nucleus here had become so much better assimilated and blended by three years of really artistic concerts, that when the best orchestral players from New York and Philadelphia came to supplement them, they played all together as if they had always been accustomed to it.

Miss PHILLIPPS sang that very simple, but very noble and pathetic air from one of Handel's operas, in her best voice and manner. She is evidently partial to the song, and indeed it suits her well. A repetition was inevitable.

And now we come to a pleasant topic, the Boston debut of the young German pianist, pupil of Liszt's son-in-law, Von Bülow, Miss ALIDE TOPP. The first sight of her was the signal for spontaneous and lively greeting; youth and grace and beauty, the glow of artistic enthusiasm blended with the blush of modesty, won quick sympathy. Her performance of Schumann's extremely difficult, as well as finely poetic and original Concerto was truly wonderful. The touch was perfectly crisp and clear, the full chords

rang out instantaneous in all their breadth and fullness; the distribution of accent, the phrasing, the light and shade, were all that could be desired; there was delicacy where that was needed, there was force to a wonderful degree for those slender arms, force which the strongest passages could not exhaust. There was the charm of *abandon*, too, losing herself completely in her music. The way in which she watched the conductor, watched the orchestra, feeling the composition as a whole, then throwing her head freely back, and swaying slightly back and forward, appeared to give herself to the full stream of tone and revel in it, showed how her heart was in her work; any suspicion of affectation was disarmed at the outset. All the best qualities of the modern *technique* were there in a degree we have hardly seen surpassed. The interpretation of the work, too, was intelligent and highly satisfactory. There might perhaps be some question about the occasional slower *tempi*, whether the contrasts were not somewhat overdone; but on the whole the characteristic power and beauty of the Schumann Concerto was brought clearly home to every listener. The last movement, especially the latter half of it, was given with amazing power and brilliancy, one unflagging gradual *crescendo* to the end.

We have heard it said that her interpretation lacked the charm of sentiment. We did not miss that, and it is commonly essential to our enjoyment of any music. But we have also seen the objection coupled with a comparison,—an unfortunate one for its purpose: "Her rendering of the Schumann Concerto lacks as yet the sentiment which such an artist as Mr. Mills breathes into it." We felt the sentiment in Mr. Mills, as little as we missed it in Miss Topp. But it is hardly safe to undertake to guage the poetry and feeling of a player, almost perfect in all else, until you have heard him more than once and know him in more ways than one. Youth, and influences of education and example, too, must be considered. One thing is certain: Schumann's Concerto (to our experience) was not emptied of its soul and poetry that afternoon.

The audience were electrified. After no end of fine piano playing, here was a real fresh "sensation" still reserved for them. Such enthusiastic demonstrations we have not witnessed for a long time; persistently recalled, the young artist appeared at the side door repeatedly, in trembling acknowledgment; but there was no help for it, play again she must; four giants were already covering "the Chickering" with coarse cerements, to huddle it away, when this bright creature stood among them, and it had to come to life again and give out music. She played the first of Liszt's "Rhapsodies Hongroises," a strangely brilliant and fantastical affair, beginning much like Chopin in his grander, deeper mood, but shifting through all sorts of moods and fancies, and displaying every phase of Lisztian virtuosity. This, as well as the Concerto, she played entirely from memory, and both must rank among the most perfect instances of that pianism which knows no difficulties, while it is at the same time intelligent and tasteful and glowing with enthusiasm, that have yet been witnessed here. We have no disposition to compare her, as Von Bulow has done, with Mme. Schumann, Clauss, and others of like standing; the time for comparison with full-grown artist *characters* is not yet come for one so young. Her young imagination now is naturally preoccupied with Liszt and the new school of prophets of which the Abbate is the head; for among these she has been educated, and, whatever we may think of their tendency, must have found much to quicken her enthusiasm, to which the sentiment of gratitude has also lent its sanction. But it is a hopeful sign of her artistic future, that she appreciates and makes her own so truly classical a work as Schumann's Concerto, while, we are told, she is equally ready to play from memory all the Beethoven Concertos, and those by Mendelssohn and others. The Liszt-Bülow influence can do no harm, rather much good, if at the same time her heart continue open to these others.

THURSDAY.—SECOND AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Overture: "Meeresstille und gluckliche Fahrt," (Becalmed at Sea, a Breeze; happy voyage; coming into port). Mendelssohn.
Song, "Ah, Perfido" ..... Beethoven.
Mme Parepa-Rosa.
Concerto for the Violin, G major ..... Spohr.
Carl Rosa.
Symphony, C major ..... Schubert.

Mendelssohn's graphic Overture, one of the happiest of "tone paintings" in the true subjective and suggestive sense, and Schubert's gloriously great Symphony, of the "heavenly length,"—his *ninth* and last, which he never himself heard,—have both been performed repeatedly, and well, in the Harvard concerts. Of course to hear them through the medium of this grander orchestra was a satisfaction like to that of making out a face too far off (such as one loves to study) through a mighty lens. The Symphony was magnificently played; how warmly, with sweet, rich, manly heart tones, the 'cellos pleaded in the Andante! how the double-basses thundered in the rush and whirl of the Finale!

Beethoven's highly dramatic and, for him, Italian Scena was a good selection for Mme. ROSA; the best resources of her voice and art were brought in play to advantage and made a great impression. Mr CARL ROSA's violin playing was of the best we ever heard from him. The tone, if not so large, was less forced, the style more smooth and even and subdued, than that into which too much miscellaneous concert life had for a time betrayed him. Indeed the tone and sentiment of the whole performance seemed to us more artistic and serene, more from within and less disturbed by outer excitements, than before. The beautiful Adagio was played with a fine feeling, and without exaggeration. He held his audience in close attention and was heartily applauded.

It yet remains to chronicle a grand performance of "St. Paul;" another of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," about which our conviction heartily confirms the general report, that it was the very climax and high noon of the Festival, the first completely successful rendering of the Ninth Symphony in this country; a fourth Orchestral Concert, including the first taste of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony;" and finally, the ever popular old Oratorios, from which the Handel and Haydn Society derived its name, the "Creation" and "Messiah." Were not East Wind our enemy, we might have come more shortly at all this before.

MR DRESEL'S PIANO READINGS. Thus far we have found no room to conclude our record of those choice hours with so many great composers. With such an interpreter, they talked not in a foreign, yet in an unworldly, tongue to us. The last two "Readings" (4th and 5th) occurred on the last Thursdays of April. Here is the programme of April 23.

Prelude and Fugue ..... Bach
Sonata ..... Beethoven
Notturno ..... Chopin.
Mazourkas ..... "
Polonaise ..... "
Landlers ..... Schubert
Valse Caprice after Valses by Schubert ..... Liszt
Notturno ..... Chopin
Scherzo ..... "

The Sonata was the romantic one in D minor, op. 31, which a remark of Beethoven's has associated with Shakespeare's "Tempest," and when you read the one or hear the other you do seem breathing the same atmosphere, and Prospero's wand is over you. It was exquisitely rendered, especially the airy Allegretto, which is as light and free as Ariel.——For his last concert Mr. Dresel had for the first time a day not black or stormy, and the hall was full:

"Phantasiestucke" ..... Jul. Schaeffer
Sonata, A flat, op. 110 ..... Beethoven.
Andante ..... Mozart.
Impromptu ..... Chopin.
Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony. Mendelssohn.
Etude ..... Chopin.
Valse ..... "
Berceuse ..... "
Scherzo ..... "

Those little fancy pieces by Schäffer are as original, imaginative and charming as any piano-forte things produced since Schumann, and it was a real pleasure to hear them again. The Beethoven Sonata (of the last period), with all its changeful moods and tempi, its chase of fleeting heavenly visions, its fitful, deep soliloquizings, and touching passages of sorrowful *cantabile*, and finally its flying fugue (once relapsing into the sad song), was indeed a revelation from the inner life. The Mozart Andante was arranged, and very faithfully, from the G-minor Symphony. The bright Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, the happiest thing in it, it was a happy thought in Mr Dresel to transcribe and give us for a foretaste.—But we must end, sorry to have to deal so briefly with a series of the choicest musical occasions of the past season.

During the present week there have occurred two most interesting concerts of the pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and the annual Musical Exhibition of the Public Schools, close upon the heels of the great Festival, and taking us by surprise. Both topics are too important to be dispatched in a few lines, and therefore we reserve them.

By the next number too, we may hope to have gathered some report of Mr. Harrison's Great Musical Festival, now in progress in New York, for which a very extensive bill of fare is offered.

WASHINGTON, MAY 4.—In the old House of Representatives are now on exhibition all the medals and diplomas awarded to American Contributors at the Paris Exposition of 1867. The diplomas, handsomely framed, are displayed on stands that more than line the walls of that noble hall, while the medals, of gold, silver and bronze, are arranged in show cases in the centre. Conspicuous among these hundreds of diplomas and medals are four little decorations, of insignificant value in themselves considered, looking much like the army corps badges worn so proudly by the heroes of our war; but of great price in the eyes of a Frenchman from the inspiring memories of the great Napoleon, the founder of the Legion of Honor. The official certificates accompanying these crosses attest that they are awarded by the decree of the Emperor to the persons named. One of the four bears the name of "C. F. Chickering, of Boston," and this would seem to settle the vexed question of the pianos. The gold medals are alike to the smallest detail, save the name of the recipient. Mr Chickering, we all know, is a gentleman of estimable character and standing, and a good citizen, but it was not for *that* that the Emperor decorated him, but because he is a *piano maker* and the best of them all, and in this manner he thinks best to distinguish him above all competitors. The greater honor conferred on these four exhibitors is obvious to the meanest capacity, and the distinction intended cannot be doubted or denied. W.

WASHINGTON, MAY 11.—The German opera troupe has been followed here by Mr. Bateman's French company, which by the completeness of all its appointments and perfection of all its performances, gives an example to be heeded by the German and Italian companies; for no opera company for many years has put its operas on the stage so carefully and completely in all details as this French troupe. The orchestra is excellent, the chorus singers of fresh, young voices, the ladies of no small personal attractions, and all of them punctiliously attentive to everything required by their role. The costumes are rich and picturesque, the scenery appropriate, and even the minor details of stage furniture carefully attended to, as we have not seen it done since the memorable days of the old Havana Company. I speak now, in reference to the performance of *La Belle Helene*, which followed *La Grande Duchesse*: this latter being familiar to you and the former not yet sung in Boston. It is greatly superior to the *Duchesse* as a musical work. Indeed anything more sparkling, fresh, and thoroughly enjoyable I have seldom heard. It reminds me often of the joyous works of Mozart, and the *Zauberflöte* was constantly recalled to me as the only parallel in the several occasions that I heard it. I confess to having been not a little prejudiced against the *Duchesse* by the idiotic advertisements of the management, which called upon the world to admire its eighth wonder,

while I went to hear this without having heard or read a word about it. The story is a most felicitous burlesque of the old story of Helen and Paris. Agamemnon, Orestes, the two Ajaxes, Achilles, Chalchas, and the poor king Menelaus figure most amusingly upon the scene. The anachronisms are exceedingly amusing and go just to the verge of absurdity without going too far, just hinting at a thing, without the broad coarseness which characterizes most burlesques. The music is delightful from beginning to end. The orchestration is rich in harmony, with many novel and charming combinations of instruments in some of the accompaniments. The melodies are very striking and fascinating, having less of the *dance music* character than those of the *Duchesse*, and one or two of the more serious passages were beautiful. Mlle. Tostée seems to have made the part of *La Belle Helene* her own, and it is difficult to imagine a fitter representative of the character. Setting aside one or two defects, she is in person singularly adapted to represent the Greek Queen. Her remarkable grace and abandon, aided by the most picturesque and beautiful costume, enabled her to give a most charming representation, and she has been overwhelmed with applause; double and triple encores nightly rewarding her inimitable singing of the song "*Un mari sage*," which no singer that I remember could give with such charming, irresistible abandon without passing the line of good taste which she never transcends. It is funny beyond description, and every hand joins in the plaudits that this sparkling little song always elicits. *Fritz*, of the *Duchesse*, becomes the *Paris* of this play, and *Prince Paul* becomes the unfortunate *Menelaus*. Every part is most capitally delineated, and it is hard to say which of them all is the best rendered.

In this respect this opera is more completely represented than any that I have ever seen, and there is none ever performed in this country of late years that is not entirely familiar to me, so that I say this seriously and in good faith, meaning what I say. I am sure that this conscientious and minute fidelity to the smaller details of the performance will receive the unqualified approval of Boston audiences, which will listen with delight to the charming music of this opera. It would be indeed a feast to hear some of the really *great* operas so given, but as yet the perfection of performance of this company has not been approached by any German or Italian company that ever sang in this country, without exception.

From here, as I understand, Mr. Bateman's Company goes to Baltimore and Philadelphia, and thence to Boston, where I am confident that this new opera will draw admiring crowds for weeks. W.

[Note by the Editor.—We almost suspect our friend of quizzing in the above. Such wholesale admiration of Offenbach's most empty, commonplace and heartless music, such likening of his systematic prostitution of Art to the fine frolic inspirations of Mozart in his lighter mood, such delight in an actress so coarse and utterly without refinement as Mme. Tostée, and such praise of singing no better than one may hear any night in the open air *Cafés Chantans* of the Champs Elysées,—on the part of one with whom we for the most part musically sympathize—must be ironical, or else our friend's lot, musically, has indeed fallen in most barren places, that even Offenbach can comfort him. Of course we can give the Bateman troupe credit for good acting, *mise en scéne*, &c., worthy of a better cause; but that Boston is to be congratulated, musically or morally, on this importation from the lowest theatres of Paris (and it now threatens us through *two* channels, the French troupe from New Orleans, as well as Bateman's) is something which we cannot be expected to admit after our frank statement of impressions from the *Duchesse* several months ago. So, to show at least that there are two sides to the question, after printing the letter from Washington, we will offset it with an article on the same subject from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*.]

Philadelphia, May 15.—Offenbach's comic opera *La Belle Helene*, after much preliminary puffing, was produced last night at the Academy of Music by Bateman's French Opera Company. So far as a brilliant audience, elegant stage effects, fair acting and a moderate display of enthusiasm contribute to success, the performance was successful. So far as good music, artistic singing, genuine humor and a proper regard for decency constitute success, it was a wretched failure.

The text of the *Grand Duchess* is fresh, original, witty and amusing; *La Belle Helene* does not contain a witty passage, and has neither originality nor an excellent use of ancient material. Travesties of Grecian mythology are as old as the belief in Saturn, and not an age has passed since the ruin of that ancient faith, in which some humorist has not made the jolly old gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome the subject of banter and parody. Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy desired to write something funny upon which Offenbach could exercise his talent. Their selection of a purely classical subject does not argue anything for their inventive talent. It simply proves that they were stranded upon the shoal which catches all wits who float in shallow waters; and they only sang through a shell that has for ages been set for the same tune.

There *is* something intrinsically absurd in a conception of the mighty Agamemnon with a cigar in his mouth; of King Menelaus coming in upon the accommodation train with his hat-box and umbrella; of Ajax guessing a conundrum; of Orestes securing reserved seats for the sacrifice; of Achilles bathing in modern costume in the surf; of a soothsayer making a collection of stamps for his album. This is funny, because it contains that essential element of all humor, utter incongruity. But what if we become so familiar with utterly incongruous things that they lose their peculiar distinction and consequently their humor? All this has been done before; the association of very ancient men and women with modern ideas, customs and things, is robbed of nearly all its amazing and startling characteristics by the frequency with which it is attempted. The incongruity has lost its savor. We could not be induced to laugh now at the spectacle of Julius Cæsar in a high hat; or of Hercules engaging in a prize-fight with bottle and sponge. And this second-hand humor is the only kind that is contained in the libretto of *La Belle Helene*. The text is a burlesque upon the story of the flight of Helen with Paris in consequence of the award of Venus, giving him the most beautiful woman in the world. Mlle. Tostée in this latter character constituted the most consummate parody in the whole entertainment.

The acting was very good, but it was not in any degree better than that which can be seen at any first rate minstrel entertainment; and it was precisely the same in kind. The Ajax First of last night would make a successful "end man," and Agamemnon would rise to eminence as a "conversationalist." The minstrel companies produce scores of burlesques yearly that are more original, and infinitely more amusing than this one is; and their music is better. *La Belle Helene* does not contain an air, or a chorus, or a concerted piece of any kind, that is as sweet, or as beautiful as the vast multitude of songs that negro minstrelsy has given to the world. Not one of the melodies sung last night was worthy of an *encore*. Indeed, but one hearty *encore* was given, and that was awarded to Mlle. Tostée, who was compelled to sing a little aria in the second act three times over. And what was it that excited the enthusiasm of a Philadelphia audience to such a degree that the actress was vehemently applauded; that masses of flowers were showered upon her, and that she was required to repeat? It was not the music, for that is beneath contempt. It was that Mlle. Tostée, dressed as *La Belle Helene* would have blushed to have been attired, indulged in a queer trick of lifting her gaiter from the stage and twisting it oddly over her left leg. It was *not funny*, it was *vulgar and coarse*. It had a slangy, Jakey air about it, which, with a peculiar movement of her body—something between a shake and a shrug—seemed to afford intense amusement to the male portion of the audience. The fact is discreditable alike to the person who executed the movement and to those who applauded it.

Mlle. Tostée succeeds in this country simply because she does coarse things in a rakish way, to which, happily, we are not accustomed. It is not her talent that wins popularity for her; it is the boldness with which she transplants the tricks of the Concert Saloon to the stage of the Academies. This was the only really objectionable thing in the whole performance, if we except the occasional *double entendres* in the text of the opera. But the translator is a careful man, and he has purified the English version so that it does not in any great measure offend Anglo Saxon taste.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Farewell, Aristeus. 2. G to *g*. "*Orpheus.*" 30

Neath the broad shade. 2. G major and minor to *g*. "*Orpheus.*" 35

O, nothing can exceed my woe. 2. G to e. " 30

To captivate the proud Alemena. 3, G to f sharp. "*Orpheus.*" 30

Come, it is honor. 3. E flat to F. Duet. " 60

Since love has set my heart. 3. F to *a*. " 30

Six pretty airs from "Orpheus," which is a clever mythological burlesque. The second is a charming pastoral, and the third one of Diana's spirited hunting songs. The petty spite of the lesser gods and goddesses is well taken off in the fourth, and the fifth is a comical duet between the personification of Public Opinion and Orpheus, who unwillingly descends to the Shades for his wife, "Since love" and "Aristeus," are also pretty airs.

Awake, love, awake. Serenade for 1 or 4 voices. *White.* 80

It is a point of the first importance, in a serenade for the *serenadee* to be awake, and especially desirable when such fine music is to succeed the arousing.

King Cash. Comic. 2. F to f. *Howard Paul.* 30

I've got a new beau. 2. A to e. 30

Charming gay Quadroon. 2. C to *g*. *Newcomb.* 30

On the beach at Newport. 3. A to f sharp. *Stanfield* 30

Four pleasing comic songs, of which the first has most substance, and the others are very pretty trifles to sing.

Instrumental.

Sabre Song. Transcription. 4. D. *B. Richards.* 40

Dites Lui. " 3. E. " 40

Nymphs of the Fountain. Caprice. F sharp and G flat. 4. *B. Richards.* 30

Three beauties by Richards, who wears well as a composer. Do not be frightened at the key of the last, as the music fits very easily to the fingers.

Feu-follet. (Fire-fly). 5. G flat. *Prudent.* 70

Quite beautiful, in a rich, warbling, melodious style, and quite original. Good exhibition piece.

Golden Wedding Waltz. 2. C and G. *Turner.* 30

Something in the style of the "Fairy Wedding Waltz."

Corn-flower Waltz. 4 hands. 3. G. *Russell.* 30

Well-known and a great favorite.

Postillion. Variations. 4 hands. 3. D.

Brilliant, and good practice.

Forget-me-not Waltzes. 3. F. *Standhaft.* 75

Very mellow and sweet music.

Deuxieme Nocturne. 4. D flat. *Leybach.*

A fine melody, skilfully interspersed with runs, trills, and arpeggios.

Rose-bud Nocturne. 3. E flat. *Turner.* 30

Pond Lilies. Schottische. 2. B flat. *Fernald.* 30

Brilliant.

Books.

Carmina Collegensia. A complete collection of the Songs of American Colleges. Cl. $2.25

By H. R. Waite Full gilt, 3.00

Contains about 350 wide awake College Songs, nearly all accompanied with music, and is the most complete collection extant. A splendid book, and will circulate far outside the walls of Universities. Twenty-one colleges contribute to its contents.

Abbreviations. Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 709. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 6.

Longfellow.

[Longfellow sails to-morrow from New York in the steamer "Russia" for Europe. The following tribute was read a few evenings ago at a private farewell dinner to the Poet, and we have obtained from its author permission to give it publicity, feeling that the sentiment it embodies is that of our whole country.—*Daily Advertiser, May 26*].

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach,
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathest brough our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find,—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind,—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

O. W. H.

Bach's Passion Music at the Pantheon in Paris.

[At last, for the first time, Bach's "*Passions-musik*" (i.e. the first part of it) has found a hearing and has actually awakened enthusiasm in Paris. We translate from *Le Menestrel* of May 10].

Here surely is a courageous and noble enterprise, which does honor to all who have borne part either in the project, or the permission or the execution.

The Clergy of Sainte Genevieve (the Panthéon), in allowing the monument reared by Soufflot to be used for the performance of masterworks of religious art, add to its primitive destination another more beautiful than that which was given to it by the Constituant Assembly in 1791 and by the government of July, when they decided that this Christian temple should be closed, to become a burial place for great men.

The Panthéon is re-opened, but no longer as a cold sepulchre, pompously certifying to the emptiness of human grandeurs; it becomes a new sanctuary, where the great men, who have deposited their genius in their works, shall continue to live and commune with their fellow beings by the power of Art, that divine fire which they have not snatched from heaven, like the Titan of the fable, but which they have received at birth from the munificence of the Creator.

We are not of those who will condemn this hospitality accorded by Religion to Art.

What more natural than to sing the divine mysteries in the very place where they are celebrated? Why should not the house of God serve for the works of artists who have placed their genius at the service of the faith, and for the executants who consecrate their talent to the interpretation of those works?

This good will of the clergy has rendered possible the foundation of the *Société des Oratorios*, by placing at its disposal a vast *locale*, which, if it does not possess ideal acoustic qualities, has at least the merit of lending itself by its form to the requirements of great choral performances. We welcome it the more, because this new institution, as we hope, will fill a most strange void in so eclectic a country as France. What! we profess admiration for the musicians of genius, and we have been living in complete ignorance of the works of Bach and Handel! In England, in Germany, in America, they perform their Oratorios every day, while in France, the most civilized nation of Europe, at Paris, the metropolis where all the glories of all countries come to get their sanction, we have had to admire the great choral works on trust and take the word of others as to their immortal worth!

Thanks to the new Oratorio Society, the important work of popularizing Art, begun by M. Pasdeloup (in his classical Orchestral Concerts) at the Cirque-Napoléon, is about to receive an indispensable complement. And here we render justice to M. Pasdeloup. One is sure of meeting him wherever there is a work of musical initiation to be accomplished; never does his courage recoil before the difficulties of an enterprise; his zeal is always ready to wave the torch of progress in the midst of the darkness spread around by routine and by apathy. This time again, in attacking at the outset the *Passion* of Bach, he has taken the bull resolutely by the horns. In placing on his first programme Handel by the side of the immortal John Sebastian, he at once brought the public in contact with the two giants of Oratorio.

It was not without a lively emotion that, on penetrating into the Panthéon on Thursday evening, we saw (imposing spectacle!) a gigantic platform built up at the further end of the church, adorned with 400 performers who were about to interpret the first part of the *Passion* according to St. Matthew, of Sebastian Bach, and Handel's *Ode to St. Cecilia*.

Never had such a sight struck our eyes before, and we could have believed we were assisting at one of those performances across the Channel or the Rhine, of which French musicians cannot hear without blushing for our relative inferiority. The middle of the platform was occupied by a numerous orchestra, placed between the two choirs which, in the work of Bach, held continual dialogue with one another. At the top of the platform, opposite the door of entrance, a great organ had been set up for the occasion. Below, on the right and on the left, two choirs of children, unfortunately too few in number, had been placed, partly to reinforce the sopranos and contraltos, partly to play a part independent of the two choral masses, as they did in the grand introductory chorus.

What can we say, after a single hearing, of Bach's *Passion* music, the work of a giant, which by a language that is austere and even rude, by its herculean structure, by its gigantic proportions, quite confounds our musical taste so flattered by the infinite subtleties, the caressing cajoleries, and the voluptuous refinements of modern art!

Here are no petty means, none of those fartetched effects of sonority, those contrasts of shade and color, destined to keep awake the attention of the hearer by flattering his nerves of sensation. The whole effect consists in the force musical invention properly speaking, in the correctness of expression, and in that power of conception wherewith the all-powerful musician manages, as if it were mere play, the complicated interlocking of several choral masses, often independent of each other, and of an orchestra which accompanies them, but without saying the same thing that they do.

The first chorus, in E minor, colossal portico of a colossal work, confounds one by the unparalleled grandeur and the masculine simplicity of style, at the same time that it startles by the power of combination which Bach there displays. In fact, while the second chorus mingle their voices with those of the first, uttering mournful exclamations, a third choir, of children, intone in unison a Choral, which stands out in relief against the different designs made by the orchestra and voices.

Unfortunately the weakness of the choir of children, and a certain confusion in the sonorous waves, injured the effect of this piece, to which no pendant could be found in the work of any musician.

This immense page, of an intensity of expression never surpassed, unrolls majestical and calm, like a mighty river flowing in a deep bed, without the noise of dashing waves, without tumultuous ebulition.

This grandeur, calm because it feels its force,

these simple processes of instrumentation, confound our ear habituated to the daintinesses of modern instrumentation and perverted by the abuses of the picturesque style. But is there nothing beautiful in nature but its crises, its freaks and violent convulsions? The livid tint of the walls of a crater, the sombre physiognomy of a stormy sky, the aspect of threatening clouds fringed by the rays of the moon, are poetic things no doubt; but the full light, the open country, the full life, in their harmony, their power, their every-day normal aspect, have not these their beauty likewise?

It is well known how Bach's *Passion* is conceived. The musician has followed step by step the text of the evangelist. The role of the narrator is taken by a tenor, that of Jesus by a barytone, that of Judas by a bass. Whenever, in the recital, the people or a collection of individuals take up the word, the simple or the double chorus intervenes. The text is frequently interrupted by pieces (choruses or airs) intended to express the sentiments which the recital of the *Passion* inspires in the Christian heart; outbursts of love and faith, sad reflections on ourselves in presence of the supreme sacrifice consummated by the infinite mercy:—such is the ordinary subject of these pieces, in which the musician reserves to himself the greatest liberty. Another musical element which traverses the recital and which, while lending variety to the work, causes the religious impression to predominate, is the Choral,—severe form, which consists of a vocal harmony in four parts, accompanied by the organ.

We remarked on Thursday that the organ was too prominent in the attack of these chorals and had at first to rally the somewhat hesitating voices. But when these had recovered their *aplomb*, and the organ, fading into the background, no longer attenuated their magic, the result was an incomparably grand effect.

In the midst of so great a number of pieces, all marked by the lion's grasp, it would be difficult on a first hearing, especially in the case of a work which snatches you away from all your habits and for which your temperament has to be made over as it were, not to let many beauties pass by unperceived. Among the passages which struck us most, we will cite the introductory chorus; most of the recitatives of Jesus, stamped with a force of expression and a nobility quite admirable; the recitative of the Alto with the accompaniment of two flutes, of which the final cadence is one of those godsends only possible with Bach; the Choral: *C'est la Brebis fidèle*, of which the melody, so touching and so natural, easily impresses itself upon the memory; and finally the explosion of indignation expressed by the author in the *vivace: And will not heaven's lightning smite them!*

The principal solos were well filled by Mme. Vandenheuven-Duprez, and Messrs. Faure and Bollaërt. Mme. Duprez executed this so dangerous music of Bach with that profound knowledge of the art of singing and that consummate style which allows her to essay all kinds of music with security. On his part, M. Faure sang the recitatives of Jesus with all his peculiar unction and with the exquisite art which he is known to possess. M. Bollaërt acquitted himself most honorably in the often ungrateful part of the narrator. This part, written in tones which sometimes overstep the ordinary range of the tenor voice, was rendered by M. Bollaërt with the skill of a consummate musician. We may add that the very characteristic *timbre* of his voice has a remarkable reach; throughout the vast length of the nave the sound reaches the hearer clear and pure, the faithful messenger of the word, which, with him, is never lost.

As to the other soloists, we praise the good will with which they associated themselves with an enterprise so worthy of an artist's sympathy. . . . M. Pasdeloup has shown a great authority in conducting this army of executants manœuvreing for the first time on a field so difficult. If the choruses had not that perfect unity of attack, that precision of ensemble boasted by our German neighbors, need we wonder? In truth the German mothers transmit to their children the knowledge of the works of Bach, at the age when French mothers teach their sons to recite the *Pater Noster*.

(Correspondence of London Musical World.)

You are aware that M. Pasdeloup, conductor of the "Popular Concerts" here, has founded a society called *La Société des Oratorios*. That he is determined to use his new institution to good purpose was proved on the 7th inst., when Bach's *Passion* (according to St. Matthew) was given in the Panthéon. The band and chorus numbered 400, and among the principals was M. Faure, who contributed in no small degree to the success of a performance, which must be looked upon as quite experimental in its character. The effect of the music was all that could have been wished by those who are most anxious for the advance of true art. Some of the critics, but more especially he of *L'Art Musicale*, have written quite excitedly about it. Here are one or two of Lacome's ejaculations: "What genius breathes in all this colossal conception! What astonishing development in the final chorus; not to speak of the magnificent introduction! What vigor! What clearness! And, in the simple melodies, what charming use of the orchestra!" Finally, Bach is pronounced "the great musician, the initiator, the man of all time." Clearly the world is moving on when John Sebastian, after being tried by his most elaborate work, is so spoken of in a French journal. That it moves towards this special development is one result of M. Pasdeloup's earnest labors. Baron Hausseman need be at no loss for the name of his next new street.

Mendelssohn's Letters to Baermann.*

V.

Berlin, Sept. 5, 1832.

Good evening, old Bärmann!

Now you ought to ask me where I have been for so long, and I ought to tell you that I have been so long away from you because I was obliged to go to London, and then to come on here, "and so we live merrily on." But properly I should first have thanked you for your pleasant, kind, circumstantial letter; it contained some rare nonsensical stuff, and had quite the flavor of some of our former expeditions. Pray don't take amiss my subsequent silence. I really had no time whatever for writing, and indeed I have none at this moment, but being this evening in my old Berlin room, where I have been pacing up and down feeling rather unwell, our jolly South German days suddenly recurred to my mind; so I must write to you, and ask how you are getting on, and beg you to send me a few lines. If you knew the pleasure it would give me, you would do so at once. Now pray, old fellow, let me hear from you, for I do long to know what you are about, and the whole of pretty Munich likewise. Would I were only there once more! then our happy days should be renewed. At present things look somewhat gloomy around me, and I have had rather a dismal, disagreeable time of it! You already know that I had an attack of cholera in Paris that very much weakened me. Since then I continue to suffer from my stomach and nerves, and no day do I feel quite well or cheerful; moreover, I have lost a great many of my nearest relations and friends; I heard of the last death only a fortnight ago, and all this has made me feel much depressed: a few gay and cheering words from you, therefore, would be doubly welcome, so you will write, I feel sure, knowing how I long to hear from you. No doubt you continue to live as tranquilly and comfortably as when I was with you. You write that there was a great deal of music at the Kerstorfs, but this is, of course, all at an end now: I little thought, when I saw the old gentleman in Paris, that he would so soon be taken from us. It is a terrible loss to his family; I really believe he had the best disposition of them all; but I trust, with this exception, there is no other void in the circle of my acquaintances. Is your wife's indisposition quite gone? You do not say what her ailment was. I rejoice much to hear that your son Carl is now an actual though not a titular Chamber Musician; no doubt he will get on well in the world—"like father, like son." The father, however, plays on the clarionet in a . . . . Here I omit a great many encomiums that might have made you, as well as your son, very conceited and inflated, whereas in your case nothing ought to be inflated but your cheeks in a *forte*.

I could not get your article into the French papers, not being acquainted with any of the editors, and I am at daggers drawn with their chief authority, Fétis; we do indeed hate each other heartily. Now, as he edits the only musical paper in Paris, and the others do not accept articles of the kind, I have translated it into English, and sent it to an editor in London, whom I know pretty well (Mr. Ayrton, of the "Harmonium"), and hope it may have the result you wish. But I fear that in England the proposal will not meet with the sympathy you expect, for there, as you are aware, they cling very much to things as they are, and are shy of any novelty, and for this reason their clarionet player, M. Willmann is all in all to them. Do you not think it would be wise to insert it in the papers here? Although I do not myself know the people, I could at all events manage to have it put in with some introductory words of commendation. They owe this indeed to themselves, for in Berlin every votary of the clarionet knows you; so I think far greater success might be looked for here. Write to me, then, whether I am to take any steps in the matter, and should you wish me to do so, send me a copy of your article, as I have left the former one in England. Tell me, too, a great deal about my pretty Munich girls: indisposed and out of sorts as I am to-day, and in spite of all the terribly cross looks I cast on my paper, I become somewhat more cheerful by even thinking of them. I should have liked much to see Therese in the black dress, her graceful figure must have looked charming in it; when you see her, give her many greetings from me, and if you don't see her, go on purpose to see her, and take them to her: you must pass her house every morning, whether or no. It would have been a pleasure to hear Delphine [von Schauroth] play; but no doubt the whole family are highly offended with me, for I have not been able to send a single letter. I began to write to her in Paris, finished the letter in London, and put it in the post, when, two days afterwards, it was returned to me because the postage, it appeared, was not properly paid. Since then I have made no further attempts. No doubt they will be very angry, but I have been all along in the worst possible humor for writing, as you will perceive by this letter, which is good for nothing, but if it brings an answer from you, it will be good enough! I am as surly as an old tom cat; I should like the whole world to be hanged. But in spite of my miseries, give my love to all pretty girls, among whom I include Margotti, Staudacher, Stunz, Poissl (Senior and Junior), Asch-

* From Nohl's collection of "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated by Lady Wallace.

er, Schulein, Horn, &c.; also to all dear friends and worthy men, among whom I include Mme. Vespermann, the Demoiselles Muller, Mme. Haydn, Delphine, and Therese. Remember me to Legrand, and the whole Hunsel family; don't on any account remember me to Chelard, but to your dear wife and sons instead, twice as often at least as they care to hear it. And now forgive this stupid letter, but answer it; so adieu! may you be well and happy, and wish for me that my cross mood may go far, far away! I do wish I were in Munich, but I cannot get off from here during the winter. Then, however, comes spring and I to you, I hope. Farewell!

Yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

VI.*

Berlin, Jan. 19, 1833.

Dear Bärmann,

I herewith send you the duet you bespoke. "None but a rogue will pretend to give more than he has." The title is:

GRAND DUO
COMMANDE PAR M. BAERMANN,
COMPOSE SUR UN THEME FAVORI DE M. BAERMANN,
POUR MADAME BAERMANN,
PAR
F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, ENTRE AUTRES.

for it might just as well be by any other different composer. At all events, do with it what you choose; if you cannot make use of it, alter it to suit your son, strike out and put in what you please, and make something good out of it, which means change it altogether. The following are my intentions: see the first movement, of which your theme forms the subject; my fancy painted to me Herr Stern after you had won all his money at whist, and he had flown into a passion (you will soon see him, give him my compliments); in the adagio, I wished to give you a retrospect of our last dinner at Heinrich Beer's, where I was obliged to compose it. The clarionet depicts my ardent yearnings, while the tremor of the Basset horn represents the grumbling of my stomach. The last movement is purposely kept cold, because you are going to Russia, where the temperature is supposed to be ditto. May Heaven protect you by furs! I do not send the piece for your son to-day for several reasons, the first being that it is not yet begun, and therefore is not yet finished; but I will set to work at it early to-morrow. I beg you will write me a few words from Konigsberg, to let me know your travelling route and your address, that, if necessary, I may forward the piece to you; for even if it were now ready, I should have to send it by the *diligence*, as it must be arranged with orchestral parts, which would cost heavy postage; besides, it would not reach you now. So write me everything minutely. At all events I will do it as quickly as I can. Since I wrote to you, nothing new has occurred here; in the political horizon alone we have an interesting novelty. Madame Beer has sent me a large sweet cake, and when I eat a piece of it, I always think of you, as it is so good that I should like you to taste it. How does Konigsberg look? *Kingly*, and *hilly*? Pray why did you so carefully conceal from me that you have such a pretty niece? If I had not gone to take leave of you I should not know it now. I was yesterday evening with Huhnel, who asked so much about you, and had so much to say about your amiability, that I could have wished you in the land where pepper grows, were you not luckily bound for the land where russia-leather grows. God forgive this miserable attempt at wit, but I really don't know what more to write to fill up the page.

I enclose a letter for my Russian pianist [Kohlreif], who is a capital fellow. Ask David, in Dorpat, where he lives, for I don't know. And now a kind farewell to both, and may God send His blessing on your cold journey, and may it be attended with success and good fortune. We shall, I hope, meet in Munich next autumn, at the time of the October festival and other jovial doings.

Yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

* From the autograph in the Royal State Library in Munich. Date, 1833.

Berlin, Jan. 19, 1833.

Dear Kohlreif,

A favorable opportunity offers to recall myself to your recollection, and to convey to you my good wishes. I beg to make you acquainted with a very dear friend of mine, the celebrated clarionet-player Barmann, of Munich, and I hope that you will receive him with all possible kindness. He is one of the best musicians I know; one of the few who carry everyone along with them, and who feel the true life and fire of music, and to whom music has become speech. And as I feel quite certain that his playing will enchant you, as much as it enchants me, and that it will be also a pleasure to you to become acquainted with such an amiable and kind-hearted man, I give him this letter to you, though I don't know how to address it. I hope it may reach you, and that you will make a great deal of music together, for he too must hear you play much and often.

The Wonders of Musical Criticism.—New Lights on the Festival.

The *Providence Journal* sent a critic to Boston to report of the Triennial Musical Festival, and a friend, kindly thoughtful for our amusement, has saved up and sent to us the whole budget of his letters. We propose to share the fun with our readers. The whole collection would be curious and pleasant reading, but we must limit ourselves to choice selections, beginning, by way of descriptive Overture, with the following bold sketch of

ALPINE SCENERY.

You give me so little space that I must skip all outside matters, and take you at once into Music Hall. I will not undertake to describe it; I will say only that when you have seated yourself in the first balcony opposite the stage, the impression you get is that of immensity. What contributed not a little to the effect in my case no doubt, was the vast ocean of human heads that I saw before me, all of which, by some law of contrast, looked to me remarkably small. Every square inch, up stairs and down, was covered with them. Vast indeed the hall that can contain, as this did, without overflowing, a full representation of all the beauty, fashion, wealth, intellect and refinement to be found within hundreds of miles of this, our great national metropolis of music.

Towering from the back ground of the stage rises the Great (rather the Grand) Organ; so colossal in its proportions that it seems quite close to you as you sit in the gallery at the opposite end; so close that you feel you can almost stretch out your hand and touch it. Its assemblage of huge and lofty pipes of silvery metal remind you of some gigantic glacier shooting up into the clouds from some Swiss *mer de glace*. Imagine how much this resemblance was heightened to-day by two Alpine slopes flanking the organ on either side, and covered with female singers innumerable, displaying of course all those lovely rainbow tints which make those Swiss sunsets so glorious. On the right (as you face the stage) the Contralto slope was surmounted by a sombre cloud of Basses, while on the left an equally dark cloud of Tenors crowned the slope of the Sopranos. The centre of the stage, at the foot of the Great Glacier, was covered with an orchestra of 115 musicians; a fit and proper frame work and support for the vocal orchestra above them of 747 singers.

SCHUMANN'S CONCERTO, &c.

This concerto, piano and orchestral parts, and all, is undoubtedly a very fine piece of music, and it is, therefore, with feelings of deep shame and humiliation, that I confess that I "didn't see it," nay, that I can't appreciate concertos at all at all. The great object of a concerto is not, like an overture, a symphony, or a sonata, to tell us a musical story, or to paint for us a musical picture, but to show off the powers of execution of the principal performer. While Miss Topp is exhibiting her pianistic skill on a Chickering grand, the splendid orchestra must play second fiddle to her, and restrict itself to a few faint chords [!] in support; and as to the interlocutory passages it throws in between the piano sweeps, they are too short to allow of the development of any musical idea. [!]

But I had better stop this style of talking, for it is decidedly unfashionable; though I will add, cost what it may, that as to Miss Topp's execution, I am so rustic as to fancy I have heard one or two Providence ladies play as well. [!!] One thing struck me as quite curious—Miss Topp carries her Chickering grand about with her in a brown bag! You may hesitate to believe it, but I saw it with my own eyes. Just before she made her appearance, a space was cleared on the stage, when enter four men, each carrying a piano leg. *Exeunt.*

Then enter five men, carrying Miss Topp's Chickering Grand, (the body of it,) tied up in a bag. The bag is opened, and out comes the piano, which is forthwith set upon its legs. This done, a tall young lady emerges from behind the curtain, skirting the foot of the stage, mounts the steps leading to the platform and seats herself at the piano; replies with one or two half nods to the repeated applause, and begins to play. As to the playing itself, I have told you all I mean to. My remarks about her toilet must be also very general. She was dressed in white, which shone through a gauzy cloud of blue. On her head was something of a pink color, whether a flower or a ribbon, deponent is not informed. Neither could I distinguish whether she was pretty or not, for we short-sighted mortals cannot, without opera-glasses, see anything distinctly from the front balcony of Music Hall to the foot of the Great Glacier. Her arms were bare, and were manifestly very thin. This argued that her coming deeds on the piano were not to be mere feats of strength, which I was very glad of, for though I admire muscular Christianity, I *don't* think muscular piano-playing is near as good.

The performance concluded, the artist slightly nodded in reply to the applause, and redescended to her subterranean apartment under the foot of the mountain. Thrice did great rounds of applause (not vociferous, but pediferous and manifferous) bring her for an instant, like an apparition, to the mouth of her den, into which, after a nod so short that it was more properly a *wink*, she disappeared again. But the audience persisting, a third round brought her to the piano again, at which she sat down and played a solo, which I liked better than the Concerto, for it had some unity and coherence.

[Unity in a Liszt *Rhapsody*, and none in Schumann's Concerto! That's good.—ED.]

The concert ended with Beethoven's celebrated Overture to Leonora, of which, hearing it for the first time, I can say nothing more instructive or edifying than that it was evidently very splendid music. In what this "splendor" particularly consists, I hope to be able to understand and explain at some future time.

L.

[The last remark is modest and commendable, for a critic. Observe it is signed "L," which we suppose stands for Live and Learn.]

A SCIENTIFIC OVERTURE.

The afternoon concert began with Mendelssohn's descriptive overture, headed in the programme, "Becalmed at Sea; a breeze; happy voyage; coming into port." Now I tried very hard, but could find nothing in the piece which was suggestive of any of these images in the slightest degree, except so far as the monotony of a calm at sea may be deemed to be expressed by a long stretch of monotonous music. The music, being by Mendelssohn, was, of course, very scientific, and finely instrumented; but if it have any striking beauties, they are not discoverable at a first hearing.

CONCERTOS AND THEIR MISSION.

As for the concerto for the violin, by Spohr, the object of which was to exhibit to us Carl Rosa's great powers of execution on that instrument, I stand by what I wrote you yesterday touching concertos in general; and hereby declare, instead of going personally to listen to one, I shall at all times be ready to accept the certificate of any good judge, who is also a reliable person, to the effect that he or she really possesses the powers in question. But concertos are very useful auxiliaries to the art of music, nay, absolutely indispensable to its progress. They, and they only, afford a suitable arena for the exhibition of artistic skill, and without the stimulus of such exhibitions, we could not expect musicians to devote the many years of constant study and toil required for the attainment of perfection of execution on their respective instruments; and without this perfection the assembling together of such an orchestra as is now delighting so many thousands in Music Hall would be an impossibility, and the great works of the great masters could therefore never be properly performed. The perfection of an orchestra depends on the individual perfection of each member of it; and just as horse races are useful (as is said) in improving the breed of horses, concertos, I take it, are necessary to the keeping up of a supply of good musicians.

WAGNER'S AND WEBER'S WEAKNESS,—GERMANISM.

Music Hall was closely packed at the Symphony

Con ert this afternoon. Wagner's overture of Tannhäuser had, of course, full justice done to it by the great orchestra. It is, no doubt, a grand composition, full of science and of splendid instrumentation; but its melodies, such as it has, are of too severe [!] a style to render it very attractive to those who, like myself, have not heard much German music.

I was disappointed in the Scena from Von Weber's Oberon, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," sung by Parepa. I could perceive nothing striking either in the song, or in the accompaniment. Perhaps this is an erroneous impression, which a number of hearings would remove. I should judge that Von Weber's genius was not very fruitful in that class [!!] of music, great as he was in other departments. But the lack of melodies of a kind to reach the popular heart, is the weak side of German music.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY.

! ! ! ! !

In these letters, I give you my honest impressions, whether right or wrong; and as nothing you can print in the *Daily Journal* can hurt the poor, deaf old gentleman's feelings (unless your paper is sometimes read by him in the other world—which is possible), I shall say about this celebrated Choral Symphony of Beethoven's what, very likely, I shall be hereafter ashamed of when I have progressed to a higher musical stand-point.

None of the movements in the orchestral parts, however plainly they may show the skilful maestro, have any striking beauties in them whatever. The Scherzo, with its light and sportive theme, awakes your attention at first; but it is so long drawn out, and receives such little variety of treatment, that after a while it becomes very monotonous, and you are glad when it stops. In fact, the whole orchestral part I found, on the whole, very wearying indeed. Several times I had great difficulty in keeping awake.

It was a great relief when the choral part was arrived at, of which I had great expectations. It opened with eight bars of a common-place theme, very much like Yankee Doodle, given out, andante, by the thirteen double basses in unison; then repeated by the ten violoncellos; then by the forty-two violins; and finally by the whole orchestra this time in full harmony. Up to this point, the massive effect of so many instruments in unison made the theme agreeable enough; but then burst in the voices with a sort of variation of it in semiquavers; and after that all trace of it was lost through the entire chorus, which was very long. As for this part of the famous Symphony, I regret to say that it appeared to be made up of the strange, the ludicrous, the abrupt, the ferocious, and the screechy, with the slightest possible admixture, here and there, of an intelligible melody. As for following the words printed in the programme, it was quite out of the question, and what all the noise was about, it was hard to form any idea. There was a constant struggle between the sopranos and the tenors, which should scream the highest, in which struggle, I have scarcely need to observe, the tenors came off decidedly second best. In fine, the general impression it left on me is that of a concert made up of Indian war-whoops and angry wild cats.

Now the most curious fact in connection with the subject is this, that, not connoisseurs only, but all those who have heard this Choral Symphony several times, concur in admiring it as one of the greatest triumphs of musical genius; and that such will undoubtedly be my own case after a certain number of hearings, provided I can persuade myself to submit to them.

Can there be a more forcible commentary than the above, on my proposition that great music must be studied to be appreciated?

Meanwhile, it is very evident that the heading of these letters would have more properly been, "A BŒOTIAN IN ATHENS."

(To be continued.

The Works of M. Auber.*

In a recent feuilleton of *La Presse*, M. Jouvin asserted that up to now M. Auber has produced thirty-eight operas. For a writer who has published a biography of the master, this is a slight mistake, since, if we calculate correctly, we shall find we have to credit the composer of *La Muette* and *Gustave* with forty-six works produced before the blaze of the footlights. It is true that, among them, there are four written in conjunction with other composers, and two which were only re-arrangements (though very important re-arrangements) of works already performed: for we know that *Marco Spada* and *Le Cheval de Bronze* were transferred from the stage of the Opera-Comique to that of the Opera. They all count, however, and ought to be included in the returns. However this may be, the following is the exact nominal list, as detailed as possible—such a list, in fact, as has never yet been given—of the works of M. Auber.

AT THE OPERA.

Vendôme en Espagne, opera in 3 acts, words by MM. Mennechet and Empis (music written conjointly with Hérold).—5th December, 1824.

La Muette de Portici, opera in 5 acts, words by Scribe and Germain Delavigne.—29th February, 1828.

Le Dieu et la Bayadère, ballet-opera in 2 acts, words by Scribe.—2nd October, 1830.

Le Philtre, opera in 2 acts, words by Scribe.—15th June, 1831.

Le Serment, ou les Faux Monnayeurs, opera in 3 acts, words by Scribe and Mazères.—1st October 1832.

Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué, opera in 5 acts, words by Scribe.—27th February, 1833.

Le Lac des Fées, opera in 5 acts, words by Scribe and Mélesville.—1st April, 1839.

L'Enfant Prodigue, opera in 5 acts, words by Scribe.—6th December, 1850.

Zerline, ou la Corbeille d'Oranges, opera in 3 acts, words by Scribe.—16th May, 1851.

Marco Spada, ballet in 3 acts and 5 tableaux, by M. Mazillier.—1st April, 1857.

Le Cheval de Bronze, ballet-opera in 4 acts, words by Scribe.—21st September, 1857.

AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Le Séjour militaire, 1 act, words by Bouilly.—27th February, 1813.

Le Testament et les Billet-doux, 1 act, words by De Planard.—18th September, 1819.

La Bergère châtelaine, 3 acts, words by De Planard.—27th January, 1820.

Emma, ou la Promesse imprudente, 3 acts, words by De Planard.—7th July, 1821.

Leicester, 3 acts, words by Scribe and Mélesville.—25th January, 1823.

La Neige, 3 acts, words by Scribe and Germain Delavigne.—9th October, 1823.

Le Concert à la Cour, 1 act, words by Scribe and Mélesville.—5th May, 1824.

Lécocadie, 3 acts, words by Scribe and Mélesville.—4th November, 1824.

Le Maçon, 3 acts, words by Scribe and Germain Delavigne.—3rd May, 1825.

Le Timide, ou le Nouveau Séducteur, 1 act, words by Scribe and Saintine.—2nd June, 1826.

Fiorella, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—28th November, 1826.

La Fiancée, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—10th January, 1829.

Fra Diavolo, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—8th January, 1830.

La Marquise de Brinvilliers, comic opera (?) in 3 acts, words by Scribe and Castil-Blaze (music written conjointly with Batton, Berton, Blangini, Boieldieu, Carafa, Cherubini, Hérold, and Paer).—31st October, 1831.

Lestocq, 4 acts, words by Scribe.—24th, May, 1834.

Le Cheval de Bronze, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—23rd March, 1835.

Actéon, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—23rd January, 1836.

Les Chaperons blancs, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—9th April, 1836.

L'Ambassadrice, 3 acts, words by Scribe and M. de Saint Georges—21st December, 1836.

Le Domino Noir, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—2nd December, 1837.

Zanetta, 3 acts, words by Scribe and M. de Saint Georges.—18th May, 1840.

Les Diamants de la Couronne,, 3 acts, words by Scribe and M. de Saint Georges.—6th March, 1841.

Le Duc d'Olonne, 3 acts, words by Scribe and Saintine.—4th February, 1842.

La Part du Diable, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—16th January, 1843.

La Sirène, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—26th March, 1844.

La Barcarolle, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—22nd April, 1845.

Haydée, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—28th December, 1847.

Marco-Spada, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—21st December, 1852.

Jenny Bell, 4 acts, words by Scribe.—2nd June, 1855.

Manon Lescaut, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—27th February, 1856.

La Circassienne, 3 acts, words by Scribe.—2nd February, 1861.

La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe, 3 acts and 6 tableaux, words by Scribe and M. de Saint Georges.—11th January, 1864.

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur, 3 acts, words by MM. D'Ennery and Cormon. 15th February, 1868.

AT THE OPERA NATIONAL.

Les Premiers Pas, opening prologue, in 1 act, words by MM. Gustave Waëz and Alphonse Roger (music written conjointly with Ad. Adam, Halévy, and M. Carafa).—15th November, 1847.

AT THE ODEON.

Les Trois Genres, opening prologue in 1 act, (to inaugurate a new management which performed opera, comedy, and vaudeville at this theatre) words by Dupaty, Scribe, and Planard (music written in conjunction with Boieldieu).—27th April, 1824.

How many reminiscences does the mere perusal of this list evoke, and cause to pass in review before our mind! How many successes, how many triumphs for the master are represented by the works whose titles, we may safely assert, are inscribed in letters of gold in the registers of our first theatres! How many great artists, too, pass in review before us simultaneously with the above brilliant titles! Many, alas! are no longer alive to see the splendor of the master's last glorious triumph; such are Ponchard, Féréol, Huet, Gavaudan, Chenard, Nourrit, Dabadie, Lemonnier, Mesdames Pradher, Ponchard, Rigaud, Desbrosses, Gavaudin, Joly, Saint-Aubin, Boulanger, Damoreau, Javureck, Lemonnier, Jenny Colon, Anna Thillon, etc. Others have retired from the arena, like Mad. Alboni, MM. Levasseur and Révial, or have taken to a different career, like Mlle. Fargueil, who has left opera for comedy. As for the latest on the roll, that is to say, those whom we all know, they are Roger, Couderc, Montaubry, Achard, Capoul, Sainte-Foy, Mme. Marie Cabel, Mlles. Marie Roze, Caroline Duprez, Lefebvre, Monrose, Cico, Belia, &c., &c. The fact is that during the period of more than half a century, which has elapsed since the performance of *Le Sejour militaire* to that of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, many generations have succeeded each other, but the master has remained firm and valiant, always young, always gay, and always smiling.

At the present day, it seems as though M. Auber had had a return of youth, as though he would re-ascend the stream of time, and as though he forgot everything to enjoy once again his *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, for such is the title of the work with which, at the age of eighty-six and upwards, he has once more appeared before the public!

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur! What a pretty thing, and how many sweet reminiscences it awakens in the minds of those who have never had any more like it! But this is not applicable to M. Auber, whose easy, tranquil life, enamelled with constantly recurring successes, has always glided along in the midst of perfect calm, without aught to trouble it any more than the pure and transparent crystal of a brook, flowing peacefully beneath roses.

Let us hope, then, that this *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, which resembles a gentle epigram addressed to the public, may not be the last, but, on the contrary, may be succeeded by many others.

The spoilt child of the Muse (the Muse of elegance, wit, and delicate feeling, who is not everybody's Muse by the way), M. Auber has always lived on good terms with her, and there is no reason for supposing that their friendly intimacy will soon cease.

As for the public, always delighted at being with him, M. Auber knows very well that he has nothing to apprehend from them, for whom the day which produces a work by the author of so many masterpieces, is a genuine, if not the First, Day of Happiness! ARTHUR POUGIN.

* From L' Art Musicale.

A fine work of art has been added to the attractions of the Chickerings on Broadway, in the shape of a beautiful life-sized marble bust of Liszt, executed for them by Thomas Ball, the famous Boston sculptor. As a work of art it will rank among the happiest of Mr. Ball's efforts. A more appropriate ornament for the place it occupies could not well be conceived.—*Eve. Post.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 6, 1868.

The Triennial Festival.

(Conclusion).

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 7.—"ST. PAUL."

For the first time the Music Hall was crowded. Strange that so grand a festival must reach the middle of its period before most people, music lovers too, begin to realize their opportunities! But this is not owing really to indifference,—think how readily and solidly the Festival was guarantied; it is rather because life here is so full, so active, so preoccupied, and in good part with things well worth the while; if it takes time to make the current set toward a point to which in our hearts we have been eagerly looking forward, it is not that we do not care about it, but it is because we are so engaged in earnest, interesting talk with A, that B's turn comes a little late. In such a community, and just in proportion to intellectual, moral and æsthetic culture, the programme of the days grows rich, and it is not so easy to pass punctually from each attractive number to the next. But from this point of the Festival it was full tide to the end.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is the one important gain to the repertoire of the Handel and Haydn Society since the last Festival. It was timidly approached at first; many times it was talked of, looked at, tried a little, and then put back on the shelf again. But once taken up in earnest, it got a great hold on the singers, and in each successive performance it made a deep impression on the public. This time, the deepest of all; for it was in truth a magnificent performance of an essentially great, artistic, deep, religious work,—Mendelssohn's greatest in that kind, we are convinced; an Oratorio worthy to be grouped with the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, and Bach's *Passion music*, from which last especially it derives its general plan of treatment (the narrative recitative, the introduction of Chorals, &c.) and not a little of its inspiration. It was one of the best possible selections for this Festival, and we indulge the hope that it will prove a stepping stone to Bach himself.

The solo parts in "St. Paul" were all creditable. Miss HOUSTON had the trying responsibility of all the soprano portions. A little tremulous and nervous, especially now and then in the attack of a passage or a phrase of recitative, her voice was mostly clear and telling and sympathetic; she feels the music, loses herself in the spirit of her song, as many surer and more largely furnished singers do not; and her rendering of the air "Jerusalem" was full of fervor and of beauty. Mrs. CARY, whom in unaffected truth and simplicity of expression, and in fineness of musical nature, we place above all the contralto singers that we know, while her voice, though not heavy, is of the sweetest and warmest, and her style tasteful and artistic, sang the *Arioso*: "But the Lord is mindful," in her best manner, winning a unanimous encore. To our feeling, there was no better piece of singing in the Festival; and this one little piece, besides some four bars later in a quartet, was all that fell to her lot during the whole week. Another time we hope to hear more of her. Mr. SIMPSON, sweet and clear, but somewhat tame, in the tenor recitatives, sang his principal aria: "Be thou faithful unto death," admirably, and was obliged to repeat it. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN has not wholly overcome the hardness of his voice; it is not so mellow as Mr. Whitney's, but the care and accuracy, the intelligent conception and artistic style with which he rendered the music of St. Paul, was worthy of high praise.

For the rest, it is not easy for us, having so many times spoken of this Oratorio, to go into particulars; but we are happy to borrow from one of the New York reports of our Festival (*Watson's Art Journal*) what chimes with our own estimate both of the work and the performance:

If we judge *St. Paul* as to its status among the great Oratorio works, we should place it the foremost of Mendelssohn's sacred compositions, and next to the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, in elevation of thought, grandness of conception, and in its somewhat strict adherence to the sacred rather than the dramatic form. It deals wholly with the religious sentiment; it is an invitation to, and a declaration of, Faith; it is an offering to the goodness and the greatness of the Creator—a confession of His power—and points to the reward of those who dare and suffer for His sake. It has greater gravity and more repose than *Elijah*; it leans less to the human than to the divine element, and it speaks in a higher vein of prophetic utterance. For these reasons, it will be readily understood that *St. Paul* will never be as popular with the masses as *Elijah*. Still the standard position of Mendelssohn in the world of Art will unquestionably be gauged by his greatest work, *St. Paul*. In the regions of fancy his position will never be questioned, for his refined, exquisite, fairy-like creations can hardly be paralleled—they can only be compared by each other; but of his several great sacred works each will always have its set of enthusiastic admirers, who will stoutly defend its preeminence over all others. Still, we believe that the verdict of posterity will accord the glory of Mendelssohn's career to his grandest inspiration, *St. Paul*.

There is an infinite variety in the choruses of this work, and their leading characteristics are marked with rare skill by the composer. Contrast the massive, dignified and inspired sentiment of the choruses, "Lord! thou alone art God," "O great is the depth of the riches of Wisdom," "The Lord he is good," "The Nations are now the Lord's," "But our God abideth in Heaven," "Rise up, arise! rise and shine," and "Not only unto Him," with those wonderful dramatic choruses where the infuriate masses of unbelievers rise up in their wrath and cry tumultuously for vengeance, such as "Now this man ceaseth not," "Take him away," "Stone him to death," "This is Jehovah's Temple." No clearer evidence of the comprehensiveness of Mendelssohn's genius can be required; or, if there should be something yet wanted to complete the range, compare with the above and with themselves the exquisite tenderness of those Christian choruses, "Happy and blest are they who have endured," "O thou the true and only light," and "See what love hath the Father," with the glittering sensuousness of the choruses, "The Gods themselves as Mortals have descended," and "O be gracious, ye Immortals." In these the tone and sentiment are as opposed as the religious faith they illustrate, and in this power of musical characterization the composer of *St. Paul* stands on a level with the great master Handel. His *Elijah* is replete with evidence in support of our assertion.

Admitted that *St. Paul* is a great work, we must as candidly admit, that on this occasion its choral interpretation was in every respect worthy of its greatness. The masses of voices were well balanced; they had studied the work thoroughly; and there was a heartiness in their delivery which proved that they sang for the love of singing, and with the desire to sustain the reputation of the old and honored Handel and Haydn Society—a reputation which overshadows that of any other vocal organization in the country. Thus animated, the effectiveness of the singing may be imagined. Accustomed as we have become to hearing this splendid body of singers, the mighty volume of tone which burst forth at the words, "Lord! thou alone art God!" completely overwhelming us. In all great things there is a sense of sublimity, but different organizations are affected in different ways. A great mountain, a stupendous waterfall, the rolling thunder, the illimitable ocean, the vast prairie, have each their inner and outer relations and sympathetic affinities, which appeal to the imagination of the beholder, and are developed by the emotions of fear, awe or admiration; but the outburst of a great body of harmonious sound, where voices, instruments and the mighty organ, with its ponderous diapasons, combining, swelling and sustaining, mingle and pour outward a flood tide of triumphant song, sweeps the soul along with its impetuous current, and steeps it in a rapture, which is neither awe, nor fear, nor admiration, but is simply a sense of sublime perfection, sensuous and celestial, human and divine, which vibrates through every chord of the being, at once elevates and depresses, chains us to the earth and lifts us to the heavens, and whelms the soul with an affluence of emotion, which no word-painting can portray, and no heart can interpret to another heart.

The superb performance of this opening chorus, was but the initial number of a series of grand vocal efforts, which seemed to increase in intensity with the development of the work. In those strongly marked and emphatic choruses, "Take him away," "Stone him to death," &c., the spirit and the promptness of the singers were manifest; every point was taken up with decision, and the emphatic enunciation of the words gave a feeling of reality which is not often achieved by a chorus, however well it may be trained. It needs, besides training, an ambition to excel and a love for the work being done.

In the gentler choruses, such as "Happy and blest," "How lovely are the messengers," &c., other fine traits were displayed. The pianos were full, rich and soft; the great volume of sound was toned down to a gigantic whisper, and the current went as smoothly as though the multitude of voices were one voice, cultivated and directed by Art. In the grander choruses all these qualities were combined; and where all was so completely admirable, it is difficult to select one for special comment. The chorus, "O, great is the depth," which is unsurpassed in the majesty and grandeur of its movement, was sung with a power and weight which could hardly be surpassed; the same may be said of the first and last choruses of the second part, but probably the most impressive of all is that brilliant aspiration, "Rise up, arise!" which, after a movement of unspeakable majesty, culminates in that wonderful chorale, "Sleepers wake! a voice is calling!" In this, the highest excellence of choral singing was attained, and as the last notes of the warning trumpets died away and the voices sank into a whisper, the whole audience burst into a shout of applause which made the building ring, and still but faintly expressed the enthusiasm of the people. Mendelssohn never had better justice done to him in any part of the world; no finer voices ever joined to interpret his inspirations, and never did a more willing, earnest and conscientious body of singers meet together to perform a musical work. Heartily did we wish that New York could for once, hear what we heard that night, and at each oratorio during the Festival; for we are certain that it would awake it to a sense of its utter inferiority, and would shame it into the endeavor to achieve a similar result.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.—CONCERT.

The hall was crowded, for expectation was on tiptoe for Beethoven's Choral Symphony. This was preceded, for a first part, by Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture, brought out with superb power and breadth by that orchestra of 115 instruments; Weber's grand Scena from *Oberon*: "Ocean, thou mighty monster," to which PAREPA was entirely equal; and the two movements from the Unfinished Symphony in B minor of Schubert, which by their sweet, sad melody and occasional moments of grand symphonic power win more favor upon every hearing (this was the third or fourth time in Boston, and the rendering was perhaps as nearly perfect a piece of orchestral interpretation as the week afforded.

Then came what has been so generally and truly called the great event and climax of the Festival, the first entirely satisfactory performance in this country of the NINTH or "CHORAL" SYMPHONY. We had upon the whole a good performance of it last year in the Harvard concerts; but then Mr Zerrahn had only half as many violins and basses under his baton as now, and though they had rehearsed it thoroughly and entered into the spirit of it, volume and breadth were wanting; then, too, as in all former attempts, here or in New York, the quartet of solo singers were not equal to the frightful difficulties of their parts; the chorus, however, of some 300 select

voices, had studied it in earnest, until the music really inspired them, and the result was that the audience got a never to be forgotten glimpse of the meaning and the grandeur of that highest reach of Beethoven's creative genius, and the return of the 9th Symphony from year to year was rendered certain.

Now what we had in outline and in spirit *then*, this time we had both in spirit and complete embodiment; if that was the clearest foretaste hitherto, this was the full fruition. The Ninth at last was realized. Thanks to the fervent co operation of that noble orchestra,—that chorus of 700 voices, who had become so well *einstudirt* (as the Germans say) into the music that it lifted them above themselves, so that they sustained themselves at giddy heights of song where mortal singers ordinarily are soon made breathless,—that quartet of soli (Mme. Rosa, Miss Phillipps, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Rudolphsen), the first competent one it ever had in this country,—and above all of Carl Zerrahn's all-animating earnestness and calm control as master spirit of the whole preparation and achievement,—this vast, perplexing, much disputed, and in truth exceptional production of the deaf composer, about which not only musical publics at large but even musicians of high standing have been sceptical, was felt, confessed, almost unanimously, at its full worth.

The three instrumental movements were wonderfully well brought out. No weakness this time in the first violins, no poverty of tone in the middle strings, no mere faint outlining of the 'cello part so all important, no lack of mass and weight in double basses; so that the void of rustling empty fifths in the beginning, and the blinding force of the stern Fate theme that cleaves through it, and the stormy working out of this relentless theme, with such commotion of the nether elements, toward the end of the Allegro, were palpable in general bearings and details; while the doubling of the usual pairs of reeds, flutes, horns, &c., made it easy to show all the warmth and beauty of those pleading human strains, in which a sweeter solution of the now dark life struggle is promised, and a hint, a germ of the final "Joy" tune is thrown out if we did but know it.

The uncontainable merriment of the Scherzo, the shaking off of the shadow for a time (vainly, yet it is wonderful how long and exquisitely the humor and the strength hold out!), simply forgetting it in pastoral gayety and healthy tingling life in all the senses, with the delightful toying of bassoon and oboe in the Trio, was all clear, elastic, lifesome, fine. And then the heavenly Adagio, where the tones of the first chord drop in one by one like musical rain from heaven, and the choral theme, with the alternating 3-4 strain so rich and deep in feeling, is varied with such subtle, fine divisions,—the whole air electric with those *pizzicato* sparks given out by now one now another set of strings, as if possessed, enchanted by the theme, until the slow, good-natured horn itself becomes inspired and soars into a florid, eloquent cadenza,—did it not hold the souls of all that listened poised in upper air, a blissful, serene, spiritual element, a moment of eternity!

But neither the struggle of the strong will, nor childlike abandonment to the simple joy of living, nor spiritual reverie, however high and holy, avails to solve the problem. Hence the second part of the Symphony. The wild, fierce *agitato* of the orchestra cries out in anguish for the solution, and the dozen double-basses with the 'cellos (this time in perfect unison) almost *talk* in their recitative. The motives of the Allegro and Scherzo are recalled in turn; but the basses grimly, impatiently refuse comfort. The heavenly Adagio is touched; the answer is more gentle. But more yet is needed. The reeds sweetly hint the "Joy" tune; consentingly the basses take it up and hum it through in their low unison; other instruments steal in with graceful phrases of accompaniment; the tune takes possession of the whole orchestra and rings out in full harmony *tutti fortissimo*, subsiding to a sweet meditative cadence, before the theme, now found, is taken up for voices and instruments as has been all along intended. The *agitato* prelude is renewed, and this time the bass solo voice exhorts to cheerful song, to words of love and universal brotherhood, to Schiller's "Hymn to Joy." How it is sung, by alternate soli and full chorus, with what wondrous changes and surprises of rhythm and of modulation, and to what a sublime height all the voices soar and hold out on the long religious notes, where the thought of the "embrace of all the millions" leads to the felt presence of the Creator and the Father, while the whole air thrills with the vibration of the instruments, we need not tell, for we have written of it many times these twenty years. Suffice it to say, these 700 voices did do all that, did clearly, musically, brilliantly give out those arduous tones and firmly hold them out, did render all those trying passages and figures without blur or indecision; and that the clear, powerful soprano of Mme. Rosa, so all-sufficient and enduring, the strongly pronounced bass of Mr. Rudolphsen, mastering the difficulties of a part of such wide compass, and (though with less certainty) the two middle voices, less important, did achieve those solo passages, in which every quartet before has nearly broken down, even to that elaborate four part cadenza,—all so palpably and clearly that all felt the greatness of the music and were transported, filled with a realizing glorious sense of the sublime ideas of Schiller's Ode interpreted with all the heart and soul and genius of the musician, whose life-long highest aspiration (in his soul's secrecy and in his Art) found there the very text it wanted.

(Here the printer cuts us short).

Concerts of the Blind.

Those who attended either of the two concerts given a few weeks since by the pupils of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, must have been astonished by their musical proficiency. It has been generally known that music was a great resource to those deprived of sight, and most persons have had some vague idea that music has been largely taught and practised in this school especially; but few until those evenings knew precisely what that meant, or dreamed in what a real sense and to what a high degree they actually become musicians, capable of performing well in many ways, capable of learning long and complicated compositions *by note* and carrying it all surely in their memory, capable of teaching. What we then heard them do was not only good, remarkable, *for them*, as being blind; it challenges comparison in its several kinds with praised performances of professional singers and players who can see.

The first of these concerts, artistically the choicest, was at Chickering Hall, Monday evening, May 18, and was more in the nature of a chamber concert. It began with Bach's Concerto in D minor (1st movement) for three Pianos, Mr. Campbell, their teacher, presiding in the middle, a gentleman and lady pupil at the other instruments. This was played with perfect smoothness, clearness and *aplomb*, the entrance and conduct of the contrapuntal parts distinct, the accent musically true and nice. The concert closed with the Introduction and Allegro of Beethoven's first Symphony (ten hands on three pianos), several of the performers, of both sexes, being children, and this too went with good precision and ensemble, and the piece was well arranged. A lad of eleven played Bach's 1st Prelude (from the *Well-tempered Clavichord*) and a little Sonatina very neatly, interesting all by his sweet, intellectual face as well as by his music. Beethoven's first Sonata, in F, was played entire, with a good deal of fluency, by a young girl, who, to be sure, was not entirely self-possessed and even in her tempo, and had undertaken the quick movements at too fast a rate, but yet gave a most favorable impression of her ability. Another played very well a Slumber Song by Heller and a Song without Words by Mendelssohn. In place of another Bach Prelude, four young men, with cornets and tubas, played a couple of male part-songs; the first, by Mendelssohn, in excellent tune and style, the other hardly so well.

There were good specimens of singing too. One of the older pupils, who had figured in the three-piano pieces and in the brass part-songs, sang Stradella's Prayer: *Pietà Signore*, with a rich, well-trained baritone voice, and really good style and feeling; the influence of Mr. Wetherbee was seen there. A rosy, sweet-faced damsel, with a flexible soprano as sweet as her face sang "With verdure clad" acceptably, another blind young lady doing justice to the accompaniment. A young gentleman, with an agreeable, not powerful tenor, gave a fair rendering of Handel's "Total Eclipse." It was in truth a classical and charming concert, well worth one's evening in itself *as music*, but many times more interesting as coming from the blind!

The second concert, on a larger scale, on Thursday evening, May 21, was given at the Tremont Temple, which, though the night was stormy, was completely filled. Over a hundred performing pupils sat upon the stage. An Organ Concerto would have led off, but the organ being out of tune, besides the absence of the multifarious musician before mentioned, compelled a complete change of programme. First they all sang a Bach Choral, in four parts, with beautiful precision and with pure, well-blended tone; nothing harsh or coarse about it, but really a refined ensemble. The Beethoven Symphony piece for ten hands was played again, but the hall was less favorable for the players, who could not hear each other and, thus deprived of their only means of keeping perfectly together, did *hitchingly* and feebly that which went so well at Chickering's. What most astonished and delighted was the "Wedding March" and other things performed by the full Reed Band, of 30 pieces, in which beside the grown up pupils you saw boys of eleven or twelve doing their part bravely upon clarionets or tubas bigger than themselves. The composition of the band is capital, better than with most of our public bands; plenty of reeds and softer instruments; the trombones and bass tubas finely played; the whole effect in point of euphony, good tune, smooth execution, accent, and an instinctive avoidance of mere *noise*, would bear comparison with some of our famous bands. Indeed a certain gentleness, refinement, characterizes all the music of these blind; somehow an artistic spirit seems to have got possession of them. Is it because they have so admirable a leader in their blind teacher, Mr. Campbell, who not only keeps them always learning Bach and Beethoven (with also a great variety of lighter things), but takes them continually to all the classical concerts in Boston, exposing them to the influence of good music only and never any clap-trap? For formerly we thought the blind inclined to roughness in their speech and music; but here they have right education, and it is plain that they *love* music, that it becomes the medium of communion to their finer inner nature, and that they sing and play with a sincere enthusiasm, from the heart. The concert included a variety of vocal and instrumental pieces, all creditable, which we have not room to mention.

On both occasions striking instances were shown of the facility with which even the youngest pupils read from the embossed books (the Bible, Milton) and point out places on raised maps, solve complicated questions in arithmetic, &c. But what most astonished all was a single example which Mr. Campbell gave of the process by which they learn a piece of music,—never by *rote*, but always and entirely *by note*. It was just this: he dictated to the whole choir a musical sentence (8 or 12 measures) to be sung; having named the key and rhythm, he tells to the Sopranos the letter-name and length of every note or rest in every bar consecutively, once through and once only; the same to the Altos, Tenors, Basses; then marks the tempo and gives the word to sing; they have all carried their parts in their mind; and they sing the new piece in four-part harmony as accurately as good sight-singers from a book! Such culture of the memory, such sharpening of musical perception,—can it fail to make musicians? And may not all our music schools, even our "Conservatories," learn something from this blind teacher of the blind?

The School Festival.

The Regular Musical Exhibition (as it is now called) of the Public Schools of Boston, was held on Wednesday afternoon, May 20, at the Music Hall,—some two months earlier than has been the custom heretofore, and coming so closely upon the heels of the great Festival that it was not easy to give it all the attention we could wish. The occasion, however, was even more inspiring and more beautiful than ever, giving signal proof of the thorough, *bonâ fide* manner in which singing and the elements of music are now taught in our schools, and letting the fruits of the said teaching speak most eloquently for themselves, to the silencing (we trust) forever of the cavillers who have at this late hour endeavored to discredit it as a fantastic waste of time and money.

This time the Festival was purely musical, dissociated from the other ceremonies pertaining to the close of the school year, the presentation of medals, &c.; and what was truly a great improvement, there was no speech making; the lovely spectacle of the 1200 girls and boys arranged as usual on the stage, the sound of their fresh voices, and of the orchestra and organ, were rightly deemed a fair and glorious whole which spoken words could not improve upon, and which needed no interpreter besides its own appeal to eye and ear.

After an Organ introduction by J. B. Sharland, the very efficient teacher of singing in the Grammar Schools, Weber's Overture to *Oberon* was played by a good orchestra of some 40 instruments, which, as well as the whole concert, was conducted by Mr. Julius Eichberg, now the musical director in the Girls' High and Normal School. Then the beautiful Choral: "*Nun ruhen alle Wälder* (a sort of evening hymn), with Bach's harmony, was played over on the organ, and the 1200 children rose, prompt to an instant, and sang two English stanzas to it (beginning: "Now night comes softly stealing, Now wakes the deeper feeling") in unison, organ and orchestra supplying harmony. It was sung in perfect tune and time, with a free, firm, sweet, round quality of tone, in which every voice appeared to bear its part, and yet the ensemble was as one voice. To us it was by far the most impressive piece in the performance, and we never heard a choral in unison sung better. The only criticism we can make is, that it was all sung *forte*, the second stanza *fortissimo*, whereas the entire character of the words is soft and peaceful; we should have liked to hear a portion of it *pianissimo*—not easily produced, we know, but with so many voices how unspeakably beautiful!

A three-part song by Meyerbeer: "Thy flowery banks," and also two by Abt: "Our native land" and "Joys of Spring," with orchestral preludes and accompaniment, were nicely sung, the three parts telling quite distinctly. But we feel that these Abt pieces have not much more than a tame and sweetish character after such a Choral; Abt at best is commonplace and sentimental. Still less can we think the *Gloria* from Haydn's 1st Mass suited to this kind of performance. These things were never written for a great multitudinous chorus, but for an ordinary Cathedral choir. The greater the multitude of voices, the more thin intrinsically the music sounds,—especially with the four parts reduced to three, the bass taking refuge among the instruments,—and then, another drawback, English words. There were quick running passages in which the army of young songsters could not outline the figure cleanly, and therefore could not avoid discord. Instead of this number we would far rather have heard another Choral. And when a *Bach* Choral is proposed, can we not get so far as to have what actually is Bach's part in it (the harmony, and not the tune) *sung*, as well as played. Suppose, for instance, that a moderate quota of tenors and basses be provided, to make up, with a select portion of the young sopranos and altos, a four-part choir; let one stanza of the Choral be sung by the 1200 in unison, with accompaniment, full and strong; and then let the following stanza, like a celestial answer, be taken up by the select choir in Bach's four-part harmony, without accompaniment. We are sure, if this were done, that both the children and the audience would hear several Chorals upon such occasions, and would soon love them better than the Catholic *Gloria*s and the Abt songs.

After a short intermission,—in the course of which Mr. Munroe put the children through a few of the first steps in his course of "Vocal Gymnastics," to which they owe the admirable unity and military precision of their movements, as well as the marked improvement in the bringing out of their voices,—the Overture to *Don Giovanni* was played by the orchestra, and then an Easter Hymn, in three parts, by Abt, was finely sung by about 150 members of the Girl's High and Normal School. This was followed by a fascinating part-song of Hatton's, "The Wood Thrush," in which the full choir alternated with first the Altos, then the Sopranos of the Normal School answering *en masse* as soli. This fresh, melodious strain could not escape repetition. And still more warmly was that insisted on in the case of the next piece, an exquisite three-part song by Rossini: "Wake, gentle zephyr," sung by the whole choir, and much the most impressive of the pieces sung in parts.—The Old Hundredth Psalm, the audience joining in the last stanza, closed this most interesting occasion, which we have only room now to chronicle, hoping ere long to return to the subject of music in the schools.

Musical Festival in New York.

The second Grand Musical Festival, under the direction of Mr. L. F. Harrison, commenced on Monday evening, the 18th inst., at Steinway Hall. A large audience attended, in defiance of the bad weather—defiance of which is very needful in these days. The opening oratorio was Handel's "Messiah." The chorus consisted of about *two hundred* singers, members of the New York Harmonic Society. Mr. Edward J. Connolly presided at the organ. The solos were sung by Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. George Simpson, and Mr. J. R. Thomas. The orchestra numbered some *forty* performers. The whole was under the direction of Mr. F. L. Ritter. The New York Harmonic Society is (or ought to be) thoroughly familiar with the "Messiah." They have of late performed it from two to three times each year. The judgment to be pronounced on the present performance must, therefore, be based on the well known fact that the society has had ample opportunity to conquer the difficulties of this work. We regret to say the performance was in no wise equal to the previous performances of this society. There was an unusual uncertainty in the choruses, the motivos not being delivered with any precision.

[The above is from the *Weekly Review*; we let a Correspondent, with whose opinions we are far from *always* agreeing, continue the narrative].

Mr. Ritter, whom we all acknowledge to be one of our most able and learned musicians, has not the elements which combine to form the masterful leader of an orchestra. He seems uncertain of himself and the forces under his charge, and uncertainty and want of confidence are fatal to success.

The 2nd concert took place last evening, with this programme:

Suite No. 3, D . . . . . Bach.
Aria, "Let the bright seraphim" . . . Handel
Mme. Parepa-Rosa (Trumpet obbligato, Mr. Dietz)
Reformation Symphony (1830) . . . . Mendelssohn
Overture, Leonora, No. 3 . . . . . Beethoven.
Aria, "The Bird and the Maiden" . . . . . Spohr.
Mme. Rosa (Flute obbligato, Mr. Eben.
24 part of Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo & Juliet." Berlioz

The Bach *Suite*, which Mr. Thomas gave us at his 1st Symphony Soirée last October, is very quaint and very charming, and made a most favorable impression; indeed, the audience almost insisted upon encoring the last movement, a sprightly *Gavotte*, written in a most fanciful and captivating vein.

Mme. Parepa was in possession of her full powers *this* time (if not in the *Messiah*) and her clear, earnest performance of the Handel aria brought down such a storm of applause that an encore was a matter of course. She was also recalled in her second selection, Spohr's "Bird and Maiden."

Of course public curiosity has been very much excited (in musical circles) with regard to the "Reformation Symphony" and the audience was very attentive while it progressed. My own impression of the work is that, while it abounds in beautiful passages and effects which are characteristic of the author, it will scarcely add to the renown of Mendelssohn. To me the first movement is the most attractive, inasmuch as it is strong and full of purpose. The 2d movement, although melodious and *pretty*, seems somewhat tame and weak; this was tumultuously encored. As a whole, the Symphony suffered from coming after the *Suite*, which unquestionably dwarfed it. The *Leonora* Overture was better played than any of the orchestral selections, possibly because it is more familiar. The orchestra numbered 80, and was under the very able direction of Mr. Theo. Thomas.

On Wednesday evening we had the "Elijah," in which the solos were taken by Miss Brainerd, Miss Hutchings, Mr. Simpson and Mr. J. R. Thomas. This performance was not quite such a butchery as that of March 19th, but it was far from being excellent. The choruses were decidedly the best portions of the entertainment: the solos were, however, quite unsatisfactory. Mr. Thomas's voice was not displayed to advantage in his part, and the aria, "Is not his word like a fire," was very inaccurate and faulty. Miss Hutchings has the merit of singing with care, and pronouncing her words with distinctness; yet her voice is destitute of expression and of sympathetic quality. Mr. Simpson improved upon his efforts on Monday evening, and really did well in the aria, "If with all your hearts." Miss Brainerd exhibited a very noticeable tendency toward singing sharp, and many of her high notes were struck with uncertainty; indeed, in the "Angel Trio" she led the two other voices from the original key of D into E flat, a semitone higher. The Trio was encored by a not too discriminating audience, *and the same result occurred again*: when the orchestra and chorus came in on *D* (in the next number) the effect was peculiar! Two choruses were excellently done, viz.: "He, watching over Israel" and "Behold, God the Lord passed by." Mr. Ritter conducted.

Concert No. 4 occurred on Thursday evening, and was mostly symphonic in character. Mr. S. B. Mills and Miss Maria Brainard were the soloists, and the programme was this:

Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" . . Wagner.
Second Aria, "Infelice," Op. 34 . . . . . Mendelssohn.
Miss Brainerd
1st movement from P. F. Concerto, Op. 21 . . Chopin.
Mr. Mills.
Ave Maria, a Duet to Bach's 1st Prelude. . Gounod.
Miss Brainerd
Mephisto Waltz . . . . . Liszt.
6th Symphony, Pastorale . . . . . Beethoven.

The Wagner "Vorspiel," so full of power and grandeur, was perhaps better played than any of the other orchestral selections, not excepting the lovely Pastoral Symphony, in which the chief fault of performance was the *dawdling* of the somewhat prolix Allegretto (2d movement). Curiously, the bizarre "Mephisto" Waltz seemed very acceptable to the audience.

Mr. Mills has often played in public the 2d and 3d movements of the 2d Chopin Concerto (really written before the one usually denominated No. 1), but has almost always omitted the 1st. This omission he supplied on Thursday evening, but did not do himself justice: there was a very unusual and incomprehensible "muddiness" about many of the rapid passages, and much of his phrasing was weak. For an encore he played a lovely *Etude* by Chopin, in C sharp minor, and did it admirably.

The *Ave Maria*, arranged for soprano, violin, organ, piano and orchestra, was a decided success and was very warmly encored: there was a little difficulty just at the commencement, where the organist

seemed to be at fault. Mr. Thomas was obliged to suspend operations and begin again, and then every thing went smoothly.

On Friday evening came Haydn's "Creation," with Mme. Parepa, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas as soloists. In this instance, reversing the Wednesday evening order of things, the solos were far better than the chorus, which latter were poorly done. Of course Mme. Parepa was superb in "With verdure clad." The audience was immense. Quite a neat little effect was produced by the lighting of the large "sun-burners" in the ceiling just at the words "And there was light;" the sudden change to brightness from previous dimness was really startling. [? !]

On Saturday afternoon there was a matinée of which the principal attractions were these:

2 movements from unfinished Symphony.....Schubert.
Violin Concerto, op. 64 (Wenzel Kopta).....Mendelssohn.
Overture, "St John the Baptist".....G. W. Morgan.

The Schubert fragments need no encomium; the two movements have been several times played this winter and have grown steadily in our liking. The Mendelssohn Concerto, which has long been the *cheval de bataille* of aspiring violinists, was performed (that is to say, two movements, commencing with the lovely Andante) not very excellently by Mr. Kopta; he was too nervous, hurried the time of the last movement, and seemed generally unsettled with regard to the proper tempo. The orchestra was, similarly, uncertain as to what he intended, and the result was a confused and *hitchy* performance.

Mr. Morgan's Overture to "John the Baptist" (Mr. M. is said to have an Oratorio of that name in the works) is quite good and, making no pretence at absolute originality, is enjoyable and agreeable to hear. Mr. Colby presided at the organ, and the Overture was conducted by Mr. Morgan himself.

There were some miscellaneous pieces. Mme. Parepa sang two solos and Mr. Bartlett did likewise, the former acceptably and the latter not exactly so.

The Festival (nominally) terminated with a grand orchestral concert on Saturday evening, of which these were the interesting features:

Introduction to 3d Act of Medea.....Cherubini.
Symphony, A major.....F. L. Ritter.
Concerto (pianoforte).....Henselt.
I. H. Pattison.
Symphony, "Wellington's Victory".....Beethoven.
Overture, "Semiramide".....Rossini.

Beethoven's so-called "Symphony" is interesting as a curiosity, but in no other way. Of course the combination of orchestra, two military bands (one playing "Rule Britannia," and the other "*Marlborough se va-t-en guerre*," from which is taken the familiar song "We won't go home till morning"), a drum corps and a squad of "Caledonian pipers," could not fail to please a general audience, but I could find no enjoyment in hearing it.

Mr. Pattison displayed his great dexterity of finger and the good qualities of an exceedingly full-toned Steinway grand in his neat performance of Henselt's extremely uninteresting and rambling Concerto. Mrs. Abbott and Mr. Hill contributed two solos each in a style seemingly acceptable to the audience. Mr. Hill made quite a "spread" in the "Marseillaise Hymn" which he evidently selected as his solo for the purpose of displaying a very good and praiseworthy B flat.

And now for the best thing in the programme, Mr. Ritter's Symphony. Those orchestral works which he had already given to the world had not prepossessed me in his favor, and therefore I was the more agreeably surprised to find that this Symphony is a work of very great ability. There are, it is true, traces of Mendelssohn to be found in it; for instance the theme of the 1st movement reminds one of the same in the Italian Symphony; the Minuetto or rather its Trio is almost exactly similar in treatment to the "horn Trio" in the "Italian," and the Andante (in its opening bars) is very like the duet in "Elijah," "Bow down thine ear to our prayer." Therefore we do not find Mr. Ritter's work a wholly and entirely original one; yet it is unquestionably the most complete and most thoroughly fine symphonic composition which has ever been written on this side of the Atlantic. The Minuetto with its Trio proved so attractive that it was encored; and throughout the whole work the applause was very general, emphatic and even demonstrative. Mr. Ritter has cut a deep notch high up on the pillar of Fame; it is for him to use it as a vantage ground for reaching higher; it is for us to acknowledge his undoubted merits and ability; it is not impossible that he may be the "coming composer," whose advent we so anxiously await.

Notwithstanding the villainous weather which has prevailed during the week, the audiences have been encouragingly large, and Mr. Harrison is entitled to the warmest thanks of the music-loving public for furnishing so much good music for so reasonable a price [the tickets were $5 for the series of seven concerts]. F.

On Sunday evening (May 24) there was an *extra* concert, of which the *Tribune* says:

It commenced with Schumann's lovely Symphony in D minor, No. 4, a composition abounding in characteristic graces and variety. Mme. Rosa sang Beethoven's noble aria, "*Ah perfido*," which is not only excellent in itself, but well-suited to display the best qualities of her voice and style; in the introductory scena, the intensity to which she is capable of rising, and in the pathetic air proper the exquisite delicacy of her vocalization. Superb as this performance was, we regret to say that it was not received with half the applause that was wasted upon her rendering of Hullah's "The Storm," later in the evening—a song which is much better adapted to a bass than a soprano voice. Being recalled after this, she gave, in the most charming manner, Gounod's "Cradle Song," accompanied by her husband on the violin and Mr. Colby on the piano. Mr. Carl Rosa played Spohr's violin concerto in G major, No. 8, a good specimen of the broad and vigorous German school of which Spohr was the founder, and a piece moreover in which Mr. Rosa's feeling touch and conscientiousness are always keenly relished. Mr. Morgan followed with an organ solo, an arrangement of Benedict's well-known air, "By the Sad Sea Waves;" and then we had, for the first time in America, Reinecke's overture to "King Manfred," a meditative and intensely poetical work, containing some fine melody, and distinguished by a splendid broad treatment of the instruments which reminds us at times of Cherubini. The orchestra did it full justice, and we hope they will let us hear it often. Of Mr. A. H. Pease, and his new piano-forte concerto, of which the second and third movements were vouchsafed us last evening, there is little to be said. The second movement is a barcarole, rather pleasing, but not at all original, and much too long; the third, an *allegro con fuoco*, is trashy. What a blessed change was the *Struensee* music of Meyerbeer which followed it; the delicious church-like theme of the overture, repeated with the countless orchestral combinations, all rich and striking, in which Meyerbeer's genius was so prolific; the grand arrangement of the Danish National Song, "*Holger Danske*" for the instruments and male chorus (led last night by Mr. Berge), and finally the grand Polonaise of the ball scene.

So has passed away the second annual Musical Festival of New York, and, balancing the results, we hardly know whether to be satisfied or not. That we have a manager like Mr. Harrison with the courage and enthusiasm to take the labor unaided upon his shoulders; that we have a leader like Mr. Thomas to uncover for us the half-forgotten treasures of the classical masters; more than all, that musical culture has so far improved in New York that 2,000 people or more will go through storm and mud every night for a week to partake of such wholesome fare as has generally been set out during this feast at Steinway Hall—these things certainly are cause for abundant gratification. The basis of a Musical Festival, however, is oratorio, and the recollection of the performances of "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "Elijah" last week affords us no satisfaction. The chorus showed no progress since last year, but a decided falling off. In "The Messiah," which they have been singing as long as anybody can remember and ought to know as well as the alphabet, their performance was abominable. They acquitted themselves in "Elijah" better than they did during the winter, but still far from well, and, if our recollection serves us, worse than they did last June. "The Creation" was the best of the three, but that is slight praise.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

When I was monarch of Bœotia. 3. A to e. *"Orpheus."* 30

Hymn to Bacchus. S'g & Cho. 2. A to *g* sharp. *"Orpheus."* 30

I'm Cupid you see. Song & Cho. 2. B*b* to *g*. *"Orpheus."* 30

This ball now to finish. Song & Cho. 3. D to *g*. *"Orpheus."* 35

Now by way of change. Minuet. Galop and Cho. 3. D and G to *g*. *"Orpheus."* 40

Five more bright songs from "Orpheus." The first is a very pleasing invocation, the second a pretty "go to sleep" song, responded to by the somnolent deities; the third and fourth sprightly dance tunes, and the fifth the laughable song of the tipsy Cerberus, the only one he was ever known to sing. The words of course are nonsensical, but the music throughout is pretty.

I am dreaming of the ball. 2. D to *g*. *from Godfrey.* 35

A pretty vocal arrangement of a "nice" waltz.

Coming home to mother. 2. B*b* to f. *Collins.* 30

A fine "home" song with chorus.

Fairy Queen. Duet. 3. C to *g*. *Glover.* 60

A first class duet.

Will he come. 3. F to d. *Sullivan.* 40

A very touching, pathetic, melodious song.

When the vale of death. 4. D*b* to f. *Sargent.* 25

Laus Deo. 2. D to d. *Rev. A. G. Shears.* 25

Two short sacred pieces, the first a beautiful hymn of "triumph over death," and the second (in lines of four syllables) is a comprehensive ascription of praise for "days and seasons" and the various events of the year. Good melody.

Crown of Glory, 2. A to e. Solo, Duet & Cho. *Chandler.* 40

A pleasing sacred piece with considerable variety.

The Danish Whistle. 4. A to *g* natural. *Tamaro.* 35

The accompaniment is somewhat difficult. One of the songs performed so beautifully by Parepa.

I ain't a going to tell. Song and dance. 2. E*b* to *g*. *Tannenbaum.* 30

A merry comic song, with a dance to please the boys.

Lost birdling. Cavatina. 6. B*b* to *b* flat. *Centemari.* 60

Quite difficult, but a fine concert song. Still more difficult passages are "interlined" for those who can sing them. Plenty of runs, trills and cadenzas.

People's Song. Song and Chorus. 2. F to f. *Collins.* 30

Spirited campaign song.

Flow, freshly flow. 3. D*b* to *a* flat. *Marston.* 30

A sweet love song. Words by Owen Meredith.

Instrumental.

Aileen Aroon. Var. 4. G. *Wyman.* 50

Favorite melody with variations.

Sparkling Gem. Galop. 2. B flat. *Turner.* 30

Gipsy's revel. Schottische. 2. D. " 30

Mr. Turner can turn a new melody off as quickly as anybody, and is almost sure to produce something pleasing and easily played, as he has done in the above pieces.

Orpheus Galop. (Offenbach). 3. G, C, & F. *J. S. Knight.* 40

Pot-pourri. Orphee. " 4. " 75

Sparkling melodies, skilfully grouped and fitted.

Merry Christmas Polka. 2. F. *W. Conway.* 30

Very neat and bright.

Vivandiere Galop. 2. F. *Coote.* 30

Simple airs and quite taking.

Opening Flowers. Waltz. 3. F. *C. D. Blake.* 30

Original and brilliant.

Books.

Köhler's Very Easiest Studies for Piano. 75

Köhlers' "First Studies" are now not the very first. A pupil could not very well commence them in less than a couple of months after his first lessons. But these new studies may be commenced in the first weeks of study. Try them.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 710. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Unspoken.

The garden grasses scarcely shook,
So light the wind that went and came
And fanned the roses into flame
For that last walk we took.

One flower remember dear; you crushed,
While trifling in an absent mood,
Its tender leaflets, till your hand
Was crimson with their blood.

Then from the bruised, broken stem
So rich a perfume upward stole,
That I, remember, jesting said
You had released its soul.

But in my heart I said: "O friend,
Your grace I never can implore,
And yet I deem not my poor love
Wasted forevermore,

"Though bruised and broken at your feet,
If but a day it chance to make
A little dearer for love's sake,
Or but a moment sweet!"

June 5th, 1868.

A German Critic on Musical Critics French and German.

Among the principal contradictions in musical matters now-a-days is the fact that more physical labor and, *at the same time*, more mental freedom and independence are demanded from the critic. Fifteen years ago a critic had to notice three concerts a week, we will assume, and even that was too much. Now he may congratulate himself if, in large towns, he has not to attend two or three concerts in one evening. He must, moreover, notice them within three days, for, with the present flood of concerts, an article more than three days old in a political paper would appear quite stale. People want to read the freshest intelligence about operas and concerts as well as telegrams and the state of the funds. Even in musical circles, the haste and curiosity is not less than elsewhere; it is not *the most sterling* musical periodical that obtains most readers; it is that one which publishes most quickly a large amount of highly spiced piquant news. But people demand from the critic, who is obliged to write, from his first impressions, not only on the performances of virtuosi, but on compositions as well, an independence of judgment that is impossible without mental repose, and no one demands it more imperiously than concert-givers, who deprive him of this very mental repose, plague him with their visits, pay court to him, pursue him—there are even some who do not require independence, but only favor from him, resembling the man who at a shipwreck prayed thus: "Gracious Heaven, it would be too much to pray that thou would'st save all of us; therefore, save me alone!" As a rule, hower, we may assume that concert-givers visit the critic with the best intentions; what they think if he does not praise them sufficiently, or speaks too highly of a rival is another question. The critic who satisfied all the ideal notions we so frequently hear mentioned would resemble the German suitor in the genial fairy tale, *Der goldener Hahn, oder Sahir, Eva's erstgeborener Sohn (The Golden Cock, or Sahir, Eve's first-born Son)*, by a remarkable author, now long forgotten: Klinge. The Sultan of Circassia invites to his empire suitors for his beautiful daughter. From all quarters of the globe come Princes and Knights, Noblemen, Generals, Artists, &c. There comes, also, from Germany some one who is no suitor, but the Categorical Imperative. Some philosophers of our country want to introduce Kant's philosophy into Circassia. With this object, they manufacture a pasteboard figure in which one of them conceals himself with a speaking-trumpet. After the introduction of the princes and other suitors, the figure is brought forward, and a voice says: O, my friends, I am not a suitor; I am a principle. So manage your actions that each might become a universal law. The Sultan replies: That is all very well, but what is my daughter to marry. An impartial critic, according to German ideas of objectivity, would be exactly such a phenomenon as this suitor. I myself once endeavored to criticize with perfect impartiality, to go to work quite "objectively," and the result was that I really praised my friends most, because, at every word of censure, I thought it did not proceed from artistic conviction, and, on the other hand, because my friends complained of my lukewarmness. I found myself in precisely the position described by Schiller in his *Gewissenskrupel:*

"Gerne dien' ich dem Freunde, doch thu' ich es leider mit Neigung,
Und so wurmt es mir oft, dass ich nicht tugendhaft bin."

Determination:

"Da ist kein anderer Rath, du musst suchen sie zu verachten
Und mit Abscheu alsdann thun was die Pflicht dir gebeut."

The attempt to unite ideal views with our present relations gives rise to very peculiar results. In one and the same feuilleton written by a man whose honorable principles cannot be doubted for a moment, there appeared a long tirade about a concert which, it seems, had afforded evidence of the most genuine artistic sentiment, and a—poetical account of what, in my opinion, is an infamous production, the *Traviata*, the performance of the principal part in which by a most estimable artist was described in the most glowing terms it is possible to conceive. Now I suppose no one will assert that inward vulgarity can be ennobled by outward elegance of representation, and a critic who enters the lists for purity of sentiment, who in the most marked fashion attacked a celebrated singer for his namby-pamby rendering of an oratorio air, ought not to go into ecstasies for the *Traviata*, even when the leading part is sustained by an accomplished and personally very estimable lady. How we should all storm and protest if the *Dame aux Camélias* were produced at the Theatre Royal! Such contradictions, into which the most honorable critics fall, cause them unconsciously to serve the puffing system. The fresh concert-givers springing up every year, who wish to attain fame and, through fame, to make money, must, above all things, endeavor to have their name mentioned in public as frequently as possible. Pressure causes the quicksilver to rise; when pressure is absent, the quicksilver falls. So the oftener the name of a concert-giver is subjected to the pressure of the press, the higher stands the barometer of his reputation; but only a constant pressure keeps the hand at "set fair." What indescribable trouble must be taken now-a-days by a musician who does not belong to the very first rank, and for whom no particular well-disposed and influential friends are at work, merely to attract in any degree attention to himself in Germany. Every town in which he appears publicly has its own peculiar tendency, its partiality, and its habits; in every one, the travelling virtuoso must exert himself afresh, and visit the critics to obtain their support. Now the German critic, who, as a rule, is good-natured and honorable, does not wish to ignore anybody, or hurt anybody's feelings—at the same time he does not want the trouble of writing an exhaustive analysis, when he knows beforehand that he has nothing extraordinary to analyze, and thus we often see the strange phenomenon of an honorable critic condescending, from pure kindness, to concessions, which in France would be the result of *very direct* influences. I cannot explain this sentence better than by reading a description written by Heine in the year 1843:

"Manual dexterity, the precision of an automaton, identification with bestringed wood, the transformation of a human being into a sounding instrument—this is at present esteemed and praised as the acme of excellence. Like swarms of crickets do the piano virtuosos come every winter to Paris, less for the purpose of gaining money than for that of making themselves a name, which shall produce them a proportionately richer pecuniary harvest in other countries. Paris serves them, to a certain extent, as a bill hoarding, on which their fame is to be read in colossal letters. I say their fame is to be read thereon, for it is the Paris press which announces it to the credulous world, and the virtuosos possess a great amount of virtuosity in making the very most of journals and journalists. They know how to gain access even to those who are most hard of hearing, for men are always men; are susceptible to flattery; are fond, too, of playing the part of patron, and one hand washes the other, as the German proverb says; the more dirty of the two hands, however, is rarely that of the journalist, and even the venal and clumsy praise-monger is at the same time a poor simpleton, himself deceived, who is half paid with adulation. People talk of the venality of the press; people are very much mistaken. On the contrary, the press is usually duped, this being especially true as far as regards celebrated virtuosi. Properly speaking they are all celebrated, at least in the puffs which either their high mightinesses themselves send to be printed, or else get sent by a brother or by their mother. It is scarcely credible how humbly they beg, how they bend and cringe in the newspaper offices for the smallest scrap of praise. While I was in high favor with the manager of the ——, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing with my own eyes how submissively these celebrities lay at his feet, and crouched and wagged their tails before him, in order to be praised a little in his paper; and we might well say, after Béranger, of our virtuosos, who meet with such enthusiastic receptions in all the capitals of Europe, the dust of —— is still visible on their laurels."

There are sure to be optimists who will assert that things are managed differently and better in Germany than elsewhere. I, on the other hand, say that, in many respects, they are managed worse. What the wandering virtuoso can do in Paris with *one* effort, he must do over again in almost every town through Germany where he wishes to appear publicly. I will not go into further description, nor speak of theatrical singers, because they are mixed up with agents and papers of which one cannot well speak in respectable society.

The musician who does not choose to adapt his bearing and his conduct to the state of things I have described, must abandon all hopes, except through some extraordinary piece of good fortune, of attaining to a brilliant position or to fame: he must be satisfied with thinking that the same Providence which endowed him with talent will, also, help him to reach the proper goal. On *public taste* he must no longer rely, for the very simple reason that such a thing as strongly-defined public taste no longer exists, the public taste of the day being always made to take one direction or the other by secondary influences; it can no more be called spoilt than pure, for it follows the most different impulses; it is frequently better than is supposed, and, on the other hand, is often insensible even to what is good. With the continual change of persons and things, that follow and supplant one another, the public cannot be supposed to form an opinion upon every person or every thing; what is most brilliant,

and not what is best, commands its attention, just as, generally, what is great, and not what is good, imposes on mankind. We cannot deny that the public possesses a dark consciousness of the better tendency, but to cause that consciousness to become a fact, and a support to art, means are frequently required which are antagonistic to nobler aims. It is not for the public to do away with this antagonism; the public does the best it can; it is for musicians and for the few lovers of music who are acquainted with the circumstances, to put an end to it.

Germany, April, 1868. —*Lond. Mus. World.*

Mendelssohn's Letters to Baermann.*

VII.

Düsseldorf, July 7, 1834.

My dear Friend Bärmann,

Do you still know the man who writes this letter and writes music, and would gladly be in Munich, and loves you with his whole heart, and is of the same name as myself? It is indeed nearly a year since I have written to you, but I have thought of you daily. Since then you have been in ice and snow with Emperors and Empresses, have pocketed roubles, and preached the gospel of the clarionet to the heathen. I don't grudge it to them at all, but I wish I too could have been there to hear you. Twice, however, I thought of you so vividly that I seriously contemplated a journey to Munich, and if some favorable circumstances combine, I still intend to go there this autumn, or if not, certainly next summer. Heavens! what music we shall play together (although no doubt you will not care, and will make me play alone), and how I delight in the thought of besieging you all day long! The first time this project occurred to me was last year in Coblentz, when I was calling on a king's counsel, who said he had been in Munich. I asked if he had heard you. He said no, but he had seen you, and that during the whole opera you were leaning in an attitude against one of the pillars in the gallery, looking very merry, and smiling whenever there was a hitch. Then I thought, why had I not been standing beside you and laughing with you, &c.

But the second time was still worse. The devil prompted a clarionet player here to play Weber's F minor concerto in public, I having previously told everyone that now they would hear the most wondrously beautiful piece, and all were eagerly looking forward to it, when he scrambled and puffed through the whole thing till I was in an agony, and the people said, "Ha! a very queer composition;" and I thought, "If only the *Bärvater* could be here for half an hour, and place that reed of his in his lips!" I often thought too about the solo I was to write for the Basset horn—it was to have been in C major—but I do not know whether "little" Carl can or will make use of it now, or if it was only to serve for your journey. I therefore beg he will send me a few lines on this subject, for as he told me in his last letter that I should certainly be detained at the gates if I came to Munich without a new duet and the solo, and as I am anxious at least to get as far as the Carlstrasse, I mean to be guided accordingly. His letters were most quaint and diverting, and often for days brought back my cheerful spirit [*Frohsinn*], in which mood you no doubt are when you receive this letter, and are drinking beer in Frohsinn [name also of a tavern in Munich]; so you may as well despatch me another epistle, and let me know at once how you all are, how things are going on at Munich, what music you are having there, what is given at the theatre, and further—about all my acquaintances; further—about dumplings—whether Carl still tunes his piano, whether he has heard anything more of Stern or of Prince Wallerstein, or of Mark—but really and truly about all Munich. Dohrn passed through here recently; he is going to America, and was a long time in Sweden and Norway, but he is just the same as he was at the Neckarschwaige. We talked over old times, and drank your health repeatedly in Rhine wine: if your ears tingled half as much as our glasses, you must know this already. Stern's whist parties, too, and the programme of my fete, and Zacharias von Poissl, who is now starving (for Heaven's sake, tell me what has happened; why did he resolve to become a singer?), and the swimming-baths, and your little dog—everything, in short, connected with those days was discussed. Pray what did you think of my being a fixture here for two years? You were furious, no doubt, being quite determined that I should travel about a few years longer! but you must know that each year I stay here I have three clear months for travel, and even more if I choose, and capital time to work quietly for my own benefit, which I now turn to right good account. Besides, I have only to direct the concerts (six yearly), and the opera *en gros* is under my "circumspect management" (which gives me practice in that also); but above all (and this is the chief point), I have the forenoons free till one o'clock, and my three months' leave besides: what can any man wish for more? I believe this is the first letter I have written for forty years not in answer to another. Give me very great credit for this, but above all, by every Grecian sage! by every music page! (an oath quite as lofty in the eyes of a clarionet player) and by the golden age! answer; and answer what follows.

Give me the whole account of your journey from Petersburg; how you found Munich and your belongings, and whether your son's playing is perfected, and he is contented with your situation. What did you say to Delphine's [von Schauroth] marriage? and what did I say to it? I said *Donnerwetter!* Is she still in Munich? Has her mother ever married again, or her sister? What is Madame Vespermann about? Give her my kind regard, and say that I hope she is well. Much love to the Müllers; remember me to Stunz (does he still wear a tuft on his chin?) and Josephine Lang [a singer], and pretty Therese, at my former lodgings, and Count Pocci, Horn and the Staudachers, and old Pappenheim; *à propos*, is the tenor Hoppe with you? and has he been singing? Write me your opinion of him; I should like to know how he has turned out, for some years ago he showed much promise. Greet old Poissl from me. Where is Ascher now? still in Greece? And Eichthal? also there? Be sure to answer all punctually, or tell Carl to do so, and sign your name, adding a short postscript; above all, give my best love to all belonging to you. Yours,

F. M--Bartholdy.

VIII.

Berlin, Sept. 27, 1834.

Dear Bärmann,

I leave this the day after to-morrow, and go straight back to Düsseldorf, but I must write to you again, however hurriedly, to thank you warmly for your kind letter. So you tried to console my fair friend? Oh, traitor! you could certainly do so better than anyone; and at length the consoler made them no doubt quite forget that they were inconsolable; and thus I served as a convenient screen to shelter you, &c., &c. Pray look at the biography that I send you *sous bande*, and which is very nice. In it I read: "He knows the loftiness of humanity, he knows what earthly happiness is better than any man." Now pray what is the meaning of this "loftiness," and "earthly happiness," and all that kind of thing? Surely not merely princes and gold boxes? We know better. I wish, though, that I had been in Munich to listen to you. Who can tell when I may again see the Carlstrasse? but that I daily wish myself there you well know. It is famous that I am so soon to see you in Düsseldorf; in December, you say? If it really does not suit you to lodge with me, you shall find comfortable rooms when you arrive, either in an hotel or elsewhere, as you please; but believe me when I say that your staying with me would not put me to the slightest inconvenience; so if this notion weighs with you, dismiss it at once, and pitch your tent with me. But just as you like best. I will make every necessary arrangement for a concert in Düsseldorf, and as I am now going through Cologne, I will concert measures with some of my musical friends there, and the authorities, with whom I am acquainted, that you may find all in readiness when you come; I should be glad therefore to know as soon as possible if you will positively be there in December, and in what part of that month? I beg likewise that you will write to me a fortnight before you set out, fixing the day for your concert in Cologne, that it may be properly advertised. Is Carl to be with you, or do you travel alone? If I can find time, I might even be able to go with you to the Hague for a few days, having received many invitations from thence, and once more to play with you in public would indeed be jolly. But all this slumbers as yet in the lap of time, and can only take place if Fate wills it, and your reed wills it, and the theatrical intendency of the Stadttheater at Düsseldorf wills it, which gives me more work to do than is fair; but more of this when we meet. I like your biography very much; it seems truthful and accurate, and what pleases me most of all is, that there is neither exaggeration nor bombast in it; on the contrary, its tone is that of genuine sympathy and appreciation of your music and yourself. Some of the passages made my mouth water for the sounds of a good clarionet. Here, where I have been several times at the opera, they pull away at the clarionet as if it were wood; a sort of pea shooter, for each time the clarionet comes in, the noise is like a shower of blows, and quite startles you when they cut in sharply, so coarse and clumsy and screeching, and yet tame.

When Marschner was last here, Tausch took him aside at a general rehearsal, and told him that the whole instrumentation of his opera was bad, and that he ought to be more careful in his future works. If I ever write an opera for this stage, I will write it entirely without instruments, and without singers; and as I cannot endure a ballet, the scenery alone shall sing, and play, and dance. Now answer me accurately the following question:—where is Wilhelm v. Eichthal to be found, who was in Greece? I wish to write to him, and do not know his address. Many kind regards to your wife, and thanks for the dumplings, which are still in prospect for me; also my compliments to "little" Carl* (here I, as a bachelor, bow down before him as a married man). Is Delphine still without her husband? Would I only had a chance once more to see the charming creature! and when does she return to England? What is Madame Vespermann doing, and where is she, and has she not yet quite forgotten me? and little Lang, do you sometimes see her? Above all, what is going on in Munich? You write about Prince Wallerstein, but nothing of her, which is of more moment. Make up for lost time, and answer me soon—that is at once, and now farewell!

Yours,

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

IX.

Leipzig, Oct. 30, 1835.

Dear old Fellow,

You have done well in not forgetting your old companion and announcing your visit to him. For this you deserve to be praised, and warmly thanked, and eagerly longed for. How gladly would I have come to you this year, and all was in readiness for it, when my mother, who was staying with me in Düsseldorf, was taken seriously ill, and it was several months before she recovered, so I was obliged, as a matter of precaution, to escort her back to Berlin myself, and give up my journey altogether; so this year again I have been deprived of seeing my beloved Munich, but feel all the more delighted that I am to see my dear Munich friend here: such an idea is worthy of you, that is, quite superb! If I only knew when you are to come, for you say nothing decided on this point. Unfortunately, I cannot at present renew my invitation of last year to stay with me, for my quarters here are very limited, compared to my house in Düsseldorf, where I had several spare rooms; but still I hope we shall be together the whole day, and

* From Nohl's collection of "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated by Lady Wallace.

* Here again a little sketch with a pen.

talk and make music to our hearts' content. If you speak me fair, I will write just such another piece for your journey, with pianoforte accompaniment, as the former two duets in Berlin; but in return you must previously promise to play the F minor concerto [Weber's] again and again for me. I spoke to the directors of the subscription concerts here [the Gewandhaus] about the concert you propose to give; they said that the new year would be the most favorable moment, but I think that you would prefer coming soon, and felt embarrassed at not being able to name any fixed time.

Why should you not also play in one of the subscription concerts? We might, perhaps, fire off a duet together; but more of all this when you arrive here—I trust very soon, and to stay as long as possible. I like this place very much indeed, and musical life is most stirring here; we might spend a few famous days together, so do come, my good fellow, and come for a good long time. Excuse these hurried lines, which I am forced to scrawl between sleeping and waking, as I have passed the last eight days in an incessant drive of concerts and rehearsals, besides having much to compose. Farewell, and may we soon meet. My regards to your wife and to Carl; remember me to all Munich and to my pretty Therese. Yours, FELIX M.-BARTHOLDY.

Offenbach's Last Opera.

For some months the Parisian public—or that portion at all events which occupies itself with theatrical questions, and what Frenchman does not?—has anxiously awaited the latest production of the musical manufactory which turned out "*Orphée*," "*Belle Hélène*," "*Barbe Bleue*," "*Gourière de Brabant*," the "*Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*," and a multitude of minor compounds of froth and frivolity whereof the name is legion. The event was at length consummated at the Palais Royal, the birthplace of the "*Vie Parisienne*," and Offenbach's last opera, "*Le Château de Toto*," has achieved a fair success. Success in Paris, be it understood, is always relative: it is necessary to weed the exotic growth of enthusiasm which marks every new production, and to separate the fulsome adulation from the merited praise. French criticism, as at present constituted, is, in the notable journals, a discursive essay on things in general, and, in the little journals, a shriek of wild rapture over everything and everybody concerned. The well-known feuilletonistes, having a new performance to notice, sit down with the view of imitating Montaigne as nearly as possible, of giving you a very pleasant series of digressions into side-subjects, and showing a curious amount of learning and research, but of affording you absolutely no knowledge of how the piece was played, and whether it be good or bad. The smaller critics are yet more aggravating. They have not the learning and power of allusion of their great brethren; they cannot digress pleasantly into irrelevant bypaths; nor can they—being Frenchmen—stick to the point. They therefore scream and gesticulate. They are ecstatic over everything that took place: the performance was superb, the actresses ravishing, the drama accuses itself of a genius at once profound and unsayable. Sometimes the loftiness of merit possessed by piece, poets, and performers gets utterly beyond adjectives, and the critic can only gasp. As for instance when Rossini wrote a Mass some little time ago, a celebrated critic noticed the work in an attack of spasms, of which the following is a fair specimen:

"Then follows a fugue. Mais mon Dieu, quelle fugue! . . . ."

The fugue being thus exhaustively explained and disposed of, the critic passes to another portion of the work, which he illustrates in an equally concise manner. For another example take this same "*Château of Toto*," round which the feuilletoniste playfully dallies in the following style:—

"La pièce a nom: '*Château de Toto*.'

***

"Ce n'est pas le château de Kenilworth illustré par sir Walters Scot . . . .

"Ce n'est pas le château Laffitte si cher au lèvres avides du vrai vin du côteaux bordelais . . .

"Ce n'est pas le château d'If . . .

"Ni château en Espagne non plus.

***

"Cela ressemble plutôt au véritable château de la *Dame blanche*, dont les voûtres séculaires retentirent ces airs adorables qu'y fit entendre le nommé Boieldieu, un gailliard qui savait manier la mélodie comique à ses heures, témoins *les Voitures versés*, et *ma Tante Aurore*.

***

"*Château de Toto* . . . Quel titre charmant! . . . Faites-moi venir pour exploiter un inventeur qui ait conserver un domicile pour la Folle du Logis. . ."

And so on for several columns, breathing-space being afforded by the funny little triangle of asterisks, without which no French paper would be perfect.

It is difficult enough to find in this dross of criticism the spare truths scattered up and down the mass; and groping through so much rubbish is always an unenviable task. But taking the froth with the foundation, the sound and nonsensical *en masse*, and endeavoring to separate the elements, it would seem that Offenbach's latest production is moderately successful. In it he repeats himself too much; it is the prevalent fault of his school, that among the few merits which may be conceded him, the merit of freshness has no place. Offenbach has little to boast of as a musician, and in that little there is no originality. Still there are bright little numbers in this work, which are received with the usual favor. The libretto, which MM. Ludovic Halévy and H. Meilhac have supplied, is a kind of burlesque on the "*Dame Blanche*." The Château de Toto is in other words the castle belonging to the family La Roche-Trompette, a noble race, the chief aim of whose existence is to exterminate the rival house of Crécy-Crécy. "Toto" is the common diminutive of names ending in *or*, such as Victor, Hector, Mélor, Polydor, and is in the present instance applied to the young heir of Château Trompette, who, having dissipated his worldly goods in Paris, is reduced to sell his patrimony. The castle being for sale, is visited by the haughty Marquis de Crécy-Crécy and his daughter, and the Marquis relates how the family feud arose in the reign of Louis XI., and continued from that time downwards, with a bitter episode *temp.* Henri IV., touching the notorious Gabrielle d'Estrées. The narrative of hatred is very comically recited by Gil Pérès as the *Marquis*. But as with the Montagues and Capulets, so with the rival houses Roche-Trompette and Crécy-Crécy, love opens the door to hate, and the young generation is more tender than the older ones. Between the heiress of the marquisate and the young castellan a warm attachment arises, and from this point the "*Dame Blanche*" is travestied in some of the details. The humors of the characters we have indicated are sustained by Mlle. Worms, as *Jeanne de Crécy Crécy*, Gil-Pérès as her father, and Mlle. Z. Boreffor as *Toto*, otherwise *Hector de la Roche-Trompette*. Mlle. Worms is a pretty girl who plays the *ingénues* of the Palais Royal, and has a meek, innocent air of astonishment and simplicity. Brasseur plays a peasant, and a general recalling the renown of the immortal *Boum*. Mlle. Paurelle is very engaging as a cocotte.

Among the best numbers are to be noticed the *Romance de Vincenne*; the Trio du *Rois des vieux*; the *Bourrée*, sung and danced by the whole company; the *Chanson du vieux*; the *Duo des amants malheureux*; the *Vrelli* between Toto and his lady-love; and the *Tableau rural*, given with great *ex* by Gil-Pérès. But the prominent defect in these and other portions of the extravagance is repetition. They are all old acquaintances. A chief air of the first act, which also figures in the overture, is note for note identical with a gigue from "*Robinson Crusoe*;" another pretty chorus, divided in each verse by the word *Burons*, is reminiscent of *Bonbotte*'s chanson in "*Barbe Bleue*;" the air *Château de Toto* is itself *Diana*'s air in "*Orphée aux Enfers*."

"Quand Diane descend dans la plaine,
Tonton, tontaine, tonton."

And many other examples could be cited showing that if M. Offenbach has the reputation of being a prolific writer, *the true state of the case is that he produces little, but lashes up much.—London Orchestra.*

The Wonders of Musical Criticism.—New Lights on the Festival.

(Concluded from page 252.)

ORGAN FUGUES, &c.

The Great Organ Concert came off yesterday noon; performer, Mr. Lang.

Be it an unaccountable idiosyncracy of mine, or one of the peculiarities of Boeotians, I never fancied the organ. In fact, what is a church organ but an immense hand organ, "only a nation louder," and with considerable more stops in it? Put up one of our first-class hand-organs in the Music Hall of Lilliput, substituting a key board for a crank, and it would be to the Lilliputians just what a church organ is to us.

The first piece was Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C major. Through the whole of it all seemed to be in full blast, and, to use an expression more forcible than elegant, it was one continued squeal from beginning to end; though sometimes I fancied it like the sound of a hundred thousand frying-pans, all in full operation. When the Fugue came in, I pricked up my contrapuntal ears to follow it; but after two or three bars, it was drown-ded in the ocean of sound, and remained so to the end of the chapter. The fact is, instrumental fugues may be very interesting affairs to learned musical *savants*, but I don't believe in them. In choruses, they lift us up to the sublime, by giving us an impression of innumerable chords constituting one harmonious whole. And that is their true use; played on instruments, they are merely triumphs of skill,—successful solutions of a scientific puzzle,—and have no deeper meaning. Performed by an orchestra, they are sometimes pleasing enough; but played on an organ in full blast, you at once lose all trace of them.

In Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat major, Nos. 2 and 3, played pianissimo on the soft stops, were very sweet and melodious; but Nos. 1 and 4, with the full blast, very loud and squealy; the melody, if there was any, being drowned in the noise.

Bach's Pastorale, in F major, was a very sweet and simple melody; but so faintly heard as to seem to come from the moon, or from that neighborhood.

I pass over Schumann's more distinct, because less squealy Fugue on Bach, and the very pleasing improvisation showing off the various effects of different combinations of stops, to say a word or two of Bach's Fantaisie in G major, which was the gem of the concert. Its principal theme was a delicious passage of faintly heard, mysterious melody, just like, in sound and effect, the fairy music in the overture to Midsummer Night's Dream; or like the hums of invisible violins played by spirits in the air. Mendelssohn (a boy of only sixteen when that overture was composed,) must have received that particular inspiration from it. [What Mr. Lang played *was*, we are told, the Midsummer Night's Dream Overture, and not Bach at all; our "Boeotian" listened to the printed programme! Ed.] Everything here was distinct, with gratifying alternations of light and shade. Towards the end was heard, rising clearly above the soft accompaniment of the organ, though at an immense distance off, a sweet and sympathetic soprano voice, trembling with emotion, and you could almost distinguish the words it was singing. This was the *vox humana* stop. The melody was then taken up and prolonged, with many delightful variations, by a distant flute: this, too, entirely distinct from the soft accompaniment of the organ. The illusion was perfect. Finally, in the grand forte passages with which the piece concluded, there was no drowning of the music by a continuous squeal; the full blasts coming in isolated chords, with rests between. There must have been a goodly lot of my Boeotian fellow-countrymen among the audience; for this was the only piece, besides the Improvisation, that was heartily applauded.

THE REFORMATION SYMPHONY AND LISZT'S CONCERTO.

Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony was performed for the first time in this country. It was not produced in Europe till after the composer's death. It is the grandest I have heard of his orchestral pieces, and full of *verve*. The first movement is in a remarkably bold and large style. But the second movement, an allegro vivace, in six eight time, captivated all hearts. The melody, which was distinct throughout, was most bewitching dance music, but of so refined and exalted a character as to suggest a quadrille, rather of seraphs, than of vulgar mortals. It was most deliciously instrumented, and, though very long, was so constantly varied in melodic treatment, and by charming transition of keys, that it was received by the most enthusiastic applause, which would not stop till it had obtained a repetition of it.

Spohr's overture to Jessonda seemed to belong to the class of masterly music, but left no definite impression on me, hearing it for the first time. Next came Liszt's concerto for the piano, in E flat major; pianist, Miss Topp. The fair artist certainly displayed great power in the bass notes, and great brilliancy of execution generally. But I have heard so often those rapid chromatic runs and other routine achievements on the piano, that I have become perfectly hardened to them, and they have ceased to excite my wonder. I would as hef hear, at any time, a large sized musical snuff box. As to the concerto as a whole, I must admit that it has the merit of unity of conception and satisfactory development in an unusual degree; in other words, an artistic completeness that is usually wanting, to my ear, in other concertos; but I can't say as much in favor of its style. It was a constant straining after effects, by means of abrupt pauses, startling contrasts, triangles, cymbals, and other clap-traps; in fine, a style of music better suited to sensational dramas. Strange omnipotence of fashion that can exalt the melo-dramatic into the classical!

C. M. Von Weber at Munich.

Weber arrived on the 14th March, 1811, at Munich, having always resolved to make that capital the central point of his artistic tours. King Louis did not yet sit upon the throne of Bavaria, and Munich could not boast of that aureola of glory with which the names of Cornelius, Hess, Kaulbach, Schwanthaler, Stiglmeier, Klenzer, and others, were destined to surround it. But, since Carl Theodor, all its princes had displayed both taste and zeal for musical art. Maxamilian Joseph had already done much to deserve the name of the *Father of his People*. The fact is, however, the Bavarians preferred the pleasures of the table, and other sensual pleasures, to those which art could procure them. Artists, therefore could scarcely seek glory among them, but they easily became popular. The stage, which had altogether gone to decay towards the end of the seventeenth century, had risen again under the hand of Babo, a dramatic poet, the author of *Otto von Wittelsbach*, aided by Max Heigel, an admirable, and really superior, actor. But Babo, struggled in vain against the fatal tendencies of Count Torring Seefeld, the Court Intendant, who liked only the pomp, splendor, and tinsel of the Italian Theatre. Seeing that he could not resist the Count, Babo retired, and a committee was entrusted with the task of managing the theatre in his place. The principal musical director was Peter Winter, the composer of *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, who was twice invited to visit Paris, but was not more successful there with his *Tamerlan* than with his *Castor*. His music, says M. Fétis, was considered more antiquated than that of Rameau,and inferior even to that of Candeille. According to Weber, he possessed a certain degree of merit as an orchestral conductor, though he was deficient in delicacy of ear, precision and warmth. He was, too, a man of petty mind, envious and sly. Louis Spohr, in his autobiography, has characterized him with a few touches. His size was gigantic, and his strength proportionate to it, but he was, with all this, as timid as a hare. He flew every instant into fits of excessive rage, and yet allowed himself to be led like an infant. His old housekeeper exercised the most absolute control over him. If, for instance, she happened to find him arranging and preparing his little dolls for a Christmas tree, an occupation of which he was madly fond, and to which he used to devote himself for hours together, she would run up, interrupt him in what he was doing, and exclaim indignantly: "When do you mean to leave off playing? Go to your piano directly and finish your air, sir!"

Weber had letters from the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Darmstadt, for the Queen of Bavaria, and, also, for some other persons,among whom were Count von Montgelas, the all-powerful minister, and Wiebeking, the director of public works. The minister served him so well, that extraordinary as the fact was under the reign of formal etiquette, five days after his arrival, Weber had an audience of the Queen, who talked a long time with him, and, in the King's name, promised him permission to give concerts in the town, expressing, moreover, a wish to hear him herself, and be the first to enjoy that pleasure. At Wiebeking's house, the artist found himself at home. In a very short time, he became attached to Wiebeking, who was an original, and then busy building, on a new plan of his own invention, the great bridge over the Isar. Weber gave pianoforte lessons to Wiebeking's daughter, Fanny, who possessed real talent for the piano united to genuine artistic feeling. At Wiebeking's house, from which he was now scarcely ever absent, Weber made the acquaintance of Barmann, the celebrated clarionettist, and wrote for him the Clarionet Concertino, Op. 26, which Barmann played so often. A friendship which was never interrupted, sprang up between the two men, and ended only with life. But, though they were like each other in sentiment and character, nothing could be more dissimilar than their persons. Weber was thin, pale, and spare, Barmann was tall, with the air of an athlete, and a magnificently fine head. Carl Maria, said laughingly, in reference to his friend's physical advantages: "All the best bits are offered him in a silver dish; poor devils, like myself are obliged to content themselves with the crumbs which fall from his well-supplied table."

Prince Bariatinsky's brilliant saloons, also, were thrown open to the young composer, who took a strange delight in the manners and polite customs of the old courts, the vestiges of which were still found at the house of the Russian minister. The pick of scholars and artists was, likewise, to be found there. It was there that Weber met Schelling, the celebrated philosopher, whose works he had seriously studied, and whose name inspired him with respect mingled with a kind of fear. "I thought I was dreaming," he says in a letter, "the first time I beheld this truly great man." At a subsequent period, he said, with simple delight, "Schelling and myself are like two good friends."

Peter Winter, the old conductor, behaved at first to Weber as he behaved to all young persons: he kept him at a distance, and overwhelmed him with compliments, as long as he saw in him only an amateur; but, when he found out what he really was, he treated him so roughly, that all the members of his orchestra were indignant at such behavior. Weber, however, had enlisted their sympathy, and entertained no doubt of their support. His evil star appeared to have softened its rigor. On the 8th April, he gave a concert at the Theatre Royal. He had already become known, and people spoke of him a great deal. The attendance was large. But, though assisted by excellent artists, his Symphony, which, with the exception of the *Allegro*, was feebly executed, failed to excite much enthusiasm. His Cantata, *The First Sound*, too, did not obtain the applause which usually greeted it. The great success of the evening was achieved by the Pianoforte Concerto played by himself, and by the new Clarionet Concertino. The last made a marvellous impression. The King was so enchanted with it that, after the concert, he ordered Weber to write two more pieces of the same kind, for the same instrument.

Weber immediately set about his task. But, while working at the clarionet pieces ordered by the King, he wrote, at the request of the manager, Franzel,four airs for the revival of Kotzebue's *Armer Minnesänger*, and contributed to the *Morgenblatt* an article on the improvement of the flute. "It appears," he writes to Gottfried Weber, "that the very deuce is in the entire orchestra. There is not a member of it who has not asked me to write a concerto for his particular instrument. You see that I have plenty to do; I shall probably stay here all the summer. My receipts are satisfactory, and another concert given before my departure will certainly bring in a good sum. The public belief is that I am to be created a chapelmaster, but you know what I think on that head. At any rate I have some hope of getting my operas played here."

This hope was destined to be realized sooner than the young composer anticipated. It is evident that some secret influence had been exerted on Winter, who, from being exceedingly rude, suddenly displayed an access of attention and friendly politeness. From the lips of the grand director himself, Weber received an intimation that his *Abou Hassam* would be forthwith put in preparation.

Truly enough, the rehearsals soon began, and were rapidly carried on. The orchestra was filled with zealousness for the young composer, and displayed in the execution of his light and easy music a great amount of fire and spirit. The first performance took place on the 14th June. But, alas! the malignant body that Weber persisted in calling his star, and which had spared him on the occasion of his concert, appeared to have determined on repaying itself with usury. The theatre was full, and the overture enthusiastically applauded. The charming duet between Hassam and Fatima had just begun, when cries of "Fire!" were suddenly heard. The public rushed to the doors, and the alarm was general. They soon discovered that it was a false alarm, but it required some time to restore calm, and the state of feeling necessary for appreciating a musical work was gone for the rest of the evening.

The little opera was, however, sung and played charmingly, despite this unfortunate interruption. Several numbers were applauded, to the great delight of the young composer, and the success was all he could desire. Thus encouraged, he wanted nothing better than to compose another opera. "I am sighing most profoundly for a libretto," he wrote to Gansbacher; "without an opera in progress, I am the most unfortunate of men!" His misfortune lasted no less than ten years, since it was decreed that the first creation of his genius after the pretty little opera of *Abou Hassam* was to be the greatest of all his works: *Der Freischütz*.

Time and Temperament.—First impressions in music are not easily effaced, and often prejudice the hearer against a fine performance, differing in *tempo* and style to that which his memory retains of the first hearing of a composition by an inferior player. I have observed that quick music, played by a pianist of a cold temperament, and by another of an opposite nature, though taken at the *same pace*, produces an effect so different as to lead to the conclusion that one played faster than another. This difference arises entirely from the absence or presence of that attribute which, as Fétis justly observes, distinguishes the mechanical and poetical organization of a player, viz., rhythmical accent. Beethoven, once interrogated as to the just time of a certain composition, replied with a gesture—pointing to his heart and head—implying, of course, that it was a matter of feeling and judgment. Mendelssohn, in my presence, once said much the same thing, adding, that as to a shade faster or slower, when he played, all depended on the humor he was in. Amateurs are rarely taught quick music at the pace which professors perform in public; and seldom have I heard Mendelssohn's quick music played so fast by a professor as by the composer himself. Much enjoyment is lost where persons are carping about the precise degree of *tempo*, instead of listening to the true spirit in which the composition is expressed by a great and conscientious artist. The critic of a daily journal, some years ago, condemned the pace at which the overture of Weber's "*Euryanthe*" was played under Costa's direction at the Philharmonic Concerts, and alluded to the traditional *tempo* of the Dresden Opera Band. It so chanced that, within a few months of this carping about *tempo*, I heard Reissiger conduct the overture at Dresden much quicker than the pace which so offended the English critic.—*Musical Sketches*, by J. Ella.

Music at the Central Park.

General no less than musical readers will be interested in the subjoined extract from the Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park (N. York), referring to the musical entertainments which have been given in the Park, at no cost to the public, but to their very great pleasure. These open-air concerts have been carried on with ever increasing success, under the judicious management of Mr. Harvey B. Dodworth. The Report says:—

"In that part of the year when temperature invites the people to the pleasures of the open air, musical entertainments are given on the Mall and on the Lake, and the performances are attended with unabated interest. Travellers in the European capitals almost universally go to listen to the music, which is generally furnished in the public squares, by the government army bands. The brilliancy of the gatherings and the effects of the music are among the most pleasing of their remembrances. Comparisons of the excellence of these bands, of their numbers,modes of performance, their appearance, of the compositions played, of the surroundings, and of the arrangements for the public convenience and gratification, are not unfrequent, begetting an emulation which results in constant efforts at improvement—the reputation of the leader depending upon his exertions to excel. The progress lately made in the quality of these bands is quite marked. At the late Paris Exposition prizes were offered to the best military bands. The first premium was divided among the bands of three cities, of which the rival cities of Berlin and Vienna were two. The combination of instruments usually known as a military band has the unquestioned preference over the orchestra, it being possible to bring out the full effects of the latter only within inclosed gardens or halls. The more refined and delicate notes are, in the open air, except on a very still day, lost to all but the few most contiguous to the instruments, by reason of the want of means of confinement, or of producing reverberation of the sounds. Within two or three years several new musical instruments, producing entirely novel effects in combination, have been invented in Europe, and are being brought into use. These instruments, being quite costly, are generally furnished the bands at government expense, and no pains are omitted to bring the bands up to the highest degree of efficiency in performance, and to a disciplined and orderly appearance.

"The music in the Park improves in character. The leader of the Park Band, and its members, are earnest in their efforts to attain the highest excellence. At its own expense the band, during the year provided three instruments newly brought into use in Europe, known respectively as tenor clarinet, saxophone, and a contra-bass, or bombardone, an instrument of deeper quality of tone than has heretofore been used in this country; and with their aid a property has been added to the music that is both pleasing and effective. The performances have been always reliable on the fixed days, Saturdays and Wednesdays; the programmes have been varied; specimen works, considered standard by authors held in high esteem, are followed by melodies more popular, because more familiar to the ear. In every instance where new music has promised to be at all generally acceptable, it has, after the work of arrangement for Park execution is completed, taken its place on the programmes. The number of pieces played is greater than at any series of the same number of concerts elsewhere. The lovers of what is called the classical will be glad to know that several of the best compositions, such as "Iphigenia in Tauris" by Gluck, "Tannhäuser" and "Rienzi" by Wagner, "Leonora" by Beethoven, and others of the same

class, have been received by the audiences with evident pleasure. It is not saying too much to assert that while the character of the music is not excelled anywhere, at least in this country, the audiences are attentive and appreciative. It ought not to be the subject of remark that good order always prevails at these entertainments: it is chiefly because every individual takes it upon himself to take care of himself, and not to annoy others. It is desired that the usual modes of expressing satisfaction with the performances should be dispensed with on the Park. What is now needed to give fulness and perfectness to the music is an increase in the number of the performers, and others of the new instruments lately introduced in Europe. There is no popular entertainment more refined, more soothing and agreeable, than that of the harmony of sweet sounds under the influence of leaves and flowers, and all the other elements of the natural landscape. The cost of these entertainments, kept within reasonable limits, is but trifling, when the numbers who find pleasure in them is taken into account."

Music Abroad.

London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Here is the fourth programme of the season, with comments from the *Orchestra* (May 16):

Symphony in D minor, No. 2 ..... Spohr.
(Composed expressly for the Society).
Aria, "Sorgete" (Maometto secondo)..... Rossini.
Signor Foli.
Overture Symphonique (MS)..... J. F. Barnett.
Cavatina, "Di piacer" (La Gazza Ladra)..... Rossini.
Mlle. Kellogg.
Concerto for pianoforte..... Reinecke.
Pianoforte, Herr Alfred Jaell.
Symphony, Eroica, No. 3..... Beethoven.
Aria, "Non s' ode alcun" (La Stella del Nord). Meyerbeer.
Mlle. Kellogg.
Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits"..... Weber.

The revival of Spohr's symphony was very acceptable; for, though the monotony of the scoring and frequent repetition of the sentimental short melody of the slow movement are at times wearisome, the clever treatment of the finale, so ingeniously varied by a fanciful second subject, made a favorable impression. Mr. Barnett is wrong to attempt a mixed character of composition for a classical concert. This new production has a flowing and well-conducted introduction, nicely scored, but the subject of the Allegro which follows is not of sufficient interest in its lengthy development, and its final martial episode, to become a standard work. Mr. Barnett will do well to remodel this symphonic overture. It is not sufficiently dignified and compact in its structure for either an overture or a symphony movement; still it contains materials too good to remain in their present shape. It is rather daring for a young composer to venture out of the beaten tract without bringing to his task strikingly new ideas, new effects and original treatment. On the whole this composition was well played, and the composer appeared in the orchestra to receive the applause due to his merit. The concerto of the Leipzig Kapellmeister Reinecke is very unequal in merit. It is scored with great skill, but neither the leading melody nor the solo passages for the piano in the first Allegro were very interesting. The Andante was far more pleasing, and the Finale a masterpiece, complete in every sense, with spirited orchestral effects, varied, and ingenious solo passages for the pianoforte. Both in the bravura and expressive solos Jaell played splendidly. The rhythmical effect of the most rapid and complex passages, the lovely expression of his beautiful touch in the cantabile, both astonished and delighted the audience. Although a more familiar work of merit, perhaps, had been preferred by the old subscribers, yet Jaell is entitled to thanks for making us acquainted with a new work from one who is undoubtedly an experienced master, if not a great genius, and who now holds the position once occupied by Mendelssohn at Leipsic. The *Eroica* completely eclipsed all that had previously been played, and was listened to with admiration.

And here is what was offered in the fifth concert; comments from the same source:

Symphony in D, No. 2 ..... Beethoven.
Romanza, "Angiol d'amor" (La Favorita)... Donizetti.
Sig. Bettini.
Swiss Concerto for Violoncello ..... Romberg
Signor Piatti.
Romanza, "Quando a te lieta" (Faust)..... Gounod.
Mlle. Trebelli-Bettini
Aria, "Agitato da smania funesta" (I Fuorusciti) Paer.
Signor Gassier.
Overture, "La Nonne sanglante"..... Gounod.
Symphony in A minor (Scotch), No 3..... Mendelssohn.
Solos for the Pianoforte,
a. Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. . Mendelssohn
b. Valzer-Fantasia..... A. Rendano.
Signor Alfonso Rendano.
Duo, "Dis-moi ce mot"..... Nicolai.
Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Bettini.
Overture, "Die Zauberflöte"..... Mozart.

The solo, played by Piatti, was too long by one half. Dreary *tuttis* and a succession of uninteresting *ad captandum* solos, although marvellously well played, were sadly wearisome. The old formula of concertos is now obsolete, and all that is required for violinists and violoncellists is an expressive cantabile movement, and a brilliant rondo for the display of mechanical skill. In concerts of long symphonies, numerous pieces and overtures, solos should be limited in duration. The Italian youth who played the piano is said to be thirteen years of age, and from Naples. Clever as was the performance for a boy of his age, neither the waltz nor the composer justified the following postscript at the bottom of the programme: "The directors have much pleasure in announcing that, *by a fortuitous circumstance*, they are enabled to introduce to the subscribers the youth Alfonso Rendano, who, as a pianist and composer, has made a great impression in Paris during this season." Such a preliminary puff is quite unbecoming a society of classical renown. The Brothers Le Jeune are more extraordinary than this Neapolitan pianist, and might be introduced to play a Fugue of Bach without pleading fortuitous circumstances by way of apology.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS. The last Orchestral Concert, on Wednesday week, included a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" and his psalm "Hear my Prayer," the overtures to *Zampa*, *Masaniello*, and the conductor's *Templar*, with several solos by Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Santley, and other artists. A more varied or excellent programme could not have been chosen, and the fact that it was the director's benefit rendered the success of the concert still more gratifying, for in no past season has Mr. Leslie done so much to enlist the sympathy of the lovers of high class music, as in that which has just been closed. The final performance of choral music took place on Wednesday night. The following complete works have been performed during the season:—The music to *Œdipus*, Mendelssohn; Concert Stuck for pianoforte, Weber; Choral Fantasia, for pianoforte, orchestra and chorus, Beethoven; "Messe Solennelle," Gounod; Hymn, "Inclina, Domine," Cherubini; Symphony, "The Reformation," Mendelssohn; Concerto in D Minor, for pianoforte, Mozart; The music to "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," Mendelssohn; Concerto in D, for violin, Beethoven; *Acis and Galatea*, Handel; Symphony in A Major, "The Italian," Mendelssohn. Selections from the following important works have also been presented, some of them for the first time in this country:—"Vespera de Dominica," Mozart; Mass in B Minor, Bach; Mass in E Flat, Schubert; *The Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; *Antigone*, Mendelssohn; Mass in C, Beethoven.

M. JAELL, to whom the English musical public is already largely indebted for playing compositions of Heller, and Reinecke, for the first time in London, will introduce a quartet, of Brahm's at the next Musical Union, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello.

MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT'S oratorio "Ruth," having been carefully revised by the composer and in part re-written during the winter, will probably be produced in London in the course of the ensuing autumn.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.—The *Athenæum* gives its opinion of the Swedish singer as follows:

An excellent miscellaneous concert was recently given at the Crystal Palace, including Signor Rossini's "Stabat," with Mlle. Christine Nilsson as principal soprano. Without the least idea of "swimming against the stream," we cannot but put on record, as our maturely considered opinion, that this interesting young lady is by no means yet the finished artist hailed by our contemporaries as the equal of those who "witched the world" thirty years ago—such, for instance, as Sontag—nor in any respect to compare with the "Nightingale" of Sweden. Mlle. Nilsson has a graceful presence, a fresh and perfectly true soprano voice, and dashes at execution without the slightest apparent misgiving. But, so far as we are in case to judge, the last finish which make the first-singer is wanting. To give an instance—the sequence of ascending shakes, which is so striking a feature in the "Inflammatus," and which Madame Grisi used to give with such metallic brilliancy, was confused and ineffective. In the duet, "Quis est homo," she was unfortunate as being coupled with Mme. Demeric-Lablache. Clever as that lady is, she has not the power of blending her voice with another voice, indispensable to the charm of duet-singing; most of all when the duet is signed with Signor Rossini's name. The most real and thoroughly finished execution was that of Mr. Santley.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—This colossal choral celebration was to take place in the Crystal Palace *this* week (on Monday, Wednesday and Friday). A London paper says:

A great choral rehearsal took place at Exeter Hall, May 15th, in which *only* two thousand two hundred amateurs—a section of the force, be it remembered, which is to be mustered from all towns of England—took part. Among the novelties laid out for the selection day are the choruses "He saw the lovely youth," from "Theodora,"—"Now Love, the everlasting boy" (a remarkable example of Handel's pre-science and invention), from "Semele,"—"The many rend the skies," from "Alexander's Feast." Our two thousand two hundred amateurs (with, perhaps, some fifty professional singers to lead and to hearten them) had to grapple with this little-remembered music *at sight*. There was a time when there were not to be found in London one hundred Lancashire chorus-singers able to undertake such a task. Now, it may be said (and not without experience) that no such exhibition of skill and enthusiasm is possible at the time present in any other country save England. And be it remembered London in no respects represents England, so far as chorus-singing is concerned.

HANDEL'S MS. SCORES.—The *Athenæum*, in successive numbers, has these two paragraphs:

Is there not some loose statement in the following paragraph which appears in a foreign journal?—"A committee of amateurs has bought, in London, one hundred and twenty-six volumes of manuscript scores, which contain all the operas and oratorios of Handel, in his own handwriting, with remarks and interpolations, for £800 sterling. They are deposited in the public library of Hamburg."

We believe that the original scores of most, if not all, of Handel's oratorios, are, or were, in Her Majesty's Library at Buckingham Palace. When we were permitted to consult them, some years ago, apropos of the Kerl controversy with regard to the chorus "Egypt was glad" in "Israel," the unguarded neglect of possessions so precious as they are was remarkable. We are recalled to the fact by the statement concerning the manuscripts now at Hamburg, to which attention was called, and by a more recent piece of news, that the wing of the building in which they are deposited was on fire the other evening. Surely such treasures ought to be placed beyond reach of accidents.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ resumed (May 8) his pianoforte recitals, a series of performances which will take place every Friday of the present month and June. The programme will comprise the pianoforte compositions of Schubert, including, besides the eleven sonatas played during 1867, a selection of "Impromptus," "Moments Musicaux," German dances, and other pieces with which the English public have hitherto had little or no opportunity of making acquaintance through the now universally popular medium of performance by competent artists. In addition to the works of Schubert, the present scheme includes the whole of Beethoven's miscellaneous writings for pianoforte alone, and it cannot be doubted that this arrangement will impart very special interest to the season. Last Friday's sitting comprised two Schubert sonatas, that in D, op. 53, and that in A, op. 120; Moment Musicale in C sharp minor, and "Valses Nobles," op. 77, by the same composer; Beethoven's Rondo in C, op. 51, No. 1; thirty-two variations on an original air in C minor; and Bagatelles, op. 33, Nos. 4, 5, 6. The intention of relieving these pianoforte compositions with vocal pieces has been adhered to.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—On Saturday, *Don Giovanni* (in lieu of *La Favorita*—postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Mlle. Lucca).

On Monday, *La Sonnambula*.

On Tuesday, *La Favorita*—first time (Pauline Lucca, Bagagiolo, Graziani, Mario—Mario transcendant; a performance never to be forgotten).

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni*.

On Friday (last night), the *Huguenots*—first time.

To-night, *Don Pasquale*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—On Saturday *Lucia di Lammermoor*—first time (Christine Nilsson!).

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*.

On Thursday, *Lucia* (Christine Nilsson!!).

To-night, Cherubini's *Medea* (Medea, Mlle. Tietjens; Jason, Signor Mongini; Neris, Mlle. Sinico; Dirce, Mlle. Baumeister, Creon, Mr. Santley) first time.—*May* 30.

BREMEN.—A second concert was given on Good Friday last, in the Cathedral of Bremen, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians. The following was the programme:—

Requiem in German; words selected from the Bible. Composed by Johannes Brahms, and conducted by the composer.

This was a success. Musicians from all parts of Germany flocked to hear this and it more than fully realized expectation.

Andante (J. S. Bach), Andante (Tartini), Abendlied (R. Schumann)—for violin, with organ accompaniment. Violin, Joachim; organ, Rheinthaler.

Joachim played magnificently, and was admirably accompanied on the splendid organ by Rheinthaler.

Aria for alto voice, with violin solo and orchestral accompaniment, from the *Passion Music* of J. S. Bach—sung by Frau Joachim; violin solo by Joseph Joachim.

Frau Joachim sang to perfection, and the effect of the violin and orchestral accompaniment was delightful.

Chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God;" aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Frau Joachim; chorus, "Hallelujah." From Handel's *Messiah*.

This brought the concert to a close. The orchestra consisted of about seventy-five instrumentalists, and the chorus of about two hundred voices. The Cathedral was crowded by an audience of upwards of three thousand. The success of the *Requiem* of Brahms was so marked, that it was decided to repeat the programme at the next concert.

MUNICH.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* was performed one evening during the recent visit of the Prince of Prussia, at the Prince's own request.—During Passion Week the Royal chapel performed several sacred works, by some of the best masters, among whom were Orlando di Lasso, Paolo Agostini, Vittorio, Palestrina, Lotti, Roselli, Aichinger, Arblinger, Ett, Pitoni, Viadana, Anerio, Mozart, Hauptmann, Lachner, and Wüllner.

SCHWERIN.—The Mecklenburg Musical Festival will take place on the 14th, 15th, and 16th June, under the direction of Herr Schmitt, Court *Capellmeister*. Among the soloists will be Herr and Madame Joachim, Herren Schild, and Carl Hill.

WORMS.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* has been selected as the work to be performed at the grand national festival of uncovering the Luther Monument, on the 25th of June.

AMSTERDAM.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the last concert given by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

COPENHAGEN.—Concert given by Herr Joachim: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Violin Concertos, in A minor, Viotti, and E minor, Mendelssohn; "Agnate und die Moorfrauen," Gade, etc.—Concert of the Musical Union: Symphony in E flat major, Haydn; Arietta and Chorus from *Oberon*, Weber; Violin Concerto, grand March and Chorus, from *Die Ruinen von Athen*, Beethoven, etc.—Concert given by the Musical Union under the direction of Herr Gade: Symphony in E flat major, Mozart; Concerto for Stringed Instruments, Handel; fragments from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, etc.

LEIPSIC.—Having accepted the post of musical director of the new School of Music at Basle, Herr Selmar Bagge retires from the editorship of the *Leipziger Allgem. musicalische Zeitung*, and is succeeded by Herr Arrey von Dommer.

An *armless violinist* recently gave a performance at Leipsic of an Andante by Beriot and a *Lied ohne Worte* by Meyerbeer. The performer was born without arms. He holds the bow with the two first toes of the left foot, and manages the strings with the toes of the right foot, the instrument being placed on a little bench before him. As a critic observed, it is shocking, in the contemplation of such resources, to think of the waste of toe power which goes on in the world. This artist is expected shortly in Berlin, and thence is due in Paris.

MILAN.—The Società del Quartetto inaugurated, on the 14th ult., the long promised symphonic concerts. Two symphonies by Bazzini and G. Rossi, a symphony by Beethoven, and an overture by Foroni were the first given. The orchstra was conducted by Corbellini.

PARIS.—Fragments of Grétry's "Guillaume Tell" and of Steibelt's "Romeo and Juliet" (an opera full of beauty) were given at a late concert of the Société des Concerts de Chants Classiques." They are about to revive, at the Théatre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, Paisiello's "Barber of Seville." Of this opera, driven out of court by Rossini's imperishable setting of the story, we imagine that even the best-versed septuagenarian amateur knows not a note beyond the fluent melody, "Je suis Lindor."—*Athenæum.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 20, 1868.

The Triennial Festival.

(Conclusion.—Crowded out last time).

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.—CONCERT.

The main feature of the programme—one of the two novelties—came first: Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony." And this was the first performance in this country of this most talked of of the posthumous works which Mendelssohn's English admirers, as well as the speculative instinct of publishers, have finally badgered his executors into giving to the public against his own express desire. One does not like to judge from a single hearing; but we must own that, finely rendered as it was, it did not impress us as a work which its author would have been willing to have go forth with his other Symphonies. Neither in imaginative invention, nor unity, nor effectiveness, did it seem at all equal to them,—still less to his Overtures, which are still more original and individual. Its significance, and its chief power are found in the last movement, which is based on the Choral "*Ein feste Burg.*" This, taken as the type of Protestantism, is worked up with a wealth of counterpoint and a fertility of accessory thoughts by far more edifying than the attempt of Nicolai, with which the Festival began. The first movement (*Andante* and *Allegro con fuoco*), though full of rush and stir and brilliancy—a struggle of the old and new religions they call it—did not give us a feeling as if it were kindled from a fire within; nor did it, for several pages, sound very much like Mendelssohn. The Scherzo is a charming bit of sunshine; healthy, bright and happy enough for Haydn; of exquisite art and grace in the Trio with its answering trills; but what it may have to do with the Reformation is not so clear. The *Andante*, sweet and serious enough, is only one of Mendelssohn's commonplaces, saying more feebly what he has said better elsewhere. Yet the Symphony is interesting and proved its right to be heard at least until we fairly know it.

The other novelty, a Concerto, in E flat, by Liszt, served for a second display of Miss ALIDE TOPP's wonderfully brilliant, exquisite pianism; there were frightful difficulties, to be surmounted only by immense will and energy, and there were scattered flowers and graces, and odd freaks of fancy—and in the young interpreter abundance of the right faculty for all. She played it with enthusiasm—worthy of better music; for anything more wilful, whimsical, *outrée* and forced than this composition is, anything more incoherent, uninspiring, frosty to the finer instincts, we have hardly known under the name of music. In design and motive there seemed nothing genial, except in a quaint, bright gypsey episode with triangles, &c., and in little parenthetic graces for the piano, chance flowers of delicate fancy scattered about among the huge, black, amorphous masses of a volcanic waste. The coarse, strong leading motive of the first part, recurring always in the orchestra, is positively ugly; it seemed to give the lie to all one's tender instincts and Spring hopes of beauty: was it the East Wind set to music? But in detail, in passages and figures, there was much to enjoy for one who watched the flying fingers or the beaming upturned face of the young player; all were again in raptures with her, and she did well, on being recalled, to lay Liszt by for the unpretending, more poetic *Berceuse* of Chopin, which she played—not better than we have heard before, but well.

Miss PHILLIPPS sang "*Voi che sapete*" charmingly, and for Overtures by the great orchestra there were Spohr's to *Jessonda* and Rossini's *Tell*; the latter never went with so much fire and spirit.

What can we say of "THE CREATION" and "THE MESSIAH"—Oratorios that we have written of a hundred times—more than that the hall was overcrowded both on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and that the performances were of the very best in quality, as they were the grandest in means, that we have ever heard. The soloists,—Mme. ROSA, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY (tenor), Mr. WINCH and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY (basses) in the *Creation*, and Mme. ROSA, Miss PHILLIPPS, Mr. SIMPSON and Mr. WHITNEY, in the *Messiah*, were all we could expect of artists well known and approved as they are. Many of the choruses, especially the "Wonderful" and "Hallelujah," we know not that we ever heard so grandly given, not forgetting Birmingham. We only regret the omission of one of the most beautiful and pathetic of all the choruses, "And with his stripes," without which the contrast of "All we like sheep" loses a part of its vivid force.

——Again we have no room for general reflections, nor for credits due so largely to all concerned in the design and execution of this triumphant jubilee of noble music. But Boston's First Triennial Festival is not yet an old story; it is the beginning of a Future, and we may take time to read its lessons.—Meanwhile Mme. ROSA and her husband are on their way to California for a season of opera and concerts, and CARL ZERRAHN, who stood at the helm so bravely and won universal praises, is now upon another kind of sea, a passenger by Wednesday's steamer, bearing the good wishes of hosts of friends upon his summer tour to Europe, where he will hear festivals (the Crystal Palace Handel Festival!) and much good music, and whence he will come back newly furnished next November for our Symphony and Oratorio season. The President and Directors of the Handel and Haydn Society, and above all its indefatigable, enthusiastic, courteous Secretary, Mr. LORING B. BARNES, may well congratulate themselves upon such signal reward of long continued faith and energy and skill. By the report in another column of the Annual Meeting of the Society it will be seen that that week's work has added largely to the nucleus of a permanent Festival Fund.

Concerts.

Although the musical season fairly ended with the Festival, the last four weeks have offered a variety of concerts of considerable interest. The prominent figure in the most of them has been the young pianist, Miss ALIDE TOPP,—a consequence inevitably of her brilliant debut in the Festival. The first was a Matinée, at Chickering Hall, May 23, privately arranged in compliment to her. We were not present, but the success, we learn, was all that her best friends could have wished;—hall crowded, audience appreciative and delighted, performance admirable. She was kindly assisted by Miss PHILLIPPS, who sang an aria from Gluck's *Armida*, and "*Son leggero*" by Donizetti, and by Mr. ERNST PERABO in the accompaniments. Her own selections, all played from memory, covered the following wide range, classical in the first part, of the Liszt school in the second.

Ballade, G minor.....Chopin.
{ Sarabande et Passepied.....Bach.
{ Variations, D minor.....Handel.
Variations, F major.....Beethoven.

{ Gnomenreigen.....Liszt.
{ Valse Caprice.....Raff.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt.

Illness prevented Miss Topp from taking part in the concert given as a Farewell to that most estimable lady and distinguished Contralto singer, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, which took place in the Music Hall, June 4. But in spite of this disappointment, the concert did not lack its great attractions,

and the interest in the singer alone was enough to fill the hall. We were only sorry that her own share in the programme was so slight, her selections for the most part unimportant. With the exception of the simple, noble air from Handel, which she sings so often: "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," and in which her large, rich tones and noble style told with more power than ever, so that the air had to be repeated, they consisted only of a couple of English songs (i.e. American) to words by Miss Proctor: "Echoes" and "Catching Sunbeams," composed by M. S. Downs,—the first a rather pleasing strain, the second altogether commonplace and empty, neither of them quite worthy of such a concert and such a singer,—and of a droll and laughing Cuban Song, which she sang in Spanish, entering into its fun and humor very easily and heartily, and showing that she has, as we all know, a comic talent. A small orchestra, conducted by Mr. B. J. LANG, opened and closed the concert with the Introduction and Finale of the genial Haydn Symphony, (in G) which became so popular in the Harvard concerts, and the *Egmont* overture, and accompanied the Handel Aria, also the trite and trivial song "Beware," sung in a sweet tenor voice by Mr. MACDONALD, and two Concertos. One of these was played by Mr. PETERSILEA, who kindly stood in the breach in the absence of Miss Topp. It was the F-minor Concerto of Chopin (that is, the middle and last movements), and was played with well studied, brilliant execution, though the deep-souled music did not speak to us as it has done. Artistically, the main feature of the evening was CAMILLA URSO's playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, entire. For years there has been no violin playing in this country so pure and perfect, both in technique and expression, as this lady's, and the Mendelssohn Concerto affords the finest and completest manifestation of her art: would that her powers were exercised more frequently on music of so high an order! She was to have played the Beethoven Concerto in last winter's Symphony Concerts, but disappointed us. This time we need not tell how beautiful her rendering was; we have characterized it before, and it fell in nothing short of the impression then produced, except as the whole programme and surroundings of a purely artistic concert give opportunity and charm to each good thing singly, such as it cannot have in a more miscellaneous occasion. Mme. Urso also played her "Dream" and another solo for an encore.

The reception of Miss Phillipps was enthusiastic, and the concert was a hearty God-speed on her voyage to Europe, whither she is now on the way in charge of a younger sister, also gifted with musical voice and talent, for whom she goes to seek instruction in the best schools.

The next in order (June 6, at Chickering's) was a purely private concert, to which we trust we may be free to allude. It was arranged by friends to afford a last opportunity of hearing a young lady of remarkable voice and talent, who goes to Europe, for the culture these so fully warrant, with Miss Phillipps,—Miss M. A. MACKIE. Her singing—not as yet artistically formed—has been for a year past a theme of interest and delight in cultivated private circles here, including some of our foremost musical artists; but she has never sung in public, except on a pleasant occasion in September last at Milton, which we briefly chronicled, when we alluded to her as

A young lady from the South who has been spending a year in Boston, whose voice and talent have seemed to us to contain finer promise than has yet sprung up among us. Sweet, rich, large, thoroughly musical and sympathetic, this voice is also of great compass; while the whole nature is truly and sincerely musical. We had hoped much from her in the near future for our Oratorio and higher concert music: but she is sent to Italy to study and we have lost her!

Only for a time, we hope; and so all hope who heard this charming little concert. Miss M. was assisted by Mrs. CARY, who sang with exquisite purity and grace the Song of the Page from the *Huguenots*, and a couple of Franz songs, especially that airy fairy tricksy one to Goethe's "*Liebchen ist da!*" Also by a couple of amateur gentlemen, who joined ladies in the Quartet from *Fidelio* (which had to be sung twice), and who sang with Miss M. the Trio from *Don Giovanni* (Elvira at the window). These were nicely sung, with fine accompaniment for two pianos by Mr. DRESEL and Mr. LEONHARD, who also contributed a couple of movements from a very genial and enjoyable four-hand Sonata by Moscheles. Miss Mackie, for solos, sang: "*Dove sono*" by Mozart; the song of Alice: "*Vanne, vanne*," from the *Huguenots*; the Scena from *Der Freyschütz*, where the power and brilliancy of her high tones had glorious scope in the conclusion; and a couple of Spanish songs, in which she seemed in her native element, so quaint and fine the accent and the shading of the tone. It all confirmed the impression and the hope her friends had had of her rare powers.

Last Tuesday evening the postponed concert of Miss TOPP, at Brookline, took place in the Town Hall, which was crowded with appreciative listeners; not a few took advantage of the fine June evening to go out from Boston. It was truly a charming, thoroughly artistic concert. Mr. KREISSMANN (now a resident of Brookline, much to the furtherance of good music in that garden suburb) sang, as he only can, the "Erlking" of Schubert, the "*Frühlings Nacht*" of Schumann, and three songs of Franz, with exquisite accompaniment by Mr. LEONHARD. Miss Topp's selections were the same as in her Boston concert already enumerated. The G-minor *Ballade* of Chopin, a composition of great power and breadth and depth of feeling, taxing the strength and excitability of a player to the utmost, full of imagination and of fire, was wonderfully well brought out and sustained; it seemed hardly possible that one so delicately framed, so young in feeling, could make so much of it. The Bach and Handel pieces were most cleanly, happily executed, and it is quiet joy to listen to such things. The Beethoven Variations in F, op. 34, on a somewhat stately theme (*Adagio cantabile*) of his own, had not been heard in concerts here before, and are indeed full of interest. No two of them are the same in key or form. One is a smoothly flowing, florid, graceful piece in D; another takes a march form, quick and crisp, with nervous accent, in B flat; another is a quiet interlude in G, parts flowing in the interwoven Bach style more; another is like a deep dirge; and so on, yet the main features of the one theme look boldly out through all the ornament and metamorphosis, and the work forms a whole of singular beauty and variety and power. Hear it played by this lady and you will know how good it is. Well, here was enough to show that she is not wedded solely to the Liszt school.

In the second part she played one of the most exquisite and fairy little poems that we know by Liszt, called "*Gnomenreigen*" (Dances of the Gnomes). This is truly in a fine imaginative vein, as much so as Mendelssohn's fairies, and the airy grace and delicacy, the clear unblurred outline with which her fingers sailed and fluttered through its light, rapid, gauzy passages, was something one might hear and smile as in a dream. The *Valse Caprice* by Raff sounded, as to the waltz melody, like many other waltzes, but is worked up with a most dashing energy, and lifts you away with a sort of Bacchic furor. For this she was fully equal and carried her audience away with it. The Hungarian Rhapsody, beginning marchlike, deep and solemn, much like Chopin, full of Liszt'an restlessness and sudden, often exquisite changes of mood, but with a wild, heroic, sad Hungarian temper pervading the whole, was extremely effective.

Two more concerts, the next day, at Chickering Hall, in which Miss Topp was the central attraction, though given in the name of Miss BARTON, the singer, will have to await their turn for fuller mention.—There have also been interesting Chamber Concerts of the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

AMERICAN MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.—At the Annual meeting held in New York, May 15th, 1868, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. L. Downing; 1st Vice President, L. Ernst; 2nd Vice President, S. Lasar; Trustees, F. X. Diller, C. W. Wernig, F. Wasshansen; Managers of Relief, M. Papst, J. Koehkeller, M. A. Loebenstein, J. I. Wernig, P. Pfeifenschneider, H. Hoffman, C. Muller; Treasurer, H. Ryer; Registrar, T. Jacoby; Librarian, Thos. Goodwin; Honorary Physicians, Drs. Anthony Gescheidt and Chas. Haase, of New York, Dr. C. H. Miller, of Philadelphia; Honorary Counsellor, Jas. L. Berrien; Secretary, D. Schaad.

Total amount of receipts since last report, $5,745.27.

Paid for Sick,	$1,505.00
" Funerals,	220.00
" Pensions,	1,193.60
" Widows and Orphans,	2,327.00
Total amount of Permanent Fund duly invested,	$28,072 00

This looks like mutual benefit indeed, like true "protection." If our Boston musicians, instead of leaguing together in "Protective Unions," for the purpose of dictating the price at which each may engage his services, interfering with his freedom to play with whom, for whom and for what he chooses, and so virtually compelling first-rate musicians to the same level with tenth-rate, would take example from the above and simply combine their efforts to raise a fund for mutual relief and benefit, they would enlist the sympathy and aid of the whole musical public, whereas the other kind of union wears a surly and offensive aspect.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—An adjourned meeting of this Society was held at Bumstead Hall last evening (June 3), the President, J. Baxter Upham in the chair. The report of the Treasurer, Geo. W. Palmer, showed the receipts, including cash on hand, to have been $12,639 87; expenditures, $11,510 16; balance in treasury, $1,129 71. It was stated that the receipts at the recent musical festival were $23,620; expenses, $20,283 06; net proceeds, $3,336 94, which, added to the permanent fund, makes the total amount of that fund $7,576 05.

The report of the Librarian, Geo. H. Chickering, was read, urging the importance of having a uniform edition of the various oratorios which are performed by the Society, that the copies used in rehearsals may be of the latest and most improved editions. The Society now owns the largest and most valuable musical library in the country [?] many additions having been made for the purposes of the recent festival, and which were to a considerable extent imported.

The President next submitted his report. He paid a special compliment to Madame Parepa Rosa. Never since his connection with the Society had there been a greater interest or an equal degree of attention and discipline among members as during the past year. The recent triennial festival was alluded to as an achievement worthy of pride and congratulation.

The decease, during the past year, of Mr. Stephen Somes, a member of the Board of Trustees, was afterward brought to the attention of the Society in a few words of appropriate eulogy by the President. Officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows:

President—J. Baxter Upham; Vice-President—J. F. Faxon; Secretary—L. B. Barnes; Treasurer—George W. Palmer; Librarian—George H. Chickering; Directors—Theophilus Stover, D. L. Laws, E. C. Daniells, R. M. Lowell, Oliver B. Lothrop, George Fisher, Samuel Jennison, Levi W. Johnson.

Votes of thanks to Chickering & Sons, to J. H. Pray & Sons, Carl Zerrahn and others were adopted.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held in the Music Hall this forenoon (June 10), Mr. Eben Dale in the chair, in the absence of the President. The proceedings of the meeting of 1867 were read by Samuel Batchelder, Jr., the Secretary. The report of the Treasurer, Henry F. Waters, showed that the receipts during the past year were $30,344 83, and the expenditures $22,820 18, leaving a surplus of $7,524 66. The only incumbrances are a mortgage of $50,000, held by the Suffolk Institutions for Savings, and a floating debt of $7,500.

The report of Dr. Upham, the President was read. He congratulated the Association on the pecuniary results of the year, which, though not so large as those of previous years, showed an important increase in the real estate and means of accommodation. The improvements comprise a pantry and cook room in the lower hall, the construction of a level floor therefor, new chandeliers for the platform, and a fixed engine as motive power for the organ, which is represented as in excellent condition. The New England Conservatory rooms have been completed since the last report, and give good satisfaction to teachers and pupils. Miss Cushman's gift was alluded to in connection with the fund that has been started to put the figures in durable marble. The importance of improvements in the Tremont street passage way, the need of a new pavement in the Winter street approach, and other minor items of repair, were dwelt upon.

D. W. Williams, George Linder, and T. D. Morris were appointed an auditing committee on the Treasurer's accounts, and the following named gentlemen were chosen Directors: J. Baxter Upham, Eben Dale, John P. Putnam, E. T. Osborn, H. W. Pickering, R. E. Apthorp, and S. L. Thorndike. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, J. Baxter Upham was re-elected President, Samuel Batchelder, Jr., Clerk, and Henry F Waters, Treasurer.

MOBILE.—Flotow's Opera *"Martha"* was performed here on Friday, the 29th ult., at the theatre, before a crowded house, exclusively by amateurs. The rendering surpassed the expectation, and is evidence that the little Gulf City possesses no small amount of musical talent. The Impresario, Mme. Kowalskie Portz, who occupies the position of Organist and Director of Music in Christ Church, was the main projector in producing this opera. Lady Henrietta was personated by an accomplished and talented lady, who is blessed with a most wonderful compass of voice, extending from the lower G to the upper E flat. The quality of her voice is sweet, flexible and pathetic. The bewitching young damsel who so admirably sustained the character of Nancy, seemed to have a most perfect conception of her part. Her very eye betokened mischief, her acting and singing were almost faultless. Mr. Zadek appeared as Lionel, Messrs. Schlesinger and Praskauer as Plumket and Tristan. The whole affair was a triumph for novices in the lyric art, and will long be remembered here. —*

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., MAY 25.—Scarcely had the last sounds of your great festival died away before the strain was taken up on the banks of the Hudson. On Monday the 13th the *Messiah* was given for the second times this season. The choruses were sustained by a small, but well drilled society under the direction of Prof. Chas. Martin, once a pupil of your much esteemed Aug. Kreissmann, for the past six years a resident of Poughkeepsie. He also sang the bass solos in a manner of which many singers of greater pretentions might not be ashamed. The accompaniments were played upon a grand piano and two of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet organs, (producing a pleasant combination) by the Brothers Van Vliet and Mr. Martin. They were so fortunate as to secure the services on both occasions of Miss Maria Brainerd, who sang all the soprano solos and, in the absence of a sufficiently accomplished tenor, the Rec. and Aria, "Comfort ye," and "Every valley." It is needless to say that we were charmed with her admirable singing, especially in the Air, "Come unto Him," which was given with an irresistable tenderness; and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in which the sublime truth of the words was expressed with a depth and fervor which we have never heard excelled. The contralto part was sustained by Miss Virginia Tucker, of New York, who, although a novice in public Oratorio singing, made a very favorable impression, being most successful in the Air, "He was despised." I must not omit to mention the very excellent singing of the choruses, which reflects great credit upon the skill of Prof. Martin as a conductor. A better trained choir is rarely heard, both as to precision in time and correct intonation. The numbers, "For unto us," "All we like sheep," "And He shall purify," and others of a similar character containing the long roulades, were executed with an ease which was really surprising. Next season it is the purpose of this enterprising society to take up the "Creation." B.

CHICAGO SAENGERFEST.—The reception of the various delegates will occur at Crosby's Opera House, on Wednesday, June 17th. An address of welcome will be delivered by the Mayor of the city—to be followed by a chorus of greeting, "The Singer's Welcome," by Otto, which will be sung by the Chicago societies. On Thursday, the 18th, the first grand concert will take place. Following the etiquette of Germany, the concert will be preceded by a new chorus, which Reichardt, the eminent German composer, has composed and sent in honor of the Fest, and called "The Singer's Greeting"—all the societies joining in singing it. The concert proper will then proceed, with Wagner's *Rienzi* Overture; "On the Open Sea," with orchestral accompaniment by Moehring, the Liederkranz from New York singing the solo quartets, and all the societies assisting in the full chorus; Andante, from Ulrich's Triumphal Symphony, for Orchestra; "German Nation's Prayer," by Abt, full chorus, and solo quartet by the Arions, from St. Louis; "Hymn to Music," by Billeter, full chorus, and solo quartet by the Arions of New York; "Linden Tree," by Schubert, full chorus; Grand March from *Rienzi*, with recitative and "Battle Hymn," by Wagner, orchestra, solo and chorus.

At the second concert on Friday, the 16th, there will be given Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; "What is the German's Fatherland?" by Reichardt, full chorus and solos by the Trans-Atlantic delegation; Jubilee Overture, by Lindpainter, orchestra; Instrumental solo by Mollenhauer, the violoncellist of New York; Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens" by Beethoven; and three choruses by the leading societies of the country, the Arions of St. Louis and the Liederkranz of New York. Interspersed in these programmes will be vocal arias by artists whose names are not yet announced, and also a piano concerto by a player of renown.

On Saturday, the 20th, there will be a business meeting, and in the evening a grand ball at the Turner Hall. On Sunday there will be a picnic, at a grove near the city. The orchestra that takes part in the Fest will consist of 100 musicians, selected from players in Chicago, Milwaukee and Cincinnati. Rehearsals of the instrumental music have already been held by Mr. Balatka, who proposes to make this a marked feature in the concerts. Fifty-six societies have already signified their intention to be present.

CINCINNATI.—The Orpheus Society performed the charming opera of "Zampa" at the Mozart Hall, on the 15th and 16th, and will produce Lortzing's comic opera "Der Wildschutz" on the 22nd, 23d and 24th, for the benefit of the German Orphan Asylums of Cincinnati.

ST. LOUIS.—A young Chilian girl, bearing the euphonious name of "Josefina Filomena," has been surprising and delighting our musical world during the past week by her marvellous playing on the piano and violin. She is but fifteen years of age, but already exhibits powers of execution and of expression rarely met with except among acknowledged masters of these instruments. She is not confined to any one style of composition, but renders the grand masterpieces of the old classical composers with the same rare power with which she executes the lighter and more brilliant music of the present day. Musical veterans, who have listened to all the great performers of the present generation, here and abroad, prophesy that this little South American, with the musical name, will one day outrank them all, when time shall have farther developed her wonful powers. On the piano she plays mainly with her wrists, where her strength seems centered; but her touch, although marvellously fine, does not equal her delicacy of scrape—to use an expressive though perhaps not a technical term. In her hands the violin becomes enchanted and gives out such fairy-like music that one never thinks of catgut and horse hair, but dreams of rosined zephyrs and Æolian harps.—*Corr. Boston Advertiser.*

MADAME SARTORIS, better known as Adelaide Kemble, a sister of Fanny, and equally gifted, though in a different way, says that though music is widely cultivated, it is neither properly appreciated nor sufficiently reverenced in England, (she might include the United States as well), and adds, that, in order it should be so, an early apprenticeship to the highest class of music is absolutely necessary. She would have all the members of a family learn music. Almost all children, she says, have naturally good ears and can catch tunes easily, and they are able to master the mysteries of time much better at an early age than they do later. Both boys and girls should be taught the piano, and at a more advanced age she would have them learn the grammar of music, thorough bass and harmony. The steady reading of one single line of new music every day would very soon secure to any one who chose the invaluable power of playing with facility at sight. "When musical education," she writes, "is conducted on these principles, we shall no longer have music fit only for the theatre brought into our drawing-rooms, and our delicate drawing-room music exiled to places for which it is entirely unsuited."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Blue Beard's Lament. (Madame, ah! madame!) 3. F to f. Barbe-bleue. *Offenbach.* 40

Lo the pretty Palanquin. (Montez sur ce Palankin). 2. E to e. *Offenbach.* 30

With the Roses. (Or depuis la Rose). Duet. 3. G*b* and E*b* to e flat. *Offenbach.* 40
A pretty trio of pieces from "Blue-Beard" which is full of light, short, pretty airs. The first is the knight's comical lament for his sixth wife, his sorrow merging into joy at the prospect of a seventh. The second is a sweet little air and chorus. The third is a fine duet, with a solo which is almost a song.

Child's lament. 4. F to f. *Kley.* 35
Somewhat difficult, but very touching and tender, and would be an effective concert piece.

Land of Home and Beauty. 3. F to f. *J. R. Thomas.* 50
Has a beautiful landscape picture on the title page. A fine home song, with rich melody and good sentiment.

Re-united. B*b* to f. *Rafter.* 30
Simple and pretty ballad.

From the close shut window. 3. F minor to e. *Boott.* 30
Words and music of a high order. A serenade.

I'm not a widow. (Answer to I'm a widow). 2. G to e. *White.* 35
All our tears were wasted, it seems, for *he* came back. Fine song, like its very popular mate.

Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines. 2. A to e. *McLagen.* 30
Good music, funny, and has a fine view of the noble captain, with his chapeau falling off.

A smile was all she gave me. 2. F to g. *Bobby Newcomb.* 40
A smile was better than nothing, Bobby. Very bright, and has a dance after it.

Gaily goes each fleeting hour. 2. F to c. *Kate Ranoe.* 30
A "retrospective" piece, and as the melody does not rise high, is excellent for an alto voice.

Grant and Colfax. 2. C to g. *Seibert.* 40
Patriotic song for the campaign, with the two leader's portraits on the title.

Only last night. 3. A to f sharp. *Gounod.* 30
A "superfine" song.

Instrumental.

Jack and Gill Polka. 3. E*b*. *Launitz.* 35
Very bright, with an occasional "grand tumble" from the higher octaves, and a view of the identical hill the unfortunate couple fell from.

Wildfang Galop. 2. G. 4 hds. *Russell.* 35
Well-known, and excellent for a duett.

Operatic Medley from 35 Operas. 3. Various keys. *Mack.* 1.00
An unusually taking piece in many keys. The airs are well selected, and the piece is a very pretty one to play to a visitor.

Divertissement Galop. "Helene." 3. D. *Fradel.* 50
A pretty and brilliant arrangement.

Mail train Galop. 2. Key of C. *Coote.* 35
Sunbeam Schottisch. 1. " G. *Kinkel.* 30
Silver Shower Polka. 2. " E. " 30
Whirlwind Galop. 2. " 30
Easy and pretty instructive pieces.

Home, Sweet Home. Var. for Guitar. A. *Hayden.* 30
Juanita. " " A. " 30
Favorites, prettily varied, and the music does not seem to be difficult.

Deuxieme Nocturne. 4. D flat. *Leybach.* 75
A fine melody, skilfully interspersed with runs, trills, and arpeggios.

Rose-bud Nocturne. 3. E flat. *Turner.* 30

Pond Lilies. Schottische. 2. B flat. *Fernald.* 30
Brilliant.

Trout Brook. Valse Redowa. *Wellman.* 35
Key of E flat. 3d degree of difficulty, or rather more difficult than a common waltz. Brilliant.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, in *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 711. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 8.

Beethoven's Letters (according to Nohl).

(Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig *Grenzboten*, XXV. No 10, March, 1866.)

Briefe Beethovens, herausgegeben von Dr. Ludwig Nohl Stuttgart: Cotta, 1865. [Letters of Beethoven, edited by Dr Ludwig Nohl]

The severe but well deserved reproofs which Dr. Ludwig Nohl has been obliged to accept from various quarters, on account of his various literary efforts,—in particular for the first volume of his biography of Beethoven (See *Allg. Musik-Zeitung*, 1864, No. 41 *et seq.*)—ought, one would suppose, to have induced him, before entering upon the execution of new projects, to have acquired, by means of conscientious study, that knowledge, that extended scope of judgment, and that scholarly caution, of whose want he had given such striking proofs. Not without surprise, therefore, did we learn that very soon after that disastrous biographical attempt, two new works (if they can be so termed) appeared;—upon the letters of Mozart, published in 1864, "Letters of Beethoven" have quickly followed.

Though, for reasons indicated above, it may readily be supposed that we take this last book in hand with a strong prejudice against it, still the interest of the subject, perhaps also the hope of being able to discover some improvement in Herr Nohl's method, may justify a somewhat careful examination. We went through the book attentively; but only at last to be so much the more disappointed. We utter our opinion—thus based upon a very thorough study of the volume—all the more freely now, because other notices and articles upon it, which have met our eye, have not given any judgment of the real value of the editor's labors, founded upon actual knowledge of the subject. We wish our article to be understood to differ from these in this respect, viz.: that we do not discuss the question, whether this collection offers interesting matter for perusal or not, but inquire in how far it is to be considered a scholarly production—as a valuable addition to the materials for a knowledge of Beethoven's life.

As it is the first collection of letters by Beethoven, which has appeared as an independent work (it is well known, that shorter series long since appeared in the volumes of Wegeler, Seyfried, Schindler), it is first to be inquired in how far such a collection is justifiable.

Now we believe there is no danger of stumbling against any well-founded opposition, if we demand in an independent collection of letters the two-fold object, first, of giving us a valuable memorial of a distinguished personage and additions to our knowledge of his life and character; and, secondly, of affording us matter for perusal, which is itself inviting because characteristic of the writer and complete in itself. Even when this latter demand is not met, it is still possible—as in cases of great literary authors—to proceed upon the principle of not allowing anything produced by their minds to be lost; but even in these cases it is exceedingly easy to pass those limits, beyond which it is culpable to lay before the world, as characteristic, productions of his intellect which the writer never intended for the public eye.

For those distinguished in other spheres, as in science and art, the same holds good; and the effort to save every one of his words seldom or never results in adding anything to the fame of a great painter or musician. His written words offer an important material for the knowledge of his life and character; but do not gain the right of separate publication, until they are found to possess within themselves independent and particular value; and this, especially in regard to private letters, cannot be, unless the writer—not to speak of the necessity of his letters showing a decided intellectual individuality—be a careful and regular correspondent, and not an occasional and unwilling one.

In Mendelssohn's case both these demands are met; and for this reason the appearance of his letters excited such great and deserved favorable attention. They give us not only a wide knowledge of the rich life of that artist, but they are the productions of an active mind of manifold culture, to which native talent and constant practice had made the power of expression, in words, almost as easy as in musical tones, and which knew how to clothe its ideas, both as to external impressions and upon questions of his art, in the most eloquent and attractive manner. Now with Beethoven the case was totally different. First, he was, as he himself says, not an industrious letter writer. True, Herr Nohl calls him "the much-writing master" (*schreibseliger Meister*); but his own table of contents should lead him to see how undeserved is this appellation. His collection contains, including the Appendix, 411 numbers: 26 of these numbers—to be noticed hereafter—must be deducted, because they are not letters; there remain then 385—and these are spread over a space of about 34 years (1793-1827), so that there is an average of about 12 per annum. If we add to them the 83 addressed to Archduke Rudolph, and recently published by Köchel, and some 250 existing in the collections of other admirers of Beethoven, of which Herr Nohl knows nothing, still we at the most obtain 20 letters a year, *i. e.*, less than two a month. Of the whole number, an enormous proportion are nothing but short occasional notes which Beethoven wrote to his friends in Vienna; compared with which, the longer letters addressed to distant correspondents form an extraordinarily small number. It is clear how much more correctly Beethoven judged himself than Herr Nohl has done; and upon the value of an independent collection of Beethoven's letters this circumstance alone sheds a suspicious light.

Now take the contents of the letters into account. The greatest reverence for Beethoven, the musician, need not make us hesitate to acknowledge that the larger part of them are neither valuable for their contents nor characteristic of Beethoven as an artist. With the exception of the few addressed to friends, objects of his affection and near to his heart (Wegeler, Ries, Amenda, Archduke Rudolph, &c.), one sees in them all, that they were the hasty productions of the occasion, that the object and whim of the moment often determined the style and contents. Hence they are written in a certain careless and unrestrained tone, which naturally interests in a high degree *biographically* and teaches us to know the man better, but which can give them no independent value; and one sees very soon that Beethoven, upon questions of art—precisely those which one desires to find discussed by him—expressed himself only unwillingly and with the greatest brevity.

When one sees, how, in intercourse with his familiar friends—Baron v. Zmeskall for instance—he gives full play to his whimsical, often rude, by no means always pleasant, fancies,—how he writes to Madame Streicher upon trivial domestic matters,—how in business letters to distant publishers and other persons, such as those in the appendix to the advocate Kanka, he indulges his whims in manner careless, not even correct: all this is important to the student of his history, to the full understanding of his nature and of his relations to the persons in question; he, however, who displays these momentary freaks before all eyes as characteristic utterances of his genius, and, so to speak, cries aloud to the reader: "Come and learn also here to understand and appreciate this genius!"—such an one, in our opinion, has not comprehended that genius's true greatness, and sins against his memory.*

Accordant with these views is our conviction that the preparation of an independent collection of Beethoven's letters is a mistaken undertaking in itself. We see in them an indispensable and interesting biographical material, and those, from which one can learn to know him, awaken a strong regard for him as a man of noble nature and an enthusiastic artist.

The publication of all Beethoven's letters, however, is, in our opinion, not fitting and all the less called for at the present time, because thus far we possess no complete and satisfactory biography of him. But since the result of an undertaking to bring out a complete collection actually lies before us, it remains to inquire as to the extent to which our knowledge is enriched by it, and in what manner, this time, Herr Nohl has executed his task.

He begins with a preface stuffed with the turgid, bombastic, obscure phrases, which have offended us so greatly in his former publications; but at the same time marching on with a self-sufficiency, which is only surpassed by his superficiality. There is not a word of explanation to the reader, why he for the present has laid aside his Biography, and sent out instead a volume of letters. He tells us of his tours for investigation; how far these must have extended, we shall soon see. With kindly condescension he admits the

* Herr Nohl falls into ecstacy also in contemplation of these very weaknesses "Cyclopean rock-masses are here hurled with cyclopean force" (p. 8): with this and similar phrases are excused even the faults in B's correspondence.

value of Thayer's "Chronological Catalogue of Beethoven's Works," which, however, affords him few new data:—naturally, as he had hardly glanced through it, and, for instance, had discovered nothing of the correspondence with Thomson, quoted in it. But when he is immediately obliged to correct one of his own errors by Thayer's book (p. 112), he appears all the more *naive* in expressing the opinion that Thayer will be able to obtain corrections and additions from him. After the far reaching and comprehensive researches of which Thayer's book gives proof, we scarcely believe that he can be added to or corrected, in any single instance, from Nohl.

That his collection is not complete, Nohl is conscious; but still he is of opinion, that what he has collected of unprinted, when added to already printed matter, is sufficient to form the nucleus of such a compilation. Among his new sources, the papers left by Schindler occupy in his opinion the most important place; but these were well known to former collectors, and one is astonished at the paucity of really interesting new matter now added to what Schindler himself has already made public. Moreover, one readily sees that Nohl's researches are confined in the main to the Imperial Royal Library in Vienna, to the Archives of the Society of Music Friends in the same city, and to that which a happy chance has thrown into his hands through private channels; and, no doubt, he found a few new letters in Zurich or on his journey thither of which he speaks in his preface. On the other hand he has made no "fours of investigation" to Berlin, Prague, Leipzig, for instance, where, on all sides original letters are to be found, and gives those which he edits only after manuscript or printed copies.

In fact, one remarks at once, that Nohl has seen the originals of but very few letters, even when he knew where they were still preserved; and that in the cases where printed authorities lay before him—as for instance the letters to Ries, Hofmeister, Giannatasio del Rio and others—he, for the most part, as it seems, has not troubled himself about them. And when he proceeds in his preface to enlarge upon the difficulties attending such researches, and the concealment of many letters, as in "English Cabinets of Curiosities"—these lamentations sound at least very peculiar in the mouth of a man to whom, as we shall see, not even all the letters in print are known.

He farther says, in his preface, of his method of editing, that he has corrected orthographical errors, but has left untouched Beethoven's peculiar style in respect to grammar, *or rather* syntax. But it is very perceptible how indistinct to him are the limits between orthographical errors and the grammatical peculiarities of the time, and how arbitrarily he undertakes to correct Beethoven in punctuation and the like, even in letters previously printed by others. Before adopting such a course of correction, he should have been more scrupulously severe toward himself, and not have written, for instance, on p. 14., "Beethoven treated the gentlemen very didactically."

What in his usual vague and bombastic phrases—in which one clearly marks the influence of Richard Wagner*—he proceeds to say of the character both of the letters and of Beethoven himself, we must pass by. The only point of interest in it is the excuse by which he relieves himself from the task of preparing an explanatory biographical text to accompany the letters, the want of which is felt far more here than in the letters of Mozart, but which here also was a matter of much greater difficulty. An electric current, says he, binds these letters together; I (Nohl) felt it to a surprising degree, and convinced myself that a biographical commentary would only break it.

We leave behind the high sounding phrases in which, among other things, the parallel between Beethoven and Napoleon again pops up, already known to us in the Biography, and advance to the letters themselves to see what of new matter is in fact offered us in so pompous a style.

And, to begin with, we must deduct a series of numbers, which, in our opinion, have no proper place in a collection of letters. As to the dedication of the first Sonatas (No. 1), and the original draft of a declaration (49), Nohl himself thinks that Beethoven was not their author; but nevertheless they must aid in swelling the total of his numbers. Several other official declarations and documents, though in their way characteristic enough of Beethoven, have no place in such a collection (Nos. 3, 46, 116, 221, 223, 399); and still less certain communications to the public prints relating to compositions (Nos. 27, 30, 107, 113, 114);* nor indeed the dedication of the Trio, op. 38 (No. 23), the new title of the Quintet arranged from the C-minor Trio (193), and other minor declarations (71, 225, 389).

The testament addressed to his brothers is certainly one of the finest proofs of the master's native nobleness of character, and was already long since known; but on the principle which admitted this paper to a place among letters, the demand may be made for the same favor toward the interesting monitions addressed to himself, which are scattered in his memorandum books. But least of all had contributions to albums, occasional canons and the like, which make up 6 numbers (9, 90, 118, 217, 224, 328) any right to places here; thus we find 26 numbers which are improperly included in the list, and of these, more than half were already in print.

Of the remaining 385 actual letters, which the collection embraces, about half (189, if we have rightly counted) have been published before; this point we must lay stress upon, because Nohl has not deigned to note the fact in many cases, while in some he did not know it. And among those previously in print, the longest and those which are really characteristic of Beethoven are for the most part to be found; such as those addressed to Wegeler (8 in number), to the members of the Breuning family (5); to Ries (31, of which one, No. 279, is new); to Giannatasio del Rio (28, copied from the *Grenzboten*): to Amenda (2, from the *Signale*); to Julia Guicciardi (2); to Bettine (3); to Hofmeister and Peters, Leipzig publishers (some 12, most of them from the *Neue Zeitschrift*); to Varena (7); Steiner & Haslinger (mostly from Seyfried); Birchall (from Chrysander); Schotts (6, from the *Cœcilia*); Moscheles (3 from Schindler), and many single ones besides. Among those not hitherto published, the series largest in number is that to Zmeskall† (about 50, most of which are from the Imperial Royal Library at Vienna); next come those to Schindler (29, known in part from Schindler's book); and then, the letters to his Nephew (37, of which 12 were already made known by Schindler); then, of the more important ones, 7 to Archduke Rudolph (from the archives of the Society of Music-friends); 13 to Mad. Streicher (piece-meal, after copies); 5 to Pasqualati (from the I. R. Library); 12 to Advocate Kanka (after copies); 4 to Holz, and many other single ones—in part to persons unknown—but extremely few of importance or of much length.

It is clear, that when his collection showed a so astonishingly meagre gain of new and interesting matter, Herr Nohl could not have been deceived as to its incompleteness, and he is therefore so much the less excusable for its publication, as he neglected further research. One misses letters to known intimate friends of Beethoven, the existence of which should have been known or at least suspected; instances, those to Brunswick and the Countess Erdödy. Instead of the four billets to Treitschke, one would rejoice to have the interesting correspondence with him relating to the projected opera "Romulus," which is found in other collections,—collections in which, as we happen to know, the series to Pasqualati, to Steiner & Haslinger, to Frau Streicher, and even to Zmeskall, are far more numerous and complete than as given by Nohl. Of those to Giannatasio the one not given in the *Grenzboten* is also wanting in Nohl, while, as to the Rudolph series, it is well known that soon after the appearance of his book, he received a very unpleasant proof of its imperfection through Herr von Köchel.* But why should we dwell on this point, since there is a still more mortifying reason for the incompleteness of his collection,—the overlooking of letters already published. In the *Grenzboten*, 1859, 2d quarter, p. 236, communicated by Otto Jahn, are two letters to Brunswick, and seven to Fräulein Amalia Sebald, with whom Beethoven had become acquainted in Toplitz, all from the year 1812. They are of special interest for the study of B's character, and would have been an ornament to the collection.† Herr Nohl, who has printed the letters to Giannatasio from the *Grenzboten*, must, with anything like careful research, have come upon them; but this not being the case, he gives in their stead a short contribution to the album of "the singer, Auguste Sebald" (90), to which, however, he adds no note whatever.

In Thayer's *Chronol. Catalogue* (p. 100 *et seq.*) are excerpta from 10 letters to G. Thomson of Edinburg. Herr Nohl, into whose hands that work came, before he had finished his book, does not notice them with a word, but he states that he has found hardly anything new in Thayer.

A short letter to Pasqualati, which Nohl does not give, may be found in the *Neue Zeitschrift*, vol. 9, p. 164. A letter to Schindler from Hetzendorf, printed by Nohl in part, is given in full in a fac-simile to Breidenstein's "*Festgabe*" to the Inauguration of Beethoven's Monument, Bonn, 1845. One of Nohl's errors in this is "July" instead of June 1, 1823. Of a billet to Editor Bernard, which Schindler notices, II. 75, Nohl knows nothing.

* "To the Master Richard Wagner" the volume is dedicated.

* If Herr Nohl would be complete in this direction, he must include the declaration regarding the C-major Quintet, that upon the Overture in C, and the Concert bill of Feb. 24, 1824, all of which he can find in Thayer.

† Even of these several are to be found in the Vienna Musical Journals, as we have been trustworthily informed—for we have not access to them—a fact which Nohl ought to have known and recorded.

* Who published 83 (!) letters of B. to Rudolph, all of which were unknown to Nohl.

† "The tenderness of B. to women, and his depth of feeling as well as his whimsicalness, appear in these letters so simply and amiably, that they (the letters) may be looked upon as an especially attractive addition to our means for studying his character," says Jahn.

A like superficiality exhibits itself throughout, both in what he imparts and in the manner of imparting it. As a conscientious editor, it was a first duty never to fail in giving his authorities exactly, and in particular to carefully distinguish that which is now published for the first time, from that which had already been given to the press. Instead of this, he often leaves us completely in the dark, both on this point and whether he had ever seen the original. To those who have no extensive knowledge of the subject, he therefore appears in a false light—one, which an editor for his own credit should by all means shun. He omits to state of many of the notes to Schindler, that they had been printed before, also the letter to Mosel (165), one to Baroness Erdmann (174), the three to Moscheles (389, 396, 398). Of several addressed to Haslinger he was in duty bound to note their previous publication by Seyfried; as to the letter to Matthison (16), he does not know, or, if he knows, suppresses the fact, that it may be seen in the *Neue Zeitschrift* (Vol. VII. 51). Other instances every reader will notice.

Some examples will show how useful to Herr Nohl it would have been had he obtained a sight of the originals of Beethoven's letters; they will also place clearly before our eyes his whole method. Take the letter to Dr. Schade of Augsburg (2). Herr Nohl gave it in his Biography, after re-translating it into German, as a discovery made by him in the *Revue Britannique*, and had, at the time, to digest the information (*All. Mus. Zeitung*, 1864, No. 12) that the French translation had been made after an English article by Thayer, and, moreover, that he might have found the letter in the original tongue in the *Voss'sche Zeitung* of 1845. Now he reprints the letter in its proper form, but without—as it was his duty to do—noting the error in the Biography, and simply stating that the letter had appeared both in the *Voss'sche Zeitung*, and in the *Berliner Musik Zeitung* of 1845.[unacknowledged facts communicated to him by Thayer himself, from whose own copy of the *Musik Zeitung* Nohl took the letter in its present form!] The original still remains unknown to him, after diligent search? We will not examine that point; but, simply, in case good luck should hereafter play it into his hands, impart some of the variations as a foretaste of the pleasure it will afford him. First, the address is to Schaden, not to Schade: Beethoven expressly addresses the original "*à Monsieur de Schaden, conseiller d' Augspurg, à Augspurg.*" Line 3d, original has "ich will," Nohl, "will ich;" l. 9, "erhielte," Nohl "erhielt;" 10, "war," Nohl "wäre;" (such provincialisms should be preserved, just as the "Täge," in many letters, which Nohl feels himself bound to make "Tage"): p. 2, l. 12, original "einige Nachsicht," Nohl "einige zeit Nachsicht;" 19, "der ich," Nohl "da ich;" and besides all this, many changes in the punctuation and the use of capitals, which we pass over.

(Conclusion next time).

Mendelssohn's Letters to Baermann.*

X.

Berlin, Nov. 25, 1835.

Dear Barmann,

I received your letter yesterday here, where I have been summoned by the most grievous misfortune that can befall any man. I have lost my father; he has been taken from us without any previous illness, quite calm and free from pain, just as he had always wished. My mother and my brother and sisters are well in health, but none of us can yet realize this blow, far less think of the future, or recover composure. On the evening of the 18th, my father was still with them all, cheerful and happy, and on the 19th, at half-past ten o'clock, his life was at an end. I mean to strive to fulfil his wishes while he was still among us and occupy myself and do my duty, however difficult I may find any other thought; but this is the only way, so far as I can see, to live in conformity with his will, and therefore I shall attempt to do so.

I enclose you a letter for the music director in Dusseldorf, who can give you the best information and assistance about a concert; I doubt, however, whether a long stay there would requite you, for almost all these concerts bring only very moderate receipts. When I was in Cologne, I spoke to President Verkenius about a concert; but he dissuaded you from giving one of your own, and thought your best plan would be to play once or twice at the winter concerts there, where indeed they only give a small fee, but you would at least be saved all trouble. Leibl is a personal acquaintance of mine, so he will at once do all he can for you; and if you choose to write to Verkenius (reminding him of my former correspondence with him), I feel sure he will arrange so that you need only go there to play the same day you arrive, without prolonging your stay.

The subscription concerts in Leipzig go on till Easter. Whether I shall remain there after that period, I cannot say. Concertmeister Matthai is dead, and his place is soon to be filled up. I regret not meeting you there at present, but in those first days of sorrow, I could neither think of music nor take pleasure in it. Herr Schindler, formerly an acquaintance of Beethoven, is music director in Aix-la-Chapelle, but I know very little of him, and I doubt whether a concert there would repay the trouble. Certainly not in Elberfeld. I wish to answer every point in your letter, but I can write no more to-day. Farewell! May all good fortune attend your journey.

Yours,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

XI.

Leipzig, March 25, 1836.

My dear Friend,

I do not feel quite sure whether you know or care to know anything of me, but I am about to ask you a favor, the fulfilment of which will very essentially oblige me, and therefore I hope you will grant it. The son of Heinze, our first clarionet player, who has for two years held the situation of second clarionet in the orchestra, and evidently shows much talent for that instrument, is to be sent by his father's wish for half a year, or three-quarters, to some first-rate master, to receive the necessary finish, in which he is as yet deficient, in spite of his facility of execution and musical steadiness. The father, not grudging the greatest sacrifices to cultivate properly the talents of his son, proposes sending him to Munich, and I have undertaken to apply to you to ascertain whether one of the distinguished clarionet-players there would bestow regular instruction on him for a fair remuneration; and receive him as a musical apprentice. Who the person is that we should prefer, you well know, but my fear is that either you never give lessons, or only for a sum higher than the father could afford. If, therefore, you cannot or will not do this, say whether you would recommend Faubel, or some other in Munich, and let me know the usual rate of lessons. You may imagine that this affair is of the utmost importance to these people, and as the father is a most upright man and a sound musician, I venture to hope that you will oblige me by giving him the best advice in your power; of course, if you could yourself superintend his studies, it would make me feel most grateful, but, at all events, let me hear your candid opinion on the subject, that the young man may act accordingly. He could set out in the course of three or four weeks, so I beg you will answer me by return of post, and by so doing you will exceedingly oblige me as I have already said.

I had many and various things to write to you about, but I scarcely know whether I ought to do so, or whether you would care to read about them. Let me know how this is in your answer, when I will forthwith write you a circumstantial letter about my wife and my little boy, about my life and my music, and then you must write to me in your turn about yourself, and all your belongings and doings. I hope, dear Barmann, that you will do this, and with kind regards to your amiable wife and your two sons, and hoping soon to hear from you,

I am ever your old friend,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

XII.

Leipzig, September 11, 1839.

My dear Barmann,

I heartily rejoiced, after so long space of time, once more to receive some lines from your hand, and to find from them that you are, as ever, my dear, unchanged, kind friend. I only found your letter on my return from a journey to Brunswick, or I would not have so long delayed my answer. Give Lachner* my best thanks for his friendly invitation; I would accept it with great pleasure if I had a little more time for my expedition, but as it is exactly four weeks after the beginning of our concerts, any prolongation of my absence would be very difficult. Besides, my journey to Vienna is by no means settled, and in any event, all the time I could contrive to spare for a visit to Munich would be a few days on my return—somewhere between December 20 and 30. Do you think that so short a period would suffice? After such a lapse of time would not so shabby a visit be worse than none? Tell me your honest opinion on this point. Further (of course, *entre nous*), are they prepared to defray the expense of my lengthened journey and absence, and of my stay there, and in what way? How much I should rejoice to see at length once more all my dear Munich friends, but above all yourself, dear Barmann, and to have a chat with you again, to make music together, and to walk about, &c., I don't need to tell you, for you know it already. Now answer me as soon as possible by a few lines, and rest assured that so long as I live, I am, and ever shall be,

Your old friend,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

XIII.

Leipzig, September 30, 1839.

My dear Friend,

Much as I should have regretted at any other time to have received the letter I have just got, still it is easier than usual for me to reply to it, because I was on the point of writing to you to say that all hope of our meeting this autumn was at an end. My circumstances have assumed such a shape since my return, that even my visit to Vienna during the time of our concerts could only be purchased by great sacrifices and annoyances on my part. I am in considerable perplexity how to adjust all this, as I certainly cannot deem it unreasonable that my personal presence should be exacted here during the winter, when I have seven months' leave of absence in the summer. At all events, it is now quite out of the question to dream of prolonging my absence by any *d'hour*. The worst part of the affair is, that we could and would have passed such very happy hours together, instead of which our meeting is now postponed for an indefinite period. Herr Panofka and Rosenhain from Paris are here just now; they tell me a great deal and much that is charming of you, and praise Carl and his playing, and his talent for composition, with such enthusiasm, that my mouth began to water again to make music with you, and to play all sorts of nonsensical pranks. They cannot sufficiently extol a clarionet concerto of Carl, and likewise speak with so much affection of yourself, that it quite gladdened my heart. May we soon

* From NOHL's collection of "Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated by LADY WALLACE.

* Franz Lachner, Royal Bavarian General Music Director in Munich

meet somewhere in this world, and till then continue your regard for me, as I do for you, for I was, and am, and ever shall be,

Your old friend,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

The Nether-Rhine Musical Festival.

Cologne, June 5th.

The fiftieth anniversary of the musical festivals established in Rhenish Germany in 1818, was celebrated last week in the old Colonia Agrippina, with increasing solemnity and enthusiasm. The first of those festivals was given at Düsseldorf, in 1818. The institution, therefore, numbers just a half-century, and it is satisfactory to note that the programmes have gone on improving every year during that time. The bill of fare of 1818 would look rather meagre now-a-days; it had only two items—a cantata, "*The Seasons*;" an oratorio, "*The Creation*." The *fete* lasted only two days till 1854, when a third day was added—a day devoted to soloists. Now, contrast the above primitive programme with the one of the festival of last week. Here it is. The "*Messiah*" by Handel; a cantata by Bach; an overture, by Ferdinand Hiller; the 114th Psalm, by Mendelssohn; the 2nd act of the "*Vestale*," by Spontini; the most famous though highly perilous symphony, with chorus, by Beethoven, called "*The Ninth*," which singers, musicians, and conductors approach with but awe and tremor, on account of the rocks concealed under its notes and trills, and of the numerous wrecks it has witnessed; an overture, by Rietz; a quatuor, by Hiller; a violin concerto, by Max Bruch; the symphony in *re minor*, by Schumann; a cantata, by Marcello; and other less pretentious vocal and instrumental dainties. You must confess such a programme ought to have satisfied all tastes, the most fastidious, as well as the most exacting.

Ferdinand Hiller admirably led no less than 762 musicians and singers. The soloists were Mmes. Dustmann and Joachim; Messrs. Gunz and Hill, without forgetting Herr Joachim himself. Every corner of Germany was represented amongst the spectators—from Stralsund to Friedrichshafen, from Kehl to Koenigsberg—all the types of the German race were cast in strong relief in the vast assemblage. The Festival was inaugurated by a remarkable speech pronounced by Herr Schlink. The orator sketched the origin and results of the musical festivities. He traced their source to the national reaction which occurred in Germany on the morrow of Waterloo. You see at the present time, the national feeling is, on all occasions, the ever-vibrating chord in Germany. Herr Schlink then enumerated the names of the great composers who successively directed the Rhenish lyrical festivals: Rietz, Spohr, Spontini, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c. Then he compared the influence of those solemnities with the Olympic Games of Greece, and he expressed the hope that the glorious lapse of half a century was the certain precursor of a future no less brilliant. The assembly applauded the speech enthusiastically—the historical portion and no less the prophetic parts.

Handel's "*Messiah*" followed Herr Schlink's speech, and filled up the first day of the festival. The choristers, to the number of 613, left nothing to be desired, under the leadership of Ferdinand Hiller. They sang with much vigor, and still blended admirably all the shades of harmony so profusely abounding in that oratorio. I have already named the soloists. Mme. Joachim, the wife of the violinist we have so often applauded in London, had evidently studied with as much care as intelligence the very ideas and thoughts of the composer; she sang with a degree of conscience seldom to be met with. She avoided all *fioriture* and alterations, and she was admirable. Indeed, the artist who assumes such an attitude must possess a talent as solid as supple.

On the second day the programme was more prolific. It consisted of "*The Eternal Fire*" (a cantata by Bach), of an overture by Hiller, of a psalm by Mendelssohn, of an act of the "*Vestale*," and of the ninth symphony of Beethoven. A rich field, you see. "*The Eternal Fire*" is admirably arranged, and of a broad form. It is adorned in the middle with a contralto air, full of manly grace and fine feeling. Mme. Joachim sang it with such perfection that the audience was disappointed it was not true to its Vestal pretensions.[!?] Ferdinand Hiller's overture showed that the conductor of the orchestra was deeply versed in the musical rhyme. You can scarcely breathe during the orchestral performance, abounding in episodes and sensations. You hear every instrument, and still their multifarious voices blend in a sheaf of harmony. As to the "*Vestale*," the masterpiece of Spontini, it was no doubt put in to the programme as being full of reminiscences of Jomelli, Cimarosa, and Mozart, and because it has remained famous in the annals of the French opera. You know, amongst the spectators there were a sprinkling of French and a large number of Belgians. However, Mme. Dustmann forgot to keep up the sacred light with much pathos; her voice trembled, then sighed, then cried. Not so the interpretation of Beethoven's ninth symphony. The *Allegro maestoso*, the *Scherzo vivace*, the *Adagio cantabile*, and the *finale*, which is expressed by the whole of the choristers and of the musicians, electrified the auditory.

Now the third and last day of the festival has arrived. It is extremely hot, though the Gürzenich, which is the concert-room, ought to be naturally fresh, for it is also used as a customs wharf. And the two chevaliers who adorn the principal front, and who pretend to represent Agrippa and Marsilius, although they wear the middle-age garbs, were in a profuse perspiration. Never mind, the immense *locale* was full, and every one seemed satisfied. How happy they would have been had a fairy rod changed the Gürzenich into your Crystal Palace. Herr Joachim did marvels on his violin with Bruch's concerto and Spohr's allegro. Bruch's concerto is his twenty-sixth work. On first hearing, the slow movement, in E flat, is the most taking. Joachim's second solo was recitative, andante, and allegro from Spohr's Sixth Concerto, after which he was re-summoned no less than four times, and was received with every mark of homage—flowers and flourish of trumpets, &c. The audience continuing to cheer, Joachim played Bach's "Sarabande, Gavotte," &c., in B minor, after which the greatest artist at present before the public received another ovation. Mme. Joachim sang a cantata by Marcello in her usual style, full and simple withal. The lady is almost without an equal in rendering sacred music. The festival concluded with a repetition of the "Hallelujah," in which the voices of the admirable choir sounded as pure and fresh as at the beginning of the week, and the high and sustained "G" to which the soprani ascend was bright and clear as the poetical idea of the tone of a "silver bell." An ovation was then received by Hiller, to whom, first of all, is due the honor of the great success of this year's festival, which is the seventh which he has conducted. The young ladies of the chorus have crowned him with a laurel wreath, circumvented him with a shower of flowers.

Amongst some of the distinguished musicians present were Bargiel, director of the Rotterdam Conservatorium; Brahms, the rising young composer, who is nobly pursuing the path opened out by his master, Schumann; Breuning, music director at at Aix; Otto Goldschmidt, Professor of the Academy at Stockholm, Vice-Principal of the Academy at London, &c.; Grimm, Capellmeister at Münster; Hol, from Utrecht; Kufferath, from Brussels; Lamoureux, from Paris; Levy, from Carlsruhe; Pasdeloup, from Paris; Rheinthaler, Capellmeister at Bremen; Samuel, from Brussells; Jules Stockhausen, from Hamburg; Taubert, Hofcapellmeister at Berlin; Tausch, from Dusseldorf, &c. And many other lovers of music were attracted from all directions,—from Venice, Paris, London and Edinburgh. —*Orchestra.*

The Saengerfest at Chicago.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post).

Chicago, June 17, 1867.

This day will be ever memorable in the musical annals of Chicago. The city has been all excitement from seven o'clock this morning until six o'clock this evening, the time of the opening of the "Sängerfest." Under the direction of Mr. Frederick Pfau, of New York, the "Fest Hall" has been fitted up in very handsome style, considering the limited time allowed.

FEST HALL.

The large skating rink, improvised into a music hall, has been neatly decorated with cedar and floral festoons and wreaths. The iron rods, or bars, that bind the side walls together, and in fact every beam, have been covered by cedar or colored tissue paper. Chinese lanterns and innumerable flags, crossed and grouped, grace the room, and in the centre hang two chandeliers made of tissue paper and evergreen. Stands of stars and stripes are fixed at the intersections of the supports to the arched roof. A stage is raised at the back of the rink, forty feet in depth. At each end of the railing of the stage stands a large pedestal hung with wreaths of evergreen and flowers, and upon these rise two pyramids made of musical instruments, namely, violins, guitars, drums, horns, cymbals, etc. At the back of the stage is an immense American flag, with smaller flags and wreaths around it. On each side is the flag of the North German Confederacy, the colors being black, white and red.

The north and south sides of the room are also decorated with festoons, wreaths and inscriptions. On the walls, and surrounded by wreaths, are placed busts of great German composers. Among these is one of Handel, laurel-crowned like the rest, and placed between two fine mottoes. On one side is:

"Weit über enge Marken zieht
Den trauten Kreis das deutsche Lied."

On the other was:

"Ihr Sanger, die Ihr kamet
Von Bergen und von Thal,
Willkommen seid ihr alle,
Willkommen tausendmal."

Next is a laurel-crowned bust of Mr. Lincoln; and near to it busts of Beethoven and Liszt. The word "Welcome," in German, meets the eye on every side.

THE SINGERS FROM EUROPE TOO LATE.

At half-past two to-day a despatch was received from Fort Wayne, announcing the detention of the European singers in consequence of a severe storm, which caused a break in the road.

THE PROCESSION.

At 6 P.M. the societies formed in procession at Uhlish's Block, and at 7 marched to the Fest Hall on Wabash avenue. There were over forty different singing societies, and several Turner societies in the procession.

THE RECEPTION CONCERT.

The following is the programme of the Reception Concert.

Jubilee Overture.....By C. M. von Weber.
Chicago Orchestra.
Welcoming speech to the foreign singers.
By the Mayor of Chicago.
Greeting to the singers,—Chorus with orchestral accomp.
By J. Otto.
Chicago singers and orchestra.
German speech of welcome to the foreign singers.
By the President of the Festival.
Overture to Mendelssohn's "Athalia."
Orchestra.
Oration of E. Schlaeger, Esq.
The German song,—Chorus with solo quartet..Schneider.
Chicago singers.
Presentation of the flags of the Bund to the President of the Central Committee by his predecessor.
American National Hymn.—Star-Spangled Banner.
Sanger Spruch by Mueller von der Werra.
Music by Reichart.
Sung by all the Vereine.

At half past seven the Singing and Turner Societies came into the hall with their flags crowned with laurel, which were then held up in a line at the back of the stage, making a beautiful effect, which was enhanced when Ellsworth's Zouaves marched into the hall and filed upon the stage.

The absence of the foreign singers compelled some change in the execution of the programme. At eight o'clock the concert began with the "Jubilee Overture," by C. M. Von Weber, which was finely executed by the orchestra.

Mr. J. B. Rice, Mayor of Chicago, was then introduced and delivered his "welcoming speech," which was loudly applauded, even by those who did not understand English.

Herr Claussenius, president of the "Fest," then read in German a speech of welcome to the foreign singers (who were not there). The speech was enthusiastically applauded by both Americans and Germans.

The overture to Mendelssohn's "Athalia" was omitted, and then followed an oration by Mr. Schläger, which was decidedly humorous and excited much laughter.

The national hymn wound up the concert, all standing, and some joining in with the singers.

It will be seen from the programme that the "Greeting to the Singers," the overture to Mendelssohn's "Athalia," and the "Sänger" speech by Mueller von der Werra, were omitted. The concert was, therefore, short, and ended at 10 P.M. It went off finely, however, and every one seemed satisfied. Pyrotechnics and salvos of artillery made the night lively (not hideous) with their noise. The sound of music strikes upon my ear as I now write.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

After the reception, the torchlight procession, with two thousand torches, formed, and marched from the "Fest Hall" through the principal streets to Turner Hall, to the music of Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux." At the Hall a poem in greeting to the guests, composed by Emil Kitterhans, was delivered *al fresco*. The rest of the evening is to be given up to social pleasures.

SECOND DAY.

Chicago, June 18, 1868.

The chief feature of interest in the second day of the "Sängerfest" was the arrival of the foreign sing-

ers. Anticipating a crowd at the "Fest Hall," the Committee on Tickets raised the price from $1 to $2, and $2.50 for reserved seats. At 7.30 the hall (or rink) was rapidly filled, until there were some four thousand persons crowded into it.

The following was the programme of the first concert:

Overture to Rienzi, by Wagner ..... Festival Orchestra.
"On the Open Sea," chorus with baritone solo, solo quartet and orchestral accompaniment, by F. Moehring; the baritone solo by Mr. Steins, of New York; solo quartet by the New York Liederkranz.
Andante from Ulrich's Triumphal Symphony.
Festival Orchestra.
"The German People's Prayer," chorus with solo quartet and orchestral accompaniment, by F. Abt; the solo quartet executed by the Arion, of New York.
Concerto in Fis, complete for the piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniment, performed by Mr. von Gumpert, of Milwaukee.
Hymn to Melody, chorus with solo, quartet and orchestral accompaniment, by Billeter; solo quartet by the Arion, of New York.
"The Linden Tree," People's Song, by Schubert, full chorus.
War March, for Orchestra.
Battle Hymn, chorus with orchestra.
From Wagner's Rienzi.

Mme. Lumley-Blath was indisposed, and her aria, "Ye Priests of Baal," was omitted. "The German People's Prayer" was well given, and the solo quartet by the Arion of New York, was loudly applauded:

Oh, lordly song, arise, upsoar,
And sweep, with eagle pinion, far away
Echo, like the trumpet's clangorous roar
Upon the dreadful judgment day.
Rise, oh, rise to Heaven; by us sent
As the German people's common prayer,
That towards the Highest Light is lent,
And for strength is clamoring there
Oh, God, grant us courage, grant us power,
Whether peace or war shall rule the hour,
Lead us well, and lead us faithfully,
Now, and through eternity.

With power, oh German song, arise
And work your wonders once again;
Thunder again, till slavery flies
Like hurrying storms across the main.
Oh, Holy Spirit, give us power,
Shed quickening light on heart and brain,
And each German gladly sees the hour,
This hour of Freedom's mighty gain.
Oh, God, grant, etc

With swelling notes inflame the soul,
Pour out the battle and the triumph song
Loudly, as storm winds when they roll
Ancestral oaken groves among;
As lightnings flash, as thunders crash,
Here let the tempest mighty be.
All filled with awe, when'er they pray,
May we, Thy German people see
Oh, God, grant, etc.

The concert closed with the "Battle Hymn" from "Rienzi," in the course of which the young man who sang the solo received a shower of bouquets. Thus ended the first grand concert, and it certainly went off well. The roof of the Rink, however, is too low for singing, so that the voices did not resound. The Rink is also too small for such an affair, and I believe that many persons were crowded out. To-night the second concert is to take place, and the programme is promising.

THIRD DAY.

Chicago, June 19, 1868.

The third and last concert took place last night. Everything was done to make the audience satisfied. The heat being great, blocks of ice were placed in the "Fest Hall," and fans were sold by bags. The attendance was not so large as at the previous concerts, but there were at least three thousand persons present. The singing of the European performers was the chief attraction. The number of singers and musicians was about eight hundred. The following was the programme:

Symphony in A, No. 7 ..... Beethoven.
By the Festival Orchestra.
Solo.
By the Arion, of New York.
Che faro senza Eurydice. Aria
From Gluck's "Orpheus." Mme Lumley-Blath.
What is the German's Fatherland?—Chorus with solo quartet..... By Reichardt.
The solo quartet by the delegation of European singers
Adagio and rondo (Swedish songs) for 'cello . Romberg.
Performed by H. Mellenhauer.
Solo, for a Baritone.
By Mr. Steins, of New York
Jubilee Overture..... By Lindpaintner
Festival Orchestra.
Solo.
By the New York Liederkranz.
Il Segno..... By Abt
Mme Lumley-Blath.
Solo.
By the Arion des Westens, of St. Louis.
Schiller March..... By Meyerbeer.
Festival Orchestra.

Mme. Blath, whose absence was excused last night, sang "Che faro senza Eurydice."

Herr Balatka, conducter, announced that Herr Fuchs, of Berlin, would take his place as director. He added that the song they were about to sing was sung in every city, town and village of Germany. Here an ardent German in the audience rose and called for three cheers for Germany, and three thundering hurrahs were given.

The Jubilee overture, by Lindpaintner, was well played and applauded. The eighth piece, a solo by the New York Liederkranz, was very well executed, Stein's baritone being plainly heard above the other voices. This piece was *encored*, and a second song was given by the Liederkranz.

The tenth piece was one of the best of the evening, the Arions of St. Louis proving themselves admirable singers, and disputing the palm with their namesakes of New York. The Arion des Westens sang two solos, the second in answer to an *encore*. The Schiller March wound up the concert, and was like all the rest—well executed. The violinists in the orchestra were musicians of no common order, and their execution was generally admirable. They played with ease and spirit.

Herr Balatka announced before the execution of the last piece that in consequence of an expressed desire for a repetition of some of the choruses, there would be a matinée to-morrow at 2.30 P.M., which announcement was greeted with applause.

Thus came to an end the last of the concerts in the "Fest Hall." To-day is to be a day of rest; and on Sunday there will be a concert at the picnic grounds called Wright's Grove. At this concert will be repeated all the songs of the Sängerfest.

The Sängerfest has been a success. The receipts from sale of tickets have not been less than $15,000. Had the Rink been larger they would have amounted to more. This sum leaves $15,000 to be raised to meet the total expenses of the Fest. X.

The Handel Triennial Festival.

This unparalleled act of homage to the genius and memory of a great man is once more close at hand. In 1857 Handel had been dead a hundred years, and the Sacred Harmonic Society, which, but for Handel, would probably never have existed, marked the centenary by a performance of his works on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. The results of that celebration went further than its promoters contemplated. Instead of at distant intervals, Handel Festivals, even more imposing, arrest, every third year, the attention of musicians all over the world, and make the Crystal Palace not merely the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," but the centre of attraction for whosoever has heard the name of the most illustrious among sacred composers. In 1862 and 1865 the most accomplished living conductor (?) marshalled an army of singers and players counting in thousands, upon an orchestra as colossal in its way as Handel himself, and brought to a successful issue a series of performances conceived on as vast a scale as the music performed. What these events did for the composer's reputation may be easily imagined, as may the credit they reflected upon that "immortal nation" in the midst of which Handel gloriously lived and died, and by which his immortal memory is accounted a precious heritage. Hence the approaching Festival is a thing to be welcomed. More than that, it is a thing about which one may feel enthusiastic even in the presence of superciliousness itself.

Profiting by experience the managers have made each Festival an improvement upon its predecessors. Just as 1865 was better than 1862 and 1857, so 1868 promises (and Handel Festivals promise nothing they do not perform) to be better than 1865. This is true in nearly every department of the gigantic scheme. So rapid is the progress of music in England now a days that even three years showed a marked advance in the intelligence and capacity of the host of eager candidates for a place in the Handel Festival chorus. With a standard of fitness higher than ever, the managers have this year secured a body of singers capable, like Lord Wellington's Peninsular army, of doing anything and singing anywhere. On this head, however, we shall say more presently, merely adding now, that, as on former occasions, the "provinces" have been ransacked for efficient choristers. All the towns famous on account of Festival doings—Birmingham, Norwich, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, to-wit—will send up their best voices; nor will contingents from the far north, Bradford and Leeds for instance, be wanting! The proficiency of these detachments is amply secured. At appointed centres, the Sacred Harmonic Society's agents do for the country singers what Mr. Costa has been doing in Exeter Hall for the Londoners, and thus the great rehearsal day will find metropolis and provinces equally well represented.

Turning to the solo artists we have a prospect equally fair. What says the reader—let him be a reader ever so insatiable in this matter—to a list of names including Theresa Tietjens, Christine Nilsson, Clara Louise Kellogg, Eugenie Carola, Lemmens-Sherrington, Maria Rudersdorff, Sainton Dolby, Sims Reeves, Foli, and Santley? A single glance at this list shows the managers' determination to have the best available artists in every department, and, so far as sopranos are concerned, to have all the best. They might have been content with the skill and experience of such recognized oratorio singers as Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, and Madame Rudersdorff, who, together, are well able to render Handel's airs every injustice. But they seem to have determined upon an accumulation of sopranos. Hence their engagement of the young Swede who proved at Birmingham last year that she can sing Handel as well as she can sing Verdi, of the young American whose cleverness justifies her in attempting anything, and of the young Hungarian with whom during the past winter the Sacred Harmonic Society's subscribers were made pleasantly familiar. It may safely be assumed that many if not all of these ladies will appear at each performance, and the personal interest thus enlisted on the side of success will, no doubt, justify the managers' profuse liberality. With regard to the other artists what need be said? To praise the exquisite style in which Mme. Sainton-Dolby delivers sacred music, or to dilate upon the splendid oratorio singing of such artists as Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley would be "wasteful and redundant excess."

The band may safely be left with Mr. Costa. That accomplished chief will, we may rest assured, tolerate no shadow of risk in a department especially his own, if any department can specially belong to a conductor who is at home with all. The Sacred Harmonic Society and the Crystal Palace will, of course, furnish a nucleus of thoroughly safe players, around which will be grouped experienced professionals and amateurs, in numbers sufficient to make the instruments about 500 strong. We are told that of these some 430 will be "strings." What would one not give if Handel could hear such a band perform, say his *Occasional Overture*, with that stately March, which, on the Selection day will astonish not less than it will please!

But the Festival preparations are not exclusively such as bear directly upon the Festival music. In vain are these made perfect if, after all, the audience cannot hear, or, at best, can only hear with difficulty. We need not tell how gallant and persevering a fight has been carried on with the acoustical difficulties of the central transept ever since the Handel celebrations began. Each Festival has been a step towards victory, but it seems reserved for that just at hand to bring the conflict to a successful issue. Mr. Bowley, we are assured, is about to give his stubborn foe a *coup de grace*, which will settle it for all future time. The stroke, like Napoleon's favorite device of piercing the enemy's centre, is simple but masterly. He means to enclose the transept all round, thus giving the "4000" a chance never enjoyed before, and stopping their "thund'rous harmonies" from wandering away where there are no ears to hear. We are bidden to expect a "surprise" in consequence, and we do the bidding with all possible alacrity.

Coming, now, to the music set down for performance, it is clear, first of all, that the task of selection was two-thirds easy and one-third difficult. A Handel Festival, giving but one concert (supposing such an improbable thing,) *must* choose the *Messiah*; giving two, it *must* add to the "Sacred Oratorio" the stupendous *Israel*; giving three, matter for the third *must* be hard to find, just because there is so much of it. Everybody knows what befell the quadruped surrounded by equally attractive bundles of hay. That Festival managers have not been equally embarrassed is a wonder. But, with whatever difficulty, they have made up their minds, and the result will give universal satisfaction. Before proceeding to particulars let it be stated that the Selection-programme equals—enthusiasts of Handel say it excels—either of the others. Proofs of this are not far to seek. In the first place there is the *Occasional Overture*, with its magnificent opening movement, its inspiring *allegro*, and the stately March, by which, perhaps, it is best known.

This, the most generally known and admired of Handel's orchestral preludes, will be followed by the interesting selection from *Saul*, which has been so marked a feature at previous Festivals. No one who has ever heard the splendid choruses, beginning with "How excellent Thy Name" and ending with the "Hallelujah," will feel other than glad that they are once more in the programme. The same remarks apply to the excerpts from *Solomon*, an oratorio rarely performed, but, nevertheless, full of magnificent illustrations of Handel's magnificent genius. It will be sufficient to name the grand double chorus, "Immortal Lord of earth and sky," the gracious and graceful "Let no rash intruder," the glorious outburst of loyalty, "Shake the dome," and the "Pas-

sion" choruses, to prove that *Solomon* could on no account have been overlooked. From *Judas Maccabæus* the perennial "Conquering Hero" has been selected, while "The many rend the skies" will represent *Alexander's Feast* as nothing else could represent that famous secular work. But the greatest interest centres in two choruses so rarely performed that they might well be termed "noveltics," even though their composer died more than a century ago. These are "Now, Love, that everlasting boy," from the well-nigh forgotten *Semele*; and "He saw the lovely youth," from the scarcely better known *Theodora*. In making this selection the managers have done well, and if the result be not a surprise it will assuredly be a disappointment. There may be good reasons why *Semele* and *Theodora* are practically shelved. That is a question we have no intention to discuss now; but there are still better reasons why for Festival purposes choice should be made of the particular "numbers" just mentioned. Handel's own estimate of "He saw the lovely youth" is very familiar; and those who were privileged to hear the great rehearsal of Friday week will hardly feel inclined to dispute it. They may, however, doubt which to place first, the extract from *Theodora* or the one from *Semele*. Evading a discussion on this point, also, let it suffice that both show Handel in his grandest mood. We must here refer in very strong terms of praise to the style in which these, and other more or less familiar choruses have been rehearsed by the 2,200 voices forming the metropolitan section of the choir. For sonority of tone, quickness of comprehension, and general musical intelligence, the present Handel Festival chorus has never been equalled. For corroborative proof let it be recorded that two brief practices of less than two hours each sufficed to satisfy Mr. Costa that all the Selection-programme was safe. Bearing in mind the character of that programme, the fact is of large and agreeable significance. With regard to the second day solos, it will be sufficient if we name them in connection with the artists to whom they are allotted. To say that Mlle. Tietjens will sing the beautiful air from *Judas Maccabæus*, "Pious orgies," and the scarcely less beautiful "Lascia ch'io pianga," from *Rinaldo*; that Mlle. Christine Nilsson will sing "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flattering," that Mlle. Clara Louise Kellogg will sing "Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre," and that to Mlle. Carola is confided "Let the Bright Seraphim," while Mme. Sherrington takes "Sweet Bird," from *L'Allegro*, is to specify attractions no lover of Handel will be able to resist. For these reasons, then, we hold the Selection-programme first in interest, though yielding to none in homage to the creator of the *Messiah* and of *Israel*.

Of the grand rehearsal, as of the first and third days of the Festival proper, it is superfluous to speak. Not a word will be needed to commend it to public favor. The spell of the "Sacred Oratorio" and of the gigantic *Israel* is strong enough to command audiences for which even the central transept is too small; while a programme embracing the finest portion of its three successors must speak for itself.

To close this article without certain personal references would be unjust. Whoever else may be worthy of praise after the event, there are two men to whom praise must be given beforehand. One is Mr. Costa, legitimate commander when thousands are to be commanded. Remembering what this gentleman has done on former occasions, we look for another triumph, and, by anticipation, say *Ave Costa Imperator*. The other is Mr. R. K Bowley, of the Crystal Palace, to whose less apparent, but not less valuable energy and experience, the Handel Festivals have, from the first, been so greatly indebted. So well have these colossal undertakings been managed, time after time, that now nobody anticipates the smallest failure in the smallest matter. Probably no "general manager" was ever the just object of so comprehensive and emphatic a compliment.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 4, 1868.

Concerts.

The musical season has been over for a month or more, yet there have been a few occasional performances which we have to record. First the debut of a new Oratorio Society:

The BOSTON CHORAL UNION is a local organization of singers residing mainly in South Boston. Mr. FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD is the President, and Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD musical Conductor. The chorus numbers about 2 0 voices, who have devoted their first season to the practice, one evening every week, of Haydn's "Creation;" once well consolidated and blended in a good performance of so familiar and popular a work, they will doubtless address themselves to newer and more formidable tasks: *paulo majora canamus*. The public performance took place at Phillips Church, Broadway, on the evening of Monday, June 22. The *Creation* was, judiciously, somewhat abridged, leaving off the Adam and Eve dialogue, which is apt to be tedious except when the Oratorio is *greatly* done, and transferring "The heavens are telling" to the end for a sublime conclusion.

The place was not very favorable for good arrangement of the forces, nor for the best effect; but on the whole they worked together with good understanding, and the rendering was creditable to a young Society. There is very promising material in those voices; the sopranos and contraltos sounded particularly fresh and clear and musical, and Mr. Southard had evidently trained the chorus well; they entered into it with spirit. They were supported by an orchestra of thirty or more instruments, with SCHULTZE at their head, besides the organ, played by Mr. G. E. WHITING. The soprano solos were sung by Mrs. H. M. SMITH, whose clear, bright tones, flexible and even execution, and highly cultivated facility of trills and *fioriture*, won much favor. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY'S ponderous bass was present in full force; and the tenor part was sung by Mr. H. L. WHITNEY, whom we heard for the first time, with a voice of considerable power and sweetness, carefully and in good taste.

It was an encouraging beginning. We shall be glad to see such local choral organizations spring up in the several quarters and suburbs of our city; on grand occasions these will all find themselves in working order, ready to reinforce the central (Handel and Haydn) nucleus, and let all their several streams pour into one great flood and festival of song.

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We go back now to concerts which we had not room to chronicle before; first

Miss S. W. BARTON'S Matinée and Concert, at Chickering Hall, June 17. The Matinée was for the overflow (not large) of applicants for the enjoyment of the evening. The programmes differed only in the vocal selections. In the afternoon, Miss BARTON, who has quite a rich, telling voice, singing always true, for one thing, and not without dramatic expression, sang "*Ah mon fils*," and in a Duo from *Il Giuramento*," and the Trio of Maskers in *Don Giovanni*. Mrs. D. C. HALL, a beautiful and powerful soprano, is in many respects a charming singer; she puts life and meaning into her song; only unfortunately the intonation is not always true. In Rossini's queenly and luxurious melody "*Bel raggio*" she made a marked impression, as well as in the Duet and Trio. Mr. MACDONALD, a tenor, sweet and flexible enough, and rather lack-a-daisical in manner, hardly brought to life again the hackneied melodies of "*Spirto gentil*" and "Robin Adair."

In the evening, the tenor gentleman essayed a song whose fine poetry and spirituality seemed out of his reach: Schubert's "*Du bist die Ruh*," which he sang in English; and one of robust Braham's ballads: "The anchor's weighed." Mrs. Hall sang a song by Thalberg ("I've sighed to the roses"), another, by Curschmann ("The village bell he hears"), and the "Last Adieu," a sweet and simple composition of her own, we are told:—all with good effect. Miss Barton sang "*La Separazione*," by Rossini, and a ballad (Peace of Mind") by Sponholz. A Balfe-ian Duo: "*Il Marinaro*," closed the first part, and a Trio ("*Addio*"), by Curschmann, the second. The accompaniments were played by Mr. H. M. DOW.

The magnet of the two concerts was, of course, Miss ALIDE TOPP, whose piano-forte selections were the same in both. First a Fantasia by Liszt, consisting of a Venetian *Gondoliera* and a Neapolitan *Tarantella*, each thoroughly characteristic and picturesquely suggestive. But what pleased us most in the Fantasia was a third part, not named with the others, but longer and more elaborate than both of them together, beginning with a slow movement of exquisite charm and delicacy of feeling; though the spell is soon broken and gives place to the fantastic extravaganza in which the Abbate and his school delight. The young artist played all this by heart, as she does everything, and, though suffering from fatigue, with no perceptible abatement of her usual spirit and enthusiasm, her fine and searching touch, perfectly finished passage work, admirable distribution of light and shade, and really poetic rendering throughout. For an encore she gave again Liszt's airy fairy fancy the "*Gnomenreigen*." In the second part she gave another of Chopin's *Balladon*, the graceful one in A flat, 6 8 measure, and most delightfully she played it, though it may breathe a deeper, finer, more interior feeling as interpreted by one or two of our maturer artists. Miss Topp is young; yet, for one so young, wonderfully at home in the best works of all the great piano writers. We hope next winter to hear her play, not only the Schumann Concerto again, but some of those by Beethoven and others; she knows them all and loves them.

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NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.—This great popular music school—great at all events in its hosts of pupils, nearly 1500—has wisely sought to educate the taste, as well as teach the rudiments, by multiplying opportunities of hearing master works interpreted by artists. During the past season, some twenty classical Chamber concerts have been provided, partly in the hall of the Conservatory, partly at Chickering Hall, to which such pupils as these things can interest are invited freely. The performers are mostly teachers in the institution, or other well-known artists, with occasionally an advanced pupil. Here is the programme of one which we attended on the 28th of May:

Sonata, Op 24, Piano and Violin.....Beethoven.
Song.....Schumann.
Trio, Piano, Violin and 'Cello.....Haydn.
"Rondo all' Ongarese"
Song.....Abt.
Quartet, Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello.....Mozart.

The Sonata, Trio and Quartet were all played by the brothers SUCK, who form a family quartet by themselves, all excellent musicians:—the elder Suck, like Father Haydn, taking the middle or tenor viol, Mr. Henry Suck the first violin, Mr. August Suck the 'cello, while a younger brother, whom we had not met before in that capacity, surprised us by the firm and facile way in which he bore his part at the piano. It gave that room-full of young ladies a nice opportunity of beginning acquaintance with three charming model works of three great masters. The songs were sung with good voice and expression by Mrs. HALL.

In the nineteenth concert (June 11), we are told,

Mrs. Cary was the singer, and Mr. Dresel the pianist. The selections were; Beethoven's Sonata-Duo, in G minor, op. 5; two songs by Robert Franz ("Evening" and "O welcome fair Wood"); and Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, op. 66.—The twentieth and last occurred last Tuesday morning, and offered the great B flat Trio of Beethoven; two songs by Mendelssohn ("*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*" and "The Shepherd's Lay"); and Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, op. 58, for piano and violoncello.—A larger (exhibition) concert, of pupils in all kinds, is to close the term; and the energetic, amiable Director, Mr. Eben Tourjee, has arranged a musical picnic for his followers, at Walden Pond in Concord.

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The Boston Conservatory, of which Julius Eichberg is Director, had *its* exhibition concert, or "Closing Matinée," at the Boston Music Hall last Saturday. The Hall was crowded, and this was the programme, all by pupils:

Fugue in G minor, for Organ	Bach.
The Twilight Star. Part Song	Barnby.
Polonaise in A major, for Piano	Chopin.
Aria from Crispino e la Comare	Ricci
First Movement from Quartet, in A major, for Piano Violin, Alto and 'Cello	Mozart.
Prelude and Fugue in B flat, for Organ	Bach.
Caprice for Piano, op 33	Mendelssohn.
Aria from the "Barber of Seville"	Rossini
First Movement from Sonate pathetique	Beethoven.
Duo for Soprano and Alto	Kücken
Sweet May. Part Song	Barnby.
Offertorium for Organ	Batiste.

The two Bach fugues were brought out evenly and clearly, in good sound style. The part-songs, sung by about twenty young ladies, in three parts, showed a good ensemble of fresh, pure voices. The vocal solos, too, each in its way, were highly creditable, especially the Duet. The Mozart Quartet, owing to the absence of one of the performers, had to be withdrawn, and in its place, Mr. Eichberg with his young daughter (a pupil of the Conservatory) played a Serenade of Beethoven for violin and piano. The young lady made an excellent impression both in this and in the movement from the *Sonata Pathetique*. Two other young ladies, in Chopin's strong, heroic *Polonaise* and in the Mendelssohn *Caprice*, showed talent and the influence of good teaching.—But, after all, one cannot learn a great deal of the practical working and tendencies of these schools from such exhibitions of the choicer specimens.

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Personal. It seems as if all our leading musical artists were possessed with the idea of spending the summer in Europe. Zerrahn and Wulf Fries have been gone these six weeks; the former has been listening with delight to the great Handel Festival in London, and has been cordially received by the musicians there as the Conductor of *our* Festival. Mr. Eichberg, Mr. Leonhard, and Mr. Rudolphsen, Dr. Tuckerman, the organist, have sailed within the week past. It is useless to try to keep the run of those who go abroad in search of the "lost art" of song, that is to say, the old Italian tradition, which, by the testimony of Rossini, Mercadante, Mme. Goldschmidt, Mme. Seiler, does not exist now, in these Verdi days, even in Italy. But that they may get better musical inspirations than at home may at least be hoped. Mr. Osgood, our refined and charming tenor, having taken unto himself a wife, has gone back to his old master in Berlin, and will spend some years in Germany, in Italy, and wherever he may best build up his voice into full strength. Mr. M. W. Whitney has gone to cultivate more carefully his rich bass; so also Mr. Sprague, a favorite singer in one of our church choirs.

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The Handel Festival.—Doubtless by the time this number of our Journal meets the reader (we have to go to press earlier than usual) full reports of the grandest of all musical festivals will have come to hand. Meanwhile the following extract from the letter of a lady to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, dated June 16, will furnish some hint of the impressiveness of the first day's performance and its beautiful surroundings:

Yesterday we went to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to hear the oratorio of *The Messiah*. During its performance I was in that state of uncertainty that St. John describes, "Whether present in the body or absent in the spirit I know not." Four thousand voices sang "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" Nineteen thousand people sat around me breathless and listened. Then one woman stood in the midst, and every note of her silvery voice thrilled that immense concourse of people as "I know that my Redeemer liveth" rang clear and harmonious above the organ's roll, the hundreds of stringed instruments and, in the royal boxes, in the peers stalls, in the ranges of British nobility and rank, foreigners, people from all parts of the earth, with one feeling of submission, bowed their heads or wept actual tears. If spirits passed away can witness the triumphs of their works on earth, Handel was there. As Mlle. Titiens sat down amidst applause that sounded like the noise of hosts after a victory, I fancied she was oppressed by the excitement of the audience. If there is anything in magnetism, think what it is to endure the fixed gaze of nineteen thousand pairs of eyes on her face, and four thousand on her head! At this juncture I became too nervous to sit still; so, with a companion who sympathized with me, an additional charm to any delightful experience, strolling around the palace, followed by the waves of harmony from the immense orchestra, I observed with intense interest the effect of this great assemblage, in a world-renowned building—amidst the greatest collection of works of art and copies that was ever brought together. I speak intelligently, for, giving the Great Exposition of Paris its due, it did not equal in effect the present remains of the Crystal Palace.

Under the fountains, bordered with flowers growing and blooming in their spray, sat children, quiet and subdued by the syren voices that filled the air. On pedestals supporting colossal statues of fierce warriors, under the uplifted hoofs of chargers urged on by the Black Prince, or Paynim knights, sat gentle English girls, seemingly petrified, so motionless were they, absorbed by the music; and as if they were placed there to form a tableaux for my delight. I acted interpreter for myself, and muttered: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!" I looked from the palace windows. Oh! the expanse of rich meadows, table-land, rivers, lakes and groves to which the terraced hills of Sydenham seemed but a mound of flowers! I thought of England's Queen. Does all this loveliness give her pleasure? Alas, no; her reign of pleasure is over, and the bitterness that mingles in the cup of all has been tasted even by her. A lesson to the nations of the world, that a royal, upright and virtuous Queen must taste of life's woes with the humblest, and look from the little span of earth o'er which she reigns to that kingdom where there is

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

F. D. W.

Later. Our London papers of June 20th have arrived. We have only room for what the *Athenæum* says:

Up to the time present, it may be asserted *seem.* that no musical performances in any country have approached in excellence those of this year's Handel Festival. In saying this, we must be understood to limit our epithet to what makes *the* feature of all such performances,—chorus and orchestra combined. There may be no *solo* female vocalists before the public such as were Mara, Catalani, Malibran. It is true, on the other hand, that Mr. Sims Reeves as a real artist exceeds in taste and finish the illustrious Braham; and that Europe has never had a finer and more accomplished bass and baritone singer than Mr. Santley. But these are matters of secondary interest as compared with the choral and orchestral splendor of this year's Festival. In no other county than ours would it be practicable to perform grand works so perfectly as "The Messiah" was performed *without* rehearsal. In no other country than ours could there have been such a *one* rehearsal as that of yesterday week. Then the mass of choristers and orchestral players had to deal with much unfamiliar music, and went through their work with such precision that there was only need *twice* to stop the orchestra; the rehearsal being otherwise equivalent to a full performance of the greatest splendor. A stronger impression of might and mastery in Music,—a more convincing warrant of the stride which the art has taken in our land,—could not be cited, could not be received or impressed, than by that rehearsal. Among our recollections, which range over some years, as a musical manifestation this is unapproached in its excellence, and, yet more, its significance. Lastly, it must be added that it has afforded only one more proof (not needed) of the admirable power and discipline wielded by Mr. Costa. In no contemporary hands would such a rehearsal, with such results, have been possible.

It is useless to descant anew on "The Messiah," or on the still greater glory of "Israel." To all who know those works by heart, the less-known music by Handel, performed on the selection day (Wednesday), had a fresh charm impossible to be overstated. We need only specify the lovely song from "Rinaldo," "Lascia ch' io pianga," and the delicious chorus from "Semele," "Now, Love, that everlasting boy," as two of the number.

For the moment, we can merely register, on good authority, a contradiction forwarded to us as to the present state of the Handel MSS. in the Royal Library. What that *was* we distinctly recollect. Meanwhile, the fac simile of what Mendelssohn called "the coarse old" manuscript of the imperishable "Messiah" has been issued at the instance of the munificent and remarkable Sacred Harmonic Society. This immortal work was hurried on the paper, smeared with blots, spoilt by misspelt words, altered by omission and commission, possibly tinctured by plagiarisms. But the might of the master has never been so well asserted as at the time being, and in the country which he glorified by his royal genius.

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Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Mr. F. L. Ritter, the musical director of this institution, arranged a couple of "Historical Recitals of Vocal and Pianoforte Music," which took place here on Friday evening, June 12, and Saturday morning, June 18. The performers were Mme. Raymond-Ritter, vocalist, Mr. S. B. Mills, solo pianist, and Mr. Ritter himself as accompanist. The programmes, it will be seen, are very interesting and curious, containing much that is seldom heard; indeed the pieces marked with an asterisk were performed in public for the first time in this country.

(*First Recital*).

THE OLD ENGLISH SCHOOL.

Prelude	William Byrde.*	1590.
The Captive,—Song	Gibbons *	1620.
Lattempt from Love's Sorrow to Fly, Song	Purcell *	1680.
Sally in our Alley,—Ballad	Henry Carey	1715.
The Hundredth Psalm,—set as a lesson for the Piano-forte	Dr Blow.*	1680.

THE OLD FRENCH SCHOOL.

Soyez Fidèles Air from the Ballet "Le Mascarade de Versailles."	Lully *	1660.
Rondeau "Le réveil-Matin," & Allegretto	Couperin *	1668.
"Le Tambourin," and "La Musette"	Rameau *	1720.
"Puissant maître des Flots." Scene from the opera "Hippolite et Aricie"	Rameau *	1733.

THE OLD ITALIAN SCHOOL.

Sonata in D major	Domenico Scarlatti*	1713.
"Indico Amor," Siciliano.	Cavalli *	1650.
"O li che Lode," (The eighth Psalm)	Marcello *	1720.
Sonata in D	Galuppi *	1740.

FOLK SONGS, AND PIANO FORTE COMPOSITIONS FOUNDED ON THEM.

Quando ti vedo	Roman Serenade.*
Lasciato quitte la plaine	Negro French Lament.*
Se Amor mai	Venetian Barcarola.*
Mazurka, Op. 6, No. 1, and Valse, Op. 64, No 2	Chopin.
With all the Heavenly Host	Old English Christmas Song.*
La Jota Arragonesa	Spanish Dance Song.
Polonaise in E flat, Op 22	Chopin.

(*Second Recital*).

THE CLASSIC GERMAN SCHOOL.

Prelude and Fugue in C minor, from the second part of "Das wohltemperirte Clavier"	Bach
"Es ist vollbracht," Aria from the Johannes Passion	Bach.*
Air and Variations, "The harmonious Blacksmith"	Handel
"O del mio dolce ardor," Aria from "Paride ed Elena."	Gluck *
"Lascia ch'io pianga," Aria from "Rinaldo,"	Handel.
Sonata in B flat	Mozart.
An Chloe, Song	Mozart *
In questa tomba oscura, Arietta.	Beethoven
Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57	Beethoven.

THE MODERN GERMAN SCHOOL.

"Meine Ruh' ist hin," Gretchen at the spinning wheel). Song from Goethe's Faust	Schubert.
"Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden," Song from op. 24	Schumann
"Des Abends," and "Rode vom Lied," from the Fantasiestücke, Op. 12.	Schumann
"Nachtigall, die Fromme," from the Hafis Songs	Rubinstein.*
"Angio in del biondo crin," Song	Liszt.*
"Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen," Song	Franz
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 10	Liszt.

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Rubinstein, the pianist, will, it is said, soon visit this country. Some of the London critics proclaim him as the *ne plus ultra*; others are "provoked to find such high and rare qualities, such exceptional capabilities, so frequently disfigured by the excess of ungoverned enthusiasm." Our old friend and correspondent, "A. W. T.," now of Trieste, writes us:

"I see by the papers you are to have Rubenstein. I assure you you will have heard the greatest when he has played to you the last Sonatas of Beethoven. His power and expression are incomparable and indescribable."

Camilla Urso has recently been honored, by admirers of her professional skill, who are residents at Paris, with a present which gracefully acknowledges her very high estimation with that city's *dilettanti*.

This present consists of a pair of eardrops or pendants, which cost $1,100 in gold. They have sixty-eight diamonds of the finest water, and their workmanship is creditable even to Parisian art.

The Handel Scores.—The London *Athenæum* has the following letter:

Hamburg, June 4, 1868.

In reference to the question published in your journal of the 16th of May, page 704, in regard to the purchase of 126 volumes of Handel's operas and oratorios, we have the pleasure to state, that a small number of admirers of Handel's music in Hamburg have bought from Mr. V. Schœleher, in London, the well-known manuscript scores of Handel's works, written by his friend and amanuensis, Schmidt, with the additions in Handel's own handwriting. This being the identical copy which Handel used at all the performances of his works, we have great satisfaction in having obtained the possession of one of the most valuable bequests of our immortal countryman; and we hope that it will form the keystone of a musical library in our city.

Frederick Gueltzow,
President of the Committee.

Mme. Laussot writes from Florence to the *Athenæum* concerning the doings and intentions and hopes of the Cherubini Society in that city. "During the seven years the society has existed," she says, "I have frequently endeavored to transfer the direction to hands more efficient than my own. Herren Louis Ehlert, from Berlin; Kapellmeisters B. Scholz, from Hanover, and Täglischbeck, from Sigmaringen, have each in turn undertaken it; but all being obliged to return to Germany, it has returned to my hands after a while, and, for the present, is likely to continue in them. This winter it has met with great encouragement on all sides, both from distinguished artists who have assisted me and from the higher and more cultivated classes of Italian society; so that I have now great hopes that I may have succeeded in founding a durable institution in the first dilettante singing society which has yet been attempted in Italy. We have at present fifty to sixty singing members,—having performed in other years, besides Beethoven's C major Mass, Mozart's and Cherubini's Requiems, Motets by Cherubini and Bach, scenes from "*Euryanthe*," &c. It has been my principal object to endeavor to excite a taste for music as a serious study, and to bring some life and animation into the pursuit of this art, which at the present moment in Italy is either uncared for or reduced to the lowest possible standard." That Mme. Laussot may succeed—and no one doubts her zeal or ability—every lover of music must desire.

How they do it in Germany. The subjoined paragraph, from the London *Orchestra*, is worthy of the attention of managers of musical festivals:

A friendly correspondent, who attended the recent Nether-Rhine Festival at Cologne, sends us some very shrewd remarks on the distinction between a German musical festival and an English one. In the first place, he points out, far more stress and importance is given to rehearsal; and on this and other accounts the performances are more finished than at our festivals, at which two rehearsals take place for *seven* concerts. In Germany there are six rehearsals for three concerts. Secondly, the first object in England is to raise money: in Germany the first and only object is to benefit art. One of the results of our system is that the managers of festivals shrink from risking the performance of any but well-known popular works which are certain to draw and to "pay." One of the results of the German system is that only works of high artistic merit are given. No such selections as those at evening concerts at our festivals, against which we have so often protested as unworthy of those occasions, nor repetitions year after year of the same works, however great, would be tolerated in Germany. Another noteworthy feature is that the members of the chorus are "amateurs," many of them in the higher class of society, and all of them considering it a high honor to be permitted to give their gratuitous services. Hence the refinement of pronunciation and the finished phrasing which even to a foreign ear is so manifest.

Handel's Firework Music. A London paper, about the time of the Handel Festival, says:

There will be an interesting Handel revival at the Crystal Palace to-night, it having been decided to perform the *Firework Music* in connection with a pyrotechnic display. As the work is rarely heard, and but very little is known concerning it, a few particulars may not be unacceptable. On the 27th of April, 1749, the Peace of Aix la Chapelle was celebrated by a firework exhibition in the Green Park. The "machine," or stand, "represented a magnificent Gothic temple, from which extended two wings, terminated by pavilions 114 feet in height to the top of his Majesty's arms, 410 feet long." Preceded by a salute from "101 brass ordnance" the affair ended by the Gothic temple taking fire, and very nearly burning down the King's library, which stood close at hand. But some music "Mr. Handel" had written for the occasion was duly played out, and seems to have gratified the crowd immensely. The greatest curiosity had been felt about it. A contemporary print records how, when the music was rehearsed at the Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, 12,000 persons attended and "occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours." This excitement probably arose as much from the peculiar character of the music as from the popularity of its composer. The overture, for example, truly described as "a grand overture of warlike instruments," was written for twenty-four hautboys, twelve bassoons, nine trumpets, nine horns, three pairs of kettle-drums, a serpent, and a double bass. So remarkable an orchestra would account of itself for any degree of curiosity. The other pieces, intended to illustrate various pyrotechnic designs, were two *allegros*—the second called "La Rejouissance"—one *Bourrée*, one *Siciliana*, entitled "La Paix," and two minuets, in all of which the "warlike instruments" were joined by others more peaceful. Handel must have been gratified by the success of his novel effort. *Firework Music* had a place in concert programmes for a long time, and when the composer directed its performance on behalf of the Foundling Hospital it brought 1,000 half-guineas to the funds. In return Handel was enrolled a governor and guardian of the hospital.

Munich. The rehearsals of Herr Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* have commenced, and the first performance of the work is fixed for the 21st inst.

Leipsic. Herr C. Reinecke's opera, *König Manfred*, has been produced with great success. The composer, who himself conducted, was called for after each act, and the overture, as well as the prelude to the fifth act was encored. The next novelties will be *Mignon* and *Hamlet*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, the former in the autumn, and the latter towards the end of the year.

Baden. Mme. Viardot-Garcia's two-act operetta, *L'Ogre, Conte de Fées*, was performed on the 23d ult., at the Villa Turgéniff, and proved a decided success. The performers were the fair composer's children and pupils. The audience consisted of some thirty persons all belonging to the highest circles. Among them was the Queen of Prussia.—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Julie* has not come up to the expectation formed of it.

Rossini has for the last thirty years retired, musically, from business, so to speak. What has he been doing all this time? He eats well, kisses promising young singers (*femini generis*) upon the forehead, and arranges bons-mot in his leisure hours. How many such are ascribed to the jovial old gentleman! Respect seeks out the best flowers in the laughing meads of humor, wherewith to adorn her favorite, who very willingly accepts this mark of attention. Why should not he? It is not long since the papers contained an account of the way in which he got rid of a young composer, who had written a wild production which he entitled funereal music on Meyerbeer's death. "Very good," the master is reported to have said, "but I should have been better pleased had *you* died and Meyerbeer written the music." Excellent! said every one, including the writer of the present lines, who says the same even now, though he is about to dispute the paternity of the joke. About August 1866, appeared the *Illustrirter Familien-Kalender* for 1867, and among the anecdotes it contained we find the following: "A wretched musician, of the name of Löffler, called upon a celebrated piano virtuoso and requested the latter, who was leaning back comfortably in an arm-chair, and smoking a pipe, to allow him to play his newest cantata, *The Death of Mozart set to music by Löffler*. 'My dear sir,' replied the virtuoso, 'if it were the death of Löffler set to music by Mozart, I should like very much to hear it; as it is, I prefer my pipe.'"

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Here five fair ladies. (Le voila donc.) 3. A*b* to *g*. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

"Legend" of Blue-Beard. (Encore une, soldats). 4. A to *g*. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 40

Coming in the olden fashion. (Donc, selon l' antique usage). 3. A*b* to *g*. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

Those foolish girls. (V'la z 'enfant). D to *g*. " 30

Courtiers must be ever bowing. (Qu 'un bon courtesan.) 3. E*b* to e flat. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

To the altar. (Hymenèe Hymenèe Chorus! or Quartet. 3. A to f sharp. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

The village maids. (Y 'a des bergers). 3. C to *g*. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

The gypsey maid. (Nous possedons l'art). 2. G minor and major to f. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

My Shepherd here. (C'est mon berger. 3. G to f sharp. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

Inscribe my name. The Lottery. (Ah! prends mon nom). 3. E to e. "*Barbe-Bleue*." 30

A quantity of pieces from "Blue-Beard," which ugly gentleman, in this opera, is the cause of a great deal of pretty music. His sentiment in his "Legend" would be very touching, were the grief at his multiplied losses not so soon changed into hilarity at the prospect of a new acquisition. The song is a great favorite. A somewhat similar vein of grim humor is shown in "Here five fair ladies," and "Coming in the olden fashion." The rustic Boulotte sings pleasingly in "Those foolish girls," and "The Village maids," and also in the "Gypsey maid," where all the wives of the rascally knight (he supposed them dead), suddenly come to confront him. The advantages of humility and politeness are amusingly taught by Oscar in the "Courtier" song. The merry little "Lottery" scene, reminds one of the market scene in "Martha." The song of the pretty princess "My Shepherd here!" is quite taking, and the Wedding Chorus, "To the altar," is just the thing for the next wedding among your friends. Better send for the whole set!

Keep the Ball a-rolling; or, Grant in the Chair. Song and Chorus. 2. C to e. 30

A spirited campaign song, with "a-rolling, a-rolling, a-rolling" in the chorus.

Dandy Barber Joe. Comic. 2. F to *g*. *Richmond*. 30

Pretty melody, and a good negro song.

Father, whose blessing we entreat. From the "Legend of St. Cecilia," by *Benedict*. 3. G to d. 40

This is a fine sacred Contralto or Mezzo-Soprano solo, and is commended to choirs.

My own sweet Woodland Rose. S'g & Cho. 3. E to *a*. 35

A graceful air in popular style.

Instrumental.

Barbe-Bleue Quad. 3. Various keys. *Knight*. 40

Kiss Waltz, from "Barbe-bleue." 3. E and A. " 50

Grand Potpouri. " 4. Various keys. " 75

Lancers' Quadrille, " 3 " " 40

These are well selected, and skilfully prepared for the player, and afford quite a new set of tunes to keep company with the feet of the merry dancers.

Invocation to the Star of the Sea. 4. E*b*. *Engelbrecht*. 40

An elegant and quite original piece.

Enchanted hours. Maz. 4. E*b*. *Jennie M. Holmes*. 35

Very sweet and graceful.

La Chasse infernal. Galop bril. 4. B*b*. *Kölling*. 60

A wild, Satanic affair, quite brilliant and wide-awake.

Wayside Flowers. 4 hds. *Russell, ea.* 35

Guards Waltz. 2. C. Come into the garden Maud. 2 C.
Amelie " 2 F. Joys that we've tasted 2

Very good for beginners. A piece, which is a degree too hard for a player, may come within his reach when arranged as a duet.

Meditation Polka. 3. F. *Van Oeckelen*. 30

Meditations, while dancing the polka, must be quite merry ones. Pretty and lively.

Mallow Bank Waltz. 3. E*b*. *O. Harrison*. 40

The prevailing characteristic is power. A fine show piece for persons with strong hands.

La Coquette Galop. 4. G. *G. D. Wilson*. 40

There is evidence of fine workmanship in the putting together of this piece, and those who play it will probably wish to repeat the pleasure many times.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Abbreviations. Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 712. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 9.

Beethoven's Letters (according to Nohl).

(Translated for this Journal from the Leipzig *Grenzboten*, XXV., No. 10, March, 1866.)

(Concluded.)

So in the case of No. 220, to which letter Nohl suggests the address of Artaria, his ignorance of the original has been very unlucky, for the initial letter used at the beginning is an S not an A. Both from the contents and from the words at the signature, "*Amicus ad Amicum*,"—which Nohl has not given—Schindler may well be supposed to have been the addressee, for, judging from No. 266, Schindler does not appear to have carefully preserved in full all the letters addressed to him.*

Numberless instances too might be brought together here, which would amply prove how greatly Herr Nohl is wanting in every sort of philological tact and that exactness which is indispensable to one who assumes the duties of an editor. Thus (to this latter point) he omits in some cases the needed comments as to the form of the letters, and in others makes arbitrary changes in the text. To No. 190 (Ries) there is a postscript "by his (B's) own hand," as Ries expressly says; No. 246 Ries himself calls "Extract of a letter the beginning of which is not at hand;" both these facts Herr Nohl deems it unnecessary to impart. The particular instances of caprice and inexactness are too numerous, that we should point them all out.† It is particularly annoying to see how he frequently alters the orthography and punctuation, in places where these are peculiar to Beethoven's mode of expressing himself. He even makes these unjustifiable changes, when editing already printed letters.

But though Herr Nohl decides not to prepare a running biographical commentary to the letters ("so as not to disturb the "electric current"), he nevertheless adds to most of them notes, longer or shorter, containing explanations of fact or expressions of opinion. But in extremely few cases are they such as to convey any new information,—though certain notices from the papers of Schindler and one to No. 61, founded upon an oral communication of Malfatti, are exceptions; for the most part they are copied from well-known biographies and other sources easily attainable, though he rarely names his authority, thus repeating the fault which has been censured above. In this part of his work, too, no fixed principle seems to guide him; while that which was already well known and unnecessary abounds, we frequently miss needful explanations to passages really containing new matter. Why, for instance, has he nothing to tell us of Mademoiselle Gerardi, of Auguste Sebald, of Prince Fitzliputzli (103), &c.? On the other hand, it is not very important to learn that Dr. Schebek in Prague has a very fine collection of autographs.

Besides, the same unreasonable caprice, above censured, is seen in these comments; and when a doubtful or contested point comes up, his want of judgment appears to an incredible degree. Let us take the letters to Bettine von Arnim as an instance, the authenticity of which, in the form in which we have them, it is well-known, is universally doubted. Now, Herr Nohl comes and informs us that he has never doubted their genuineness, and no one, who reads his collection as now published, can longer retain a doubt; while for those who are not convinced by the "internal evidence," let the testimony of the "competent expert," M. Carriere, who has seen the letters, suffice.

What Nohl means here by his "internal evidence" we are unable to perceive; for the affected-sentimental, nay more, self-conceited tone, which runs through these three letters, is not to be discovered in any other one whatever. Just compare the third, dated August, 1812, at Toplitz, with the billets above mentioned, written at the same time and place, to Amalie Sebald, and the difference is manifest. What Beethoven says in this letter of his meeting with Goethe, of his demeanor in the presence of persons of the very highest rank, and of his contempt for honors and distinctions—judged by what we know of his character from other sources—is an absolute impossibility. When one thinks of the additions made by Bettine to the letters of Goethe, her testimony loses its value, and Professor Carriere, in a mere question of memory, can be of no more weight as an expert than any other person. Both internal and external reasons, therefore, combine to force us to the opinion, that these letters, *as we have them, cannot* have come from Beethoven; and we shall remain of this opinion until somebody comes and assures us that he has seen the original letters in this form.*

Of other mistakes in Nohl's comments, we note a few.

To the 18th letter (to Varena), and as a correction of Schindler, he notes the composition of "King Stephan" and the opening of the Pesth theatre as having been in the winter of 1811. From Thayer and also from the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, 1865, No. 7, he might have known that the latter event took place February 12, 1812. The letters to Giulietta Guicciardi he dates 1800, because she, according to Thayer, married in 1801; this obliges him to change the date of a letter to Wegeler from 1801 to 1800, in order to avoid a contradiction. Where Thayer makes this statement he does not inform us; while, if he refers to an oral communication, his memory must certainly play him false.† The letter of Wegeler must, however, retain its date 1801, for in that year that first portrait of Beethoven, mentioned in it, was made. We obtain this fact from a source, which, as we believe, would convince even Herr Nohl. The marriage took place in 1803, and, therefore, the well established date of these letters is not to be altered.

The letter, No. 50, is made to refer to a concert described by Reichardt, in 1808; but a comparison of the facts for and against this conclusion make it appear, to say the least, in the highest degree an arbitrary one. Such instances of carelessness naturally make the reader suspicious of all Nohl's statements to which he has not added his authorities and so given means of control.

To mention other errors would be but waste of room and superfluous. Still there is another fault not to be passed by without notice, viz., that Nohl, when his comments can be made in one or in few words, is accustomed to place them in [ ] in the text, and thus deform it. It is inconceivable how he could bring himself to thus continually interrupt the "electric current," and cause us, in the midst of the best impressions made by Beethoven's words, to stumble over his own.

Herr Nohl has attempted to arrange the letters in chronological order. Those having dates arrange themselves of course. As to those which are without them, he sometimes hits the mark pretty well; in other cases, all is caprice and uncertainty, not to be avoided especially as regards the numerous notelets, whose contents afford not the slightest clue to a date. Thus the letters to Collin (44), Gleichenstein (45), Hammer Purgstall (59) and others, have received their present positions, either quite without reason or at best by the vaguest guess. Moreover, how it is possible that two letters to Ries should fall upon the same date. (Sept. 5, 1823), he has omitted to explain.

Such confusion having been unavoidable, no chronological order should have been attempted; the letters were much better arranged in groups according to persons, in which case Beethoven's relations to individuals would have been more readily understood.

The three divisions of the book into "Life's Joy and Sorrow" (1783-1815), "Life's Task" (1815-1823), "Life's Toil and End" (1823-1827) are equally preposterous and ridiculous. Whoever knows Beethoven's life, knows that its task did not begin in 1815, and that 1823 forms no distinct era in it.

Another external annoyance is that the letters are not uniformly superscribed, for which no reason appears but the haste of the editor.

Not a word is needed to show how far the faults, here criticized, are from being a recommendation to a man employed upon a biography of Beethoven.

A table of names and contents is added to the collection, apparently to aid in reference,—but this table is not quite so innocent as it seems at first sight. The names take almost imperceptibly the forms of short biographies, not imparting anything new, but giving the old in the charac-

* In this letter, moreover, instead of "in dem Jahr," which makes no sense, it must be, according to the origional: "In der Woche."

† We will however mention the letter 238 to Peters (from the *N. Zeitschrift*) in which Nohl has changed "einige Tage mehr," into "einige Tage mehr," and at the word "Knabe," has omitted the words "von 15 Jahren."

* The reasoning of the reviewer is good *quoad* Nohl; nevertheless in this case Nohl is in the right in the opinion of the present TRANSLATOR

† This was so, as a note, addressed by Thayer to a public journal at the time, states.

teristic Nohl-coloring. For instance, Carl Holz is called "a rather loose Vienna chatterbox (*Zeiserl*), who with his light views of life sometimes even infected and controlled the severe Beethoven." (?!) And Marx receives from him this eulogy, "that he up to the present day remains the most pregnant representative in our art."

Perhaps this last Nohl-production has engaged us too long; but it was necessary to show that all the faults, that all the carelessness, which characterized him in the biography of Beethoven, come before us again in this collection of letters. If Herr *Professor* Nohl goes on making books in this superficial manner, he may perhaps impose upon children and the ignorant, but the higher criticism will not be able to take farther notice of him.

The Handel Triennial Festival.

(From the London Times.)

FIRST DAY, JUNE 15.

The Handel Festival commenced worthily on Monday at two o'clock, with a truly magnificent performance of the magnificent *Messiah*. If the first day of the great commemoration, now triennially held in honor of "the glorious Handel," is to be looked upon as the day of mark, to no other work than the *Messiah* could it be justly devoted.

After an enthusiastic and well-merited tribute to Mr. Costa—in his way a giant, too—the National Anthem was performed, under precisely the same conditions as were described in our notice of the general rehearsal. The vast audience, considerably upwards of 19,000 in number, respectfully stood up during the marvellously fine execution of our National Anthem, the finest, without exception, to which we ever listened, and as respectfully sat down, at the conclusion, without giving utterance to any of the obstreperous demonstrations that used so frequently to denote the satisfaction of all hearers at its performance.

Then began the masterpiece of masterpieces in sacred music—the grandest epic, although music is the language which eloquently develops its purport and intent, in existence. That every note of the *Messiah* must have been familiar to countless numbers of those present on Monday may be taken for granted. But the *Messiah* can only be heard once in three years as it was heard on the present occasion; and, indeed, in many respects, we may say that it had never been so heard before. Noble as, at the Festival of 1865, was the execution of the overture, with its grave and stately introduction, and its vigorous fugal movement, the theme of which must always recall that of the chorus in *Israel*, "He smote the first-born of Egypt" (although the key is not the same), it was still nobler on Monday. The "400 strings," in the fugue, "came out" with a force unprecedented. Immediately after this admirable orchestral prelude, the air, "Comfort ye, my people," was delivered by Mr. Sims Reeves with that appreciation of the text, both of words and music, in which during our time he has known no rival, producing the soothing effect suggested by the words and realized by the music. In the recitative, "The voice of him that cricth in the wilderness," this gentleman's declamation was perfect, while his execution of the florid passages of "Every valley," the quick movement forming a sequel to the air, was all that could be desired. The sudden appearance of the chorus, after this, is invariably one of the striking points of the *Messiah*. It would hardly be possible to obtain a more effective delivery of "And the glory of the Lord—" with its three themes, so distinct from each other, and yet so homogeneous when employed in combination. Where the phrase, "All flesh shall see it," in quick divisions, is mixed up with the other, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," in long sustained notes, it seemed as if the last was the natural bass to the first, and could not be used (as it is, nevertheless), in any other section of the choral harmony. The whole was as clear as though it had been sung by a quartet of solo voices, instead of by upwards of 800 to a part. Mr. Santley followed with the prophecy, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," followed by Mme. Sainton in the air, "But who may abide the day of His coming?" which—according to Handel's own MS., a *facsimile* of which, in photo-lithography, is now at anybody's disposal, should also be allotted to a bass voice. It little matters, however, when sung so artistically as by Mme. Sainton. "He shall purify the sons of Levi," the admirably-worked fugal chorus that succeeds, built upon two themes, the one staid, the other lively—the one as it were forming a counterpoint to the other—was given with singular unanimity by the multitude of voices; and the next piece—the prophecy of the Messiah's advent—beginning with the recitative, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," followed by the exultant and melodious air, "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion!" (both sung in Mme. Sainton's best manner), and climaxed by the same melody, in full chorus, was as effective as usual. Here, as in the recitative and air that follow, "For behold darkness," and "The people that walked in darkness," Mr. Santley's enunciation of which could not easily be surpassed—the delicate execution of the accompaniment, by the orchestra and especially of those ingenious additions which Mozart put to the original score, could not fail to be remarked. This prophecy of darkness, and the sequel (the recitative and air), may be compared in descriptive power with the impressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness"—one of the most graphic passages of *Israel in Egypt*, the oratorio which, with an interval of four years, immediately preceded the *Messiah*. The picturesque, immensely popular, and, in every respect, superb chorus, "For unto us a Child is born"—the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Son who is to save the world, a word in praise of which would be not merely superfluous but impertinent—was so splendidly given, not only at the striking passage, "His Name shall be called 'Wonderful,'" but from beginning to end, that a storm of applause ensued, and an encore nothing less than unanimous, was demanded. Mr. Costa, however (and we must applaud him for it), was inexorable; and thus a good part of the "Pastoral Symphony" was drowned in the clamor. What was heard, nevertheless, of this primitively simple and tuneful orchestral interlude, was thoroughly enjoyed The string instruments, with those characteristic "trills" from the flutes, were faultless; and the old story of King George, declaring that during the performance of this movement he could imagine "he saw the stars shine," did not seem so absurd, after all. But it is one thing to hear the "Pastoral Symphony" with an ordinary orchestra, another to listen to it with a force of upwards of 400 players upon string instruments, the best to be found in England.

The pastoral scene that ensues, which commences the new section of the oratorio, and is thus appropriately prefaced, could hardly have been given better. All the recitatives of the angel who announces the coming of Christ, from "There were shepherds," to the end, were powerfully declaimed by Mlle. Tietjens. This accomplished lady also gave the air, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," with exceeding force and brilliancy, showing herself an adept in the *bravura* style of Handel—who, had he never conciliated singers by writing for them according to their fancies, would have been, if possible, greater than he actually was. The jubilant chorus of angels, "Glory to God" (separating the recitatives from the air), which, commencing without basses (a frequent device with Handel), produces a peculiarly bright and resonant effect, was splendidly sung throughout. The passage, "And peace on earth," was a striking example of how a multitude of voices can, by an energetic and skilful conductor like Mr. Costa, be brought to do anything required of them. We have heard no more exquisite *pianissimo*. Equally good was the final orchestral symphony, by which an enthusiastic panegyrist has credited Handel with intending to describe the gradual disappearance of the hosts of angelic beings supposed to utter this jubilant hymn of praise to the All High. The lovely and consoling air, "He shall feed His flock—" of which, according to the same original authority of which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Bowley for a photo-lithographic *facsimile* "Come unto Me" is merely the second verse, the whole being set down for a soprano voice—was, in accordance with an unwarrantable liberty, which years of impunity have appeared to sanction, divided between a contralto (Mme. Sainton) and a soprano (Mlle. Tietjens); and though both verses, as may easily be believed, were well sung, and both applauded, the superiority of Handel's original design was not the less convincing to any one conversant with the verbal text. The exhilarating chorus, "His yoke is easy, and His burden is light," with its continuous bass, against a florid melody, brought the first part to a close with admirable effect.

At the Festival of 1865 there was no pause between the two parts; but on the present occasion the singers and players were allowed to quit the orchestra for refreshment—an example which appeared to commend itself both to the taste and convenience of the enormous audience. Thus nearly an hour was spent, which enabled every one, while otherwise deriving consolation, to look back upon what had passed, and look forward to what was to come. We cannot but think that the plan adopted this year is preferable to the other. Upwards of three hours of serious music at an uninterrupted sitting is, under any circumstances, too much for 99 persons out of 100. The result was that the second part of the *Messiah*, including the grand and pathetic music of the *Passion*, was more keenly enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated than could otherwise possibly have been the case. If this section of the oratorio is not absolutely the sublimest of all music, it is certainly the sublimest in the *Messiah*. The slow and measured phrases of "Behold the Lamb of God;" the deep feeling of "He was despised and rejected of men" (delivered by Mme. Sainton-Dolby as she invariably delivers it—in perfection): the superb series of choruses, setting forth with "Surely He hath borne our griefs," unsurpassed in pathos, and comprising the noble fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed," followed by the animated piece of "word-painting," "All we like sheep have gone astray," and terminating majestically with a choral phrase unequalled in solemn grandeur, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," produced an impression not to be forgotten. Sung with greater power and precision these choruses could hardly have been. That grave and wonderful piece of irony, "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him; let him deliver Him if He delight in Him," one of the most masterly, although one of the least pretentious of Handel's choral fugues, was not altogether so satisfactory. Nevertheless, it afforded a singular proof of the sway which Mr. Costa can exercise at will over a vast body of performers. Instead of opposing the chorus when they waver a little, he seems to give way to them—to follow rather than to lead [!]; but when the necessary point arrives upon which everything depends—as, for example, when the entire body have to sing together—by a sort of spell, the secret of which it is not easy to get at, the right equilibrium is found, and Mr. Costa, like a skilful and experienced helmsman, remains uncontrolled master of the ship he is steering. This is an art possessed by few conductors, but invaluable when there are a chorus and orchestra of some 4,000 to keep in check.

The rest of Part II. was for the most part beyond criticism. How Mr. Sims Reeves declaims the affecting recitatives and airs that devolve upon him in the *Passion* music of the *Messiah* our readers need not be told. From "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart" to "But thou didst not leave His soul in Hell" (happily now consistently assigned to the tenor voice, to which all the rest of this particular section belongs), he was faultless. The soul-stirring choruses, "Lift up your heads" ("Who is the King of Glory?") and "Let all the angels worship Him"—in which last Handel shows himself master of the most elaborate devices of counterpoint; the touching "How beautiful are the feet," sung with great earnestness by Mme. Rudersdorff, and finely accompanied on the flute by Mr. Radcliffe; the spirited air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?"—to execute the florid passages in which with more fluency and correctness than Mr. Santley would be impossible; the turbulent chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" (which afforded another instance of Mr. Costa's presence of mind under difficulties); the magnificent air (its sequel), "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," splendidly declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves; and last and best, the chorus of choruses, the "Hallelujah" of "Hallelujahs," sung as we never remember to have heard it sung before, one after the other, created its never-failing impression—the climax being, of course, reached in the "Hallelujah," the effect of which, from such a multitude of strong and well-trained voices, with such an orchestra to accompany them, and such a conductor to keep them all together, beggars description. Loud, unanimous, and prolonged was the applause that followed this really wonderful display.

There remains little to add. The third part of the *Messiah*, allowing for the heavenly air of consolation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (admirably sung by Mlle. Tietjens), until we arrive at the transcendent final chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," which terminates with an "Amen" equal at least to the "Hallelujah," is a sort anti-climax. Some few pieces are omitted from the second part of the *Messiah*, at the Handel Festival performances; but more are omitted from the third part. And these omissions (however much we may regret the chorus, "The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of the preachers"—one of the most characteristically descriptive in the oratorio) are, we suppose, inevitable. Nevertheless, the impressive quartet, with chorus "Since by man came death," extremely well sung by Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton, Messrs. Cummings and Santley; the jubilant air, "The trumpet shall sound," given with remarkable vigor by the last-named gentleman, accompanied, as no other could have accompanied him, by Mr. T. Harper, in the trumpet *obbli-*

gato part, and the glorious final chorus we have named—sung, like "Hallelujah," as we have never heard it sung till now—made the third part of the *Messiah* sufficiently interesting and terminated a performance of a great work unparalleled, in our experience.

The following were the numbers present:—Admissions on payment, 11,920; ditto by season tickets, 7,297; total visitors, 19,217.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

At two o'clock precisely, that most rigid of disciplinarians and punctual of commanders, Mr. Costa, made his appearance in the orchestra, and, of course, was enthusiastically received. Then the performance began with the well made out selection from *Saul*, commencing with the chorus, "How excellent is Thy name," a condensed epitome of which comes further on, and ending with the "Hallelujah. To Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington was assigned the brief air, "An infant raised by Thy command," leading into the trio, "Along the monster atheist strode" (allotted, as at rehearsal, to a "semi-chorus"), which, had no such thing existed as "Wretched lovers" (in *Acis and Galatea*) might have been set down as graphic even for Handel. The sunny brightness, however, of the chorus that ensues ("The youth inspired")—in a major, as its precursor is in a minor key—shows that the illustrious musician knew thoroughly what he was about; and a further exemplification of this is afforded in the chorus, "Our fainting courage," beginning in strict "canon," for tenors and basses, and comprising two themes of very opposite characters, simultaneously and ingeniously treated. How the whole becomes homogeneous through the repetition of "How excellent is Thy name" (condensed), and how it is made complete by the brief but pointed and emphatic "Hallelujah" (again built upon two powerfully contrasted themes), all those who study Handel's music are aware. Nor is it requisite that we should expend one word upon the superbly impressive "Envy, eldest born of Hell," a chorus drawn from another part of the oratorio, in which the device of a continuous "ground bass"—only once interrupted, at the appalling progression of harmony, on the words "Hide thee in the blackest night," &c. is so employed that, while the chorus is going on, the ear is unconscious of the artifice. Thus do masters play with the most intricate contrivances. To this followed, as at rehearsal, the "Dead March"—"the sublime of simplicity." The whole of the selection from *Saul* was, in a word, most effectively given. The triumph of David over the giant chief, Goliah, musically celebrated by one who was a giant in his art, was never more strikingly illustrated by the combined resources of an army of voices and instruments. The appearance of Mlle. Nilsson was the signal for a general display of enthusiasm, renewed at the end of the accomplished Swedish songstress's delivery of the recitative, "O let eternal honors crown his name," which ushers in the somewhat modifying air, "From mighty kings he took the spoil"—in spite of its commonplace ("*gigue*" like) character, one of the most popular solos in *Judas Maccabæus*—the oratorio "after the heart of the Jews." This florid song was extremely well-delivered by Mlle. Nilsson; though strict Handelians might have raised an objection to the closing cadences, both in recitative and air, as not being precisely in the Handel vein. To Mlle. Nilsson succeeded Mr. Santley, who gave the fine dramatic air, "O voi dell' Erebo" (preceded by a recitative totally different from the one printed in the musical programme, issued by Messrs. Novello), from the early Italian oratorio, the *Resurrezione*, in his best manner: and as Mr. Santley followed Mlle. Nilsson, so Mlle. Nilsson again followed Mr. Santley, singing that other popular *soprano* air from *Judas Maccabæus*, known to all Handelians as "Wise men flattering may deceive you," which the new *prima donna* of Her Majesty's Opera gave with a beauty of voice and a purity of style difficult to surpass. Finer and more impressive still was the ensuing performance, that of the pathetic accompanied recitative, "Deeper, and deeper still," and its exquisitely melodious sequel, the air, "Waft her angels" (from *Jephthah*), which Mr. Sims Reeves never has given with deeper sentiment or more faultless taste. The splendid chorus, "He saw the lovely youth," from *Theodora*—of which Handel thought so highly, and which, each time it is heard, more particularly when sung as it was sung yesterday, must incline those not previously acquainted with it to endorse the favorable opinion of the master—followed next in order. The chorus, like the air, was given in perfection, and formed a worthy climax to the first part of the concert. Moreover, as Mr. Sims Reeves transposed "Waft her, angels" from G to G flat, and as the first movement of the *Theodora* chorus is in B flat minor, the one followed the other as naturally as any two of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, as arranged at the interesting "Recitals" of Mme. Arabella Goddard; and the transposition seemed to have been done with this particular object in view, rather than as a fair protest against the more impracticable pitch of our English orchestras.

The second part was "inaugurated" with a glorious performance of the overture to the "*Occasional Overture*." To this succeeded to so-called "Nightingale Chorus," from *Solomon*, the delicate execution of which was beyond praise. Nothing could be more delightful than the melodious phrase:—

> "Ye zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,
> While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song"

—or than the charming passages in which the mighty master, not for the first (or the last) time, in a sportive mood, makes the violins imitate the nightingale's song. Of "Lascia ch'io pianga," from the opera of *Rinaldo*, and "O ruddier than the cherry," the burning love song of the giant Polypheme (*Acis and Galatea*), it will suffice to say that the first was given with genuine expression by Mlle. Tietjens, and the last with such wonderful spirit by Mr. Santley, that, in spite of Mr. Costa's praiseworthy objection to the "encore" system, he was compelled to waive it in this instance, and to begin again from the *allegro*. The air, "Where'er you walk," and the chorus, "Now, Love, that everlasting boy," from *Semele*—an opera "after the manner of an oratorio," to which reference was made in our detailed account of the general rehearsal—came next, and both were right welcome, as absolutely new things to the large majority of those present. The air was admirably given by that steadily progressing artist, Mr. Cummings; and the chorus, as admirably delivered, impressed every hearer even more powerfully than it had done at the rehearsal. The other pieces in the second part were the tranquil duet, "O lovely peace" (*Judas Maccabæus*), which, as sung by Mlle. Nilsson and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, seemed to please the audience beyond measure; the long and elaborate air, "Sweet bird" (flute *obbligato*, Mr. Radcliffe, from the Royal Italian Opera), extremely well sung by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; and the magnificent chorus, "The many rend the skies," from *Alexander's Feast*, which was even more finely given than at the general rehearsal, when it was one of the conspicuous features. This second part, in its way, was quite equal to the first. There was not a "hitch," or a weak point, to be noted from beginning to end. The director and his "4000" followers seemed one, and the indication of Mr. Costa's "baton" were obeyed with such undeviating promptitude that we might almost have imagined they were superfluous.

The third part of the programme must be shortly dismissed. It commenced with one of the grandest of all the choruses of Handel, "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," from *Deborah*, and included the picturesque and splendid series of choruses from *Solomon*, beginning with "From the censer curling rise," and ending with "Thus rolling surges"—comprising also "Music spread thy voice around," "Shake the dome," and "Draw the tear from hopeless love" (one of Handel's most pathetic pieces). The intervening recitatives and airs were sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mlle. Tietjens gave the quiet "Pious Orgies," from *Judas Maccabæus*; Mme. Sainton, the no less quiet "What though I trace" (*Solomon*); Mlle. Carola, the jubilant "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Samson*), from which she omitted the second part, and in which she was superbly supported by Mr. T. Harper, in the *obbligato* trumpet; Mlle. Kellogg, "O, had I Jubal's lyre" (from *Joshua*), one of the best and most legitimate pieces of Handelian singing of the day; and Mr. Sims Reeves, the irresistible war song (with chorus) from *Judas Maccabæus*, "Sound an alarm," in his own incomparably animated manner. The transposition of this air a tone lower robbed it of not one atom of its effect; and, in all probability, made it more like Handel's original key than it could possibly have been if sung in the key that now stands for what Handel meant as "D," but which, had Handel been alive to hear it, he would have mistaken for "E," or thereabouts, the pitch being now very nearly a tone higher than what it was in his time. The endeavor to obtain a repetition of "Sound an alarm" was, considering the lateness of the hour and the unprecedented length of the concert (fancy four hours of such music, even with a tolerably long interval between!), very properly disregarded by Mr. Costa. And so the concert ended—as it had ended on the second day of the Festival of 1865—with the perennial trio and chorus from *Joshua* (now always introduced in *Judas Maccabæus*), "See the conquering hero comes," the solo parts in the trio being assigned to Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Carola, and Mme. Sainton, and the whole magnificently performed.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 19.

The third and last performance was decidedly the best of all. The day of *Israel in Egypt* has, from the commencement, been the day of the Handel Festival; and so it proved on the occasion under notice. The weather was splendid, the crowd was enormous, and the performance was unparalleled in our remembrance. If further testimony had been required to establish the fact that the very grandest of all choral works is the biblical oratorio *par excellence* of the mightiest master that ever made the choir subservient to his ends, it was amply furnished yesterday; and if any one present had doubted whether a host of singers and players numbering by thousands would be able to overweight Handel in Handel's loftiest flights, all doubt must speedily have been set at rest. The splendor of the music has long been recognized; the splendor of the execution cannot be adequately described.

The oratorio was preceded by the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, the brilliant performance of which, by the orchestra of 500 players, made even a stronger impression than at the miscellaneous selection on Wednesday. Nothing could have been more appropriately chosen. The final movement of the *Occasional* overture, a pompous procession march, was just the sort of thing to play while the multitude of visitors were being ushered to their seats, by those very courteous gentlemen—members, we believe, for the most part, of the Sacred Harmonic Society—who officiate as "stewards," or masters of the ceremonies. And so delighted were the audience with this same march that they insisted upon its repetition with a vehemence that Mr. Costa could not find it in his heart to resist; and so it was played again.

Grand as was the performance of the *Messiah* on Monday, that of *Israel in Egypt* yesterday was still grander. From first to last it was almost without a flaw. After Mr Cummings (as at the Festival of 1865) had declaimed the opening recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt," and Mme. Sainton had delivered the solo, "And the children of Israel sighed," the pathetic double chorus, "And their cry came up to God," in which the griefs of the enslaved people, under a monarch "that knew not Joseph," are so powerfully set forth, gave a genuine foretaste of the choral treat that was in store. Again, Mr. Cummings with well placed emphasis, having in the first recitative, "Then sent He Moses," &c., announced the first miracle, that wonderful chorus, "They loathed to drink of the river," a fugue of the gravest character (condensed from one of the six fugues for the harpsichord) with unaccustomed intervals and chromatic progressions, was sung in perfection by the gigantic choir. This single chorus, the first of the marvellous chain of choruses, descriptive of the plagues, inflicted upon the Egyptians by Moses and his brother Aaron, was remarkable as a contrast to the effect of the double chorus that precedes and the double choruses that follow it, and, with the single intervention of the contralto air, "Their land brought forth frogs" (one of the miracles which Handel was evidently disinclined to illustrate in chorus), proceed in uninterrupted succession to the end of the first part of the oratorio. How the air was sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby we need not say. The choruses from this point to the termination of *Exodus* were given as we have never heard them given before. "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," one of the most elaborate and difficult, with its reiterations of the opening sentence, its characteristic passages for violins, illustrative of the plague "of flies and lice in all their quarters," and the striking phraseology of its concluding sentence, where "the locusts without number" are described as adding to the misery of the Egyptians, was all that could be wished. Of "He gave them hailstones" it is hardly necessary to speak. This marvellously simple and as marvellously expressive double chorus was more than ever overpowering; and, encored, amid a storm of plaudits from every side, it was repeated as a matter of course. More admirable still, because more arduous and trying, was the sombre and expressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness over all the land," in which, in spite of the daring and unaccustomed progressions of harmony, the intonation of the singers, up to the very last phrase for the basses—"even darkness which might be felt" was, from end to end, unwavering. How the music here rises to the sublimity of the verbal text was sensibly and unanimously felt. The series of choruses that ensue—from "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt," to "There was not one feeble person among their tribes"—which form virtually a connected piece, was without exception, superb. In these Handel's singular genius as a "word-painter" is powerfully evinced. As instances may be cited his manner of setting, at a special point, the emphasized monosyllables, "He—smote—the—chief—of—all—their—strength;" the lovely and suggestive melody which accompanies the sentence, "But as for his people, *He led them forth like sheep*;" that no less sugges-

tive passage, in the fugued style, "He brought them out with silver and gold"—in which it has, not altogether extravagantly, been remarked that "one might almost see the precious metals glitter and hear them clink;" and, last and perhaps finest, the triumphant asseveration, "not one feeble person" so persistently and obstinately reiterated. All this was admirable; and most especially to be praised was the exquisitely subdued *piano*, whenever the tuneful pastoral phrase, "He led them forth like sheep," occurs. Skipping the staid and somewhat rigid fugal chorus, "Egypt was glad when they departed," a connected series next occurs, even grander and more impressive than what has gone before. We need scarcely name the sublime declaration, "He rebuked the Red Sea," in which the chorus speak in a voice of thunder; its eloquent sequel ("*pianissimo*"), "And it was dried up;" "He led them through the deep;" and "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." The large and stately theme of "He led them through the deep," given out first by the basses, one of the most striking in *Exodus*, is graphically suggestive of the miraculous passage of the chosen people through the divided sea; while the wonderful peroration, telling us, repeatedly and repeatedly, that not one of the enemy is left, and narrating the story of their annihilation, is a fitting climax. The execution of this, as of the solemn chorus, "And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord by his servant Moses," which terminates the first part of *Israel in Egypt*, was worthy of the music. More we cannot say.

The second part, the *Song of Moses* (written first, as all know who interest themselves in Handel's biography), is even sublimer than *Exodus* itself. Here the miracles, in *Exodus* one by one described, are referred to in the midst of hymns of thanksgiving and praise. The choruses belonging to the *Song of Moses* are far more complex and elaborate than the choruses in the opening section of the oratorio. But from first to last—from "Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord," with which it jubilantly sets out, to "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," with which it as jubilantly comes to an end, both including the splendid episode, "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,"—they were as admirably given as any of those already enumerated. Two of the most difficult among them, the two most difficult, in short, in the entire work—"And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together," and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were sung with as much precision and as much delicate observance of "light and shade" as if they had been the simplest, instead of the most intricate of them all. These were for many years, more or less stumbling blocks at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in Exeter Hall; but now we heard them, in little short of perfection, from a chorus counting by thousands instead of hundreds. So much for the continuous study of Handel's choruses going on, not merely in London, but in the country, during the three years' interval that separates one Festival from another; so much, also, for the improvement in choral singing generally all over England—no little of which may be more or less directly traced to the influence of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society's own child, the "Handel Festival." The only instance in the second part where the slightest wavering was detected, and where Mr. Costa's unequalled skill in putting things right was manifested with its wonted readiness, occurred in the very trying chorus, "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," of which that wonderfully descriptive passage, "And the floods stood upright as an heap," and that other no less descriptive, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," are prominent features. Here an occasional tendency to unsteadiness was immediately corrected as if by magic. This secret possessed by Mr. Costa would be an invaluable boon if communicated to the world of conductors at large. Among other remarkable exhibitions of choral power and precision in the *Song of Moses* must be named the exhilarating double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power," and that most characteristic piece of "word-painting" among all the fugued choruses, "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble"—the last of which more especially is not often so fortunate as to go from end to end as might be wished. But to leave the choruses, which in *Israel* are so numerous, varied, and superb, that we are tempted to forget other parts of the oratorio by no means undeserving attention, it may suffice to add that the final chorus, "The horse and his rider"—the recitatives of Miriam the prophetess, which usher it in, being declaimed with consummate skill by Mdlle. Tietjens—was a fitting and pompous climax to the whole.

The airs and duets of *Israel in Egypt*, though every one of them is excellent, are overshadowed by the colossal proportions of the choruses. About the little there is of "solo" in the first part we have spoken. In the second a great deal more occurs. The three duets were all well sung—"The Lord is my strength," by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Rudersdorff; "The Lord is a man of war," by Mdme. Sainton and Signor Foli (encored unanimously, in accordance with a long-prevailing custom); and "Thou in Thy mercy," by Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Cummings—whose exertions, by the way, during the Festival week demand a word of hearty recognition. The first of these duets is plaintive, the second animated, warlike, and declamatory, the third peaceful and fervently devotional. Each is in Handel's most finished style, and serves to exhibit in its particular sentiment the variety of emotional expression he invariably had at command. The two airs, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," for soprano, and "Thou shalt bring them in," for contralto, were respectively assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The first, which, in addition to its melodious beauty, is remarkable for one of the most ingenious examples of Handel's employment of the ancient expedient of a "ground bass," was admirably given by Mdlle. Tietjens, the second with true Handelian expression by Madame Sainton, one of the most experienced of Handelian singers. But at this Festival, as at every Handel Festival that has been held, beginning with the bold experiment in 1857, the sensation of the week was produced by "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake,'" &c., an air which Mr. Sims Reeves has made his own, and which to sing after him would be an ungrateful task for any other living tenor. This superb air was, if possible, sung yesterday by Mr. Reeves more magnificently than on any previous occasion—magnificently as, we need scarcely remind our musical readers, he has so often sung it. He gave it, indeed, with a power of voice, a vigorous accent, a truth of intonation, a fluency, sustained from end to end, a fire and an enthusiasm which we never remember excelled. Every phrase had its well expressed meaning; every note told—even in the most rapid enunciation of *bravura* passages. Its effect was literally "electrical," and at the end a storm of applause broke out from every part of the building, in which the singers and players in the orchestra unanimously joined. To resist the encore under such circumstances was impossible, even for Mr. Reeves, the avowed enemy of encores, and the air was repeated with the same power and unflagging animation as before. A more marked impression was never produced by a solo performance. The 20,000 rose at Mr. Reeves, as the pit, according to Edmund Kean, on some memorable occasion, rose at Edmund Kean.

At the end of the oratorio, as at previous commemorations, the National Anthem was given (by chorus and orchestra—precisely as it was given on Monday). Then there was a loud and universal cry of "Costa," to which the indomitable conductor of the Handel Festival responded by repeated bows, retiring amid applause that seemed as though it would never cease. Mr. Bowley, too, the energetic general manager of the Crystal Palace, to whom the organization of these triennial gatherings is principally due, was loudly called for, but though he might gracefully have done so he made no appearance.

The numbers were.—Admission by season tickets, 13,809; on payment, 9,292; total visitors, 23,101.

Saturday, June 20.

It is impossible just at present to obtain anything like an accurate financial account of the results of last week's series of performances. A comparison, however, between the numbers of persons who visited the Crystal Palace at the last Handel Festival, in 1865, and those who have attended the present meeting, may help to some estimate as to which was the more successful of the two. Subjoined is the official statement:—

1865.		1868.	
Rehearsal	15,420	Rehearsal	15,597
First Day	13.677	First Day	19,217
Second Day	14.915	Second Day	21,550
Third Day	15,422	Third Day	23.101
Total	59,434	Total	79,465

The Footsteps of Song.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

[We are permitted to print the following Poem, written by request for the closing Summer Concert of the New England Conservatory of Music, and read by the author, at the Boston Music Hall, on Monday evening, July 6, 1868.]

If you will call me, come with me. I'll lead you far away
From the limits of our Music Hall, the aspects of to-day.

We'll close this glittering door of life, and in dark memory scan
The childhood of the art we praise, the infancy of man.

Not vain should be this retrospect; the faith fond natures have
Follows beloved footsteps from the cradle to the grave;
And he who won with manhood's grief the blessings we enjoy,
Our hearts delight to think of him a little baby boy.

Art builded him a nursery in many a palace fair,
His mother in the Pitti proud doth tend her offspring rare;
And they, whose wonder gifts nor Prince nor Prelate thinks to scorn,
Lift o'er the altar and the throne the babe in manger born.

I have no pencil, heaven-imbued, to paint a theme so great,
Nor asks our Goddess to be throned in such transcendant state,
So I with humble instrument may praise her varied power
Who fills the marble palaces, who thrills the leafy bower.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young." Sure that was long ago.
But was she ever young or old, like humankind, I trow?
The world, that out of chaos came, from childhood grows to age:—
Serenely with the stars *she* sits, and turns the teeming page.

She was not seen, she was not heard, till man, with piteous shrift
Of need and insufficiency, received her golden gift.
The state was wrought with bars of song, the temple and the throne;
The virtues first of measure came, that measure was her own.

Her mystic meaning breathed itself in poor and rustic toys,
The lyre its simple twanging made, the pipes their feeble noise,
The Satyr of the mountain cave, the Dryads of the grove
Her help did make intelligent. She taught the speech of love.

Grief rang his own sharp sentence out, and soothed himself to rest,
The dignity of utterance made even sorrow blest;
Man withers not in speechless pain, ungifted like the brute,
But pleads his own indignant cause, 'gainst Nature dread and mute.

Old legends keep the name of one so duteous and so deep,
That rocks and trees obeyed his call, and felt his master sweep.
Fair fable of surpassing powers we lisp in force and fate,
Thus, waiting Music's magic spell, we rest inanimate.

I see the stately theatres unfold their marble round,
Upon the rocks of Caucasus the Titan struggles bound.
Uncomforted of sea or sky, he falters not for pain,
But keeps the purpose that outlasts the adamantine chain.

The bird that by the seat of Jove doth plume his haughty wing,
Tells of the life he cannot waste, the hero suffering.

The God, who never felt a pang his magic could not cure,
Is conquered by the mortal's power, the will that can endure.

The gracious classic histories present their lessons fair,
False Phædra fevers for a heart that spurns her guilty prayer,
Orestes with his dark mates sits, and Jason's crafty wife
Contrives the poisoned wedding gifts that steal her rival's life.

Beneath the cloudless heaven of Greece, how fair that sunlit stage,
The poet's shining characters upon a sapphire page!
Like stars, that on God's highway move by mystical control,
Those glowing forms of passion mark the orbit of the soul.

Close nestling in the orchestra, the flutes and citherns vie
With the unfolding argument, the act accompany;
The chorus rings its rhythms out, where sense with pathos blends,
And when the need grows imminent, the God himself descends.

Another hand doth beckon me; beside his father's sheep
A stripling tunes his rustic harp, his tuneful watch doth keep.
No skill of sword or shield has he, but fiery minstrelsy
Lends him the spirit wings that win the heights of victory.

The psalm that glorifies the age, divinely deep and true,
He dreamed from that horizon vast, whose starry state he knew;
A champion blest, a monarch crowned, the later world doth own
The conquest of the song that could Saul's bosom fiend dethrone.

Oh! many a weary pilgrimage that falls on humankind
Grows joyous by that master faith, that music-moulded mind.
By Jordan's river low we sit, and distant loves recall,
And Jordan grows a line of light, and God delivers all.

From these fair cradles of our race, whose infant need and cry
Found answer in the mother voice, the loving lullaby,
To sterner manhood we must pass, a shriller challenge hear,
Where on the seven crested hills Rome lifts her front severe.

Illustrious twins the she-wolf nursed, great births of power and law,
On Tiber's shore she stood at bay, and held the world in awe;
While from those gates where Justice dwelt, and Reason held her rule,
A band of civic glories marched to keep mankind at school.

For them resounds the lituan tube, the trumpet of command,
The shield upon the fearless breast, the spear in sinewy hand;
Nor wanted they the softer tones that soothe the bitter strife,
When Virgil sang the end of Troy, and Horace, love and life:

"I builded me a monument, more permanent than brass,
A pyramid above the height of regal seats that pass;
The biting rain shall mar it not, the wind with powerless spite
Shall turn his fury otherwhere, and curb his vanquished might.

"The series of the years, the flight of time I shall not fear,
Of whom not every thing shall pass the funeral limits drear.
My praise shall grow in regions far, in days as long to come,
As priest and silent virgin climb the master shrine of Rome."

Again I bid you pause and look, where, in a chamber dim,
The Master breaks the bread of dole, and sings the parting hymn.
"Remember me." We hear him still, and keep, with answering breath,
The record of his tenderness, in living and in death.

Far as the Roman catacombs, deep winding in the earth,
The echo of that music breathes, low stifled at its birth;
"*Et resurrexit*," they exclaim, whose hidden doctrine waits
To weave the web of circumstance, and mould the form of states.

The shrine of Jove is overthrown, his eagle leaves the sky
Where burns a brighter messenger, a light that will not die.
Brave rode the monarch at the front, but chief and ranks fell down
Before the pledge of victory, the cross above the crown.

But conquest has its ebb and flow, its pæan and its dirge,
As fill and empty human hearts, as billows suck and surge.
The glowing empire of the East forsook its broken line,
And scattered to the trampling horde the pearls of Palestine.

For Nature, in rude bosoms pent, maintains her lordly way
Against pale arts of luxury, and law's despotic sway;
And Jesu's olives soothed no more the Christian's earnest dream,
Profaned and plundered, like the groves of Plato's Academe.

And after that consummate light, that Pentecostal flame,
The darkness of the Gods removed on all the nations came;
For Pan was dead, and Jesu risen, whose truth in infancy
Rough nurse and bitter birthplace had, compelled to fast and flee.

Then slowly man to man appeared, as star to star on high,
And mountains and morasses teemed with dark humanity;
While fiery Gaul and fruitful Spain yet bore the Roman yoke,
Lo! from his dim Druidic isle the distant Briton spoke.

From South to North, from East to West, the waves grew never still
That bore the circling sympathy of human good and ill;
The harmonies that gathered there no further silence knew,
As starts a babe with pulse that thrills his whole existence through.

Song came, and carried succor back. With mail upon their breasts,
The grim Crusaders took their way, remote and dreaded guests.
"Restore the sacred tomb of Christ," demands their battle cry,
"We gladly yield our blood for him, who for our weal did die."

The valiant summons swelled and sank, for not with martial power
The kingdom comes whose silent growth o'ertakes the sleeping hour;
The sceptre briefly they retained, the crown doth still belong
To those whose deeds of bravery survive in Tasso's song.

But music two-fold measure has, the plummet and the square,
And all masonic mysteries her moulding impress wear.
Now rose the mighty minster up, as human hearts aspire,
Its arches lifted to infold the soul's prophetic fire.

Of those grand days the voice and tune to us are wholly lost,
We read their purpose in the stone, fine sculptured and embossed,
In mass book and in ritual, in pageant old and quaint,
In rainbows lighting solemn aisles, with virgin and with saint.

But Faith grew feeble in her cage, and sickened, near to die,
While ventured none to ope the door, and let the captive fly,
Till one clear voice from cloister broke, from mass and vespers fair,
"A fortress is our God," it sang, "in freedom let us dare.

"The form is but the picture of the truth within the heart,
The bonds of custom give us not the miracles of art;
Trust we the inner thought, revealed in doctrine and in rhyme,
And build no prison to resist the prophecies of time."

I follow now a sailor's song, a chorus rudely trolled
Of courage for the new world sails, disdainful of the old;
The master walks the narrow deck, and threads the boundless sea,
Seeking the outlet of the age, through pain and jeopardy.

And Music in his sails went forth, who travels every where,
To consecrate the virgin land with order and with prayer;
Well pleased that new found realm she trod, but veiled her brow for shame,
And quenched her flaming utterance when dark Pizarro came.

The Saxon sends his mission, too, a band of stern intent,
With all life's broad machinery for work and worship pent;
Firm from the Mayflower's deck doth rise, at dawn and closing day,
The strophe of the manhood that the Stuarts chased away.

Not broadly did its measure run, the shrill and nasal psalm,
Which yet in wounded spirits breathed deep peace and patience calm;
That music held them thrice resolved, and hung its silvery shield
Between the savage warwhoop and the hearts that would not yield.

Then Faith, the Orpheus of our day, walked thro' the untrodden wild,
Order and form did follow fast, and hill and forest smiled.

Rocks into gracious shapes were wrought, and lofty trees laid low,
Till in green ways the thrifty Age did journey to and fro.

Yet back to Europe flits my song, to certain tie-wigs grand,
Crowned in immortal state beyond the monarch of the land.
There Handel's wit of weighty mould the wondrous legend dreamed,
That lifts our hearts at Christmas tide, from trash and toil redeemed.

And Haydn wrought "on mighty pens," and earth, "with verdure clad,"
In him her blest interpreter, her tuneful teacher had.
And he who stands in metal here,* with heavenly care and haste,
Filled high the costly cup of joy he gave and could not taste.

Oh friends! I meet you here to-day, in precincts loved of all,
This is the home of our delight, our pleasant Music Hall.
Here rank on rank the singers rise, the well-tuned strings below
With reeds and fiery brasses blend, to give the goods we know.

And churches bristle thro' the land, and chambers of debate,
And halls where sleepy judges sit, and ministers of state;
And banks where golden treasure hides, while paper flies about,
No matter how it enters in, it never can get out.

But this shall be our temple, whene'er a harmless sacrifice
Of willing hands and loving hearts in melody shall rise;
The paper that is gathered here, in golden song returns,
And all our strivings end in peace, for which all Nature yearns.

For we have had our discords, when the dominant abroad
Controlled our modulations, kept us manacled and awed,
Until a certain saucy tune our drums and fifes did play,
And "Yankee Doodle went to town," and Bull, he went away.

Then grew our untaught symphony, until from shore to shore
It grasped the sister oceans, and the northern torrents' roar.
The mountain passes staid it not, the wide unwatered plains,
The flinty soil grew merciful, and yielded golden gains.

It grew until its very growth new sharps and minors woke,
Till, strained with distance and with doubt, the bond of friendship broke;
And battle cry to pæan changed, and pæan changed to knell,
Before the shriek of agony that marked where Lincoln fell.

The bow that from the tempest springs, has seven sister rays,
Whose numbers mate the notes that range in Nature's hymn of praise.
No storm that rears its horrors high, in wild, Titanic mood,
But yields to that fair messenger, that harbinger of good.

The seven notes are lent to us for wide and weighty themes,
To follow hidden meanings out, to cope with mystic dreams.
Though all Creation stand aghast at dissonance abhorred,
It knows a never failing hand that strikes the master chord.

That hand doth loose terrific powers that agonize and smite,
That hand upon the bow of peace its prophecy doth write;
That hand maintains its argument, to hearing and to sight,
It bears the crown of harmony, the victories of light.

* Crawford's statue of Beethoven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 18, 1868.

The Catholicity of Music.

Music is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sibyl, chanting evermore of unity. Over wild, waste oceans of discord floats her silvery voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold, inspired demand, to be united with all, at the Heart of all things. Her appeal to the world is more loving than the world can yet appreciate. Kings and statesmen, and men of affairs, and men of theories, would stand aside from their own over-rated occupations to listen to her voice, if they knew how nearly it concerned them, how much more it goes to the bottom of the matter, and how clearly she forefeels humanity's great destiny. The soul that is truly receptive of music learns angelic wisdom, and grows more childlike with experience. The sort of experience which music gives does not plough cunning furrows in the brow of the fresh soul, nor darken its expressive face by knitting there the tangled lines of Satan. Here, the most deeply initiated are in spirit the most youthful; and Hope delights to wait on them.

The sentiment of unity, strongest and deepest sentiment in man, the great affection into which all his affections flow—to find, not lose themselves; which looks to the Source when little wants conflict, and straightway they are reconciled in emulous ardor for the glory of the whole; which lifts a man above the thought of self, by making him in every sense fully himself, by reuniting his prismatic, party-colored passions into one which is as clear and universal as the light; the sentiment which seeks only universal harmony and order, so that all things, whether of the inner or of the outer world, may be perfectly transparent to the love in which they have their being, and that the sole condition of all peace and happiness, the consciousness of one in all and all in one, may never more be wanting;—that is what the common sense of mankind means by the *religious* sentiment,—that is the pure essence of religion. Music is its natural language, the chief rite of its worship, the rite which cannot lose its sacredness; for music cannot cease to be harmony, cannot cease to symbolize the sacred relationship of each to all, cannot contract a taint, any more than the sunbeam which shines into all corners. Music cannot narrow or cloak the message which it bears; it cannot lie; it cannot raise questions in the mind, or excite any other than a pure enthusiam. It is God's alphabet, and not man's, unalterable and unpervertable: suited for the harmony of the human passions and affections; and sent us, in this their long winter of disharmony and strife, to be a perpetual type and monitor, rather say an actual foretaste, of that harmony which must yet come. How could there be religion without music? That sentiment would create it again, would evoke its elements out of the completest jargon of discords, if the scale and the accords, and all the use of instruments, were forgotten. Let that feeling deepen in our nation, and absorb its individual ambitions, and we shall have our music greater than the world has known.

There *was* an age of faith, though the doctrinal statements and the forms thereof were narrow. Art, however, freed the spirit which the priest imprisoned. Music, above all, woke to celestial power and beauty in the bosom of a believing though an ignorant age. The Catholic church did not neglect this great secret of expression and of influence; and the beautiful free servant served it in a larger spirit than itself had dreamed of. Where it could not teach the Bible, where its own formal interpretations thereof were perhaps little better than stones for bread, it could breathe the spirit of the Bible and of all love and sanctity into the most ignorant and thoughtless worshipper, through its sublime Masses, at once so joyous and so solemn, so soul-subduing and so exalting, so full of tenderness, so full of rapture uncontrollable, so confident and so devout. In these, the hearer did, for the time being, actually *live* celestial states. The mystery of the cross and the ascension, the glorious doctrine of the kingdom of heaven, were not reasoned out to his understanding, but passed through his very soul, like an experience, in these all-permeating clouds of sound; and so the religion became in him an emotion, which could not so easily become a thought, which had better not become such thought as the opinionated teachers of the visible church would give him. The words of the *Credo* never yet went down with all minds; but their general tenor is universal, and music is altogether so. Music extracts and embodies only the spirit of the doctrine, that inmost life of it which all feel, and miraculously revivifies and transfigures the cold statements of the understanding with the warm faith of feeling. In music there is no controversy; in music there are no opinions: its springs are deeper than the foundations of any of these partition walls, and its breath floats undivided over all their summits. Less danger to the Catholic whose head is clouded by dull superstitions, so long as his heart is nourished and united with the life of all lives by this refreshing dew!

The growing disposition, here and there, among select musical circles, to cultivate acquaintance with this form of music, is a good sign. What has been called sacred music in this country has been the least sacred in everything but the name, and the forced reverence paid to it. With the superstitions of the past, the soul of nature also was sappressed: and the free spirit of music found small sphere amid our loud *protestings*. A joyless religion of the intellect merely, which could almost find fault with the sun's shining, closed every pore of the self-mortified and frozen soul against the subtle, insinuating warmth

of this most eloquent apostle of God. The sublime sincerity of that wintry energy of self-denial having for the most part passed away, and the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims having become opened to all worldly influences, why should they not be also visited by the heavenly corrective of holy and enchanting music, which is sure to call forth and to nourish germs of loftier affection. Can the bitter spirit of sectarianism, can the formal preachings of a worldly church which strives to keep religion so distinct from life, can the utilitarian ethics of this great day of trade, give the soul such nourishment and such conviction of the higher life as the great religious music of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven? The pomp and pageantry of the Mass we have not. But the spiritual essence lives in the music itself; and a mere quartet of voices, a social friendly group, bound alike by moral and by musical sympathies, may drink this inspiration, may pour it out on others. The songs and operas of the day, which take the multitude, become insipid in comparison with such music.

In music of this kind, there is somewhat that is peculiar to the individuality of the composer; but there is more that is universal, true to the inmost meaning of all hearts. Every sentiment, if it is deep enough, becomes religion; for every sentiment seeks and tends to unity, to harmony, to recognize of the one in all. And every sentiment in music is expressed in its purity, and carried up as it were to the blending point of all the emotions in one, which is the radical desire and feeling of the soul, its passion to be one with God.

The church afforded to genius that sphere, for its highest and holiest ambition, which it found not elsewhere. The Masses of Haydn are more numerous, and more of them elaborate great efforts, than those of Mozart, many of whose Masses were composed at so early an age; and his genius steadily drew him towards that sphere o music, in which he was destined to reign supreme,—the opera. But, though to Haydn we must grant the very perfection of artistic skill and grace, a warm and childlike piety, and a spirit of the purest joy; and though at times he has surpassing tenderness; still there is an indescribable atmosphere, an air of inspiration, a gushing forth as of the very warmest, inmost life-blood, in Mozart's religious music, which affects us, even when it is simpler than Haydn's with more power. Religion takes in Haydn more the form of gratitude and joy. The mournfulness of a *Miserere* or a *Crucifixus* of his is a passive mood, where the subject calls for it, rather than a permanent and inherent quality in the whole music of his own being. His ground tone seems to be a certain domestic grateful sense of life, in which the clearest order and the sweetest kindliness and thankfulness for ever reign. In Mozart the ground tone is love, the very ecstacy and celestial bliss of the re-union of souls long separated, at once romantic and platonic, sensuous, and yet exalting the senses to a most spiritual ministry. In him we have what is nearest to the naked soul of music,—its most ethereal, transparent, thrilling body. One would scarce suppose, that the soul of Mozart ever inhabited any other body than those melodies and harmonies in which it dwells for us. Something of a personal love, however, is felt in his most religious strains: it is the worship of the Holy Virgin; the music of that phase of the religious sentiment, which Swedenborg might call conjugal love.

To Beethoven's two Masses, especially the great one in D, it comes most natural to add the term *solemn*: for, with him, all is a great effort. It is the very sentiment of the man,—aspiration, boundless yearning to embrace the Infinite. With him the very discontent of the soul becomes religion, and opens sublime visions, which are like a flying horizon of ever near, yet unattainable order and beauty. In the inexhaustibleness of the heart's cravings, he finds revelations; and out of those depths, with gloomy grandeur, with fire now smothered and now breaking out, and always with a rapt impetuosity, the worship of his nature springs, escaping like a flame to heaven.

Then, too, besides this captivating music of the Catholic church, we should think of the plain Choral, the voices of the united multitude, in simple, solemn sublime strains, presenting themselves as one before the Lord. Even our modern psalm, as monotonous and artificial as it often is, satisfying scarcely more than the grammatical conditions of a musical proposition has oftentimes an unsurpassable grandeur. Where thousands sing the same slow melody, the mighty waves of sound seem to wake in the air their own accompaniment, and the effect is that of harmony. On this broad popular basis, Bach and Handel built. Bach expresses the deep, interior soul and spirituality of Protestantism; the religion of personal experience is more his theme. Handel, too, is Protestant, the people's man, in music. In him the great sentiment of a common humanity found expression. The individual vanishes: it is the mighty music of humanity; his theme, the one first theme, and properly the burden of all music, humanity's looking-for and welcome of its Messiah. What a prediction and foreshadowing of the future harmony and unity of the whole race is that great Oratorio! What are those choruses, those hallelujahs and amens, but the solemn ecstacy, the calm, because universal and all-sympathizing, everywhere sustained excitement, which all souls shall feel, when all shall feel their unity with all humanity, and with all to God.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—We have wished our paper to contain the fullest and most appreciative record we could find of this colossal affair, and we believe the report we copy from the London *Times* will be perused with interest in spite of its great length. At the same time we take the liberty of printing the following extract from a purely private letter (dated London, June 21, a day after the Festival) which we have received from a well known member of our musical world.

"The great Handel Festival is over, and I hasten to say to you a little about it. *A little*, for it was one of those grand, those immense undertakings, which any attempt of such a weak pen as mine, must utterly fail to describe. By this I do not mean that the performances were perfect; no indeed. I would merely refer to the colossal, imposing mass of sound. The choruses often moved with a great deal of uncertainty, and steadiness for more than sixteen or twenty-four bars in any of them was very rare. It might have gone a great deal better, and I think it *could* have gone better, for the material was there.

"The different parts of the immense choir were *splendidly* represented, each voice seemed to tell, which means a great deal, if you remember the number that took part; only think of 800 voices on each part, making 3200 in all, and a band which had 101 first Violins, 96 second Violins, 73 Tenors, 64 'Cellos and 66 Double-Basses, besides 92 of wind instruments, drums, &c., &c. The effect of sound was at times overpowering, with one great defect, however, viz.: whenever the four parts of the Chorus sang together in a *ff*, or even *f*, there was not a single sound to be heard either from the violins, tenors or violoncellos. Basses, trombones, trumpets and drums were kings, and overshadowed all but the Chorus, which sounded, as I said before, inexpressibly grand at times. The three concerts (and the preceding rehearsal) have been attended by 88,000 people altogether.

"Amongst a great many operas and concerts that I have heard during the short time here, there are two representations that I shall always think of with great delight. The first is the opera of '*Medea*,' by Cherubini, a most beautiful work, and splendidly given by all that took part, particularly by Tietjens and Santley. The second was a 'Piano-Recital' by Hallé, of which I enclose the programme:

Impromptu in B flat, Op 142, No 3.....Schubert.
Variations in D, No. 12.....Beethoven.
Song.
Fantaisie Sonata, in G, Op. 78.....Schubert
Impromptu in G, Op. 90, No. 3.....Schubert
Fantaisie, in G minor, Op. 77 .....Beethoven.
Song.
Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 142, No. 2. }
Moment Musical, in F minor, Op 94, No. 3 } Schubert.
Rondo a Capriccio, in G Op. 129.....Beethoven.

"I will mention another concert, which was given to invited guests by the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, at which Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mongini, Santley, Graziani, Miss Drasdill and Mr. Cummings took part, besides orchestra and chorus, and where I had the pleasure to be invited. The concert was finely, most beautifully performed, and best of all the parts assigned to Nilsson and Patti. . . . And now you may imagine my astonishment, when, in walking in to Drury Lane the other night to hear '*Medea*,' I met our friend Ch. C. Perkins in the corridor; he had just that evening arrived from Paris.

"The reception I have here is, from all sides, the most hearty and cordial, which has made my visit very, *very* pleasant."

GERMANY. Richard Wagner's comic opera "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*" was performed for the first time on the 21st of June, in Munich. Herr Richard Pohl, in the Leipzig *Signale*, pronounces it a complete success. As to its fabulously great length, he says: "The 1st act, inclusive of the overture, lasted 1 hour and 17 minutes; the 2nd, 55 minutes; the 3d (which is divided by a lowering of the curtain) 1 hour and 51 minutes. So that the music, all told, lasts only (!) 4 hours and 3 minutes, and the whole performance, counting pauses, 4 hours and 40 minutes. We know many grand operas," he says, "which last as long, and many shorter ones which . . . are longer!"—"There is enough music in these *Mastersingers* to serve another composer, supposing him to have any such power of invention, for half a dozen operas. There is a richness of invention in this score, a wealth of outline, ornament, coloring, in short all sorts of detail work such as we find in no other opera of Wagner's if we except *Tristan*, which is of course wholly different in style."

The performance too is pronounced a masterpiece: an admirable orchestra conducted by Hans von Bülow, singers and actors of the first rank, an exquisite chorus, a model *mise en scène*, &c. The prominent parts were those of Herr Betz (as *Hans Sachs*), Nachbaner (*Walther von Stolzing*), Hölzel (*Beckmesser*), Schlosser (*David*, apprentice to *Sachs*), Frl. Mallinger (*Eva*), and Fr. Dietz (*Eva's* nurse). A long list is given of noted artists, theatre directors, capellmeisters, composers, journalists, from all parts of Europe, who were present at the performance. Even Paris had its half dozen representatives, including Pasdeloup.—But we have yet to hear the soberer judgments.

A concert in aid of a Mendelssohn monument was given in the new Leipzig theatre on the 18th ult. The Overtures to *Athalia* and *Meeresstille*, and the Reformation Symphony (first time in Leipzig) were given under the direction of Julius Rietz, from Dresden. Mme. Joachim sang Mendelssohn songs, and Herr Joachim played the Mendelssohn Concerto and an Adagio by Spohr. The Octet, too, was played by such artists as Joachim, David, Rontgen, Grützmacher, &c.

Professor E. F. Richter, of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and organist at the Nicolai Church, (author, also, of the excellent "Manual of Harmony," translated by J. P. Morgan, and published in New York), succeeds Hauptmann in Sebastian Bach's old place of Cantor at the Thomas-Schule.

Schumann's *Faust* music was recently performed in Basle, with the aid of Julius Stockhausen.

The Congress of Musical Artists (of "the Future") is held this year in Altenburg, beginning to-day and lasting through next Thursday. The following works by members are to be performed: R. Wagner, "Love Feast of the Apostles;"—F. Liszt: 13th Psalm, "Fest Song to the Artists," 137th Psalm, Fugue on the name B A C H, and Songs;—Theodor Schneider, *Kyrie*;—G. Rebling, Motet;—D. H. Engel, Motet on the Reformation Festival;—W. Stade: two Old-German Songs, Hymn, Allegro for Orchestra, Song;—F. Thieriot, "Loch Lomond, a Symphonic Fancy-picture";—Huberti, Andante from a Suite for Orchestra;—W. Speidel, Trio for piano, violin, &c.;—G. Herrmann, Octet for string instruments;—C. Götze, Aria from the Opera "The Hero of the North";—F. Grützmacher, Concerto for violoncello;—Hermann Zopff, Fugue for two pianos;—C. Thern, Nocturno and Scherzo for two pianos;—G. Huber, pieces for violoncello; Songs by A. Horn, E. Büchner, O. Bolck, and Ph. Rüfer. Besides which, the *Requiem* by Berlioz will be given entire for the first time in Germany, and his *Symphonie Fantastique*; also the following by older masters: a Mass by Palestrina; a Motet ("*Jesu meine Freude*"), as well as organ, violin and song pieces, by J. S. Bach; Handel's "Acis and Galatea;" Aria from Clari's *Stabat Mater*; Psalm by Marcello; two of Beethoven's sacred songs to words by Gellert; Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*.

NEW YORK. The *Albion* says: "We take great pleasure in informing our readers that the Academy of Music is positively let to Mr. Mapleson, the London *impresario*, for an early winter season of Italian Opera. He will bring over Titiens, Nilsson, Miss Kellogg, and the *elite* of his company."

The following programme (says the *Weekly Review*) of a concert by the Choir of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, given last Sunday, very eloquently testifies to the taste and culture of the choir itself, and its able leader, Mr. E. Eberhard:

Ecce Sacerdos.....Stadler.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
The Virgin's Prayer.....Reissiger.
F sharp minor Trio for Violin, 'Cello and Organ.
By Messrs. Listemann, Hennig, and Eberhard.
Mass in C.....L. V. Beethoven.
A. Kyrie. *B.* Gloria. *C.* Credo.
Lætatus Sum.....M. Haydn.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
D. Sanctus. *E.* Benedictus. *F.* Agnus Dei.
Laudate Dominum.....Emmerich.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
Jupiter Symphonie (Allegro vivace).....Mozart.

The same paper alludes to the very curious programme offered by Mr. Howard Glover "for his benefit, at Niblo's Garden, last Saturday. First comes his own operetta '(Once too Often)' with the following characters: *Blanche de Marange*, Miss Fanny Stockton; *Hortense de Caylus*, Miss Lizzie Wilmore; *Count Marcillac*, Mr. Arthur Matthison; *Baron Pomperink*, Mr. Gustavus F. Hall. Then we are to have Beethoven's Pastoral Sympkony, with dance and pantomimic illustrations by Costa, performed by Jarrett & Palmer's Parisienne Ballet Troupe; Scene by the Rivulet; Phillis and Corydon—Mlle. Sohlke and M. Van Hamme. As a fit finale to all this a monster concert is offered. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony illustrated by the White Fawn Ballet Troupe is new and gives fresh life to the theory of Wagner, that in the works of art of the future all the arts ought to concur. Poor Wagner probably never dreamt that his idea would be first applied to an old symphony of Beethoven; just as this master surely never imagined that his lovely musical tone-pictures of rural life would form the theme of modern leg-opera."

The *Athenæum* thus remarks on Mlle. Schneider's personation of the Grand Duchess:

One daily paper has not hesitated to affirm that Mlle. Schneider's *Grand Duchess* is quite as unique in its way as the *Othello* of Kean. We may assume that this opinion was entertained by a majority of the members of crowned and discrowned houses who thronged the theatre on the 22d of June. Not even when Rachel, by nature the most powerful dramatic genius of our generation, filled the stage with her slight presence, was St. James's Theatre honored by so many of the "curled darlings of fortune." And what was the attraction? A lady whose vocal qualification consists of a very small voice which she has apparently never learnt to use, who, as an actress, depends chiefly for effect upon looks and gestures, and who, as to her appearance, might be described, unless her diamonds belie her, as being "fat, fair and forty." Mlle. Schneider has the incontestable merit of being always thoroughly in earnest, a sure means of attaining success on the stage, and she has the still more puissant advantage of being untrammelled by any considerations of *convenance*. Thus, when she first comes on she makes her admirers roar with laughter by the lady-like trick of cutting *General Boum* across the waistcoat with her whip. She takes the audience into her confidence with a wink, and expresses her sudden passion for *Fritz* by a spasmodic kick. Mlle. Schneider shows great tact in the management of her slender vocal means in quick movements, such as the commonplace "*Voici le sabre de mon père*," which pursues one through the opera as though it were the musical spirit of a vulgar bore; but in the only cantabile solo in the work, "*Dites lui*," her deficiency in musical education becomes as conspicuous as the inability of the composer to express sentiment.

THE RELATION BETWEEN POETRY and MUSIC is well shown in the following extract from Hauptmann's "*Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik*," translated by John P. Morgan, of New York:

It is certainly only half in jest that an æsthetician has said that poetry, in connection with music, seems to have no other right except the right to be bad with impunity; poetical in contents and expression it must always be, if it is to allow of musical representation. Mattheson once offered to compose music to a street directory. The contents of a directory or bill of fare would, however, offer little for musical expression; the joy over familiar names in the former, and articles of food in the latter, could, to be sure, be expressed musically; but to emphasize the text according to its verbal expression, give it shading in its details, can no more be the office of music than it is its office naturally to do the opposite. Its province is, to express in *connection*, in the language of feeling, what the comprehensible language of words can present only in a separate and successive manner. When the latter speaks of *joy* and *suffering*, and must mention especially first the one and then the other, music can and should express *suffering* in *joy* and *joy* in *suffering*—not, however, necessarily emphasizing the one word joyfully and the other sorrowfully.

Musical expression leaves the expression of poetical language far behind it in this respect; and music, where it is not merely declamatory, merely word-intoning, will always make poetry subordinate. Verbal expression has no other claim on musical, except that it should not be violated by incomprehensible, nonsensical emphasis; not that the music should enter into all its details and seek to express them with tones, for music expresses the complex feeling contained in the words, not the words themselves.

Music may be compared to algebra, language to arithmetic. What music contains generally expressed, language can express only as something special. The algebraic formulæ exhibit the interweaving and working of the factors—the factors and the product in one; arithmetic, either the factors alone or the product alone. The former, however, is applicable to an infinite number of determinable single values. Thus it is with music. We have often seen the attempt made to express the contents of a piece of instrumental music in words, in a poem. The result can never be satisfactory. If we take the algebraic expression, $a+b=c$, and wish to substitute for it $2+3=5$, the application of the formula is certainly a perfectly correct one; but an infinite number of other values may be substituted for a and b, which result in c as a different sum, although the content of the formula is satisfied as completely by the combination of factors. Thus, also, music may find the most various expression in words: and of no one can it be said that it is the exhaustive one—that it contains the one only, and the whole signification of the music; for this is contained in the most definite manner only in the music itself. Not that music has an *indefinite* sense; it says the same to every one; it speaks to the man, and says only what is humanly felt. An ambiguity first appears, if each in his own way attempts to embody in a particular thought the impression upon the feelings which he experiences; attempts to give form to the ethereal essence of music; to express what, in words, is inexpressible.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Young Peter once came softly nigh. (Pierre, un beau jour). 2. F to f. *"Barbe-Bleue."* 30

Know you not that in my Castle. (J'ai pas bien loin). 2. A*b* to *g*. *"Barbe-Bleue."* 30

Let us, from the vale ascending. (Mortes, sortez). 2. D to d. *"Barbe-Bleue."* 30

Three more songs from "Blue-Beard." In the first the frightened Boulotte is confessing various trifling faults to the Knight, who is about to put her to death. In the second, Blue-Beard, having sacrificed his sixth help-mate, is interceding (with the help of a few regiments of guards), for his seventh. In the third, the six wives, supposed to be dead, again appear on the scene. The melodies are simple and pleasing.

The Blooming Flowers. 4. D minor and major to f sharp. *Keller.* 35

A good song, with varied melody.

Geo. Erastus Wm. Henry Brown. 2. F to f. *Murphy.* 30

Very lively and comical.

Why fade so soon, sweet blossoms? 3. D to f. *Gounod.* 30

A romance, in Gounod's well-known pleasing style.

God bless the friends we love. 2. A to e. *Blamphin.* 30

A good, hearty song, of easy compass, and sweet melody.

Beneath yon beauteous Star. 2. D to e. *Godfrey.* 30

Appropriate words, applied to the melody of the favorite Murska Waltz by Godfrey.

Little Sunbeam. 2. D to f sharp. *H. Farmer.* 30

Rightly named, a happy, sunshiny melody, which is good to hear in a house.

Down where the Birdies sing. 2. E*b* to f. *King.* 30

Charming little love song, with pretty chorus.

The Sea hath its Pearls. 3. G to e. *Boott.* 35

A song of classic beauty.

Aileen. Song and Cho. 2. E*b* to f. *Wellman.* 35

The solo may be changed into a duet, by singing small notes. Pretty ballad in popular style.

Happy thoughts of thee. Song and Cho. 3. G to d. *French.* 30

Quite pleasing.

The Forget-me-not. 2. G to e. *Hunt.* 30

The little blue flower and the songs about it are liked as much as ever.

My Mother's Name. 2. E*b* to f. *Wrighton.* 30

One of the best of "mother" songs.

From the Dust. (Dal Profundo). 5. A*b* to e*b*. *Campana.* 40

An impressive prayer, or call for mercy. Suitable for church or concert room.

Wake, lady, wake. For Guitar. 2. C. *"Dr. of Alcantara."* 35

Instrumental.

La Pacefique. Valse de Salon. 4. A*b*. *Goodrich.* 50

Quite effective, and elicited applause when played at "Blind Tom's" concerts.

Dreams of Childhood. In 5 Nos. *Hancox, each* 25

Good Night Waltz 1. C. Fairy Land March. 1. C.
Sound Asleep Polka. 2. C. Guardian Angels Rondo.
Wide Awake Quickstep. 1. G. 1. G.

Nice little lessons for children. Only contain "5 finger" tunes, no scales or extensions, and are quite musical.

Long Branch Galop. 2. F. *Knight.* 30

Sprightly, with the melody introduced, "On the beach at Newport."

Pauline Galop. 3. A. "Faust." 35

Brilliant.

Deux Rondeaux sur Belisario. No. 1. 3. G. *Beyer.* 40
" " " " 2. 4. F. " 40

Melodies well selected and arranged. Attractive pieces for learners.

Blue-Beard Galop. 3. G. *Knight.* 30
" March. 3. G. " 30

Contain little sparkling airs, the March having the Palanquin song in it, also the favorite "Legend."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 713. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 10.

Wagner's "Meistersinger."

[European journals are full of glowing or condemnatory opinions of the new opera. Probably no one has written more intelligently and more sensibly about it than Dr. HANSLICK, the very able critic of the *Neue freie Presse* of Vienna, of whose report the London *Orchestra* gives us the following abstract].

The long-expected opera of Wagner, which for a considerable period has furnished numerous rumors and inexhaustible table talk in all the capitals of Europe, saw light on the 21st ult. at Munich. It was produced before a large though not crowded audience, and lasted from six in the evening until eleven. As may be anticipated, the event was heralded and accompanied by some of those glowing panegyrics with which admirers of Wagner hail even his least movement: how much more then the genesis of a new opera. One of his most devoted satellites, Peter Cornelius, wrote before the first night, "The production of the '*Meistersinger*' will be an artistic event such as till now has never been experienced by any public in the world,"—a prophecy to be received with the appropriate grains of salt. In sober truth the "*Meistersinger*" seems a long-spun, uninteresting, flat sort of work, insufferable as to libretto, inconceivable as to music, gorgeous as to scenery. Dr. Edward Hanslick, late Austrian musical commissioner at the Paris Exhibition, has published a long and ably-written analysis of the opera, the opinions in which, if expressed with that rotundity peculiar to German literature, are evidently sound and written with authority. Let us pick a few phrases from this lengthy work of his, by way of laying his view before our readers. His opinion is all the more valuable in that, writing from the land of Wagner-worship and surrounded by panegyrists of that composer, he votes in a terrible minority, but with as much fearlessness as though the whole world of Germany and of the Future school applauded his view.

To commence *ab initio*. The overture to the "*Meistersinger*," which dashes all the leading motivi of the opera, one after another, broken-wise into a flood of chromatic passages and transitions, in order finally to shake them together in a veritable hurricane of sound, must awaken the apprehension, in the uninitiate at least, that the Nuremberg Mastersinger's business was chiefly done in prussic acid. On the curtain rising, we behold the inside of the St. Katherine's Church, in Nuremberg. The municipality sing a chorale, between the verses of which the orchestra depicts the tender passions of a young knight, who, buried in the contemplation of a young city maiden, stands in the foreground. As soon as service is over the young knight, *Walther von Stölzing*, hurries to the lovely unknown: "Say, Miss, are you already affianced?" ("Mein Fraulein, sagt, seyd Ihr schon Braut?") With the sudden reciprocity and energy which characterize all Richard Wagner's love affairs, *Eva Pogner* replies, "I choose you, or nobody!" Only the suitor must first fulfil the condition ordained by her father to win the prize in master-singing. *Eva* hurries thence with her aged crony, *Magdalen*; *Walther* remains in the church, where preparations are just being made for a meeting of the Master-singers. With horrible profundity *David* then instructs him respecting the arrangements of the song tribunal, and the poetical rules, &c., thereof. He reckons over to him forty or fifty different "tones and manners," as "the English tin manner," the cinnamon-pipe manner, the frog, the calf, the Stieglitz, the altered, much-devouring manners—it sounds like a moving of carriage-harness set to music. At last the masters arrive, converse for ever so long, and are subsequently summoned by their names. The sitting commences with a speech of *Pogner*, the goldsmith, in which he promises the hand of his daughter *Eva*, together with his valuable property, to him who "shall achieve the prize for artistic singing before the whole people on St. John's Day, be he who he may." After wearisome delay the hero *Walther* demands to be allowed to sing. The town-clerk, *Beckmesser*, an ill-conditioned old cur, exercises the functions of "marker;" that is, hidden behind a screen, he marks down in chalk all the errors which the singers have committed in contravention of the Meistersingers' school-rules. Before he commences, however, all the paragraphs of the society's statutes are read over to the *Knight* for information, with which the audience, already gorged to sickness with all the previous explanations of the Meistersingers' rules, could joyfully dispense. *Walther* sings a spring love-song, which, despite more than one spiritual and graceful figure, produces no true and perfect effect, chiefly by reason of the unmeasured fidgetiness of the accompaniment and its modulations. *Walther* has been singing for a good while, but has not thoroughly sung himself out, when *Beckmesser*, well-chalked slate in hand, springs out of the marker's box, and manifests no end (*eine Unzahl*) of faults. The rest of the masters are also disgusted with the heterodoxy of the song, which they pronounce to be "vain ear-tickling." Only *Hans Sachs* takes *Walther's* part, and thereby awakens the furious wrath of *Beckmesser*, who foresees a dangerous rival in the *Knight*. A raving, chaotic inside-out of all the voices follows, which at last comes to an end with the verdict that the *Knight* has "sung badly and sinned." So ends the act.

Here then we have the elements of a comic opera—approaching in fact extravaganza: a school for which Wagner is in no respect suited. An elephant can more easily caracole than Wagner be funny. When he seeks, in the parts of *David* and *Beckmesser*, to make his music funny, he only succeeds in making it sprawl and limp—hideous even to unbearableness. The putting out of *Gloster's* eyes in "*King Lear*," or the stifling of *Desdemona*, might appropriately be accompanied by the ghastly discords to which *Beckmesser* grumbles or laments. When the apprentice *David* speaks of "vain bread and water," the orchestra plays murder and arson! The chorus at the end of the act, in which the people laugh at *Beckmesser's* bad song, might be sung by an infuriated populace after a lynching. This incapacity of the composer is even more manifest in the second act, which opens with the singing and jumping about of the apprentices, who rejoice because of St. John's day, and, according to custom, worry their colleague, *David*. *Pogner* and *Eva* come along the road, and sing a sadly uninteresting quantity of small talk. *Eva* goes over to *Sachs*, in order to find out how the *Knight* got on at the singing-meeting; *Sachs* reports the unfavorable result of the trial. It is difficult to convey an idea of the ponderousness characterizing this endlessly trailing dialogue. Any "old master" would have helped himself along in this juncture by adopting the simple method of letting the two persons, for once in a way, sing together, or at least close their conversation with a duet. But under Richard Wagner people must only sing one after another, and never together, because that would be unnatural, and, above all would sound agreeably. *Knight Walther* joins *Eva*. In the teeth of the conjunctive lines, "Yes, it is you! No, it is thou!" &c., &c., they do not even here come to a duet-phrase—each one sings to the other independently his or her thoughts, which (musically speaking extremely ugly and constrained) eventually culminate in a plan of flight. The loving pair are ready, but must, before all else, squeeze themselves into a corner out of the way of the passing watchman, and, moreover, of *Herr Beckmesser*. *Beckmesser* begins to thrum on the lute, as a prelude to singing a stave under *Eva's* window, upon which *Hans Sachs* comes across to him with a cobbler's ditty ("Jerum, Jerum, Hollah, hollah heh!") which, intended to be comic, reminds one more vividly of a roaring tiger than of a cheerful shoemaker. No less than three verses of this fearsome song does *Hans Sachs* produce for the general benefit; then follows a negotiation between him and *Beckmesser*, who earnestly desires peace and quiet for his vocal production. *Sachs* at last promises him to be silent, but reserves to himself the privilege of branding every one of *Beckmesser's* mistakes by a blow of his hammer on the sole of the boot he happens just then to be repairing. It is incomprehensible how this joke is squeezed out to the very last drop, and thereby eventually rendered utterly tasteless. *Beckmesser* begins his serenade, which, commencing most happily and characteristically, breaks down only too soon; *Sachs* gives one or two knocks with his hammer in every bar, *Beckmesser* appeals to him in anger, *Sachs* pacifies him, *Beckmesser* begins again to sing, *Sachs* to knock: they quarrel again and again, and finally so noisily that the neighbors stick their heads out of the window and complain of the row. The apprentice *David* catches hold of *Beckmesser* and belabors him: his outcries attract a streetful of people, who all begin to swear, scream, and pitch into one another, making such an ensemble as you may realize from the "rally" of a scene in an English harlequinade. But this rumpus does not end the act: it dwindles down, until the noise of the rioters has died away, and the solitary watchman is left pacing along the deserted moonlit street. A pretty effect, but not new; Gounod has done it and to better purpose.

The dull joke of musical squabbling is carried through the third and best act of the opera. Here we have the narration of a dream of *Walther's*, "Morgenlich leuchtend," beginning with a tender melody which, fortunately, is not plunged at the third bar into the "hurricane of infiniteness," and, moreover, is blessed with a tranquil, simple accompaniment. This melody makes a favorable impression, of which the composer is only too well aware, for ever after he cannot keep clear of it. The many verses and subsequent repetition of the song do it undoubted damage. The act is also noticeable for a pleasant, sounding, well-finished vocal quintet, the first part of which is at first intoned by Eva alone. From six o'clock to half-past ten the public had heard nothing but declamatory monologue, cropping up through "infinite melody" or boisterous choral tumult. Now appears, quite unexpectedly, the melodious quintet, in which, moreover, Fraulein Mallinger attained her first opportunity of taking stand as a vocalist, and the public bursts into rejoicing over the short concerted piece, which, in any other opera, would perhaps have attracted no extraordinary attention. This is one of the secrets of our modern Mastersinger. The scene changes to an open meadow before the gates of Nuremberg. It is St. John's Day; the several guilds march along in festive garments, music playing and banners displayed; the cobblers, the tailors, the bakers sing their trade-songs, the poetical and musical sturdiness of which is highly gratifying. A little waltz, of the simplest melody but exquisite instrumentation, enlivens the scene. A flourish of trumpets on the stage announces the approach of the Mastersinger Guild, and the competition takes place. *Beckmesser* is the first singer who has to contend for the prize: he commences pranking himself out with *Walther's* plumes; for he has stolen the "Dream Song" of that worthy, and attempts to

pass it off as his own. But, confused and timid, he forgets the text, and twists every measure into nonsense, so that he is obliged to retire amidst mocking and laughter. *Hans Sachs* declares that the poem was originally admired, and only fell through so disgracefully on account of its shocking mutilation. Upon his invitation, *Walther* himself now sings the song, which is received with acclamation. We do not rightly understand how it is that the same mastersingers, who only the day before scoffed at an absolutely similar song of *Walther's* as "vain ear-tickling," can suddenly become so deeply affected by his poetry as to decree him the prize and *Eva's* hand. Perhaps Richard Wagner will explain this to us another time; for to-day, suffice it that we are delighted to see the loving pair united, and that the opera has come to an end with a picturesque group.

So far the libretto and the way in which it is illustrated.

We now proceed to dig into the critical treatise in question for an idea as to the method by which the great composer of the Future has proceeded to work out those tenets which he holds. Wagner, Dr. Hanslick assures us, has remained in his "*Meistersinger*" steadfastly true to his musical principles as they govern "*Lohengrin*," and consistently pervade *Tristan and Isolde*." It always leaves a respectable impression when an artist holds earnestly, and with unswerving conviction, to the principles which he, once for all, pronounces to be the right and only true ones. This consistency—never infringed by reason of any temptation whatsoever—imparts to the "*Meistersinger*" the imposing characteristics of certainty and firmness. Wagner knows thoroughly what he means to do, a foreknown resolve speaks from every note of the score; no accident finds a place therein, but neither does one of those beautiful casualties which confer the finishing charm upon creations of artistic fancy, as they do upon those of Nature herself. We must honor the steadfastness with which Wagner sticks to his peculiar principle; but to that principle the "*Meistersinger*" has not induced us to adhere. It is the recognized resolving of every convenient form into a shapeless, sensually intoxicating tinkle—the substitution of vague, incongruous melodizing for independent, shapely limbed melodies. One may confidently employ Wagner's slantindicular term of "infinite melody" as a technical expression for this kind of thing, as now-a-days everybody knows what he has to expect under that name. "Infinite melody" is the ruling power, musically wallowing about the "*Meistersinger*," as well as "*Tristan and Isolde*." A small *motivo* is struck up; before it has had time to grow into a proper melody or theme it is bent, broken, set higher or lower by means of continual modulation and inharmonious shoving about, then carried on a little bit, then chopped up to pieces and cut short again, repeated or imitated now by this, now by that instrument. Anxiously shunning every resolving cadence, this toneless and muscleless figure flows forth into the immeasurable, ever renewing itself out of itself. To cast a glance over entire lengthy scores of this sort, is to perceive always the same uniformity of impression, joined to continual nervous restlessness and interruption of the details. Only in a very few places where the text exacts a lyrical resting-spot, a something in the shape of a song (as in *Walther's* airs and the cobbler's ditty) does the *motivo* concentrate itself for the time being into a substantial actual melody; on the other hand, throughout the dramatic parts of the opera—in the monologues, dialogues, and concerted pieces—the melody is not entrusted to the voices, but transferred to the orchestra, where, being "infinite," it is wound out as though it were passing through a spinning-jenny. This melody-weaving orchestral accompaniment constitutes in reality the coherent and substantial sound-picture of the "*Meistersinger*," the voice being compelled to accommodate itself to this accompaniment by also weaving its phrases into it, half declaimed, half sung.

It can be plainly seen that this method of composition is diametrically opposed to that hitherto employed by every master. Heretofore, the melody for the voice was the first thing conceived by the sound-poet—the positive thing, to which the accompaniment (however free or complex in movement) was made subordinate. As a rule, one could divine the accompaniment, or *an* accompaniment, to the given melody for the voice, and the accompaniment thus, in some sort, became one's own unsubstantial property. In the "*Meistersinger*," the voice-part in itself is not only something merely incomplete, but is, in fact, *nothing at all*—the accompaniment is everything, is an independent *sinfonial* creation, is an orchestral fantasia with *ad libitum* voice accompaniments. If you were to place in the hands of an accomplished musician—one initiate in the mysteries of Wagnerian music—nothing but the libretto and the orchestral accompaniment, he would insert suitable voice-parts in the empty lines, much as a sculptor would fit the missing hand to an exhumed statue. But nobody could succeed in adapting (were it lost) the orchestral accompaniments to the parts of *Hans Sachs* or of *Eva*, any more than the sculptor could reconstruct the whole statue from the severed hand. The natural relations are turned upside down; for the orchestra beneath is the singer, the expresser of the leading thought, whilst the singers on the stage are only filling-up instruments. In order to obtain for this method (which is by no means one sharply characterizing and specifying, but, on the contrary, one peculiarly levelling and vulgarizing) a means of establishing the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*, and to preserve for the ear an anchor of salvation in the ocean of "melodic infinity," Wagner uses the so-called "memory-contrivance;" that is, themes which crop up in the orchestra as soon as a certain person comes on the stage, or a certain event is referred to. The Master-Singer's Guild has its own march-like *motivo*, the apprentice David his own writhing phrase of semiquavers; similarly *Walther* and *Sachs* have each his own theme, as well as musical uniform, by which people can be recognized in a crowd or by twilight. Not only personal rights, but rights of things, are to Wagner fitting foundations for these "memory-contrivances." As soon as any mention is made in any part of the opera, of St. John's Day or of the prize-singing, so soon is struck up *Pogner's* address from the first act; *Walther's motivo* not only accompanies his person, but every allusion to him, to *Eva's* love, to genuine poetry in contradistinction to guild poetry, &c., &c. Inasmuch as that to which these *motivi* refer constitutes pretty nearly the whole material of the "*Meistersinger*," and, besides, the *motivi* themselves are the happiest musical phrases in the whole opera—you are destined to hear them throughout the whole evening, alone or together, now in this, now in that orchestral part, colored brightly or darkly as the case may be. At first the listener rejoices over these tiny melodies; moreover, his intelligence is kept busy in recognizing and following them up; but the more incessantly they swing us backwards and forwards, the more uncomfortable we become, just as in a real swing. The whole *music* of the opera is made up of four or five such leading *motivi*. Rightly and sparingly employed, musical reminders of this sort produce an admirable effect, of which Weber has given us an immortal example in the *motivo* of *Zamiel*: but one cannot build up an æsthetical principle out of a lucky hit. It would really seem as if these faithful scraps of melody, which have brilliantly rescued Wagner from many a difficulty, had, in the "*Meistersinger*," grown over his head, almost against his will. From being his pet it has become his bane.

The production in Munich was a quasi-success. The slim young King, with the dreamy look, lurked apparently alone in his state-box from beginning to end of the opera. When, however, at the end of the second act, Richard Wagner was loudly called for, as well as the singers, he (Wagner) stepped forward from the back of the Royal box, and bowed from its front to the public. This highly affected greeting, which was exactly repeated after the third act, somewhat astounded the strangers present, some of whom expected that the next thing would be that the King would be called for! As a theatrical representation, the "*Meistersinger*" is a spectacle musically excellent, scenically incomparable. Pictures of dazzling color-glory and novelty, groups full of life and character, discover themselves to the eyes of the spectator, who has scarce time to reflect how much or how little of the effect produced upon him is to be ascribed purely to the musical creation.

The Voice in Singing.

(From the Atlantic Monthly).

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of EMMA SEILER, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is a book which all persons interested in vocal culture, either for themselves or others, should welcome. The tribute paid to Madam Seiler by two such eminent men of science as Helmholz and Du Bois Reymond is in itself a guaranty of the scientific value of her work, and we trust will secure her a wide hearing and a willing discipleship for truths which, taken simply on their own merits, might in too many cases be doubted or undervalued. That the art of singing is now in a state of decline, if not altogether decayed, all competent critics admit. To believe this, it is only necessary to compare, as Madam Seiler does in her first chapter, the achievements of the great artists of a century ago with the possibilities of our petted favorites of to day. But a still more striking proof of the fact that modern singing-teachers do not know how to teach singing, appears in the "lost voices" that we hear bemoaned on every side, both by professionals and amateurs. Madam Seiler herself was a victim to one of the most eminent of these vocal quacks; and, her voice having been entirely ruined while under his instruction, she resolved to try and rediscover the secrets of the old masters of the art, and, if possible, to establish scientifically what they had only practised empirically. An investigation of the larynx in the act of singing had already been begun by Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master now living, who studied the interior of the throat by the aid of the laryngoscope. He was able to assert by seeing what a trained and critical ear might infer from hearing,—that the vocal organ is not a fixed tube which acts in the same manner throughout its whole compass, but that at several points in the scale its adjustments suddenly shift, and the next series of tones is produced in a different manner, and possesses a different quality, from any of those preceding. Evidently, then, every tone has its own adjustment, or "register," as it is called in singing, in which it can best and easiest be sung, and in which only it ought to be exercised and developed; and though the adjustment belonging to a lower set of tones may, by overstraining, be applied to a higher, yet this violation of the intention of nature is productive only of evil. The tones so forced are of hard and impure quality, flexibility is impaired, sweetness, compass, and expression are lost, and the voice itself is at length spoiled or broken up. All this vocal ruin and destruction are now going on under the complete ignorance or indifference of the modern singing-teacher to this great fundamental fact of the natural separation of the registers. Garcia's experiments, though they attracted great attention from scientific men, and inaugurated a new era in vocal culture, received little notice from his own profession. In this country he has one close follower, Carlo Bassini of New York, an Italian, whose Methods for the Soprano, Baritone, and Young Voice respectively are among the best we have, and may be well taken up with the schools of Panseron, Concone and Zollner. But neither Garcia nor Bassini has thus far attempted more than an elementary theory of the registers of the voice; and it remained for Madam Seiler, by experiments with the laryngoscope, much longer continued and more successfully performed, to fix more accurately, and it seems to us finally, the limits and characters of the different registers of the voice. Instead of two or three, she makes five different actions of the vocal organ. Her theory of the head register in particular is entirely original, and that of the upper falsetto register is a greater satisfaction to us than almost any part of the book, as experience had convinced us that the falsetto in the woman's voice did not end and the head tones begin where Garcia and Bassini had supposed.

The subject of the registers occupies the whole of the second chapter of the book. The third treats of the "Formation of Sound by the Vocal Organ;" showing, first, what are the properties of tone, as established by scientific investigation. Madam Seiler derives from this what constitutes a good singing one, and what should be the disposition of the

breath and the choice of vowels and syllables in vocalization in order to obtain it. Flexibility, purity, pronunciation, any many other topics, are also discussed. All of this chapter is valuable, and much of it is new, since few have any idea how opposed to modern custom in all these particulars was the long and careful and gradual drill of the old masters of song. The fourth chapter is devoted to the æsthetic view of the art of singing, and is as thoughtful, judicious, and penetrating as the others. Some of the strong and novel points of the book may be summed up as follows:—

1st. The voice has five independent modes of action for singing, as the hand has five fingers for playing; and each is to be cultivated by and for itself, until the tones produced by each mode equal, or nearly equal, in strength and fulness, the pure tones of all the other modes. 2d. The man's voice is best trained by a man, and the woman's by a woman; and no voice is to be intrusted to any but a thorough singing-teacher. A mere instrumentalist or "natural singer" is not competent to teach this art. 3d. That, instead of beginning practice with inflated chest and a loud tone, at first and for a long time no more breath than is used in speech should be employed; and the tone should be soft, quiet, and entirely without effort. 4th. That the intelligent training of the voice may be, and best is, begun at five or ten years of age, as the growing organ is more susceptible of culture than the adult, and also because it takes years, instead of months, to make a singer. 5th. That singers should not be trained with a tempered instrument like the piano. 6th. That indiscriminate chorus-singing spoils the voice and the ear; and that singing should not, therefore, be taught in our public schools by persons who know of music nothing except the simple reading at sight, and of singing *nothing at all*; but that there should be vocal schools, where children could be trained to read music and to sing without danger of injuring their voices before they have fairly possessed them. No one who has not taught our public-school children to sing knows anything about the beautiful voices and sensitive musical organizations which abound among our little Americans. As the translator of the work says that Madam Seiler is now in this country, would that the educational powers thereof could give her at once a hundred young girls to be trained as teachers for the benefit of just such vocal schools here as she herself would like to see in Germany!

The Development of the Concert System. Concert Rooms and "Salons." Aristocracy, Plutocracy, Lovers of Art, and Mecænates.*

To mark the boundary line between the artist and the virtuoso is now a far more difficult task than it formerly was, and the great number of æsthetical works and feuilletons have rather confused than enlightened our notions upon the subject. We frequently meet with a statement to the effect that this or that pianist, this or that fiddler, besides indulging in showy pieces peculiar to a virtuoso, performed some things in a perfectly artistic manner—while, on the other hand, critics often charge one whom they acknowledge to be a real artist, of having endeavored in this or that piece, to display his virtuosity in the most brilliant light. Until about thirty years ago, no one was recognized as an artist, who had not distinguished himself by his productive powers, and reached the art of realization through that of creation; the singer and the actor, however, were relieved from this obligation, for the former was not supposed to be a composer or the latter a poet; but among instrumentalists there was not a single exception; even Herz, Kalkbrenner, Beriot, the most shallow forerunners of the period preceding that of the *great* virtuosi, partly established their reputation as composers, though certainly in the lowest acceptation of the word.

Concerning the historical development of the concert system, up to the commencement of the present century, the facts to be found in works on music are unfortunately exceedingly rare; we are here struck by the phenomenon, which occurs only too frequently, that from the books of those learned in musical matters, especially of the *Culturhistoriker*, as they are called, we may glean information about anything more easily than about the connection between social life and artistic life in Germany, or of their influence upon each other; there are works of the last century treating of the importance of music, which mention the names of those citharists, who, as far back as five hundred years before the birth of Christ, played bravura runs and passages upon their instrument, and may be regarded as the founders of the virtuoso school in their own day; preserved in German books are also the names of the musicians whom Alexander the Great ordered to follow him as his private band to be present at his marriage with Roxana in Samarcand; we are acquainted with the details connected with the musicians of the Emperor Nero, who travelled as a virtuoso through his dominions, taking with him a host of "claqueurs," whose name of "Romans" has descended to the claqueurs of the Parisian theatres in our own time; but it is only with extreme difficulty that we are able to gather from political papers a few authentic facts concerning the development of public musical life in Germany.

Strange to say, the greatest number of facts relating to the musical life of the last century are to be obtained from the English, who are regarded as a non-musical people. There were perfectly organized concerts towards the end of the 17th century in London. The *London Gazette* of 1672 contains advertisements of concerts given by Barister, chapelmaster of King Charles II., aided by the King's twenty-four violinists. A still more interesting series of concerts was that of John Britton,† in the year 1678. This man was a coal dealer, who used to hawk his wares about the street, buying up, also, music, books and instruments. Of an evening he practised music, playing on the gamba—a sort of small violoncello with seven strings—and studying thorough-bass. At last, he hit upon the notion of appearing as a concert-giver. He collected all the musicians of any importance living in London, and built a concert room over the place where he stored his coals;‡ it was small and low, but speedily frequented by the best society. John Britton's concerts were in those days what Chappell's Monday Popular Concerts are now; if a musician wished to become known, he made his appearance at them; even Handel himself did not disdain to extemporize upon the small organ in Britton's concert-room. The infant prodigies, also, whom we are inclined to regard as forced hot-house plants of *our own* time, are first met with in the London Concerts of the eighteenth century. There was Dubourg, a fiddler of ten, and Cervetto, a 'cello player of eleven, who appeared, in 1760, at the concert of little Schmehling, afterwards so celebrated as a singer under the name of Mme. Mara. In 1764, there was even a 'cellist, John Crosdill, only nine years old. Besides those already named, there was a whole host of other little musical geniuses, only one of whom however fulfilled, when he grew up, the expectations formed of him: this was Mozart, who played at concerts in London as a boy of eight, and also wrote there his first Symphonies. Indeed, at that time, in England, still called "merry England," music found its way everywhere, besides being cultivated and cherished with sincerity and love, and not like a mere fashion, as at present. For two hundred years St. Cecilia's Day had been generally kept. There was a whole host of musical amateur societies—music was heard in almost every house, and sometimes under the strangest circumstances. Most interesting is the account in the London *Advertiser* of April 1746, from which we learn that Christopher Gluck; composer of *Iphigenia*, *Armida*, *Alcestis*, and *Orpheus*, appeared in London first as a concert-player, and a concert-player upon the water-harmonica, an instrument consisting of drinking-glasses, which were tuned by the amount of water put in them, and on which the performer played by passing his fingers round the edges. The instrument was then so popular that even the great Franklin, the champion of the free states of America, and the discoverer of the lightning conductor, wishing particularly to oblige a friend whose daughters were virtuose upon the instrument in question, was not above improving this glass-harmonium, as he called it. Among the amateur associations of the time, there was a very prominent one, composed of the leading members of the aristocracy and gentry. This society cultivated the joyous strains native to old England, and offered every year a prize for the best compositions of the class. One of the composers who gained the largest number of prizes, and whose convivial songs are still to be heard at merry meetings, was the Earl of Abingdon, the peaceable father of a great warrior, the Duke of Wellington. It was at that time, namely 1767, and in London, that the large concert-grands were first made by Broadwood, the founder of the celebrated firm, still carried on by his direct descendants; the house of Erard dates only from sometime after 1780.

Our information respecting concerts in France, or rather in Paris, during the 17th and the 18th century is more scanty than that respecting those in London. Musical art was far less general in France than in England, and all the interest evinced for it was concentrated on the Opera. This sprang into existence as far back as 1647. Mazarin had sent for an Italian company, whose performances in the theatre "des petits bouffons" were very popular, and Queen Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., expressed her surprise that Frenchmen could not do something similar. This induced the superintendent of her household, the Baron de Noverre, to prevail on a certain Abbé Perrin and an organist of the name of Cambou to enter into competition with the Italians. They wrote a piece entitled *La Pastorale*, "première comédie française en musique," earning with it both honor and money. Perrin, moreover, obtained in the year 1669 the title of director of the Royal Academy of Music. The Grand Opera in Paris dates from this time. Up to 1830, it always remained under the immediate management of the Government. Even in the year of horror, 1792, a Government committee, consisting of the most furious Sansculottes and tenderest lovers of music, were at the head of it. Herbert, Danton, Henrion, and Fouquier, frequented it nearly every day. There is an amusing anecdote to be found in the annals of the period. On one occasion, Lainez, then the most popular singer, had sung a patriotic ode. When he had concluded, a man, whom he had often remarked as a very attentive listener behind the scenes, stepped up, and tapping him on the shoulder said: "Citizen, you have sung very beautifully, and I am quite touched. But your text is nonsense. I advise you, before you offer the Nation such stuff in future, to let me see the words. If you do that, you will be safe." "Yes," said one of the choristers, "the citizen knows all about the cut of a thing." Lainez did not understand the hidden meaning of these words till subsequently, when he discovered that the delicate friend of art was—the executioner.

At that period, however, music was the only occupation at all elevated to which a man dared devote himself, without being suspected of aristocratic tendencies—and, on the other hand, music offered a guaranty that its votaries did not trouble themselves about ideas of freedom. All the elegant wives of the Terrorists cultivated it, and Mme. Tallien, subsequently the Princess Chimay, and the grandmother of one of the best female pupils Chopin had, was a zealous admirer of the art. Napoleon, too, as an artillery officer, liked music and musicians. Later, it is true—according to the unanimous testimony of all the memoirs referring to him—he regarded music only as the best means of amusing the people harmlessly. We must, however, not omit to state that it was at his immediate suggestion that Spontini wrote *Ferdinand Cortez*, and Cherubini his *Requiem*. There is another fact, also not to be passed over in silence. He frequently enunciated opinions with regard to music as surprisingly just as those he uttered in conversation with Gothe respecting *Werther* and dramatic poetry, opinions to which, in his later years, the poet-prince refers in his annals with admiration.

Opera was thus tolerably supported in France, but not so concerts. In the year 1725, Philidor,

* From a letter "On Modern Society and Music," by H. Ehrlich.

† Query—Thomas Britton?

‡ All these facts are taken from Herr Pohl's interesting book, *Mozart und Haydn in London*.

brother of the composer and celebrated chess-player, founded the "Concerts Spirituels," which, during Lent, and on grand fast-days, when there was no opera, were given in a large room at the Tuileries, and at which sacred choruses and airs of the period alternated with instrumental solos, and with concertos for the violin and the oboe. The enterprise was exceedingly flourishing between 1770 and 1780, so much so, indeed, that Mozart considered it an honor to write a Symphony for it. During the time of the Revolution the Concerts Spirituels were discontinued. Somewhere about 1750, a Société d'Amateurs had been formed, but it ceased to exist even *before* the Revolution. In fact, people in Paris did not care a great deal for concerts.

In Italy, even from the sixteenth century, opera had made such progress that there was no room for the development of instrumental music. The fiddle alone, as the vocal instrument, could boast of great artists; the male sopranists exercised their throats in runs which only the most eminent violinists could execute with equal rapidity and correctness, and the violinists, moreover, took every possible pains to produce a noble and grand tone upon their instruments. Their compositions are even now models. With regard to pianists, the only one of eminence is Domenico Scarlatti, a remarkable personage, inasmuch as, in his Piano Sonatas, he treats the instrument in such a manner that we feel inclined to believe he must have been acquainted with, and have studied, Bach's works. There is one fact which we may look upon as certain: owing to the almost incredible development of the art of singing—about which Mozart's letters from Italy contain some astounding facts—instrumental music was merely cultivated to some extent by amateur societies and at the various Courts, in the last, as in the present century, concerts possessing no power of attraction for the Italians. With regard now to concert-giving in Germany during the past century—in so far as it is possible to obtain trustworthy information—we must particularly mention one fact which at first sight appears strange, namely, that there were few or no concerts precisely where music was most general. In Vienna, even in Mozart's time, there were only Subscription Concerts (*Subscriptions-Academien*, as they were denominated), that is to say, concerts got up by those musicians who gave a great many lessons, and who went about with a list to their patrons, to whom, and by whose assistance, they endeavored to dispose of tickets. How unproductive, however, such manœuvres were, is proved by a letter of the year 1784 from Mozart, in which he informs his father with great glee that he had 174 subscribers for his three concerts, that being thirty more than Richter and Fischer together, who were the most popular teachers of the period. The infrequency of these concerts admits, however, of an easy explanation, if we only bear in mind that all noblemen had their own private musical establishment; gave concerts in their own houses; and generally paid artists magnificently. Hence people who in any way belonged to good society had heard every celebrated artist so often at private concerts that public concerts had but little attraction for them. Only something particularly unusual could reckon upon any great success. This was especially true of female fiddlers, among whom a Mlle. Ringbauer and a Mlle. Strinasachi were as celebrated in those days as Mlles. Milanollo and Ferni are in our own.

Very different was the state of things in the North. The higher classes there hardly troubled their heads at all about music; but among the classes of burghers and Government officials, on the other hand, music was very generally cultivated, even so far back as a little after 1770, and concerts were everywhere well attended. But we must not assume that a regard for music was the sole principle at work: so far from this being the case, we may conclude with certainty from the light writings of the period that concerts were regarded as the most agreeable and most becoming class of entertainment by many worthy families, only because the latter entertained conscientious scruples against going to the theatre; this was probably the case more especially in the Protestant parts of the country. Between 1770 and 1780, there was not in the whole of north, or middle Germany, a single town of any importance, where there were not regular concerts of amateurs or professional musicians. Thus in Stralsund there was a concert every fortnight, and there were concerts also in Magdeburg, Erfurt, Ludwigslust, Coburg, Schleusingen, Detmold, and Nordhausen. At Göttingen, Forkel founded concerts in 1780, and it is highly amusing to hear him talking *at that time* of the decay of opera, and of church music, and praising up his concerts as the only place of refuge for good music. According to all accounts, Hamburg seems to have been the Promised Land for travelling virtuosi. Dresden was highly celebrated for its chapel, and, when, after the battle of Kesselsdorf, Frederick the Great entered the Saxon capital, one of his first commands was to the effect that he wished to hear a concert. In Berlin, Bachmann's Subscription Concerts existed in 1751. Some time after 1780, they were superseded by Hurka's Orchestral Concerts, in which the Royal Chapel took part, and which were attended by the Royal family. At that time, also, there was a concert saloon for the Jewish colony in the "Flies'schen Haus," the monthly subscription for three persons being one thaler and eight groschens. A Mme. Lewy, a Mme. Wolff, and Herr Flies, appeared there as pianists. The papers said nothing save what was favorable about the music, but added that there was too much talking, and too much bowing and scraping for any one to be able to hear it well. Between 1780 and 1790, Reichardt founded Concerts Spirituels, on the Parisian model; symphonies by Dittersdorf, Benda, and Kuhnau, were the order of the day. Solo-players also gave performances. The favorite concert instruments were the flute, the French horn, and the fiddle; the oboe, the clarionet, and bassoon, were also highly esteemed. The last-named instrument, moreover, was, even at the commencement of the present century, frequently employed for solos at concerts in Berlin. I myself heard a Berlin bassoonist, later than 1830, play, in Vienna, variations on "An Alexis send' ich dich." The worthy man looked as deeply moved when playing the motive as a lyric tenor looks in a highly sentimental part. The piano, now so fearfully tormented, was then but rarely used as a solo concert-instrument. The music catalogues of that time, down to the year 1810, contain only trios, and other concerted pieces, but very few brilliant fantasias, and works of that description. The facts that I here adduce were not to be found in *one* book, but have been collected from the most various journals and periodical publications.

(To be continued).

Italy.

American Artists in Florence. — Thomas Ball.—The Salon of Liszt.—Kaulbach.

We take the following extracts from the Correspondence of the *Chicago Tribune*. The letter is dated May 29, 1868.

From the hill of Bellosguardo, where there are several handsome villas, the view is magnificent. It was here that Hawthorne had his home when he lived in Florence. The observatory, from whence he no doubt often contemplated the wonderful loveliness of the Val d'Arno and its grand framework of near and distant mountains, is still pointed out as *Donatello's Tower*—so called from the hero of that name described in "The Marble Faun."

Here, too, is the villa Albizzi, which Galileo occupied for a long time. Over the entrance is his bust and an inscription.

On another hill, not far distant, Powers, the sculptor is building a beautiful house. It stands just off the fine, broad, cypress-lined road ascending to the Poggio Imperiale—a palace built by the Duchess Magdalen of Austria in 1622. It is beyond the Porta Romana, but all the better for that. It so much healthier outside than within the city's walls. Near by the sculptor Ball is about erecting a fine house and studio. It will not be commenced, however, until he returns from America, whither he has now gone to set up in bronze his grand equestrian statue of Washington. It is to be hoped that this will give the Bostonians more satisfaction than Story's statue of Everett. It doubtless will, for competent judges pronounce it the best sculpture of its kind in America being distinguished as it is,—in spite of a *pose* that is somewhat conventional and unavoidably so,—by wonderful individuality and character. Indeed, I suppose there are few sculptors so successful as he in catching any peculiarity, whether it be that of attitude or feature, and making it serve his purpose in a portraiture. His likenesses are always astonishingly vivid, and yet they are something more, for he succeeds in rendering, as few rarely can, what I understand some writer to have meant when he spoke of "the idea as well as the fact of a face."

His busts of Webster, Everett, and Starr King are particularly renowned. They are all equally good, but that of the former attracted me even more than the others. I am glad we are to have it in New York. It has been so much admired and sought for that only the *purse*-verance of our capitalist, Mr. Aspinwall—so a punning friend told us—has at last secured it for the New England Society in our city.

A bust of Liszt was amongst the first we saw on entering the studio. It is considered, by all who have seen the great pianist, an uncommonly faithful portrait, for he has a difficult face to manage. As I saw it in profile I was again reminded of his resemblance to Washington [!]—a likeness I had observed when I saw him in Rome. That was a memorable visit—one I shall not soon forget—not merely because I heard such music as I never expect to hear again, but because I found myself unwillingly drawn into a somewhat animated discussion as to the respective merits of European and American pianos. My antagonist was a certain English Lord, who insisted, with considerable warmth, that the instruments of Erard were unrivalled in durability, in brilliancy of tone, in power, in the capacity for standing in tune, and, above all, for resisting changes of climate. In fine, they were the only piano-fortes in the world that a musician should countenance. Of course, I defended those of my own country, and you can fancy how delighted I was when Liszt himself came to my assistance, confirming all I had said by pointing to a magnificent Chickering grand, standing invitingly open at the end of his fine *salon*. Lord H. was evidently much astonished, and had nothing more to say for himself. He soon took his departure, and shortly after, to our great satisfaction, Liszt offered to play. I was with a German lady—herself an accomplished musician—though merely an amateur—who is one of the Abbé's greatest favorites. When we rose to go he detained us by the promise that as soon as the crowd abated he would give us some music. Meanwhile he took us into an inner chamber where he showed us some sketches his friend Gustav Doré had given him, and some photographs. This room, like the outer and larger apartment, was redolent with the perfume of flowers—all having been sent him by his women-admirers. The piano was covered with loose sheets of music and exquisite bouquets, one of which, I remarked, was in itself a complete volume of that amatory and adulatory language it is supposed to be possible to convey through floral offerings.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Liszt is spoiled—as even his friends confess he is—for his whole life has been made up of a long series of triumphs and flatteries. Even now, as an Abbé, partially retired from the world, he holds weekly a levee that would turn almost any man's head; that is, if the homage of rank and wealth, of wit and beauty could produce that effect. The day that we were there his visitors kept "coming and going like waves of the sea," bewildering one by their different nationalities, their titles, and, above all, by their obsequiousness to their host.

There were Polish Counts and Countesses, Russian nobles, German Barons and Baronesses without number; Italians of all ranks, from an obscure sculptor to a Prince; Spanish artists and ambassadors; two or three English Lords; Americans; and one nonchalant French Marquis, who, being invited to linger with us, afterwards laughed cynically at what he called "the virginity of my impressions." But who, excepting a *blasé* Parisian, would not have been enthusiastic! "Breathes there the man with soul so dead!" to make a new application of the old words. Everything conspired to brighten the effect produced upon us all, but I had the advantage of others, for it was the first time I had ever heard the great pianist, and "all first things are voted best." To begin with: The time was favorable. It was getting toward twilight—just that hour when music most enthralls. All was quiet within—without there were only four of us to listen—and we could all look out through the great window beyond the piano—over the lonely Campo Vaccino—toward the West, where the ruins of an ancient imperial palace outlined themselves against a sky of fading gold and purple—a picture

lovely at any time, but doubly so when seen under the influence of such a spell as only music can produce.

When Liszt began to play he looked like another being. His self-consciousness gradually vanished, and the complacency left his mouth. His face spoke music no less than the instrument beneath his wonderful hands. It was as eloquent as that of the most impassioned orator. He was no longer the man, but the master.

I sat where I could see his profile, and while he was thundering over the bass notes, bracing himself, as it were, against his hands, I thought, as I have before said, of our General Washington, whose bust I had seen the day before in the villa of Prince Doria. Even in repose his features bear a likeness, but when they are in action the resemblance is more positive.[!] Some have likened him to Dante, but his face lacks the severity and solemnity of the poet's.

I had heard of the peculiarity of his touch, and now I particularly remarked it. He does not strike the instrument. The tones seem to follow his finger ends as if the keys had been magnetized. Even his *tours de force* are made rather by up than down strokes. He seems literally to draw the sounds from the instrument.

He gave us first a little caprice in the waltz time by his son-in-law Bülow; then, something of his own—a composition illustrating certain phases in the life of St. Francis—his hopes, his fears, his mortal agony, his final release and transport—a work requiring great feeling and great energy of execution; a favorite theme, but one that he never renders, he told my German friend, unless he feels that he has sympathetic listeners. This work has been illustrated for him by Gustave Doré. One of the pictures we saw. It was treated with the same vigor and imaginative power that originated the designs for Dante's Inferno. But this idea of putting the life of a Catholic priest into the Chiaro 'scuro of music and painting reminds me of the experiences of Gottschalk, who averred that he perceived music through every sense; "the chord of the diminished seventh, the perfume of the heliotrope, the color blue and the taste of pine-apple all producing the same sensation."

Besides this bust of Liszt at Mr. Ball's in Florence, I saw a portrait of him in the studio of Kaulbach at Munich. It had been made, the artist told me, when Liszt was a much younger man, as one could clearly see; and yet it was very like him as he is now. He will never lose, probably, his slightly theatrical manner, nor his peculiar *pose*. He would not be Liszt if he did. It has become quite natural for him to be unnatural and eccentric.

What a contrast KAULBACH offered! We found him just about noon, standing under the one great window of his studio, wrapped in a long coat lined with fur—as picturesque as one of his own creations, but as simple and unaffected as a child. Not but that he was enthusiastic, as most of the Germans are, quaint, and at times charmingly imperial in his gestures, particularly when he received some new guest with a suave smile, and motioned him to a seat with a sweep of his right hand. But the predominating impression the man made upon you was a pleasant one. You did not merely marvel at his genius—you admired also his simplicity, and respected his dignity of character.

His cartoons, as you know, are, perhaps, more wonderful than his finished works in color. At all events, we had an opportunity of comparing the two, for the crayon drawing of a subject called "Charity," and a beautiful woman of the blonde type surrounded by three or four babies of different sizes, stood side by side with the nearly completed picture in oils then on his easel. The latter is destined for the United States, I am glad to say, having been purchased for seven thousand dollars by an American.

Like the most of his countrymen, Kaulbach expressed much interest in "that land of progress beyond the sea," saying that he liked better to paint pictures for us than for any other nation—that it gave him pleasure to remember that, like many of his compatriots, some of his best works had found a home in America. It was very pleasant to meet a hearty an admirer of our national institutions—and, though I was hardly surprised—having usually found the Germans more than any other nation capable of appreciating our advantages and excusing our disadvantages. Hepworth Dixon was not so far wrong when he compared Prussia to America, and in the next breath spoke of both as the two great Teutonic States. Certainly, amongst all the Europeans we have met, we feel most *at home* with the Germans, and I am safe in saying that no foreigners cross the ocean who so soon make themselves *at home* with us, who so soon acquire our habits, and learn our customs.

M. Rubinstein at the Philharmonic.

As was to be expected, the great attraction was M. Antoine Rubinstein. Without disputing that gentleman's right to the position, we must say, for ourselves, that his performance always gives us a feeling of sadness. If he played less well this would not be. When a man comes forward with pretensions in excess of his abilities, he is put down as having mistaken his position, and himself only is the sufferer. But M. Rubinstein is literally overloaded with ability. His execution is prodigious, his touch is wonderful in its command over every gradation of tone, and his feeling for the work he has to do is intense. But to such extent does he possess these gifts that—as we have said—he is overloaded. M. Rubinstein less endowed would be M. Rubinstein more acceptable. Without judgment and self-restraint (which are necessary for the due use of wealth of any sort) he plays with the key-board in very wantonness; his tonal power becomes an exhibition of sensational tricks, and his artistic sympathy a passion which masters its possessor, forcing him to extremes, such as make the judicious grieve. Endowed with everything but the power to use his endowments well, M. Rubinstein resembles a tree which, pruned and clipped, would have yielded fruit, but, left to itself, makes only a prodigious show of leaves. Hence we do not hesitate to say that the Wallachian pianist is a stumbling-block in the path of art. Whenever he plays it is not the composer who comes forward with his ideas, but it is M. Rubinstein with his almost grotesque impulsiveness, his thundrous tones, and his wild gesticulations, at which the unthinking public wonder and applaud. This is sad enough, but when one remembers what M. Rubinstein might have done for the art he injures, the subject becomes almost painful. After these remarks we need not dwell upon the performance of Monday last. Suffice it to say that, remembering the marvellously perfect interpretation of the composer's widow, Schumann's concerto in A minor seemed a caricature of itself, and that Handel would scarcely have recognized his own work (the air with variations, from the *Suite* in D minor) had he been present. Yet the Philharmonic audience cried "Bravo" and applauded with boisterous delight. After all, how hollow is the ring of our boasted musical culture, when hammered at by a Rubinstein.—*Sund. Times, June* 14.

The Rubinstein Recitals.

Herr Antoine Rubinstein has given a series of three recitals at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the course of which he has emphatically proved himself one of the most marvellous and at the same time one of the most provokingly unequal pianists of the day. We cannot agree with this gentleman's exaggerated readings of the sonatas of Beethoven, from which he selected the C minor, Op. 111, the D minor, Op. 31, and the E major, Op. 109—the middle one of which, in our opinion, he played best, because with least pretension; nor can we approve the manner in which he renders many parts of Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*, or any part of the same composer's *Presto Scherzando* in F sharp minor. What satisfied us most entirely was Herr Rubinstein's performances of his own compositions (without caring greatly for the compositions), of Schumann's *Etude Symphoniques* and *Carnaval* or *Scenes Mignonnes*—which last, in many instances, were astonishing (as, for example, the variations in full chords belonging to the *Etudes*), of one or two of the graceful *Nocturnes* by John Field, and of Mozart's exquisitely beautiful *Rondo* in A minor. In the *Nocturnes* of Field and the *Rondo* of Mozart the Wallachian pianist subdued his impetuosity in such a manner as to delight all lovers of genuine music and unaffected playing. This was not so, however, with the B minor *scherzo* of Chopin, which was taken at so rapid a pace as to be scarcely intelligible, nor with the examples severally taken from Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Handel. In the music of Liszt, as in his own "transcriptions," for piano, of the overture to *Egmont* and the Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Herr Rubinstein is, of course, quite at ease; and, though we greatly prefer [illegible]ing both the overture and the march played, as [illegible]re intended, by an orchestra, we cannot be b[illegible] leaf) to the tremendous power he brings to their [illegible]on. Herr Rubinstein is at once (except Liszt) the loudest and (except Chopin) the softest player we ever heard. He has both extremes at ready command, and as often abuses as he makes fair use of either. He can play with extraordinary rapidity, as well as with extraordinary force; but he can also overdo sentiment until it becomes monotonous and tiresome—as an instance of which we may cite his performance of a small piece (either a *Moment Musical*, or an *Impromptu*) by Schubert, in A flat, the simplest matter in the world, but which Herr Rubinstein made so much of as almost to smother it in his excessive tenderness. That Herr Rubinstein is exceptionally gifted cannot be questioned; his memory is wonderful, and his mechanism, if not exactly irreproachable, is prodigious; but that he always, or even generally, makes the best use of his gifts, we cannot think. It would be well if it were otherwise; for in that case we should have one great artist the more; while, as it is, we have merely one to add to the growing list of executants who, instead of ministering to art, force art to minister to them. The result is not legitimate; and all who have the ability should at the same time have the frankness to say as much, in the name of art, and for the love of it.—*London Times.*

(From the "Daily News.")

No public performance of any kind, whether musical or elocutionary, can produce much impression if devoid of impulse; but it is essential that such impulse should be under the control of self-restraint, and this is scarcely always the case with M. Rubinstein's playing. His programme was divided into four portions, with an interval of a few minutes' rest between, the number of pieces performed being fifteen—all played from memory. The selection commenced with a transcription of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, in which the features of the orchestral score were reproduced with a masterly power and comprehensiveness. In the next performance, Beethoven's sonata in C minor, Op. 111 (the last of the thirty-two solo sonatas), we had especial occasion to remark those inequalities which are so much to be regretted in M. Rubinstein's performances. The greater part of the *allegro con brio* was given with grand emphasis and admirable phrasing, but with an exaggerated force towards the climax that went far to destroy the effect previously created. The lovely, tranquil theme of the *allegretto* and some of the variations were played with a refinement and grace that left nothing to be desired; while, on the other hand, some portions were given in the exaggerated style already alluded to. The air with variations in D minor, from Handel's *Suites de Pièces*, was played to absolute perfection in point of power and style, with the exception of the *coda*, which was taken at a speed and with a redundancy of energy that amounted to something very like caricature. Following this was a graceful *Rondo* of Emanuel Bach, which was given with mulloyed refinement of style—then Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue" and sonata in A major; the latter another specimen of exaggeration in speed and force. Schumann's variations in C sharp minor (a grand work in spite of what his detractors may say) would have been a perfect performance but for the almost wild exaggeration of the last movement. The greatest instance, however, of Herr Rubinstein's want of self-control was in the performance of his own study (called, we believe, the "False note Study," from each phrase beginning on a dissonant note). In this piece the player's unrestrained impulse amounted almost to frenzy. That Herr Rubinstein is a great player it would be folly in any one to dispute. His execution is unbounded, and he produces the utmost possible volume of tone from the instrument, without, as in the case of Liszt, involving the breakage of strings and hammers. He has also the most refined and delicate touch, and great clearness of phrasing and rhythmical decision. It is, therefore, absolutely provoking to find such high and rare qualities, and such exceptional capabilities, so frequently disfigured by the excesses of ungoverned enthusiasm. These alternations and contradictions of style were noticeable in other portions of Herr Rubinstein's programme.

Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," at Drury Lane.—Kellogg, Nilsson, Tietjens, &c.

A Philadelphian in London writes home to the *Bulletin*, June 30, as follows:

Entering the auditorium, I found it well filled and our old acquaintance, Arditi marshalling his forces for the overture. The Drury Lane Theatre is neither handsome nor comfortable, but the mind fires with a train of old, classic associations, and in passing Garrick, Clive, Quin, Bracegirdle and Peg Woffington in rapid review, you little reck of the difference between these narrow, straight backed seats and those luxurious siestas in our own Academy of Music at home. Neither is there visible the elegance of dress—nor, may I add, that universality of female beauty, which, when bedecked with flashing jewelry, at times cause our own parquet, parquet circle and balcony to seem like a vast snowdrift with its glistening ice points twinkling in the rays of the noon-day sun. I am but speaking the words of candor, moreover, when I pronounce Arditi's orchestra inferior to that

of the New York Philharmonic Society, or to the one employed by Ullman, when he produced the *Huguenots*, with the great cast of Formes, Poinsot, Laborde & Co., some years ago. But the curtain rises. Enter Gassier as "Figaro," more rotund of body and florid of complexion than we saw him in Philadelphia; and with him our own Clara Louise Kellogg, the "Susannah" of the cast, whose popularity here is very great. Gassier mouths his text, but acts cleverly enough. His light baritone has not gained strength with increasing corporeal development, and the sprightliness, vocal purity and facile execution of our American cantatrice shuts hopelessly from him all possible chance of sensation in the opening duo. Clara Louise sweeps the board of every obstacle, until a small door opens and enter Mlle. Christine Nillsson, a sprightly, lithe, beautiful blonde from the land of the Norsemen, the *Cherubino* of the evening. How her soft blue eyes light up with genial mirth as her pretty little feet trip down toward the other two artistes amid thunders and ever-increasing thunders of applause. How gracefully she swings the rich, satin-lined mantle, thrown *negligé* over her well-rounded shoulders, as she stoops to gather a brace of advance bouquets. There is a school-girl artlessness in all of her actions that prepossesses at once, much like the charming *naivete* of Piccolomini when we first saw her in America. Now, dear *Bulletin*, I am not about to pronounce Nilsson the best singer I have ever heard. My own tendency is rather to that species of old fogyism which prompts musical connoisseurs to hold fast to some early ideal. You may hear such as these exclaim: "Ah! your Parepas, your Labordes, your Jenny Linds, may be all very fine, but, my enthusiastic greenhorn, *you never heard Mrs Wood in the Sonnambula!*" In like wise have I steadily throughout my career opposed Bosio to all new comers, and I still maintain her lasting superiority. However, I do aver that Mlle. Nilsson posseses the purest and tenderest soprano voice it has ever been my good fortune to hear, so far as relates to mere quality. She has not the power nor the *tours de force* of Titiens, nor yet the finished ease of Kellogg; but there are seemingly magnetic influences in her finely-spun, delicate tones, such as communicate with the inner souls of her hearers at once, warming the latter with sympathetic passion and thrilling emotions of delight. I could easily fancy an entire audience in tears over some plaintive ballad, interpreted by this sweetest and purest of voices, and the artless simplicity and almost childlike grace of its management. Titiens, who sustained the role of "La Comtesse," presents a striking corporeal as well as artistic antithesis to the lovely bird of song just depicted. She is tall, inclined to *embonpoint*, rather ungainly, and possesses a good-natured Teutonic face, surrounded with copious folds of dark hair. Her clear, ringing, flexible soprano bespeaks fire and passion, coupled with intense energy of action; and she treads the boards with the *savoir faire* of an established favorite. I can fancy her greatness in such *roles* as "Elvira" in *Ernani*, or "Leonora" in the *Trovatore*. Altogether, the cast of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, last night, was immense: three song-sisters of different nationalities, vieing in friendly contention: Titiens, German; Kellogg, American; Nilsson, Danish; while the rest of the troupe comprised Gassier (French), Santley (English, Sims Reeves's present rival), and a polygot chorus, gathered from various lands.

Pauline Lucca and Patti alternate at the Covent Garden. I should certainly have gone to-night to note the progress of our American-bred Adelina, but who can survive the Fille du Regiment at this late day? To-morrow night the first named is to take farewell of the English stage in an act of *Fra Diavolo*, another from *Faust*, and the fourth of *L'Africaine*. And so in joyous anticipation of a feast thus bountiful, allow me to close these hastily penned notes.

B.

Music in Spain.

The distinguishing character of music purely Spanish, is great vivacity of rhythm, which even borders upon vehemence in pieces of a lively kind. Most of their national airs are in triple time, and in the minor mode. The species of music in which the Spaniards most delight is the *Romance*. They have many beautiful compositions of this kind; the melody is of a languishing cast, and always dies away at the close. Their lively airs terminate suddenly; the tonadilla, "Yo que soi contrabandista," the seguedilla, "Es amor un ciego," the tirana, "Ha un triste calasero," are examples which will give a pretty accurate notion of all these different kinds of airs, the greater part of which are traced out upon nearly the same pattern. The guitar is the instrument most generally employed; it is quite as national as their beads and their chocolate, and is to be found in every house, from that of the peer to that of the barber. All play the guitar; all have a tact in playing it, from the amateur who performs "por musico" as they express it, to the artist who employ it professionally. The last allows the nail of the forefinger and thumb of the right hand to grow to a considerable length for the purpose of producing more clear decided tones. As the *cigarito* is also constantly held between these nails, they acquire a yellow tinge, which seems to be considered as ornamental. The *rasgado* (from *rasgar*, to scrape) is the favorite mode of playing among the peasants; almost every leading chord is formed by striking all the strings together with the thumb or back of the hand. This *rasgado* has no unpleasing effect, especially where some bright-eyed *Senorita* introduces it with judgment, and gives it variety of expression. Serenades are very frequent in Spain; the nights in that climate being so beautiful, and the lovers so unwearied in their gallantry. The swain steals to the window of the maiden of his heart, and, favored by the silence of night, breathes all the fervor of his soul in the romances which he sings. Sometimes he comes attended by his companions, and then a number of voices and guitars are heard in concert. The favored *Senorita* listens from behind her curtain, proudly conscious of the power of her charms, and readily distinguishes the voice which goes most nearly to her heart.

The Spaniards have no instruments peculiar to themselves. The castanets, used by their dancers to mark the measure of the fandango and bolero, and which they employ with such grace and agility, have been known for ages in Provence. The pipe and tabor of the Biscayans are the same with those employed in the South of France. The bagpipe of Galicia and Catalonia resembles the instrument of the same kind common in Beaujolais and Auvergne. The *pandero* differs in no respect from the small drum or tabor. The *zambomba* does not deserve the name of a musical instrument; and the same thing may be said of the *dulzagna* of the peasants of Valencia. The sounds of this primitive kind of pipe are shrill and discordant; scarcely any thing like a melody can be played upon it; and indeed it more resembles the mew of a cat than any other sound.* The Valencians, however, are passionately fond of this wretched instrument; it figures in their festivals and processions; the viaticum never leaves a church without being accompanied by a number of pious pipers, who rend the ear with the screams of the dulzayna.*

It appears, from what has been said, that music, properly so called, has extended its dominion only to Madrid and the larger cities of Spain; the rest of the country being in almost total ignorance of this enchanting art.—*Revue Musicale.*

* This kind of pipe was much used in France and other countries during the middle ages; and it has given its name to the *dulciana* stop of the organ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

"The Heavens are as Brass"!

Such answer brings the youth sent out by Elijah (in the Oratorio), in the hot drouth, to look for signs of rain. But fancy that extreme heat aggravated by the *sound* of brass, brass bands on every hand, relentless, unavoidable as brassy skies,—common experience here during the late solstitial days of 90° to 100° Fahrenheit—would not the torture of that drouth have been more exquisite than Dante ever dreamed of? "The Heavens are as brass above me," calls the soprano of the messenger; "and the earth about us," dryly chant or gasp the congregation in response; "all, all is brass" becomes the hotly whirling motive of a chorus fugue. The chosen people of the Prophet's time were not so badly off as we are; we seem to be living in the real Brazen Age, and not the one of fable; perhaps the hot, loud music, fiercely expressive in the dogday weather, is only the unconscious and too faithful symbol of the self-advertising, notoriety-seeking, loud, "fast," brassy spirit of this advanced day of Christendom!

Brass music certainly is heating, so that the terms *loud* and *hot* become convertible to one much persecuted by it in warm weather. "The heavens are as brass." The image has often occurred to us; never more forcibly than lately at an academic festival, where at the dinner table, beneath cool classic shades, while wit and poetry sparkled on all sides refreshingly, suddenly all were startled, stunned, distracted by such stentorian bursts of brass band music, at close quarters with us in the not spacious hall, having us completely at its mercy (merciful brass!), that all at once we became conscious of a profuse perspiration starting out from every pore; and the dose was frequently repeated. Did any doctor ever know enough to prescribe *brass band* in a case of fever? Its sudorific virtues, too well known by sad experience, though not perhaps yet scientifically recorded, might be utilized.

Bands of brass instruments, martial bands as such, are good in their own way, and useful for their purpose; Mars, who created, cannot spare them: but they belong not to the cultus of Apollo. In the noisy street, the camp, the battle field, they are serviceable, because their sound goes further, reaches the ear in spite of the surrounding Babel; and the arrangement is so economical, the sonority being great for the small number of "pieces." On other than martial occasions, much of course depends upon the kind of music which they undertake to discourse. Being for the most part of a loud, coarse, bloated quality of tone, or *timbre*, and being all homophonous, or of the same family, without fine variety or contrast, all shades of one and the same color variously diluted, mere brass instruments must be much limited in their range of subjects and expression. Except in martial, brisk and stirring strains of rather simple harmony, their collective sound soon grows monotonous, stale, unrefined and uninspiring. For, whatever they attempt outside of their own narrow circle is but coarse and vulgar imitation. The sentimentalism of brass music is of a positively rancid quality; the bread without such buttering is sweeter. When it affects to "transcribe" and arrange for you love-sick "gems" from operas, dramatic scenas, or florid, flute-like melodies, it only caricatures and makes them vulgar; witness the sentimental cornet solo business—long-eared Nick Bottom roaring you like any nightingale! But it is the fashion, and Fashion with her sweeping train covereth a greater multitude of monstrosities and sins than ever Charity with modest mantle did.

Where music merely serves to add a little liveliness and grace, by way of accompaniment and humble incident to some occasion mainly social, ceremonial, literary, or what not, we do not expect of it all that we should of a purely musical occasion, where Music figures as principal and in her high artistic character. But really in the first case it would seem a simple, reasonable requirement, that the music should in style and subject show some adaptation to that which precedes and follows it. Not wind up an *In memoriam* with a polka, nor play a dirge or a tragical Verdi *Miserere* after a humorous impromptu. Yet this is what, for lack of some presiding thought, some prearrangement of a programme, happens every year with the musical part of our academic anniversaries at Harvard. Our complaint of last year has to be repeated, and the details of the record must be almost the same. On Phi Beta Kappa day, for instance, after the poem,

which formed the principal literary exercise, the company were obliged to listen ten or fifteen minutes to a potpourri from *Der Freyschütz*, in which the overture and all the horrors and diablerie of the Wolf's Glen scene made day hideous through the loud, coarse medium of a brass band! Granting the music to be ever so good, and the arrangement also, and that it might have sounded by no means badly in the open air, at a good distance, as in the evening concerts upon Boston Common, *here* it was wholly out of place, apropos to nothing, and both by incongruity of matter and unmitigated loudness of manner only disturbed with the best will to refresh. Afterwards at the dinner in Harvard Hall, where choice spirits meet and little speeches, verses, witty impromptus, tender college reminiscences make the sweet hours fly fast, the same sonorous enginery of brass is pent up within the same four walls with us, and while the mind would fain prolong the influence of some thoughtful, sincere, perhaps playful words, out burst the big and overwhelming sounds from those brazen lungs of the Sax family, and the spell is rudely, hopelessly broken; no conversation and no thinking possible until that awful din has ceased. Again, our poet, who is always young, recites some verses, half humorous, yet of the kind that makes the tears start, about how we meet still as boys on the ground of these old college memories, however different now in fortune, sphere or title, and ending with an epitaph: *Hic jacet Joe, hic jacet Bill!* What follows, as if eagerly waiting like the winds of Aeolus to be let loose, but blast upon blast of a right rollicking loud polka! As if we had all set to it madly dancing over the graves of Bill and Joe!

These instances suffice to show the hap-hazard incongruity that reigns on these occasions. The musical selections come in wholly unassorted, just to fill pauses anyhow,—we can hardly say just *for relief*, though doubtless that is the excellent intention. Now music which neither wins to silence nor admits of conversation, can as well be spared. *No music* is often better than any but just the right music. Too often we employ it merely because it is the custom and we think we *must*, only to find that we have invited a troublesome guest and on the whole a bore. If the guest be congenial, be in harmony with the occasion, be not over-loud and prominent, say the fit thing at the fit time, respond in the right key or not at all,—then very well, he is a real gain; otherwise we need him not. Such a guest, such a true boon companion might music be in such a "feast of wit and flow of soul." The conditions are: 1. That the musical selections shall meet the mood of the moment, shall take up and continue, and soar beyond the power of speech with, the sentiment awakened by the speaker's voice; or else afford a gentle, natural and graceful transition into the right mood for what comes next; 2. that it come in some gentle and civilian garb, not in full brazen panoply of war; that is, instead of a brass band, inevitably and immitigably noisy inside of a room, however pleasant outside, and of too coarse a fibre for the handling of delicate subjects, let it come in the form of a small orchestra with strings, or even the classical string Quartet (some of our country colleges do wiselier than Harvard in employing the Mendelssohn Quintette Club), or a part-song club of graduates and students,—either one or both of these combined. In short, what is wanted is simply: music thoughtfully selected, and rendered by a gentle, refined combination of instruments or voices. Taste should preside at academic festivals if anywhere; strange, that where all else is intellectual, significant, high-toned and graceful, the music alone should be barbaric, and seem to have been dictated by the rowdy element of college life!

Now let us not be understood as making any criticism on the bands themselves. Some of them are excellent in their way and in their own proper sphere, and we are quite willing to extend that sphere beyond military music, to popular concerts in the open air, &c., although larger bands with reeds would be far preferable. Our concern is now with music at the University. We plead that Alma Mater, instead of still unconsciously lending her countenance to the old way of looking upon Music as a secondary matter, a mere part of the procession, an unconsidered trifle, playing about the same part as fans and ribbons, should now begin to avail herself of her fine opportunity for illustrating the true ministry of music as an equal Art among Arts, helping to make up a truly intellectual, consistent and inspiring feast, the other "humanities" of high, gentlemanly culture meeting her on equal terms. Why should not this whole business be organized and put upon the right ground once for all? Why should not the College place the responsibility, for instance, in the hands of the "Harvard Musical Association?" Here is a musical society which had its origin in Harvard College life, whose members are mainly Harvard graduates, and one of whose professed aims from the first has been to insist upon Music as an important element in a collegiate education:—it would seem to be high time that this Society were called upon to make good its profession, and practically prove its loyalty to Alma Mater in this way.—But we must leave the academic question, and come to a wider application of the theme with which we started,—consider the bands a little as they are heard all around us and form an element in the daily life University of the People.

Concerts on the Common.—All the bands are of brass.* This is partly fashion—of a bustling age,—partly economy, the bands depending for their support mainly on their military engagements. Some of them are very good brass bands, but brass bands are not good for every kind of music, and they are ambitious to attempt all kinds. They are the people's music and have much to do with forming the taste for better or for worse. Now it is natural that in this competition for the public ear and admiration they should bait the hook with novelties, strive to outstrip each other in offering "the last thing out," to keep up with the fashions, like the miliners and dry goods dealers; for these they watch the Opera as sharply as the miliners watch Paris. Bands deal chiefly in the musical fashions, as do the music shops; the first principle in the selection of their repertoires is to secure whatever "has a run," and serve it up as piquantly as possible, but by all means lose no time in getting it. Of course the fashion always changes; you miss the good old pieces that made you feel so well some years ago; you can no more get them in the present "season" than you can find another hat as comfortable, as sensible, as tasteful as the one you wore and liked so well last year. Much of the good old sterling music goes out, and much namby-pamby, frivolous and vulgar trash comes in: no matter, it is the fashion, at least where Fashion has her musical head-quarters, at the Opera house. So is it even with the florists; some dear old varieties of roses seem to have become extinct,—*i. e.* they are withdrawn in favor of new fashions.

Now this is well enough for fashion, and for the idle curiosity and light amusement of the moment; but it is not so well for the culture all the world might get from music. In that point of view it makes a vast difference what kind of music the popular bands select. Just now the frothy, vulgar Offerbach tunes rule the hour. These, with absurd potpourris or medleys of the most tragical with the most light and brilliant moments of the graver operas,—chowders of national airs (very rank with onion),—gouty solos upon burly tubas, or rapid, senseless variations *double tonged* upon the cornet,—with now and then a Mendelssohn part-song, or some other classical "arrangement," just to save character with "the appreciative few," commonly make up the programmes. Still there is a great field for choice, and much depends upon the taste and temper of the master of the band. If he be a high-toned musician, respecting music as an Art, respecting himself too, he will not merely cater to the fashions and low habits of the day. He will make selections of intrinsic worth and beauty, in the full faith that the public will enjoy and love good music quite as well and better than bad, if they are only allowed to hear it as often. And he will as strenuously reject such music as does not suit the peculiar composition of his band.

He will not be too ready to translate Edgardo's misery or the love-lorn strains of tragic prima donnas into pumpkin-vine-y brass; he will deal very cautiously with the sensation operas; he will seek first of all to give *music*, and let the fashions take their chance. We are fashion's slaves in dress, in houses, manners, every thing external: it is the very end and aim of *Art* to free us from this slavery, to set Fashion at naught, to fix our thought on something that is intrinsic, permanent, essential, on "things of beauty" which are "joys forever."

Now the City Fathers do well to provide music on the Common. In the cool evenings it draws great crowds together, and so far as we have mingled in them we have seen nothing but cheerfulness, good order and most unmistakable enjoyment. The music as it is does not a little good; and it creates demand for more and better. That too is a good thing. Much is heard which captivates the general ear, and now and then a thing which good taste can take pleasure in. There might be much more of that sort, which, while conciliating the cultivated, would be none the less delightful to the many. We certainly remember seasons when our bands, if not so brilliant, so expert in solo execution, gave us better music on the whole. It would of course be better to have one large band, not military, but of a civic character, not all of brass, but with plenty of reeds and finer instruments. But with the brass bands as they are, there may be much improvement made by taste and care in the selections. And in this connexion we may pay a passing compliment to the *Germania Band*, which in the matter of its selections seems more shy of clap-trap than some of its rivals, really giving a generous proportion of good music, with musician-like arrangement, tasteful, effective, not extravagant or vulgar in the rendering, and (what is one of the last virtues in a brass band) playing together *in tune*. The other evening they were greatly enjoyed on the Common. The programme, among other things, included a pretty effective version of the *William Tell* overture, another of a song by Schubert, a good potpourri from the *Huguenots*, a sweet and soothing Serenade, &c.—*Brown's Brigade Band*, our oldest and one of the best, announce a series of promenade concerts in the Music Hall, from which we may hope good things,—provided it be not *all* brass.—We have only room to open the subject now.

Errata. In Mrs. Howe's poem, "The Footsteps of Song," printed in our last, some errors crept in through delay in transmission of the proof.

On page 277 of the Journal, 1st column, 13th line: for "sense" read "*cheer* with pathos blends"—2nd column 5th line: for "master shrine" read "*Capitol* of Rome."—4th line from bottom, for "there" read *then*.—3d col., 24th line: for "Of" read "As Courage for the new world sails."

Page 278, 1st col., 4th line: "*monarchs*" for "monarch"—19th line: "*whence*" for "whene'er."—2nd line from bottom: "*heaps*" for "rears."

Too much Success.—The London *Athenæum* seems to think Miss Kellogg not beyond the need, even if she be beyond the reach, of criticism; it says:

"Mlle. Kellogg is attempting too much at once. Scarcely a week passes by without an assumption by her of some new part. The result is, that she comes before the public unprepared. She learns the notes, but she fails to catch the spirit by which the notes are animated. The costume she wears in one opera may differ from that which she wears in another, but the character is the same in both. 'La Figlia del Reggimento,' attempted by her last Saturday, was only *Amina* in the dress for *la vivandière*. The full-hearted daughter of the regiment has never been sketched so slightly as by Mlle. Kellogg, nor has the bright music of the part ever been sung with so little point and accent. The young American lady should go to school again, and work hard when she gets there. The best thing about 'La Figlia' at Drury

* Shall we sing with Handel:

"Let us break our *bands* asunder"?

Lane is the chorus singing. The fine voices of the men come out like the rich red in a picture by Rubens."

Joseph von Wasiliewski, the biographer of Schumann, is writing a "History of the Violin." The book, which will soon be published, is one of unusual interest, from the fact that the author is not only a good violinist but also a man of refined education.

Cancan-opera, &c.—This, with its next of kin, only more innocent, the burnt cork minstrelsy, brass band potpourries and *orgues de Barbarie*, is about the only music in vogue while the dog-star rages. The Offenbach fever is not a creditable symptom of an age which boasts itself so pure and enlightened; but perhaps it is in a fair way to work out its own cure, on the principle that measles and low humors have to come out on the surface or strike in and kill. Perhaps the more of it the better, until the fashion shall have run itself completely into the ground; and there are good hopes that this will not cost more than another season; for, according to the New York *Albion*:

It would seem that the public is to be surfeited next season with *opera bouffe*. If report speaks true, we are to have "three Richmonds" in the field. Of Mr. Bateman's arrangements the public are already apprised. In addition to these it is now said that Mr. Gran will abandon the French dramatic performances hitherto stipulated for by his lease, and substitute representations of Offenbach's works, for which a company is now being engaged. The theatre itself meantime is undergoing a very thorough reconstruction, by which its seating capacity will be increased and various other improvements secured. Nothing daunted by his failures of last season, Mr. Pike, it is said, will engage in the *opera bouffe* contest, and rise at once to an exceptional pre-eminence by the importation of the original *Grande Duchesse*—the fat, fair and forty Schneider—if she is to be won by either love or money. She will be supported by as many of the original artists as can be induced to leave *la belle France* for a transatlantic season. The reader is probably aware that the Schneider is at present personating that jovial monarch, the Duchesse, at the St. James', London, and that Mrs. Howard Paul is representing the same character in English garb at another establishment. Mr. Bateman's season at Niblo's—for which the most complete preparations have been made—will open on Monday. "Barbe Bleue" will be first presented, in which Mlle. Irma—the new *prima donna*—has created a continental reputation as Boulotte. Of the opera itself we understand that it is brimful of the same rollicking and irresistable humor that has made the "Grand Duchesse" so universal a favorite. The remainder of the cast is as follows: Princess Hermia, Mlle. Lambéle; Queen Clementine, Mlle. Duclos; Barbe Blue, M. Aujac; Prince Saphir, M. Dardignac; Count Oscar, M. Lagriffoul; Popolani, M. Duchnesne; King Bobeche, M. Francis; Alvarez, M. Edgard. This, as will be seen, is an exceedingly strong distribution, even the secondary parts—as is customary on the French stage whenever possible—being given to first-class artists. The opera is divided into four acts, as follows: Act First, Forest and Castle of Barbe Bleue; Act Second, Palace of King Bobeche; Act Third, the Alchemists; Act Fourth, same as Act First. In the first and third acts, Messrs. Jarret and Palmer's Parisienne and Viénnoise Ballet Troupe, with Mlle. Rosa as *première danseuse*, will be introduced.

The "*Barbe Bleue*" has since appeared, and its success is blazed abroad of course through all the trumpets of the New York press. Meanwhile we find a paragraph much to the purpose in the *Saturday Gazette* of this city:

On the 30th of December Mr. Bateman inaugurated Offenbach's French opera in this city, which affords comical opportunities for burlesque acting, for the utterance of innuendoes and the discharge of much grossness which is plainly unfit for the stage. There is a single scene in the "Grande Duchesse" which renders the piece insulting to delicate eyes, while in "La Belle Helene" moral filth is exposed, not that it may be a target for the shafts of sarcasm and ridicule, but merely because it is filthy. The music is in much pleasing and of that attractive, sparkling quality which lingers upon the ear; but the mass of musical people are forced to exercise the virtue of patience in order to reach the *points* which render these operas such a fruitful resource for leaders of orchestras and makers of hand organs.

Mr. Henry F. Chorley has retired from the London *Athenæum*, after thirty-four years of connection with the musical department of that journal.

Death of Samuel Lover.—Died on Monday, at a pleasant retreat in Jersey, to which he had retired about 18 months since, Samuel Lover, wit, poet, novelist, musician, and artist. Mr. Lover's partial and indiscriminating friends were wont to compare him with Thomas Moore, but no one protested more energetically against the comparison than the deceased gentleman himself. He knew perfectly well that he filled a much lower position on the ladder of Fame, and was quite content to be regarded as the most successful among the numerous imitators of the great little man. One striking difference between Moore and Lover was that while the former was essentially the poet of the drawing-room, the muse of the latter appealed more generally to the people. Few of Moore's melodies were more popular in their day than "The Four-leaved Shamrock," "The Angel's Whisper," "Molly Bawn," and the "Low-backed Car." The similarity between Moore and Lover extended even to their personal appearance. Both were small men, with bright eyes and intensely Irish expression of countenance; both were in the habit of singing their own songs; and the statement which will be found more than once in Moore's biography, that the poet's singing was rather a recitation accompanied by the piano than the actual delivery of a song, applied equally to Lover. This peculiarity, admirable in a drawing-room, where the limited company can group round the piano, in a great measure prevented the success of a public entertainment which Lover essayed. Mr. Lover, who had for some time enjoyed a Government pension of £100 a year, was 70 years of age.—*Orchestra, July* 11.

Progress (?)—The French papers are filled with delight at the aristocratic patronage which *Les Anglais* are bestowing upon Mme. Schneider, as La Grande Duchesse, at St. James's Theatre, and after describing the dresses, complexions, and other attributes of the princes, princesses, and "lords and ladies gay," who have crowded to hear Offenbach's music, they write with characteristic impudence that they will never again be able to accuse the English of being "behind the age."

With the following remark on "La Grande Duchesse" from the *Saturday Review* we cordially agree;—In the fact that "La Grande Duchesse," ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign of the times.—*London Choir.*

Handel *v.* Offenbach. "*Punch*" makes the following parallel:

"Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse were present during the second part of the performance of *Israel in Egypt*. It is to be regretted that, with this exception, the Handel Festival was not honored by the presence of any of the members of the Royal Family."—*Morning Paper.*

"The first performance of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* was honored with the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Denmark, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, H. R.H. the Prince of Teck, &c., &c., &c. The house was sparkling with the presence of royalty and nobility."—*Morning Paper.*

Chacun à son goût, eh M. Offenbach?

Queen Elizabeth's Music Book. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says: "In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is Queen Elizabeth's Music-book, containing compositions for the pianoforte, or virginal of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skillful musician. Some pages of the book have been evidently often turned over, others but seldom looked at. The leaves that are soiled are those on which the simplest tunes are written; the others contain the variations and more intricate passages. Although her Majesty has the reputation of having been an accomplished performer upon the virginal, this music-book proves that she was wont to skip the more irksome compositions, and indulge in the less laborious pastime of playing the tunes only. It is an easy way of acquiring the reputation of a pianist, to get together many of the most difficult pieces of Thalberg, Liszt and others, and play only the melodies they arrange, avoiding the brilliant passages which are so difficult to master, and often so puzzling to listen to. I rather think Queen Elizabeth did this with the music of the Liszts and Thalbergs of her day, judging from her music-book."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Happy Freedom loving Girl. S'g & Cho. 2. G to e. *Adams.* 30
Fine melody, in easy flowing style.

Flying Trapeze. For Guitar. 2. A to d. *Hayden.* 30
Popular comic song. Pretty air.

She's a Gal-o-mine. S'g & Ch. 2. B*b* to f. *Vance.* 30
Sung in "Black-eyed Susan," who is the "Gal" referred to. Very sweet melody.

The Little Brown Jug. 2. A*b* to e flat. *W. F. Wellman.* 30
Quite a pretty song on a homely subject. Good chorus.

Sylvia Lee. 2. A to f sharp. *H. F. King.* 30
Pleasing ballad in popular style.

Fairy Bells. 2. B*b* *W. C. Levey.* 30
Here the mysterious Bells echo with witching effect through the forest.

Winking at me, or, How can I sing? 2. D to e. *Alice Siedler.* 30
Effective comic song.

Peter the Hermit. 4. A and D to e. *Gounod.* 50
A splendid effective dramatic song of easy compass. As it is in a sort of declamatory style, it could hardly fail to win applause, when sung with energy.

Walking in the Rain. Comic. 2. B*b* to e flat. *Bobby Newcomb.* 40

Belle of Central Park. Comic. 2. E*b* to e flat. *Bobby Newcomb.* 40
Two songs destined to be popular in "Minstrel" audiences, and that includes almost everybody. Melodies quite pleasing.

Soft falls the Dews of the Summer Night. Duet. 4. D to *g* sharp. *Glover.* 50
That a duet should be Glover's, is enough to recommend it; and this brings its own commendation.

Instrumental.

Immortellen Waltz. *Gung'l.* 2. F. Simplified by *Knight.* 30

Dream of the Ball. Waltz. *Godfrey.* 2. C. Simplified by *Knight.* 30
Belong to a set, "Easy arrangement of Dance Music," and are quite acceptable, as there are many players who find such pieces as the above, with their common arrangement, one degree too difficult.

Baton Galop. 2. G. *W. A. Field.* 30
Quite a sparkling and pretty little thing. Try it.

Schubert's Funeral March. 4. G*b*. Trans. by *Pauer.* 40
Gloomy and grand throughout, and of fine workmanship.

Schubert's Triumphal March. 4. D. Trans. by *Pauer.* 40
Grand, but not like the other gloomy. Powerful and full of triumph.

Schubert's March of the Knights. 3. B minor. Trans. by *Pauer.* 40
Original and startling in its arrangement. The above three constitute a trio of Marches far above what ordinarily goes by that name, and are commended to energetic players.

Brilliant Jewels. A Piano-forte Medley. 3. *A. P. Wyman.* 75
A very pleasing combination of a number of popular melodies, in various keys.

St. James' Waltz. 3. A*b*. *J. A Norris.* 30
Named in honor of the great hotel. As it is quite original and brilliant, people of the hotel and neighborhood (at least) should possess and play it.

Champagne Charlie Quickstep. 2. C. *Knight.* 30
We can't say much for the habits of the original Charlie. But the melody he gave rise to is one of the greatest favorites. Get the music quick, while it is foaming!

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 714. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 15. 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 11.

The Development of the Concert System Concert Rooms and "Salons." Aristocracy, Plutocracy, Lovers of Art, and Mecænates.*

(Continued from page 284).

With regard to Leipsic, I discovered in Metzler's *Musical Library* for 1737, the following passage relating to Bach's concert: "The two musical concerts or assemblies, which are held here every week, are still extremely flourishing. One is conducted by Herr Joh. Seb. Bach, chapelmaster to his Highness the Duke of Weissenfels, and musical director at the churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas, and, out of the fair-time, is held once a week at Zimmermann's Coffee-house, No. 3, Catharinenstrasse, on Friday from 8—10 o'clock; but twice during the fair, on Tuesdays and Fridays, precisely at the same hour. The other is directed by Herr Joh. Gottlieb Körner, musical director at St. Paul's church." Then we find farther on: "The members composing these musical concerts consist chiefly of the students here, for there are always good musici among them, so that frequently, as is well known, some of them become in time celebrated virtuosi. Every musicus is allowed to play publicly at these concerts, and, moreover, there are listeners present capable of appreciating the worth of a skilful musicus. I have been assured that there still exist in Leipsic a few advertisements and programmes of these concerts of Bach, but in the possession of private persons who will not trust them to any one for publication. Bach is said, moreover, to have introduced, whenever he could, new motets and cantatas in the course of the church service, and to have profited by the opportunity to get up sacred concerts, for among the complaints made by his opponents is one to the effect that it was always necessary to purchase, at the church doors, new words for the cantatas and other compositions of the cantor, a course which, it is true, increased his receipts, but put the pious frequenters of the house of God to extra expense. This is all I have been able to learn about Leipsic itself. In vain I searched the papers then published there for further facts concerning Bach. I found in Metzler's *Library*, which was very celebrated in its day, a long extract from a work on music at the Court of Russia, informing the reader that a Count Repnin, *anno* 1720, played the flute very well; that a Col. Sumarakow had composed a Russian opera; that a young lady, fourteen years old, of the name of Beligradski, was a fine pianist; that the celebrated mechanician Winraw, who had formerly been a blacksmith, and was the same for whom Handel composed his famous Variations in E major, had exhibited at St Petersburgh a musical machine which supplied the place of an entire orchestra; and, lastly, that in the German Protestant church of St. Peter, Concerts Spirituels were given, at which a Passion-music by —— Telemann had been performed. The first Leipsic musical paper which busied itself about the musical affairs of that town was established in the year 1798, when journals of this kind sprang up everywhere, and even political prints gave more detailed notices on music. All the information which I have gathered from these journals regarding concerts invariably proves the assertion I made at first: that up to 1830, or thereabouts, concert-givers were, with the rarest exceptions, excellent, and sometimes even distinguished composers. What Hummel, Moscheles, Ries, Rode, Lipinsky, and Spohr did, needs no especial description; as long as they practised their art, the concert-room was still the rendezvous of those who loved music; the efforts of Paganini, and more especially of Liszt, produced in public musical matters a total revolution, the results of which were that the virtuoso was placed before the composer; that the artistic value of a work was thrown into the background by the performance of the executant; that the personality of the concert-giver was one of the principal elements of success; and that, finally, the concert room was transformed into a "salon," and the latter, on the other hand, into a sort of preparatory school for the concert room.

I have just uttered the word Salon. It is very variously applied in Germany. We speak of salon musicians and salon painters—we have in Germany all the attributes of the salon, only the salon itself is wanting. This said salon is a specifically French production, springing from religious and political tendencies; continued, thanks to intellectual and artistic movements; and maintained by the principle of social equality. Under Louis XV., the salon as a *bureau d'esprit*, was the rendezvous of the Encyclopædists, of witty writers, and of accomplished and eloquent scholars, in whose company clever and brilliant nobles felt more at their ease than in the apartments of the Marquise de Pompadour and of her fair successors. Every celebrated man, or every man who wished to be considered such, was under the necessity of being introduced at Mme. Geoffrin's or at Mme. Tercin de Deffant's; even the misanthrope Rousseau was, for a time, a most zealous attendant of those ladies' salons, and German princes had in the Gotha gentleman, afterwards Baron Grimm, some one who kept them especially informed as to all that was going on there. Since that period salons have been an inseparable constituent part of social life in France; even during the Reign of Terror, many a man who, during the day, had worn a red cap and played the *sansculotte*, glided in the evening, dressed as a fop, into the elegant apartments of Mme. Recamier and others, and indulged in pleasant conversation, without troubling himself about the fact that, the next day, perhaps, some envious and wearisome member of the Convention might accuse him of being an aristocrat, and bring him to the guillotine. Under the Directory and the Consulate, as well as the first Empire, Salon life extended more and more, and many a political celebrity of after years was obliged, under the then Cæsar, the foe of "Ideologists" to content himself with the modest reputation of a Salon hero. Napoleon himself expressly required his generals to marry clever women and open Salons. The latter were, then as now, an excellent school for a refined kind of life, in which questions of art, and even the highest questions of philosophy, were settled, in clever conversation, *entre deux tasses de thé*. By this system, persons of a rough nature may, it is true, be somewhat softened down, and rendered susceptible of better impressions than they otherwise would be; many are compelled to take an interest in art and science, in order not to attract attention by their ignorance, nay *even for the artist an incentive for exertion is not wanting*—but, on the whole, we do not find in it the correct conception of the True, the *higher* view of life; and brilliant conversational powers, possessing the art of adapting even what is highest to the general amusement hold, the upper hand over conscientious and perhaps dry scientific research, that seeks to attain only what is true, and shrinks from handing round upon a Salon salver the fruit of serious study. In this respect, it is to be regarded as an incalculable advantage for German art and science that the Salon has never really flourished in Germany, while, in France, the present predominance of plutocracy and *parvenus*, has been productive of one advantage to science, namely that, thrown back upon itself, the latter has been obliged to become more serious and stricter. French Salons were the nursery of the higher class of virtuosity, which has shot up so vigorously in the German concert room. The founders of the French romantic school which reigned supreme in the Salons during the last years of the Restoration, and the first of the July dynasty, were the teachers of Liszt and his school. It was they who first pushed personality and individuality, together with the impression produced by them, into the foreground, and who referred the solution of all questions of religion, politics, and industry, not merely to the domain of art generally, but to that of their own persons. Every one of them pretended to have found, and to be capable of directly carrying out, the solution of each of the questions I have mentioned. It is only *thus* that we can explain the fact that such men as Victor Hugo and Lamartine were first enthusiastic legitimists, then sincere adherents of the July dynasty, and lastly republicans and socialists, without any one being able to accuse them of trimming; at each of these changes, they were *convinced* that it was *their* mission to set the seal upon the movement, just as Liszt and his disciples feel convinced that *they* are destined to effect a total revolution in musical matters. Precisely as it is only by versatility of intellectual tendencies, and by a boundless passion for undertaking all kinds of styles, that we can explain how Victor Hugo, the author of *Les Orientales* and *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, could write a drama like *Lucrezia Borgia*, and actually, in the preface, represent it as being moral, it is only by adopting the same view of things that we can explain how Liszt has frequently taken the highest intellectual flights, and at the same time composed the most vapid operatic fantasias; and that, even as a pious *abbé*, he transcribes motives of Verdi's. To his own performances, and to those of his most eminent pupils, in the field of virtuosity, we may apply the same judgment that Goethe pronounced, in a letter to Zelter, when speaking of the French Romanticists: "The reader is frequently unable to divest himself of the idea that all literature is a trade, but there is at bottom so thorough a knowledge of old times and of circumstances now passed, of remarkable complications and incredible realities, that *we cannot call such a work either empty or bad*." Thus, too, the school in question has for its basis a thoroughly developed knowledge of every kind of musical literature, and this knowledge deserves at any rate appreciation and admiration.

The effect produced by the genial virtuosity of Liszt and of his pupils was, and is, greater in Germany than anywhere else, not only because music is more cultivated here than in other countries, but because, of all artists, virtuosos, especially those coming from abroad, were the only ones who met in the fashionable world that reception which everyone possessing a distinguished name in science or art enjoys in France. There was, in fact, no Salon in Germany. After 1830, attempts were made in Berlin to find some neutral social ground for the most eminent representatives of birth and of culture, but they were not imitated, and produced no results. In Vienna, however, there was never even an attempt made. The leading authors and painters were, at the very most, invited to the house of some intelligent or liberal banker; but they preferred meeting in a cosy coffee-house. On the other hand, as I have already stated, virtuosi were always and everywhere welcome and run after. The first to open the new era, in which a man's personality was identified with his perform-

* From a letter "On Modern Society and Music," by H. Ehrlich.

ance, was Paganini. His extraordinary success was undoubtedly founded upon what he did, which was then something unheard of—but on the great mass of concert-goers a far deeper impression was produced by the mysterious stories of his eventful life; of the strangulation of his mistress; of the dungeon where he languished for years; and of the fiddle which had been left him, and all the strings of which snapped except one, the G string, on which he then composed those variations that made such a noise in the world. Paganini in his time very frequently protested against these fabrications; he was not a virtuoso of the present fashion, for such a one would be delighted if people would only relate similarly wonderful things about him; but Paganini's explanations, and even his appeals to his ambassador, were of no avail. Romantic poets, poetic married women, and elegant ladies and gentlemen, had made up their minds that no one could play like him, unless he had murdered his mistress; Holtei wrote of him as a "*Mann in düstere Mährchen eingehüllt*" ("A man enveloped in gloomy fables"), and, as lately as 1835, Heine, in his *Florentiner Nächte*, described him in a series of such wonderful pictures, that poor Ernst, now dead, once said to him: "If you will undertake to describe me in the same way, I too will murder some one." The least known trait in Paganini's life is also the one which is artistically the most interesting. After he had heard Berlioz's Symphony, *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, and been told the composer was still a young man, in poor circumstances, he sent him 20,000 francs, a truly royal gift. The history of art does not probably contain another similar trait, and yet that trait is but little, or not at all, known.

All the triumphs of Paganini were eclipsed by those achieved ten years later by Liszt in Germany. Paganini was enveloped only in fables, but Liszt appeared in the full brilliancy of every possible kind of real adventure. When he was twenty-three years old, he was a friend of Lamartine's and Victor Hugo's, and glorified by George Sand, in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—Alexandre Dumas, in one of his most exciting romances, described how he had played in some drawing-room Weber's "Aufforderung zum Tanze," and driven all his hearers, male and female, wild with excitement. His name was coupled with those of the most zealous socialists—an exceedingly clever lady, belonging to the best society, left her home to share his lot. He was, indisputably, the most perfect representative of the *French* romantic school. From the prefaces of Victor Hugo and of Lamartine, from the exciting episodes of Alfred de Musset, he had learnt the art of impressing the fashionable world, and of spurring them up to believe in Genius. It is perhaps not necessary for me to make a point of assuring those I address of my conviction that successes like Liszt's could not be achieved without unusual natural gifts; I will even add that, as a musician, Liszt stood much higher than as a concert-giver, as which alone he was known to the public; that he read the most difficult scores at sight, as a practised pianist reads an easy waltz; but I want to prove that as a *concert-giver* Liszt would never have attained half his success had it not been for the influence of his personality. The best proof of this is furnished by his first appearance in Vienna. He came out just at the time that Clara Wieck, Schumann's betrothed, and afterwards his wife, was the attraction of the day—her success was far greater than the most brilliant success Thalberg had ever achieved in Vienna. Her elevated tendencies are well-known; and, though at her concerts she generally produced the greatest enthusiasm by little "Etudes" of Henselt's, or Nocturnes of Chopin's, her programmes were always models of good taste. Liszt appeared, and played Weber's "*Concert-stück*." The audience were uproarious, it is true, but not much more so, after all, than at many of Clara Wieck's show pieces. During the concert, however, Liszt walked among the audience, and began conversing in French with those ladies and men present whom he knew. The Viennese gazed with astonishment at the pianist, who indulged in light, easy conversation with the proudest aristocrats. A few days afterwards a report went through the whole capital that he had replied to one of the haughtiest ladies in it, who had asked him, at table, a somewhat indelicate question as to his business success in Venice: "Madam, I cultivate music; I am not in trade."

We cannot, at the present day, form a due notion probably, of the effect of this anecdote, because many of the great virtuoso's pupils have already surpassed him in impromptus of this kind, and made up by impoliteness for what they want of his wit. Then, however, Liszt was valued as a hero who had victoriously pulled down the barriers between the artist and the higher classes. Many more interesting facts might be related concerning Liszt's subsequent career in Germany—how he frequently himself belied his immense talent, how he frequently entered the concert-room, fatigued, unstrung, and in such a state that anything like a conscientious artistic performance was out of the question, and how, despite all this, he was overwhelmed with the same applause as in his most brilliant moments. But this would take us too far.

I remarked, at the outset, that, in former times every executant was expected to do something good as a composer as well, but that, since Liszt appeared, such had ceased to be the case. Indeed, in the present state of musical execution, we can scarcely expect that any one who devotes himself to the career of a virtuoso should study composition profoundly. In order to attain the giddy height of executive skill reached by Liszt and his followers, from eight to ten hours' practice is required every day, and this, on account of the entire isolation from real life in which instrumental music moves, is decidedly more deadening in its effect than practice in any other art. It is, therefore, *perfectly impossible* for a musical performer, who wishes to compete with others, to preserve that purity of artistic sentiment on which so much is said and written in Germany. It is true that we never now see a new programme issued by a wandering virtuoso which does not contain classical works, side by side with all kinds of break-neck pieces of home and foreign manufacture; but the artistic feeling intended to be exhibited in these programmes reminds me of an anecdote related to me by the witty proprietor of the *Figaro*, M. de Villemessant. In April, 1848, when Paris was still revelling in the Republic, he met some literary friends in the street. These gentlemen were all delighted at the new turn in affairs, and, in their minds, perceived mankind approaching a fresh era. Villemessant, however, was of opinion that the French were too luxurious a people to bear a really free, far less a republican, constitution. "Listen," he exclaimed; "I will lay a bet that there are not five hundred republicans to be found in all Paris, and I at once propose a sure method of attesting the question: let us station ourselves at a corner of the street; I will ask, very politely, every one who passes whether he is a sincere republican; for every such one, I will pay you five francs, while for every man of a different opinion I ask you for only one franc." The strange wager was accepted, and the gentlemen, with their witnesses, posted themselves at the Café Richelieu, Boulevard des Italiens. Villemessant went up to the first passer-by, made him a polite bow, and, mentioning his own name and the names of his companions, to show they were not mere stupid jokers, enquired: "Tell me in all sincerity, sir, are you, in your heart, a republican?" "*Comment!*" bellowed the individual thus addressed, "*Liberté, egalité, fraternité, ou la mort! Vive la republique!*" Villemessant took off his hat, made a low bow, and taking five francs from his pocket gave them to his opponent. A second individual now came up, and our satirist repeated his question. "My dear citoyen de Villemessant," was the reply, "I am a republican, but my affairs have been in a very bad state since the introduction of the Republic, and, under the circumstances, no man can be very sincerely enthusiastic." Then came a workman. "*Citoyen ouvrier*," said Villemessant, inquiringly, "of course you are a republican?" "Scoundrels!" answered the man, "with your Republic and your fine speeches, you smeared our lips with honey, and now we are starving." Then came a Napoleonist, who was a republican because he would not have one of the rotten Bourbon, or Orleans lot; then a Legitimist, who was for the Republic if his Henri V. could not reign; at last Villemessant's opponents paid him one hundred francs forfeit money not to ask any more questions. I think now that if any one were to place himself upon the Virtuosi Boulevards, and ask every concert-giver, on his conscience, whether he was really as classically disposed as he strove to appear in his programmes, we might by paying every sincere lover of the Classic five francs, and claiming one franc for every one who entertained in his heart different sentiments, do a tolerably profitable stroke of business. When we hear the virtuosi of the present day first play sonatas by Beethoven, or fugues by Bach, and then their own compositions, in which they almost seem to be contending who shall carry off the prize for badness, we are reminded of those fashionable people who go into the country in summer, because it is not the correct thing to be seen in town, but who are terribly bored, and begin to live again only when they exchange forest, green sward, and real flowers, for velvet carpets, silk hangings, and the products of the artificial florist. It is unfortunately only too well-established a fact that even the greatest virtuosi, urged by the desire of showing the varied nature of their talent (that is of satisfying their vanity), have picked up the very worst things they could. Even Jenny Lind herself sung, amidst tremendous applause, at a musical festival, one of the most vapid Italian *bravura* airs ever written (and not, be it understood, one of those many sweet Italian melodies, which, when well executed exercise so magic a spell on us). A very celebrated actor, also, to whom the author of these lines ventured to remark that he ought not to play any longer a certain sentimental part, fitted only for walking gentlemen in summer travelling companies, replied very significantly: "I have no other object than to impersonate every day a different individual" (which was equivalent to saying: "the value of the piece is a secondary consideration; the first condition is that it affords me an opportunity for display.") We ask ourselves: Whither will this lead? It cannot be denied that the highest degree of executive skill is at present an indispensably necessary condition for concert-playing, and it is accounted a decided fault in a concert-player not to have attained it. But even the possession of such skill offers no longer any guarantee for its significance. In order to achieve certain and lasting success, the highest virtuosity must follow the most noble path. Joachim had succeeded in doing so. He has *consistently* rejected all outward glitter, and yet his fame is indisputably greater than that of any one else. Yet the stock of violin pieces for concert purposes is a much more limited one than that of pianoforte compositions, of which there is a large collection wherefrom to choose. Yet at present we hear at the public performances of pianoforte virtuosi nothing save the most difficult of Beethoven's Sonatas, and a light concerto by Mozart, but that only when the executant has composed an exceedingly difficult and brilliant *cadenza* for it. Virtuosity at present steps everywhere into the foreground, careless of the higher claims of art, and forgetful of Goethe's words:

> "Vergebens werden ungebundne Geister
> Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben;
> Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen,
> In der Beschränkung, zeigt sich erst der Meister,
> Nur das Gesetz kann uns die Freiheit geben."

The virtuoso is not a free man, but a slave of the public, on whom he must keep continually exerting fresh influence by new attractions, for whom he must keep his name preserved in continuous tones, for whom he must not think of following for a time, as a *man*, higher aspirations, if he would not risk being forgotten as a *pianist* or a *violinist*. And what recompenses him for this feverish haste, for the constraint imposed by his everlasting speculation on pecuniary gain, to satisfy the daily increasing requirements of material life, and of his social rank, as it is called? This agreeable social position. Let us see.

"La Grande Duchesse."

(From the Saturday Review).

Sir John Brute, a worthy knight well known to the playgoers of the Garrick period, when Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife* still kept possession of the stage, had an easy and convenient standard whereby to judge specimens of lyrical art. "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." So said good Sir John, applying his standard approvingly to a ditty which had just been sung by his friend Lord Rake, and which wound up with the burden, "In peace I jog on to the devil." This was the original song of the piece, and it will be found in the collected edition of Vanbrugh's works; but some acute critic seems afterwards to have discovered that it scarcely came up to the high encomium which had been passed upon it. Lord Rake indeed braved all edicts, divine and human, when he sang—

> When my head's full of wine
> I o'erflow with design,
> And know no penal laws that can curb me:
> Whate'er I devise
> Seems good in my eyes,
> And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

But though his vaunts were sinful enough in all conscience, they could scarcely be termed impudent in that popular sense of the adjective according to which it is a euphemism for a dissyllable of disreputable origin. Accordingly, in later editions of the *Provoked Wife* we find, in lieu of the old profane lay, another song so grossly indecent that, were it a new production, it could scarcely be printed now-a-days without risk of a visit from the representatives of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The facts we have just recorded furnish a powerful answer to the often asserted theory that criticism is without practical effect on literature. The lyrics of Lord Rake were found wanting when weighed in the balance proposed in the poetics of Sir John, and were altered accordingly.

There have been times when the knight's clearly expressed canon threatened to become obsolete. The verses that were sung at Vauxhall towards the end of last century, and which, though of unmistakably Southern growth, recorded in a quasi Scottish dialect the loves and squabbles of Jockie and Jeanie, were saucy at the best, but never impudent. Something similar may be said of the vast quantity of popular songs that cropped up during the reign of George IV., and afforded ample opportunities for the display of a certain archness proper to some of the best female vocalists of the period. Nay, at the present day, the restrictions laid by prudent mammas on the poetry sung by young ladies at the piano are so severe that love, save when it takes a perfectly harmless domestic tone, is regarded with avowed disfavor by publishers of music, cognizant of the powers by which their market is ruled. The little lyrical coquetries which would have been quite according to order forty years since would now be deemed far too demonstrative. Nevertheless, if we have any doubt that the principle of lyrical excellence laid down by Sir John Brute is widely maintained even now, we have only to cast our eyes to those places of public recreation where tastes of all kinds are gratified under the one comprehensive category of a taste for music. When our fathers flourished, songs were indeed chanted at a late hour, at the Coal-holes and Cider-cellars of the time, more beastly than anything that would be tolerated at the present day; but then it was understood that these were intended for the exclusive recreation of men of loose habits, and of the mob of greenhorns who waste their hours and health in "seeing life." To this generation in particular belongs that mass of sin and impudence nightly yelled forth at the music-halls, in the presence of persons of both sexes, including women not necessarily belonging to an abandoned class. To this generation in particular belong the vocal Lizzies, Minnies, and Nellies who seem to claim a familiarity with their hearers, and allow their portraits, radiant with immodesty, to be placarded against the walls. To this generation in particular belongs that race of quasi-male-female acrobats, who by an occasional accident gratify that latent feeling of cruelty which is so often the concomitant of licentiousness. To this generation in particular belongs the exalted patronage ostentatiously bestowed on such a work as M. Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*.

There is no doubt that at the bottom of the importance attached to the works of this new and celebrated composer lies a strong taste for what may be mildly called the improper among the higher classes of English society. When M. Offenbach was first emerging from obscurity on the strength of the small and slight works which he composed for the newly opened Bouffes Parisiens, the whisper went abroad that in the Champs Elysées an odd but extremely pretty little theatre had sprung up, at which pieces were performed most delightful to see and hear, but scarcely decorous enough for the English taste. The same pieces were transferred to London, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre; but they attained no great success, and it was understood that what one liked to witness in Paris, where John Bull is supposed to be out "on the loose," one did not care to behold in London. As, however, M. Offenbach expanded from a composer of operetta into a composer of what, from its dimensions at any rate, seemed entitled to be called opera, and the field of his labors was no longer the upstart Bouffes, but the time-honored Variétés, people began to name him with respect as a musical genius, whose solid worth, veiled under a gauze of frivolity, had been underrated; and a smile of grave approval was substituted for a knowing chuckle or a significant nudge in the ribs. *La Belle Helene* was pronounced a great work when properly interpreted, and greater still was *La Grande Duchesse du Gerolstein*. Great also was Mlle. Schneider, whose name, by her excellent performances in both of these works, had become intimately associated with the music of the age.

As the fame of Offenbach increased, an opinion was diffused that London was in a humiliated condition. The two great lyrical works had been seen in every European capital, and the "Grand Duchess" has even found her way to New York, where, represented by Mlle. Tostie, the *prima donna* of M. Offenbach's earlier works, she was received with great delight, talking as she did in her original language. In London, indeed, English imitations of the French *chefs d'œuvre* were produced, but these were so exceedingly unprovocative of mirth, or even of cheerfulness, that people who had gone through a course of the dreary pleasantry could only marvel to hear that what seemed singularly dull on this side of the Channel was considered especially droll on the other. Their faith in M. Offenbach would probably have broken down altogether had there not been travelled friends at hand to declare how much better things were managed in France, and how the tedious burlesques which bore the title of Offenbach's books were only base copies of a genuine article. London, indeed, was the sole capital at which Offenbach had not been represented properly, and on that account might be considered a degree lower in civilization than other towns. Nevertheless, while the intellectual darkness of London was commiserated, a compliment was paid to its moral susceptibility. The old nudges and chuckles were revived, and the conjecture was hazarded that perhaps, after all, the musical dramas that find favor at the Variétés might be a trifle too free for genuine Britons. That we were averse to the illicit *liaison* as an expedient for creating a serious interest was an hypothesis too well grounded to admit of suspicion, and it was a fair inference that we should be equally nice in the article of funny improprieties.

As the establishment of the Divorce Court fearfully shook the belief in the domestic virtues, previously deemed unsullied, of the middle classes, so has the summer season, now closing, terribly enlightened us to the fastidiousness of our "Upper Ten" in the matter of public amusements. So slightly is the illicit *liaison* repugnant to the London patrons of French drama, that *Nos Intimes*, the most risky piece on the list presented by M. Felix, afforded greater satisfaction than any other work, leaving the world to wonder why an embargo had been laid on *Paul Forestier*. The dramatic portion of his season being at an end, M. Felix fills up his term by engaging Mlle. Schneider, and bringing out *La Grande Duchesse*, arousing admiration by the magnitude of his spirit and of his prices of admission. His success has been brilliant. Not only was his theatre crowded on the first night sacred to Offenbach, but the list of visitors published in the papers looked like a compressed edition of the Gotha Almanac, enriched with excerpts from the peerage. As for Mlle. Schneider, she no sooner showed her face than she was received with an enthusiasm that could not have been exceeded had a welcome to a popular sovereign newly returned from exile been the business of the occasion.

That people should be amused at the performance of *La Grande Duchesse* at the St. James's Theatre is natural enough. A subject dreadfully intelligible to the meanest adult intellect is treated with much ingenuity by the play-writer; odd figures are exhibited to the public, comic situations are brought about without any restraint caused by considerations of probability, the whole is made a vehicle for music of a taking kind, and nearly every part is well sustained—the celebrated actress, Mlle. Schneider, having been declared by the voice of Europe to be pre-eminent in the character of the Duchess. The question is, whether this is the sort of work that ought to command a general outburst of aristocratic enthusiasm, in a age when an affectation of indifference seems to be the order of the day; whether the state of the lyrical drama which arises when the theatre most approximates to the music hall is that which ought above all others to arouse high society from its habitual torpor.

There is, in fact, no difference between the feeling addressed years ago by the musical pieces brought out at the Bouffes, and that to which the so called operas of the Variétés now make appeal. People will not go so far as honest Sir John Brute in professing a love for such shocking things as sin and impudence, but that a certain satisfaction at "naughtiness" is a prevailing sentiment among modern audiences of every age and both sexes is not to be doubted. Had the book of *La Grande Duchesse* been of a purely innocuous character, M. Offenbach might have worn out all the lungs and all the fiddle-strings in Christendom before his creations would have excited an iota more of enthusiasm than is produced by the ordinary entertainments in which music and extravagant drama are combined. But the story of the "Grand Duchess" is essentially naughty; the fair potentate herself is decidedly a naughty girl. She is naughty when, being a hereditary sovereign, she picks out of the ranks a strapping private, merely because, as Thackeray says of Tom Jones and his kind, he has large calves, and raises him to distinction, gloating all the while on his senseless face with the most searching expression of delight. She is naughtier still when she summons the dolt to a *tête à tête*, seats him on a low stool by her side, caresses him with her dainty hands, and, though she refrains from a verbal avowal of love, avows her passion by actions more expressive than words could possibly be. Indeed, whether she appears in public at the head of her army, or whether she makes one at a party of two in her boudoir, the Grand Duchess is the incarnation of every quality that distinguishes the damsel of ill-regulated mind. What is most extraordinary, the offences she commits, and at which "society" is disposed to applaud so heartily, are just of that sort of which the same "society" most violently disapproves. Many a man who would contemplate without much emotion the progress of an intrigue between a lax gentleman and a married lady, would shrink with horror from any manifestations of a love affair between a high-born lady and a private soldier. Not only morality, but the feeling for caste which keeps so many *rouè's* in order, is offended, unless we regard *La Grande Duchesse* as no more than a comic pantomime, and deem the lady's offences against the laws of female propriety as unreal as those of the clown against the laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

In the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*, ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign of the times.

"Die Meistersinger Von Nurnberg."

[From La Revue et Gazette Musicale.]

The *dramatis personæ* are the members of the corporation of *Meistersinger* in the good city of Nuremberg, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. These honest citizens inherited, and arranged after their own fashion, the noble patrimony bequeathed them by the ancient *Minnesinger*, or singers of love strains, the emulators of the French troubadours and minstrels. As a matter of course, the tradition of their aristocratic predecessors was thoroughly changed in their hands; they imprisoned art in rules and formulas without number, in order, no doubt, when they had once learnt their catechism, to compose more at their ease, behind their counter, safe from the flights of unrestrained imagination. If there is still any reference to love in their songs, it is to love of a most respectable character, love sanctified by the church, which sacred edifice it does not profane, for the *Meistersinger* held their meetings in the temples. A trial of skill between the singers is fixed for the festival of St. John; the reward of the victor is to be the hand of the beautiful Eva, daughter of Veit (or Guy) Pogner, the goldsmith. The Ritter Walther von Stolzing, a young Franconian noble, who has studied the art of poetry and song quite as much from Nature as in an old book by Walter von der Vogelweide—the last of the champions of the celebrated tournament of the Wartburg, in which Tannhäuser took a part—has been detained for some time at Nuremberg by his love for Eva. The maiden, whose heart beats in unison with his, informs him of the double obstacle to their happiness: Walther must first get admitted a *Meistersinger*, and then vanquish his rivals in the contest. *Meistersinger!* It is derogatory. What matters? Walther will solicit the honor of becoming a citizen of Nuremberg. To begin, David, the apprentice of Hans Sachs, the famous shoemaker-poet, tells him all the things he has to do: to familiarize himself with an infinite number of *tones* of the most absurd description, the short tone, the

long tone, the very long tone, the tone of all colors, that of the lark, that of the nightingale, that of the greenshank, that of the rainbow, that of English tin, that of the stick of cinnamon, &c., &c.; after this, he will be called upon to write a number of becoming, well rhymed verses, and then adapt a suitable melody to them. Such is the ordeal to which he will be subjected in order to be received a master.

Walther, whom Eva's confession has filled with unbounded confidence, presents himself, rather *ex abrupto*, for examination. Before the learned assembly, and in the middle of St. Catherine's church, he sings the praises of love, of profane love! He sings them, moreover, after his own fashion, that is to say, without paying the slightest attention to the rubbishing rules preserved in the statutes, but with an amount of fire and eloquence which causes the judges to tremble with holy horror. The marker of the corporation, the *Stadtschreiber*, or town-clerk, Sixtus Beckmesser an unhappy admirer of Eva's, has noted, as was his duty, the innumerable faults of the candidate; so, despite the support of Hans Sachs, who understands what he is about, and of Pogner himself, Walther is pitilessly rejected. He does not quit the place, however, without first crushing with his contempt the *Meistersinger*. This produces a certain amount of disorder, of which the apprentices of the *gai savoir* take advantage to dance an exceedingly wild dance around the platform. The result is a first *finale*, pretty full of movement, as the reader may suppose.

The quasi-legendary figure of old Hans Sachs occupies the foreground in the last two acts. The dull-brained Beckmesser, having come at night to serenade Eva Pogner, the shoemaker's neighbor, is ridiculed by Hans Sachs, who gathers a crowd around the shivering lover, and procures him a thoroughly good cudgelling. The next day, Walther, who, despite his non-success, has spent a very quiet night, relates to his host, the poet-artisan, a charming dream he has had.—"We are saved!" exclaims Hans Sachs; "it is an excellent subject for a song, a song into which you can pour all your soul, and which, at the same time, is marvellously adapted for being treated according to the rules." He then shows the young man how to set about his work. Walther, full of ardor, has soon written three stanzas, with which not even the most exacting judges could find fault. While he goes to dress for the grand festival, which is to be public, Beckmesser arrives and sees the song; Sachs allows him to take it away, and even, if he likes, to sing it, knowing that he will only render himself ridiculous. Beckmesser is delighted, and runs off with his treasure, for he thinks the song is by Sachs, a fact which renders it of great value. The solemn moment having arrived, the Town-clerk, still quite lame, begins singing his couplet in a hoarse voice, to a barbarous melody, violating prosody, and distorting the words in the most absurd manner. He is greeted with shouts of derision from the initiated and the profane. "It is by Sachs," he exclaims, to be revenged. "No, it is not," says the shoemaker; "I am incapable of writing anything so beautiful. He only who has written it can, I think, sing it. Walther now advances. His pathetic accents and irreproachable execution soon call forth the applause of his audience, and the prize is unanimously awarded him. Eva places the crown of myrtle and laurel upon his victorious forehead; Ponger hangs round his neck the gold chain with three medals, the badge of the master-singers, and Hans Sachs terminates the ceremony by addressing him a few very sensible words upon the value of inspiration, and the usefulness of rules—as well as on the mission of German art, *perverted by the Gallic taste and by princes.*

Wagner was bound to finish with this touch; he did so at the dictation of Han Sachs, who wrote *Art and Politics.*

The libretto of *Die Meistersinger* is rich in *situations*; the musician was doubtless satisfied with the poet, but the inexorable critic has some very grave objections to make in the name of logic and probability. At what period did that wonderful person live, that inhabitant of Nuremburg, that thoroughly-bred burgher, who put his daughter up to competition, instead of simply giving her to the man whom she loved, and whom he himself would have liked for a son-in-law? But, on the other hand, had Pogner behaved thus reasonably, there would have been no *Meistersinger*, and we should, no doubt, have had to wait a long time before knowing how Wagner represented fun. The second act, which lays entirely in the street where Pogner and Hans Sachs reside, is filled up with scenes of which the utility may be strongly questioned. If it had been relieved of these incumbrances, and if the author could have included in it some of the superfluous matter in the third act, which is far from being deficient in interest, but which lasts nearly two hours, a healthy equilibrium would have been established, and the public would have been spared an amount of physical fatigue which cannot fail to exert some influence upon their impressions.

Wagner's comicality is neither the *marivaudage* of most of our comic operas, nor the absurd farcical stuff which has usurped the name of buffo opera; it is the high class gaiety of Shakespeare and Molière, without the coarse expressions. The scene in which Beckmesser receives striking marks of the indignation felt by the citizens who have been disturbed in their sleep, excited, at the performance, Homeric laughter. But, during all the noise, where can have been the watchman, who appears, half asleep, at the end of the act, when perfect order has been restored, simply to drawl out his monotonous cry? The fourth scene of the second act, between Hans Sachs and Eva, is treated with considerable delicacy, though it is too long. As for Walther whom the author has charged with expounding his own ideas upon the renovation of art, he would never think of joking; he is enthusiastic, full of passion, sometimes grave, and never quitting the Lydian Mode.

The musical plan followed by Wagner in his new work differs a little from that pursued in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan*, but not so much as the title of comic opera would lead us to believe. There is no characteristic phase announcing each personage; there are some passages with a bold frank rhythm, and some perfect cadences, though these latter are, it is true, very rare, but there is everywhere about the same amount of "endless music," without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination, an entanglement of the various points resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then, suddenly, in the midst of all this chaos, a charmingly clear passage or so, or a powerful idea grandly expressed.

In all this we search in vain for an opportunity of exercising that facility of comprehension, which, according to Wagner himself, ought to be one of the principal conditions of the Beautiful in a dramatic work; as to the quality most nearly related to it, namely simplicity, it is entirely out of the question—the adepts of the new school would laugh in our very faces at the idea of such a thing—as is also unity, removed, as they are at the present day from the pedestal on which Winkelmann had placed them. It is upon other bases, more solid without doubt, that the new system of æsthetics is established. It happens, however, that exactly the very passages in which the Beautiful bursts forth in Wagner's work, are those where, escaping from the restraint which he has imposed upon himself, he condescends to remain within reach of those simple persons who have learnt to feel in the school of Beethoven and of Weber; for instance, the finales of the first and third acts of *Lohengrin*, the marriage march, the air of Lohengrin on his departure, many passages in *Tannhäuser*, &c. If the avowed object of the innovators is to *democratize* art, will they not attain that object more easily by the above pieces, to which Wagner perhaps attaches only trifling importance, than by the vague echoes of the "melody of the forest?" The master's disciples will certainly reply, like Liszt, that one must be specially gifted to appreciate beauties of this description—and that they are so gifted. To this there is no answer, without continually turning in a circle.

The prelude to *Die Meistersinger* is more developed than, but very inferior to, that of *Lohengrin*. It is built upon the motive sung by Pogner in the first act where he declares his intention of giving his daughter to the victor in the tourney. "Ein Meistersinger muss es sein," taken up again by Walther, in the fifth scene of the second act, and on the march which accompanies the entrance of the master-singers. The scene of the meeting in the church and Walther's song in the first act, the scene between Hans Sachs and Eva, the serenade, in which Beckmesser, strumming on his lute, despatches his sighs and amorous hiccoughs to Eva's maid, disguised in her mistress's garments, and the *finale* to the second act; Walther's dream, which he will repeat subsequently at the public meeting, in the second tableau of the third act; the waltz movement towards the beginning of the last *finale*, and the entire scene of the competition, may be cited as the principal pages of the score. The two melodies sung by Walther, at each of his ordeals before the master-singers, are charming, and atone for very many errors in taste.

I shall have doubtless to modify my first impression, for it is impossible for any one to decide at once on the bearing of a work by Wagner. From my present views, however, hasty as they are, I arrive at the conviction that comic opera has nothing to gain from being transported to this ground, if its name and character are to be preserved, unless we would end in a hybrid production in which all styles shall be united, as perhaps we may do at no distant period.

Mendelssohn.—Lind.—Ertmann.—Beethoven.

Here is an unpublished letter from Mendelssohn to the Baroness von Ertmann, communicated, with explanations, to a European journal, by Sig. S. C. Marchesi:

Leipsic, the 12th April, 1846.

"My dear and respected Baroness,—Since those never-to-be-forgotten days, which I passed in Milan, I have not written to you, and probably you scarcely know how profound and unchangeable my gratitude for you has become in my heart. Few days have passed since then, without my thinking often and long of your kindness and friendliness, and again thanking you for the same. I had my share of all the good and loveable things I since heard about your life, though I was compelled to be far away and remain silent. To-day, after so many years, an opportunity has at length presented itself for writing to you, and I cannot let it escape me, since I know that my writing will afford you gratification.

"The fact is my friend Jenny Lind is going to Vienna, and I should like you to become acquainted with each other, for I never, in the whole course of my existence, met a more noble, more genuine, and more sincere artist, and I also know one thing: that nothing could give you greater pleasure than to make the acquaintance of such an artist. Had she ever sung you a little song, or executed a grand air, I should not require to say any more; you will hear her, and, consequently, I do not add another word.

"I must now beg that you, too, will sometimes kindly give me a place for a moment in your memory. The hours passed in your house were indeed delightful! If you should desire further details of my sayings and doings, Mlle. Lind is the very best person to tell you all about them, for I have seen her very often, and she knows everything concerning me and mine.

"May I beg that you will not doubt the unchangeable attachment and heartfelt gratitude with which I am, and shall be as long as I live, your most devoted

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

The above letter from Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to the Baroness Ertmann,* was written at the time Jenny Lind was about to make her first appearance in the Imperial city. It is interesting to learn from it what a high opinion Mendelssohn entertained of Jenny Lind, and what respect he had for the Baroness Ertmann, whose acquaintance he made in Milan †

As this lady was not merely a distinguished pianoforte player, but, for a long series of years, the friend and patroness of Beethoven, we here append a biographical sketch of her.

Dorothea, Baroness Ertmann, was born at Offenbach, near Frankfort-on-the Maine, where her father, a rich manufacturer resided. From her earliest girlhood, she exhibited an extraordinary talent for music; but as, when a child, she found the first lessons very distasteful, she was frequently tied by her mother to the music-stool, which she often recollected afterwards with a thankful heart. When eighteen, she married the Baron von Ertmann, a captain in the Austrian service, who died as Lieutenant Field-Marshal at Milan.

During her residence in Vienna, where she lived several years, the Baroness Ertmann became accidentally acquainted with Beethoven. She happened to meet him in the shop of Herr Haslinger, the music-publisher, who had shown her some Sonatas of Beethoven's which had just appeared, remarking, as he did so, that they were very beautiful, but that they had many opponents. The Baroness immediately proceeded into a room adjoining the shop, played the Sonatas through with a practised hand, and loudly expressed her rapture at them. She had scarcely concluded speaking, ere a young man of bashful appearance went up to her and introduced himself as the composer. From that moment Beethoven was a daily visitor of her family. He himself taught her how to play all his Sonatas, and she never tired of relating how strict he was, and how often he used to place his arm upon her hands, while she was playing, so that she might not move them about too much.

The Baroness Ertmann soon found how difficult Beethoven was to manage, but she bore patiently his whims and caprices, perceiving how unhappy he often felt. His absence of mind went frequently so far that, during dinner, he would complain of want of appetite, suddenly leave off eating, and then, for the first time, remember that he had already dined. He used to call the Baroness his St. Cecilia, saying she was the only person who understood him and his

* Her maiden name was Graumann. She was aunt of Mme. Marchesi, also once Mlle. Graumann, and wife of Prof. Marchesi

† See Mendelssohn's Letters, vol. I.

music. This did not prevent him from giving way to outbursts of feeling with her as with other persons, and avoiding her house for weeks together. He would then return, hold out his hand to her without pronouncing a word, and peace was concluded.

When the Baroness had the misfortune to lose her last child, Beethoven was the only person who did not express his condolence with her under the calamity. After the lapse of several weeks, however, he called. Without uttering a word, he proceeded to the piano, making a gesture of invitation for the Baroness to go and sit next him. He played and extemporized. "Such music," said the Baroness, "I had never heard! What he wished to express by it was the death of the child, and the joy of the angels, who greeted its pure soul in Heaven!"

When he had concluded, he was not able to speak for weeping, and left the room. It was not until afterwards that he could tell the Baroness what he had then felt.

As we know, Beethoven dedicated to the Baroness Ertmann his Sonata, Op. 101, in A major. Among the Baroness's papers, after her death, were all Beethoven's Sonatas, with observations written in his own hand.

Music Abroad.

London.

Mr. Charles Halle has terminated his very interesting recitals in St. James's Hall. In the course of eight performances he has done exactly what he promised. He has played all the known, or at any rate, all the published, sonatas of Schubert, besides the large number of his minor pieces; he has given, besides, almost every one of the variations, *rondos*, *bagatelles*, and other fugitive pianoforte compositions of Beethoven upon which he could readily lay hands. These he has played in such a manner as to show how carefully and conscientiously he must have studied them. In the programme of the eighth and last recital were comprised the two great sonatas of Schubert in A and B flat, belonging to the last set of three (which Schumann could not believe to be the last); and most interesting, because hitherto unknown, the *Fünf Clavierstücke*, which though published as independent pieces, have evidently a close connection with each other, and (four of the five at any rate) were in all likelihood intended to form part of another sonata. These are, without exception, ingenious, original, and charming. The eighth recital only included one specimen of Beethoven—the pleasing variations on a theme in G major; all the rest of the programme (even the vocal pieces sung by Herr Wallenreiter) being taken from Schubert.—*Times.*

Philharmonic Concerts.—The (old) Philharmonic Society has given (in the Hanover Square Rooms) its antepenultimate and penultimate concerts. At the antepenultimate the symphonies were Mozart's in D (with the minuet) and Beethoven's in C minor—both well played under the intelligent direction of Mr. Cusins. The overtures were the so called "Trumpet Overture," in C, of Mendelssohn, for the possession of which the musical world is so recently indebted to the illustrious musician's surviving relatives, and that to *Rosamunde*, an unpublished opera by Mr. C. Lucas, Philharmonic director, late Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, an l one of our most learned and excellent professors. The overture to *Rosamunde*, written and scored as only a genuine master could have written and scored it, is full of life and vigor—such a capital orchestral piece, in short, as deserves a more frequent hearing at the Philharmonic and other concerts of high pretensions. Of Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture" we need say no more than that it improves on every hearing. The concerto on this occasion was that of Schumann in A minor, for pianoforte, the pianist being Herr Rubinstein, who, as is his custom, gave a reading of his own—a reading, we may state, essentially differing from that of Mme. Schumann, who, after all, ought to be accepted as a fair judge of what her late husband intended, and the more so inasmuch as this same concerto was composed expressly for her. But Herr Rubinstein is impetuous, and has a way of his own, which he can hardly be blamed for following when such applause is bestowed upon him as he earned by what we cannot conscientiously assert to have been a genuine reading of Schumann's interesting, though laboriously over-wrought composition. The same applause, however, or something nearly akin to it, followed Herr Rubinstein's execution of the "Air Varié" from Handel's *Suite de Pièces* in D minor, the greater portion of which, to our thinking, was no better than caricature. But that a majority of the audience were not of the same opinion was proved by the fact that Herr Rubinstein was called back, and, in return for the honor, treated his admirers to his own pianoforte arrangement of the quick march from *The Ruins of Athens* of Beethoven—an exhibition, *sui generis*, unique. The singers at this concert were Mlle. Tietjens and Herr Rokitansky; and not by any means the least interesting feature of the programme was the *scena*, "Infelice," composed by Mendelssohn, expressly for the Philharmonic Society, as far back as 1834—of which Mlle. Tietjens gave the original version (it is published with a new last movement) superbly. At the seventh concert there was only one symphony—the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven; but, as compensation, there were two concertos. The first concerto, composed M. Beseckirsy, a new violinist from Moscow, was given *con amore* by the author and much applauded. The other, Professor Sterndale Bennett's fourth for pianoforte (in F minor), one of the most magnificent pieces of its kind ever written for the instrument, was undertaken by Madame Goddard, who, on various occasions, has played both this and other concertos of Professor Bennett, at the Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere, and but for whom, indeed, now that their composer, one of the greatest pianists of his time, has ceased to appear in public, they would, in all probability, never be heard at all—odd enough, considering the enthusiasm with which they never fail to be received. True, they are not over easy to execute. The overtures at this concert were *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn) and *Jessonda* (Spohr). The singers were Mmes. Sinico and Demeric Lablache, from Her Majesty's Opera.—*Ibid.*

Here is the programme of the 8th and "*ultimate*" concert. The singers were Mlle. Nilsson, Mme Trebelli-Bettini and her husband; the solo violinist Herr Strauss, whose playing the *Times* admires, but not Bruch's Concerto; the Mendelssohn Concerto was played by Herr Lubeck, of whom the *Times* cannot speak in terms of praise.

Symphony in C ("La danse des ours")	Haydn.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro" "Don Giovanni" . . .	Mozart
Concerto for Violin first time of performance in England . .	Max Bruch.
Romance, "Va, ditelle" (Robert le Diable").	Meyerbeer
New Overture (MS.), "La selva incantata . .	Benedict.
Symphony in F, No. 8	Beethoven.
Cavatina, "Or, la sull' onda" ("Il Giuramento"	Mercadante.
Concerto, No. 2, in D minor, Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Chanson des Dyins, "Le premier jour de Bonheur"	Auber.
Swedish Song. Overture, composed for the Exhibition of 1862	Auber

There was still a *post ultimate*, or "complimentary" concert, at which, the *Times* says:

We had very admirable performances of Mozart's "Jupiter" and Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphonies, Weber's *Jubilee* overture, and Professor Sterndale Bennett's so-called "Fantasia-Overture," descriptive of *Paradise and the Peri* composed expressly for the society, and first executed at its "Jubilee" concert in 1862. Why this last should be designated "Fantasia Overture," we are at a loss to explain, seeing that a more beautifully symmetrical piece of music hardly exists. The applause at the end was loud, unanimous and prolonged; but nothing could induce the composer to come forward and acknowledge it, although it was pretty generally known that he was in the room. Mr. Charles Hallé treated the audience to a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), with Beethoven's own cadenzas, which henceforth, it is to be hoped, will invariably be used, unless some new Mendelssohn should appear to extemporize better ones. The singing was excellent. Mr. Santley gave, in his most finished style, the now well-known air from the *Resurrezione* of Handel, as well as a romance from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mlle. Trebelli Bettini (in place of Mlle. Tietjens who was indisposed), sang "Di tanti palpiti," and another air; while Christine Nilsson, for whom an apology was made early in the evening, sang Beethoven's magnificent "Ah! perfido," in a style that we have never heard surpassed.

Royal Italian Opera.—On Saturday (July 11) the *Barbiere* (Patti and Mario).

On Monday, *Faust* (Mlle. Vanzini and Nandin—in lieu of the *Africaine*, put off on account of the illness of Mme Rey-Balla.

On Tuesday, *Romeo e Giulietta* (Patti and Mario)—last time this season.

On Wednesday, *Rigoletto* (Vanzini and Chelli—his second appearance)—last time this season.

On Friday, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Fricci, Vanzini, Graziani, and Fancelli—as the Duke)—in place of *La Sonnambula*, Mlle. Patti being indisposed.

To-night, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Patti)—last time this season.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday, *Faust* (Nilsson and Fiorini).

On Monday, *Il Trovatore* (Tietjens, Mongini, Santley, Trebelli), for the benefit of Signor Mongini—first time.

On Tuesday, *Lucia* (Nilsson).

On Wednesday (Mr. Mapleson's benefit at the Crystal Palace), a grand concert and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, &c.)

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Santley, Fiorini, Bettini, &c.)

To-night, (July 18) *Il Flauto Magico*—first time.

A Concert by Blind Boys.—At the first annual speech day of the Worcester College for the blind sons of gentlemen, a selection of music was performed by the pupils, in a style which reflected the highest credit on their instructors, Messrs. Done and Hughes. We subjoin the programme, several items in which prove that the teachers are men who appreciate the classical style, and that the pupils must be of at least equal intelligence with those who "have eyes:"—Duet, pianoforte, overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; solos, pianoforte, "Nightingale Quadrilles," Lemoine; solo, pianoforte, *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book 1, No. 1, Mendelssohn; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in E flat, Op. 11, Clementi; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in F, Op. 12, Mozart; part song, "The Hardy Norsemann," Pearsall; concerto, pianoforte, "Consolation," in B flat, Dussek. It would be difficult to find an ordinary grammar school, which could provide a similar entertainment.—*The Choir.*

Paris.

On Tuesday the Concours du Chant was held at the Conservatoire, and was upon this occasion distinguished by the absence of female talent. The jury (composed of Auber, president, Ambroise Thomas, Benoist, Victor Massé, Pasdeloup, Eugène Gautier, Achard, Léo Delibes, and Wekerlin) could not deem any fair pupil worthy of the first prize; and the second was divided between Mlles. Bastkowska, a youthful Polonaise (pupil of M. Revial), De Lausnay, Laget, Moisset, Gilbert, and Guillot. The first-named promises great things. She gave an air from "*I Puritani*" with considerable finish and effect. The last named (Mlle. Guillot, pupil of Masset) created a very marked impression by her rendering of Auber's air of the *Concert à la Cour*.

The male concurrents numbered nineteen. The two who obtained first prizes were MM. Aulery (pupil of Vauthrot) and Solon (pupil of Battaille). The second prize was obtained by Mr. Nicot, whose air from the "*Barbier*" was given in a way that promised a future addition to the staff of the Opera Comique of considerably more than average ability.

At the Varietes a grand revival has taken place. The "*Belle Helene*" has reappeared, with no Schneider and no Dupins. The Châtelet is playing the "*Forty Thieves*," and the Opera is doing the "*Trovatore*." Mlle. J. Hisson is the *Leonora*, and is very much talked about in musical circles here. She has just accepted a four years' engagement at the Opera at the progressive salary of 11,000 francs, 18,000, 25,000, and 13,000 francs per annum for the four years.

A short time since I was told by a musical acquaintance that Verdi is working hard at a new work speedily to be produced, called "*Falstaff*." I see the rumor confirmed in one of the daily papers here. (The name is written Falstatt by the way.)—*Corr. Orchestra, July 22.*

Cologne.—Thus writes one of the London *Musical World's* masquerading correspondents:

The next novelty at our Summer theatre will be the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, represented by the charming Fraulein Fischer from Vienna. Our Conservatoire is going to lose the Marchesis. After an absence of seven years, Mme. de Marchesi has received the flattering invitation to resume her ancient position of first singing mistress at the Conservatoire of Vienna. Therefore she will leave Cologne on September next, and settle once more in the Austrian capital. Signor de Marchesi has accepted the position as professor for the superior singing classes for ladies and gentlemen at the Conservatoire of Cologne, but only until April, 1869, when he will also go to Vienna. Mr. Ullmann has just discovered a new prominent musical Star in Vienna: a young and handsome Hungarian, possessing a splendid Soprano, and being highly gifted. This future musical celebrity has been confided to the tuition and care of Mme. de Marchesi in Cologne. On the occasion of the 80 years jubilee of the University of Bonn, which will take place on the third of August next, a great Cantata for solos, chorus, Orchestra and Organ, expressly composed by F. Hiller, will be executed in

the Cathedral of the Said Town, under the direction of the Composer. The great *Fete*, which will last three days, promises to be a very brilliant one. More than 600 Professors, and Doctors from the different Universities of Germany are invited, and the Prince of Prussia will preside at the meetings.

Yours faithfully,
SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

PESTH.—Herr A. von Adelburg's opera, *Zrinyi*, lately produced with marked success, continues to increase in public favor. The local critics are unanimous in their praise of it.

BRESLAU.—The members of the Singacademie gave a special performance, under the direction of Herr Zul. Schäffer, their conductor, on the 2nd inst., to celebrate the forty-third anniversary of the institution. Among the pieces included in the programme were the motet *a capella*, "Sicut cervus," Palestrina; the "Miserecordias Domini," Mozart, and the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus," from Beethoven's C major mass.

INNSBRUCK.—A performance of Beethoven's C major mass, and Handel's *Sampson*, will shortly be given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musikverein.

STUTTGARDT.—The members of the Association for Classical Sacred Music recently gave a performance of Handel's *Athalia*.

MUNICH.—The second performance of *Die Meistersinger* was not given till the 28th June, just a week after the first, as both Herr Betz and Herr Hölzel were too fatigued to appear again sooner. The composer himself vanished mysteriously immediate-after the first performance; a great many reasons are assigned for this sudden flight, which is probably connected in some way with the fact of his bowing from the King's box. It would be entertaining a very incorrect notion of the power and sentiments of the court party and feudal nobility to suppose that such an act would be allowed to remain unpunished. Wagner has, however, not gone to Dresden, where he was expected, but returned to Lucerne, to do something more to his grand work, *Die Nibelungen*. Herr Wagner's opponents have been accused of being too lavish in their blame, but in the way of praise, it would be difficult to surpass Herr Cornelius, when he says in the *Suddeutche Presse:* "The orchestra on the score of *Die Meistersinger* contains a large abundance of unusual combinations of color: each twitching of the eyebrow, each movement of the hand, whether to threaten or to beckon, is portrayed in an unmistakable manner" We cannot understand how a man can write such rubbish, and can only say to the founder of the School of the Future observes the Berlin *Echo:* Heaven preserve thee from thy friends! —A new caricature has excited a good deal of attention lately. It represents a splendid private box, decorated with princely emblems. In which theatre the box is situated the reader will easily guess. The two occupants of it, the one an aristocratic looking young man, and the other a plebeian individual with a face like a Saxon weaver's, are fighting for the front place. Underneath is the well-known classic line: "Es soll der Konig mit dem Sänger gehen" ("The King shall associate with the poet").—A new three-act comic opera, *Der Rothmantel*, by Herr Krempelselzer, has been accepted.

MME. VIARDOT'S LAST OPERA, "The Ogre," was recently performed at Baden to an audience of not more than thirty persons. These persons, however, were made up of Queens, Grand Duchesses, Princes, and Princesses; so that quantity was replaced by quality. The writer of the libretto played the principal character (non-singing). Mme. Viardot played the Prince lover, the prima donna was Mlle. Bailliodz of Breslau, a pupil of the composer, and Mme. Viardot's daughters Claudie et Marianne, and her son Paul (buffo) played the other characters. M. Eckert, Kapellmeister of Stuttgart, presided at the piano, and M. Louis Viardot was the prompter. The opera, founded on the well-known fairy story, is characterized as enchanting, full of graceful melodies and fine harmony, perfectly written for the voice, as pleasant to sing as to hear, and is very novel, inasmuch as there is neither tenor, baritone, bass, nor male chorus. The female chorus is sung by eleven young ladies, all pupils of Mme. Viardot, and the success of the work most complete. There are fifteen numbers, and among them are specially signalized, a grand duet, two charming romances—one with violin obligato—a drinking song, and some excellent choruses in four parts. Marked improvement was observable on the two previous operas of the fair composer, and it is hoped the theatre projected for Mme. Viardot will soon be completed, so as to afford a wider scope for her talent.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

Wagner's "Meistersinger."

Having copied, in our last, an unfavorable German criticism—exaggerated, very likely, through its English medium—we now translate from *Le Menestrel* a portion of the report of one of Wagner's French admirers. At the same time, for the clearer understanding of the very interesting plot and incident of Wagner's comic opera, we have transferred to an earlier page of to-day's Journal the larger part of the article in *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, which we find translated to our hand in the London *Musical World*. The musical journals, German, French and English, are full of the *Meistersinger*. The majority condemn; but there are also strenuous advocates. One, in the Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift*, has commenced a metaphysical, "world-historical," transcendental-æsthetic exposition of its beauties and deep meanings. He begins with the imposing observation: "The poetical creations (*Dichtungen*—probably meaning poetry *and* music) of Richard Wagner are the ideal expression of the world-historical strivings of our whole age." (!) And then he proceeds to show why it was necessary to Wagner, as the ideal exponent of the whole modern German development, to write also a *comic* opera. Perhaps we shall one day attempt some abstract of his argument; but now it is our Frenchman's turn.

"First, the libretto. This time Wagner has broken with his own peculiar dramatic conditions. Here we are far away from sirens and the pagan pleasures of the Venusberg; we have no knight in white tunic and coat of glittering mail descending on his legendary swan from the celestial heights of the Holy Graal, as in *Lohengrin:* the philters, the despairing loves, the aspirations to night, to annihilation, in short all the enervating Buddhism of *Tristan and Isolda*, equally, have disappeared. The action passes in a time and place, not very familiar to us, it is true,—in the imperial city of Nuremberg, toward the middle of the 16th century;—but we find there at least our own instincts, our sentiments, our passions; we feel our humanity palpitate and live there."

* * * * *

"I cannot explain to myself the severe criticisms which have been passed on this libretto,—some going so far as to call it *deplorable*. . . The economy of the action rests on three principal elements, combined with a rare skill (at least in my humble opinion), which are: 1. the sentimental element—the love of Walther and Eva, protected by Hans Sachs; 2. the comic element—the buffooneries of Sixtus Beckmesser, his grotesque lyrical orthodoxy, and his more grotesque passion for Eva, which singularly enliven the three great scenes of the examination, in the first act, the serenade and the squabble in the second, and the final competition in the third; 3. the pompous element, which has its place in the first act—the scene of the solemn assembly of the Meistersingers and the finale—again in the third, the ceremony of the competition, which fills entirely the last tableau, and of which the principal motives are reproduced in the overture.

"To be sure, certain parts of the book are open to criticism. Especially the scene, in the first act, where Pogner solemnly announces to the assembled corporation that he will give his daughter in marriage to the hero of the approaching *concours*. Here the master jeweller exhausts your patience by the interminable considerations into which he enters. No doubt the piece is very interesting, musically; but, heavens! how garrulous the good man is!

"It is a strange and inexplicable thing:—Wagner in the composition of his operas pre-occupies himself with everything; not a detail of execution escapes his attention; he goes so far as to indicate in what way, slowly or rapidly, the curtain is to fall at the end of each act. And yet this man so minute in all things, this poet, this musician, who sacrifices so much to the logic, to the truth of situations, still goes astray like a novice in developments the necessity of which absolutely escapes the spectator. And observe, it is impossible to charge this, in the usual way, upon the musician alone; for we know that, in Wagner's operas, the librettist and the composer always march along together."

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"Let us look now at the score. . . . First, the overture. This magnificent symphonic piece has a considerable importance, not by its length—the overture to *Tannhäuser* is longer,—but because it bears a brilliant and complete reflex of the work to which it serves as a majestic frontispiece.

"The first movement (in C major) of this overture is the entire reproduction of the solemn march beginning the scene of the competition on St. John's day, in the fourth and last tableau. This march, of a large style, of a proud and powerful gait, is accompanied by a well sustained counterpoint, on which the principal motive seems to rest as upon formidable underpinnings. Already you feel transported into the midst of old Franconia: you behold the procession of grave deans of the master-singers, rigid guardians of the secular traditions of the corporation. This imposing page bears no resemblance to the marches of *Tannhäuser* and of *Lohengrin*. But it is enough to have ever heard the *Huldigungs-Marsch* (march of homage) of the same author, dedicated to the young king of Bavaria, and composed four years ago, to be convinced that the last tableau of the *Meistersinger* was finished but a short time before Wagner addressed this homage to his royal protector.

"In this overture, a little before the appearance of the second theme,—which will be the triumphal piece of Walther,—we remark a superb peroration of the march: here the phrase, pursuing its ascending movement and enlarging more and more, with a rhythm which accentuates itself in the same proportion, is in some sort spurred on by a succession of *retards* and of *major and minor sevenths;* then, as the culminating point of the phrase approaches, the instrumental sonority increases in intensity, until the terminal cadence is achieved upon a trill of extraordinary vehemence and effect. This ascending phrase is a song of sublime enthusiasm: it is the word of Faust:

"Come, lift thyself to loftier spheres."

"After this musical episode, of incomparably bold and powerful cast, we quit for sometime the luminous spaces to which the composer had transported us; at this moment the chief of the orches-

tra must redouble his vigilance and precision, while the hearer will lend his whole attention to what is about to rise from the orchestral depths. I will say more: if you have not an ear somewhat musical, you must resign yourself to seize but very imperfectly, the first time at least, the curious dialogue which is preparing: for two themes, very different, are about to appear simultaneously, to develop themselves in continual interlacings. The first of these themes is the air which Walther will sing in the final competition, and which will win him at once the victor's crown and the hand of Eva. The second theme, by an original choice, is on the contrary the piece with which Walther is to make a failure in his first examination.

"After this dialogue, which is prolonged through 25 measures, the picture changes anew: the first motive in C major re-appears in the key of E flat, in the form of a fugue this time, and intermingled here and there with reminiscences of the preceding dialogue. We are in the heat of the overture; by these short fragments of themes, which rise and are swept away in the movement of the fugue, by the roaring *crescendo*, by the rhythms choking one another with an ever growing impetuosity, we feel a near explosion. In fact at the end of thirty measures of this unbridled course, a *fortissimo* bursts out on the chord of the *dominant seventh* of the key of *G major*, a chord spread out over the whole orchestral scale, minus the basses which hold out a pedal *sol* to bring back the primitive key of *C major*, at the end of a *diminuendo* reminding us of that which precedes the return of the chorus of pilgrims at the end of the *Tannhäuser* overture. Finally we reach the *coda*, where all the themes and rhythms hitherto employed are reproduced. This *coda*, which begins, *pianissimo*, with the triumphal air of Walther, to terminate, in the *tutti*, with the march of the commencement, is a monumental page. [How long before our American newspaper critics will be affecting this fine French phrase? *une page monumentale!*] Here we find again, at the moment of the final *fortissimo*, the famous trill of which I have just spoken, and which now blossoms out climbing the degrees of the major *chord of the ninth*. I do not fear to compare this last part of the overture of the *Meistersinger* to the march finale of Beethoven's C-minor Symphony. [!] It is prodigiously fine [as the boys say, "immense!"]

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"As I have said, this overture, by the exposition of its themes and its symphonic processes, is, in the precise sense of the term, a complete preface to the score; this must explain the length of my remarks upon it. I shall now limit myself to the general traits of the three acts which follow.

"In Act I, I will specify the chorus of pupils of the corporation, who are surmising, with the petulant gayety of their age, the probable results of the examination of Walther. It has a charming youthfulness and vivacity. One asks, in hearing this chorus, sparkling with verve, if it be indeed the author of *Tristan* who has written these *motives* so fresh and alert.—Then comes the scene of the Master Singers, solemnly convened to hear the declaration of the jeweller Pogner relating to the marriage of his daughter Eva.——In speaking of the libretto, I expressed regret that the good man should make so much ceremony in announcing his resolution. But if we forget the jeweller for an instant, and only listen to the delicious babble of the orchestra,—and above all to the elegant arabesque of the violins,—we shall pardon father Pogner his interminable reflexions.

"But here we have, soon after, the melodic pearl of the first act. It is the romance of Walther: "*Am stillen Herd*" (At the still fireside). I know nothing sweeter or more exquisite than this phrase; never, in the soft and melancholy kind, has Wagner written anything equal to it. Moreover, the whole following scene, which is but the development of this same phrase, is a pure chef-d'œuvre; it would, I am sure, disarm Wagner's fiercest adversaries.

"I might say as much of the examination scene and the finale of the first act, but for the excessive length of these pieces. Yet there is here too a superb *crescendo*: Walther, furious at the criticisms of Sextus Beckmesser on his trial piece, becomes a butt to the raillery of the pupils. Convinced of the merit of his piece, he resumes the motive thereof in a tone more and more animated, while the young people, also resuming their characteristic chorus, laugh more and more loudly at the protestations of the knight.—I hardly need to add, with a single reservation on the score of length, that this ensemble piece, in which the master-singers take part in turn, is treated with a master hand.

"If most of the scenes of Act II were kept within the limits of their relative importance, I should see nothing, absolutely nothing there to find fault with. Indeed, if I should only listen to my predilections as a musician, and give myself up to the constant charm of this symphony of an hour, in which all chords vibrate in their turn, I believe I should accept this second Act just as it is. At all events, it would be necessary to cite as finished pages the duo of Eva and Hans Sachs, and the chorus of the quarrel. Melody, harmony, dialogue of voices and instruments, the duo of Eva and Sachs is one enchantment, one caress from beginning to end. As to the chorus of the dispute, I regard it as a marvel of musical realism: nothing is wanting there, not even the cries of alarm of the Nuremberg women, which cries are heard, in the heat of the melée, under the form of a very high *pedal note*. All this is prodigious, without precedent. But if, as I have elsewhere said, the execution of the overture is only possible to a few orchestras, I see still fewer theatres whose choral *personnel* is in a condition to confront this terrible scene; for should the execution fail in any point whatever, I can promise you the most frightful cacophony that ever caused a deaf man's hair to stand on end. Wagner was admirably seconded in a task of such immense hardihood by the artists of the royal theatre of Munich; gesticulating and wrestling together with an exemplary *furia*, they sing with an incredible *aplomb* and certainty.

"It is in the first tableau of Act III that Sachs relates his dream to Walther. In this same tableau we remark, besides a very beautiful quatuor, the scene of the lesson given by Sachs to Walther, to prepare him for the *concours* of St. John's day. The principal phrase of this duo,—the same to which I have alluded in the overture—is very beautiful no doubt; but one is at a loss to account for its multiplied repetitions, seeing that it is to reappear in the following tableau, the ceremony of the *concours*, sung at first by Walther, and then by the final chorus. I admit that a lesson of such importance could not be given in a turn of the hand; but it seems as if the author might have varied more the melodic elements of this scene, the length of which is anyhow excessive.

"With the exception of a chorus written in the style of the purest compositions of Bach and Handel, this last tableau reproduces, with the developments that befit the addition of the vocal mass, the themes already heard, that is to say the grand march of the overture and the air of Walther's lesson.

"I will not close without one last glance at this score, in order to show that Wagner has not modified his style so radically as has been said.

"The truth is that, in the *Meistersinger*, Wagner, evidently induced by the nature of a subject which keeps itself almost always in the full light and in the temperate zones of passion, has modified a little his harmonic processes. No longer dealing with the heart-rending loves of Tristan and Isolda, he shows more sobriety in the matter of dissonances, more precision in his rhythms, and less frequent fluctuations of key, than in *Tristan*.

"But the fundamental principles adopted by Wagner for the conception of his lyrical dramas have not varied; only, I repeat, the means have changed, and hence the salutary influences which I have mentioned on the mind of the musician. The principle of *unity* at whatsoever cost, absolute unity, has still prevailed in many scenes of this work, where the singers, the persons, have no musical relief except some instrument or other of the orchestra. To my mind, this is an error; it is just here that the new opera of Wagner is still somewhat open to criticism, which does not understand that the singer, the individual rôle should be always absorbed in the ensemble. Yet it is just to add that what was almost the rule in *Tristan*, has become the exception in the *Meistersinger*.

"And now, to sum up my opinion on this last work, I will say this: If the finale of the 3d act of *Tristan*, the scene of the transfiguration and the death of Isolda, did not exist, and if the representation of June 21 had been shortened half an hour, the opera of the *Meistersinger* would be the master work of Wagner.

"LUON LEROY."

Waifs.

——A DESIDERATUM. The *Saturday Review* (London), alluding to a performance of Haydn's Symphony in E flat, known as "Letter T," suggests what every lover of Haydn's music certainly will second:

Haydn stands greatly in need of a Nottebohm, a Thayer, or a Ritter von Köchel, to prepare a chronological and thematic catalogue of his works, with as much assiduity as Giuseppe Carpani put together the anecdotes and chit chat that bore reference to the artistic career of the "father of the quartet and symphony." It is provoking not to be able to affix anything like precise dates to more than one out of one hundred works of a composer so marvellously fruitful in production.

——The programme of Mr. Benedict's annual concert, at St. James's Hall, comprised *only fifty pieces*, vocal and instrumental, "which, with two or three exceptions, were all performed." For solo artists he had all the singers of any prominence in London operas and concerts, diverse instrumental virtuosos, and "ten conductors at the piano forte." The *Times* may well say that only Mr Benedict and his indefatigable assistant, Mr. Nimmo (Nemo?) could have achieved such a concert. We think such achievements might as well be left to *Nemo*.

——One of the English papers tells us:

Professor Moscheles has composed a series of six new duets for the pianoforte, which Mme. Arabella

Goddard had the honor of playing, *à prima vista*, with the renowned pianist and composer, at her residence, a few days since. These pieces—which are published both at Leipsic and in London (by Messrs. Novello)—are as fresh and charming as they are original. One of them, a *fugue à la valse*, is a masterpiece. Indeed, they are all, in their way, masterpieces.

We hope so, but it is some time since the old composer used to produce works of genius, like the Septet.

——The enormous salaries now paid to the opera singers, and the great expense incurred in giving *monstre* benefit concerts, have, in more than one instance, involved the *beneficiaire* in serious loss. Mlle. Nilsson on Friday next, by singing at the Crystal Palace Handel Festival and at a private concert in Belgrave Square in the evening, will net nearly three hundred pounds! Such a day's gain by vocalizing in London is unparalleled in ancient and modern history. Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, and Persiani, the greatest singers ever known, when in the zenith of their popularity received less than a fourth of the terms now paid to Mlle. Nilsson for an evening concert.—*Orchestra, June 6.*

——Herr Georg Scherer has collected into a charming volume the "Village Songs of Germany" ("Schönsten Deutschen Volkslieder"), which he has published in Leipsic (Alphons Durr), with the music and sixty-eight original woodcuts. These songs are full of character and nationality.

——The death is announced, at his villa near Monza of Stigelli, a tenor who may still be remembered by opera goers. He was German by birth, his real name being Stiegel.

——The rage for bird-singing contests is on the increase throughout the north of France and Belgium, and considerable bets change hands. The poor winged performers in this brutal amusement are first deprived of their sight by a red hot iron passed over their eyes, and then confined in diminutive cages, in dark cellars, for fifteen days before the trial. Their removal into the fresh air and the rays of the sun cause them to give utterance to their joy in song, on which their proprietors bet—some for length of song, others for the various melodies performed.

——We find the following in the New York *Observer*, and similar statements having been going the rounds of the press for some time:

The little city of Freyburg, in Switzerland, has the largest organ in the world. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sounds through a forest of pipes, "seven thousand and eight hundred in number," shaking the walls and foundation of the old St. Nicholas church, in which it stands. All the musical bands in Boston, New York and Philadelphia combined, would not make an orchestra equal in power to this mighty instrument alone. It is all the work of one man named Aloys Moser. He was poor; he was not thought to be a master in his art; he never received any adequate reward for his labor. Without assistance or suggestion from others, he formed the design of building for his native city an organ which travellers from distant nations should turn aside from their journeys to hear, and which, when heard in the darkness of the cathedral at night, should make an hour for them never to be forgotten. And so poor Moser began his life's work, and he persevered for long years, in the face of opposition and poverty and ridicule, until his task and his life were finished together. His aim may not have been the highest, nor his motive the best; but he persevered with the faith of a martyr till his work was done, and now it stands among all similar works in the world like Mt. Blanc among the mountains, peerless and alone.

There is a great deal of this sentimental and ignorant enthusiasm about famous organs,—especially among travelling correspondents of religious newspapers. The organ at Freyburg is *not* the largest in the world; there are many much larger organs in Europe; that of our own Boston Music Hall is full a third larger than the one at Freyburg. "Mt. Blanc among the mountains" is waste of fancy!

——The *Saturday Review* says: "There is a magic in the name of Mendelssohn which insures a favorable consideration for any book which professes to treat of him. Mlle. Polko must have reckoned largely on this prepossession when she resolved to publish her "reminiscences" of the composer. The propriety of the title is apparent from the fact that, out of two hundred and sixteen pages, just fourteen are comprised in the chapter of "Personal Recollections," which recollections, after all, amount mainly to this, that the authoress has heard Mendelssohn play upon the piano. So have many thousand persons who have not hitherto deemed it necessary to reprint shreds of Mendelssohn's published correspondence, diluted with a sentimental commentary, and garnished with two or three new but perfectly unimportant letters, and a preface resembling nothing so much as the poet's apology for his brevity in relating the adventures of the wise men of Gotham. In a word, Mlle. Polko's work is a specimen of audacious bookmaking. The only redeeming feature is some information respecting Mendelssohn's wife, who has hitherto been left much in the shade, but who appears to have been a charming woman, fully worthy of her husband.

——An immense building, to be known as the "Boston Rink," which will seat 10,000 persons, is now being erected on Tremont street. Our musical festivals will probably be given in this building in future. Promenade concerts will be given in it for the first thirty evenings after its completion in October.

——The *Weekly Review* gives the following list of novelties brought out in the orchestral concerts in New York, during the four last winters. By the Philharmonic Society: Symphony, No. 1, Haydn; Overture to *Medea*, Bargiel; Concerto in C, Mozart; *Mazeppa*, Poeme Symphonique, Liszt; Overture "*Prometheus*," Bargiel; Symphony, No. 1, in D, Mozart; Symphony "Episode from an Artist's Life," Berlioz; Introduction to *Tristan and Isolde*, Wagner; Concerto in F-sharp minor, Burgmüller; "*Nächtlicher Zug*," episode from Lenau's *Faust*, Liszt; Overture "Columbus," in D, Bristow; Symphony in D minor, Volkmann; 3d and 4th movements from "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, Berlioz; Overture "Othello," F. L. Ritter.

By Theodore Thomas, in his Symphony Soirées: Symphony "To Fatherland," Raff; 2nd part from "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, Berlioz; Suite in D minor, Lachner; Toccata in F, Bach; Overture "Bride of Messina," Schumann; Triple Concerto, op. 65, C major, Beethoven; Symphonie Concertante, for violin and viola, with orchestra, Mozart; "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem, Liszt; Symphony "Harold in Italy," op. 16, Berlioz; Symphony in C, Bargiel; Fantasia for piano, chorus and orchestra, op. 80, Beethoven; Introd. to *Tristan and Isolde*, Wagner; Allegro de Concert, op. 46, Chopin; Scherzo, B minor, op. 20, Chopin; Symphony "Columbus," op. 31, Abert; Episodes from Lenau's Faust: 1. "*Nächtlicher Zug*," 2. "Mephisto Waltz," Liszt; Suite in C, op. 101, Raff; Suite in C minor, op. 10, Grimm; Prelude to "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*," Wagner; Selection from the *Missa Solemnis*, Beethoven; Suite in D, Bach; Aria from *Armida*, Gluck; Unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; "*Die Ideale*," Symphonic Poem, Liszt; Scena and Aria, op. 58, Rubinstein; Ballade, op. 16, Uhland's "*Des Sängers Fluch*," Bülow; Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, Berlioz.

——How is this? The London *Orchestra* publishes the following caution:

In *Watson's Art Journal* (New York) a letter is published said to be written by the Editor of the *Orchestra*, bearing our own address, and panegyrizing in inflated and absurd terms, the person to whom it is addressed, Mr. Harry Sanderson, the pianist, now in America, the writer quoting to the same effect the gentleman who is known as the musical critic of the *Times*. The name at the bottom of this letter is not that of the Editor of the *Orchestra*; nor of any person either now or ever on the staff of the *Orchestra*. The letter is in fact, if not a forgery, wholly unauthorized. Some one must have terribly hoaxed our good contemporary, *Watson's Art Journal*. Our own opinion of Mr. Harry Sanderson is by no means so lofty as this false document would imply. We regard him as a respectable mechanical performer who will probably do better in America than he has done here, simply because New York is not so exacting as London respecting the merit of a showy pianist. To say more than this would be to pay an empty compliment at the expense of truth. We would beg of our other American friends not to re-echo the falsehood which has hoaxed *Watson's Art Journal*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Our Darling, Jennie Bayne. S'g and Ch. 2. B♭ to f. *C. A. Ingraham.* 30
A melodious song, in popular style.

Grant and Peace. Quartet and Cho. for Male Voices. 3. B♭ to g. *E. Bishop.* 35

Were Rubens here. (C'est un Rubens). 2. G to *g*. *"Barbe Bleue."* 30
A much applauded song, by the cerulean bearded gentleman.

Maggie's Welcome. Sequel to Maggie's Secret. 2. G to d. *Claribel.* 30
Maggie's simple secret related to his going away. But it is all out now, since in this charming song she tells all the world he has returned.

Going it blind. 2. A to e. *W. F. Meir.* 30
An amusing comic song. Containing a good "moral" and warning to young men, not to be too eager in their homage of "dressed up" beauties.

Barney Mavourneen. 2. E♭ to e flat. *White.* 35
A characteristic Irish song.

La Notte e placeda. (Awake, my lady dear). 4. D and C to *a*. *L. W. Wheeler.* 35
A fine Italian song, with Italian and English words. Mr. Wheeler, for some time a resident in Italy, writes like one familiar with the language and the music of that country.

Instrumental.

Pot-pouri. La Belle Helene. 4 hds. 3. E♭. *T. Bissell.* 75
A very pleasing selection of melodies, very conveniently arranged for two performers.

Speed away. With variations. 4. A♭. *A. P. Wyman.* 60
A beautiful and well-known melody, with graceful variations.

Swampscot Galop. 3. B. *W. Atkinson.* 40
A spirited piece, with passages reminding lovers of the sea-side, of the rippling waves on the beach.

Partant pour la Syria. Grand March. 3. G. *G. B. Boris.* 30
Very taking, and contains the favorite French air indicated by the title.

Champagne Charlie. Var. 3. C. *A. P. Wyman.* 60
A favorite air, brilliantly varied

Un Mari-sage. From "La Belle Helene." Var. 3. C. *C. Wels.* 40
A much admired air, with easy variations.

New and brilliant Dance Music from "Barbe-Bleue." *Knight.*
Grand Waltz. "The Kiss." 2. D. 50
Polka Redowa. 2. B♭. 30
Polka. 2. D. 30
A few of the sprightly airs in this very sprightly opera. "The Kiss" is the music of the hand kissing scene, (at the court of King Bobeche) which comes to such a comic termination, and the two Polkas contain favorite melodies.

Ben Lomond. A beautiful Scotch dance. Arranged for the Guitar. 2. A. *Hayden.* 25
For tripping on the light fantastic (Highland) toe, and is very merry music.

Au Revoir. Caprice for Piano. 5. A♭, D♭ and G♭. *G. D. Wilson.* 60
A rich melody, accompanied and varied finely. Pleasing throughout, and is also excellent practice.

Promenaden Polka. 3. A. *R. Wocke.* 30
A very sweet and striking air. "Promenaders" will be fortunate to have their measured steps so well accompanied.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C. B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 715. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 12.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Translations from Uhland.

DEATH SONG.

"What wakens me from slumber,
What music sounds so sweet?
Oh mother, see who cometh
My midnight hours to greet."

"Naught do I hear, my darling,
And nothing do I see,
And no one cometh, singing
A little song to thee."

"It is no earthly music,
That makes my heart so light;
The angels sing,—they call me.
Oh mother dear, good-night."

—

A SONG OF ABSENCE.

Farewell, my love, farewell to thee,
For we must part to-day;
A kiss, a kiss, oh give to me,
For we must part for aye.

A flower, a flower, O give to me
Plucked from the golden bough;
No fruit, no fruit, I take from thee,
I dare not ask it now.

—

THE VALE OF REST.

When, in evening's latest beam,
Golden mountain clouds arise,
And, Alp-like, seem to touch the skies,
With tears I often cry:
"Doth my wished-for valley lie
There in that golden gleam?"

—

MORNING SONG.

Scarce my eye the sun's light tells,
Nor have yet the morning bells
In the dark valley rung.

And the quiet woods, how still!
Only in dreams the young birds trill,
No song has yet been sung.

In the fields I've wandered long,
I have bethought me of this song,
Which to the winds I've flung.

W.

The Development of the Concert System, Concert Rooms and "Salons." Aristocracy, Plutocracy, Lovers of Art, and Mecænates.*

(Concluded from page 290.)

In France the virtuoso merely occupies the position held by every other individual who contributes agreeably to our amusement, and it is a characteristic fact that none of our great virtuosos have settled in Paris. The truth is, their pretensions are not satisfied there, and authors, painters, and scholars are, even in the most fashionable society, valued more highly than the most celebrated virtuoso. In England, the musician has no social position at all. He is either very celebrated, and his services are secured and paid by the getters-up of concerts, or he is a teacher in high families, and thus placed in a position to give a concert in some lady's drawing-room, the names of all the other fashionable ladies who patronize, or, to adopt the English expression, honor him with their immediate patronage, figuring in the programme. The English respect, properly speaking, only a celebrated composer, whom they regard as a high class producer, but they have little or no consideration for the virtuoso. Germany is the country in which the musician, especially if celebrated as an *executant*, is well received in all strata of society, being nearly the only person in whose case the differences of social rank almost disappear. Social organization in Germany, as far as the artist is concerned, may be summed up as follows: the monarch rules; the aristocracy represent; the plutocracy make a great display; and the middle classes uphold the State. The monarch bestows on art favor and honor; the aristocracy patronize it; the plutocracy pay it; but it is among the middle classes that it lives. An artist may endeavor to obtain the favor of the monarch; he may assert his independence towards the aristocracy; mix with the plutocracy and make them pay him; but he belongs to the middle classes. This is an approximative idealistic position, but it is one successfully held by great German masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann (with his noble-minded wife), Joachim, Brahms, and many German musicians of less repute. Modern virtuosity, however, as established upon *French* traditions, and as represented by the followers of Liszt, since his time, takes the opposite path. Most modern virtuosos either cringe to the aristocracy, or behave like young noblemen, heirs to vast estates, and able to boast of sixteen quarterings. They associate with the plutocracy as though they were receiving dividends at the bank every day; but the man of the middle classes the snob with his narrow notions, they despise. We frequently hear from their lips exceedingly democratic sentiments, at the very time they are almost expiring for very humility at the court of some reigning prince. We are able to recollect a very great and celebrated musician's conducting the very bad opera of a royal composer, and receiving for so doing a high order; we involuntarily thought, at the time, of the answer made to Boileau, who in his day was decried as a courtier, to the King, Louis XIV., when the latter read him some verses he had addressed to a lady: "Sire," observed the poet, "you can do anything. You wanted to write bad verses, and you have been completely successful." We might adduce many proofs that most of the great virtuosos of our time preserve their independence less strictly than the great musicians in times of perfect absolutism. When any slight is shown to themselves personally, they are certainly very brave, but they do not defend art.

Let us now consider the position of a musician in relation to the German aristocracy. Apart from the advantages of birth, and the best education, on which points sufficient has been said, for and against, the aristocracy appear to the artist as that stratum of society most likely to entertain idealistic views. However perverted these may be, they are more consonant with his own feelings than that eudæmonism founded upon pecuniary gain, which calculates the value of everything by what it will fetch. The musician's ambition, too, may be inflamed by the thought that he, as one of the nobility of the mind, may be more highly appreciated than others by the aristocracy of birth. But in these views, though based upon correct assumptions, and in this indulgence of ambition, lies the greatest danger. The artist, and more especially the musician, is far too prone to forget that he is a man of labor, and moreover of the most exclusive labor; far too prone to forget, in the moment of success, that music is simply a means of electric connection between him and persons of a superior rank. Just as electricity produces that inexplicable phenomenon by which heterogeneous bodies are momentarily united, though separated immediately the phenomenon ceases, the wonderful fluid of music forms an immensely attractive power between the executive musician and many persons at a distance from him. He must not, therefore, be astonished if these persons, whom he has found entranced and amiable after one of his performances, observe, at another moment, when they do not meet him as a musician, only the most superficial forms of politeness. There is at work in the aristocracy that element peculiar to it, which Grillparzer once defined as the "half poetry so dangerous to the whole," and the effect of which is at one and the same time, magical, seductive, and enervating. Many and many a man of eminent talents has, from his easily explicable love for aristocratic society, been placed in a state of antagonism to his artistic convictions, and not to be reconciled with them, those convictions which point to abnegation and contemplation. We must not, however, confound the aristocracy with the fashionable world as it is termed. The former is an order, a firmly connected whole; the latter is an amalgam, a sort of essence of the aristocracy, of diplomacy, of plutocracy, and of other ingredients, which possesses no principle of its own, and the great object of which is to get something out of every four and twenty hours: to amuse itself, no matter in what manner—to day at a concert; to morrow at a rout; the day after at an oratorio; and the day after that at a performance of *La Belle Hélène*. Many poets and prose writers have written on this same fashionable society, and I will here quote the opinion of those who formed one from their own experience. Goethe says:

"Gute Gesellschaft habe ich gesehen, man nennt sie die gute,
Wenn sie zum kleinsten Gedicht keine Gelegenheit giebt."

Byron observes:

"In the great world—which being interpreted,
Meaneth the west, or worst, end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people, bred
By no means to be very wise or witty."

Bulwer's opinion runs thus:

"The distinguishing mark of well bred people is the composure with which they do everything: they eat with composure, drink with composure, quarrel with composure, and lose their wife with composure, while other persons make a noise at all things alike."*

These quotations may, it is true, be set down as outbursts of ironical humor on the part of the above great poets; I will, therefore, cite some serious passages intended to be laudatory, from a book written by a man of fashion for the world of fashion. A Baron Mortemart-Boisse, Comte de Marle, in 1857 chamberlain of his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, published a book, *La Vie Élégante des Gens du Monde* (Hachette, Paris). In it we read that Count d'Orsay, the model of fashion in his time, spent one pound nineteen a-day for gloves (I knew the Count after 1850, and then he could not well have afforded three shillings for the purpose); furthermore, the book contains an exceedingly detailed description of hunting costume, and of the correct manner of eating oysters; while, lastly, at page 218, in a eulogy of Paris, as the first city in the universe, are the remarkable words: "Schiller, with his naïve and hyperbolical genius has said:

'Es giebt nur ein Kaiserstadt,
Es giebt nur ein Wien.'—

yet Paris will always, &c., &c." It is a significant fact that, when treating of fashionable life, the worthy Baron *never once* refers to music. I am almost inclined to take this as a compliment,

* From a letter "On Modern Society and Music," by H. Ehrlich. (Translated for the London *Musical World*.)

* As I have not a copy of Lord Lytton's works by me as I write, I do not give the above quotation as the *ipsissima verba* in the original English; it is merely a rendering of Herr Ehrlich's German version of the latter.—J. V. Bridgeman.

or as an indirect hint to the musician that he had better not endeavor to belong to the world of fashion. Even should he hazard the attempt, he must make up his mind to be disregarded by the plutocracy, for they are decidedly a component part of the fashionable world. All the young sprigs of the nobility of the gold-bag, the barons of the price-current lists, the cotton lords, who patronize music, because it is an article of luxury, and because a party is kept together by music better than by anything else—all those people who flock to wherever the nobility is assembled, all such people belong to the fashionable world. The artist must learn to distinguish; he must not confound the plutocrats who would play the Mecænas with the rich merchant, who, after having been actively employed in business all day, seeks, in the evening, to derive from music excitement and recreation for himself and family—a man of this description belongs to the middle classes—but all those who have been pitch-forked upwards, the successful building speculators, who would now pass, like others, for political personages, the bold gamblers of the stock exchange, and even the half-learned, who, thanks to a rich marriage, have suddenly come into money, and (in the eyes of many) great artistic knowledge—such choice specimens of the immortal race of parvenus belong to the plutocracy, among whom they find a welcome and a justification. They will always find, too, men connected with art who pay them court, and towards whom they can give themselves the air of Mecænates.

But to speak accurately it cannot be said that they merely give themselves the air of Mecænates; they exhibit a real similarity to the celebrated friend of the Emperor Augustus, to the man whom Horace so often sang, and whose name has descended as an inheritance upon every patron of art even down to the present day. What Tacitus said about him in his *Annals* I will not quote, because the great Roman historian was a man who would have nothing to do with the fashionable world. Other and less severe judges, however, among the historians gave us a picture of him that exactly suits our present patrons of art. He possessed a profound knowledge of precious stones, and everything appertaining to dress; he was the first to introduce the ballet—and what a ballet—at Rome, but whether from love for the art of dancing or the dancers, is a point that cannot be with certainty determined. He was one of the most competent authorities on the culinary art, and, according to Pliny, himself invented a peculiarly delicate dish. At his richly furnished table, all witty fellows, all amusing individuals, were welcome, but, *above all*, Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, the latter of whom played as great a part as any virtuoso of the present day. Horace describes him as a man who, at one time, walked solemnly about, as though the prosperity of the universe were resting on his shoulders, and, at another flew along the street, as if running from his enemies; who now had his mouth crammed with the names of potentates and tetrarchs, and then affected an air of modesty, being contented with a small can of Sabine wine in simple, unpretending company—a man whom the vagabond brotherhood of boon companions valued as an amiable man: *quippe benignus erat!*—Really this Tigellius was the very ideal of a modern singer at some Royal or ducal court! After Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, Horace and Virgil were, it is true, the favorites of Mecænas, who was fond of conversing with poets. He made the former a present of a small estate, which, according to Suetonius, was worth about a tithe of what he had thrown away on Tigellius and Bathyllus. Virgil, who had lost all his property in the war, he recommended to Augustus, and the latter gave him, also, a small estate, for which the poet, in the *Bucolica*, praised him as a God: "*Deus mihi hæc otia fecit.*" Another point of resemblance between the Roman Mecænas and the Mecænates of our own time deserving of especial notice is: that his intercourse with poets and scholars had no influence upon his own mental culture, and that in prose, as in verse, his style was either bombastic or trivial. Of a truth, the genuine artist can have no greater gratification than to hear certain people considered Mecænates.

But, Heaven be thanked, art is no longer compelled to appeal to this class. It has friends and admirers who work to advance its interest all the more profitably because they do so without ostentation. Many a man, of whom the fashionable world knows nothing, pours out his offerings with an open hand upon the altar of art—and many a man who belongs to art avoids talking of what he does. Tigellii and Bathylli are as well adapted for the Mecænates of the present day, as they were, nine hundred years ago, for the founder of the name. But the true musician is now-a-day a citizen of the world—and he certainly must expect less from individuals, if he would regard himself as belonging to all.

A Man of the Time.

(From the Orchestra, Aug. 1.)

The musical editor of the *Athenæum* has just laid down the baton and retired from the position of once a week conducting the concords and dissonances of musical opinions with the public. For nearly forty years Mr. H. F. Chorley—a man well known and deservedly respected—has, in the columns of the *Athenæum*, sat in the seat of judgment on the doings of the musical world, week after week recording all the great and important events, and making this popular journal an authority with artists and a trustworthy reference in all matters connected with music. This he has done to the best interests of the paper, to the satisfaction of the public, and notably with much credit to himself.

The position and duties of a musical editor to a newspaper is of new creation, and Mr. Chorley is one of the first occupants of the new bench. Forty years ago no morning paper had its musical editor, and musical reporting in any proper sense of the word was confined to the two papers—the *Atlas* and the *Spectator*. On the *Atlas* was Mr. Holmes, the well-known professor of his day, and author of the Life of Mozart and many creditable essays on music and musical men in the Magazines and Quarterlies of the time. On the *Spectator* was Mr. Edward Taylor, afterwards Gresham Professor of Music, as strong in expression as he was in earnest and sound opinion. Great doers create great judges of their doings, and Messrs. Holmes and Taylor were ever engaged in the consideration and welfare of high and classical music. Both lived outside the church, and had small esteem for the clergy or their services; and yet both, unconsciously, fought more for church music than aught else, and by their writings did much to draw attention to the miserable state of music in the National Church, and the means and appliances necessary for its revival. Fifty years ago the opera and the drama had their share of attention in the daily prints, and now and then Mr. Alsager in the *Times*, and Mr. Ayrton in the *Morning Post* put out some well-written and caustic essays on the performances of the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic Society. To the distinguished manner in which the latter gentleman so long conducted the *Harmonicon*, we need only give a passing acknowledgment.

At the advent of young Mendelssohn there was no one on the daily journals in any wise competent to weigh his merits and advance his claims to public patronage; for Mr. Holmes could see no distinct originality—nothing but memories of Weber and milk-and-water dilutions of Sebastian Bach; and though Mr. Edward Taylor at first took the young aspirant for fame under his protecting wing, the scene soon changed, and the musical Boreas of the *Spectator* sent forth blustering and inhospitable blasts calculated to nip the opening spring of "our Felix." The Grand Festival in Westminster Abbey, the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the growing importance of the Birmingham and Norwich Festivals, and the presence of her Majesty (then the Princess Victoria) at the York Musical Festival, gave an unusual impetus to the music of the highest class, and more attention was bestowed on musical criticism in the daily journals. The *Sun* newspaper began to issue long and elaborate notices on the efforts of the art and artists, and the *Morning Post* specially engaged a musical editor as an accredited and formal branch of its establishment.

Music had by this time made great advances in its outward mechanism, and a corresponding advance in the science of art-criticism was as quickly realized as it was imperatively called for. The popular exhibition of great art, growing out of deep knowledge and strong feeling, seemed to create increased faculties of perception in the critics, and it was both curious and interesting to watch the novel and craving desire to search into every part of the composer's work, and faithfully to record the new truth or the unfamiliar emotion. No ordinary talent was required to lay open the secret springs that guided the great artist in the progress of his work, and it is but justice to remark that the first musical editors of the metropolitan journals fulfilled their duties with an ability and a sense of equity and propriety that enlisted the sympathies of the great musicians of the day, and secured the confidence of the public.

Among the original troupe was Mr. H. F. Chorley, who in spite of his prejudices and his predilections stands forth a shrewd, broad-seeing, and thoroughly honest critic. His writings have been narrowly scanned, yet no one can point out an unworthy or base thought in any line he wrote. Considering its place and time, all fits in deftly and honestly; it was what he thought then and there as an upright and unbiassed journalist. Whatever he may have said or written on artists and art—whether too much or too little—all was truly and justly done as far as the writer's means of judging would permit. Not infrequently his judgments stood alone, for he never feared dissenting from his contemporaries; and some of these judgments he has lived to see accepted by the public and verified in every way by the course of events.

Besides his contributions to the *Athenæum*, Mr. Chorley has published his "Musical Recollections," commencing with the year 1830, and before the appearance of this work he had given to the public his views of musical life, and the state of musical art here and on the continent. There is nothing of the sensational about his writing, nor does he ever attempt to describe a scene. Ordinarily he is narrative, didactic, and reflective; enthusiasm is not his line, and he delights rather in summing up tersely, quaintly, and sometimes sarcastically. Occasionally he is somewhat too dogmatic; more rarely his manner verges on the supercilious. Mr. Chorley generally ignores the church, and his musical standpoint is therefore the opera. His writings are chiefly historical notes upon the progress of the operatic, as seen in the works of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and in the concatenations of Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Wagner. He takes credit for having at first sight discerned the merits of Gounod, and he has uniformly pressed the works of this composer upon the attention of his readers. Many would not agree with all that he has written upon Gounod; but he prophesied the success of the *Faust*, and as his prophecy was fulfilled, he has, so far, the best of the argument. When Mr. Chorley first came before the public as an operatic critic, the Italian Opera was simply a grand display of song; the singers were all in all, the band was of small importance, and the scenery a mere thing of shreds and patches. Pasta and Malibran, Rubini and Lablache, cared nothing for scenery; and two fiddles and a bass would have been quite enough for all their wants in the way of accompaniment. There was no Costa and no Arditi in those days, and Pasta would probably have treated the conductor as irreverently as old Cramer addressed the obese Doctor, Philip Hayes. Nursed in the great school so wondrously perfected by Sontag, Grisi, Viardot-Garcia, and Jenny Lind, the opinions of Mr. Chorley with regard to opera singers were those from which commonly there was no appeal; he hit the nail upon the head, and there was an end of it. Knowing also, as he did, the greatest pianists, and being him-

self no mean performer on the instrument, his judgments on pianoforte playing and composition were received with deference, and submitted to without murmur; in fact, in those branches of the musical art to which he applied himself Mr. Chorley was a most skilled and competent critic, and ever maintained a foremost position amongst his contemporaries. Speaking the truth, he was, as a matter of course, now and then the victim of unjust abuse, and the pages of one journal were for many years adorned with periodical sour and virulent paragraphs bearing witness to the straight-forward and truthful character of the articles in the *Athenæum*. If Mr. Chorley's criticism be occasionally deficient in earnestness, great allowances should be made for the state of the art, the character of the artists, and the mind of the public. In Mendelssohn he had full opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner mind of a great musician. But Mendelssohn's comet-like appearance lighted up the heavens but for a moment; and now, the very fire and love he has left us in his music, conductors and performers are busily engaged in obscuring and destroying.

As operatic critic Mr. Chorley was constantly required to study conventionalities, and in a manner to give up the right exercise of his understanding and affections; and the mass of musical sounds which assault the ears of the journalist during a single season is certain to distress the head and also harden the heart. If this be borne in mind, little exception can be taken either to the spirit or expression of anything he has written. We congratulate Mr. Chorley upon the position he has attained and kept, and on the esteem in which he is held by every one whose good opinion is worth having. Our best wishes attend him in his retirement—a retirement from which in the interests of music we trust he may occasionally, if not frequently, emerge.

Cherubini's "Medea."

It is pleasant to record the success of such a work as the *Medea* of Cherubini. Highly as it is esteemed by good judges, it has hitherto been a myth to the large majority of musicians and amateurs in this country. Even in Germany it is but seldom given, and the announcement of *Medea* at one of the few theatres which still preserve it in their list of immediately available operas is temptation strong enough to induce any enthusiastic tourist with a leaning towards fine music to prolong his sojourn in the town which can boast of such a theatre. The chance of hearing *Medea* even tolerably played has always been considered too precious to neglect, inasmuch as it might not occur again in a lifetime. And yet, strange to add, every one lucky enough to obtain that chance, comes away from the performance firmly convinced that he has been listening to a masterpiece with few equals, and perhaps not a single superior. None have ever thought of comparing *Medea* with either of the tragic operas of Mozart—*Idomeneo* or *La Clemenza di Tito*. Its loftier merits as a dramatic composition are denied by very few who have enjoyed the rare opportunity of testing them. How, then, account for the almost universal neglect into which it has fallen?—how explain the fact that, though originally composed for the Feydeau in Paris, it is never to be heard at the Opera Comique, or indeed at any theatre in France? True, some time ago, there was a talk of its revival at the larger theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, with the spoken dialogue thrown into accompanied recitative for the occasion, by M. Salvador Cherubini, a son of the composer; but the recitative was not forthcoming, and the design fell through. In the country where Cherubini should be honored as one of the most illustrious of Florentines, as the greatest pupil of the great Sarti—a pupil who far outstripped his master—his *Medea* was never produced, though another *Medea*, not to be named in comparison, was once popular all over Italy. This is the *Medea* of John Simon Mayr, an Italianized Bavarian, who composed upwards of seventy operas now buried in oblivion—the same *Medea* to which the English public were forced to pay homage by the histrionic genius of Pasta. Cherubini never heard any of the works he composed for Paris sung to his own pliant, beautiful and harmonious language. That in England, where we have transplanted the operas of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spohr, and even Halévy to the Italian stage, and where the love for what is regarded as "classical" is so general that both our Italian lyric theatres found it expedient in the same year (1851) to appropriate to their purposes *Fidelio* itself—the aspiring effort of the most aspiring and uncompromising of musicians—no thought should ever have been bestowed upon a dramatic composer of such repute as Cherubini, is singular. His requiems and masses for the Church have long been received and admired among us; while his operatic overtures are familiar to frequenters of orchestral concerts, wherever orchestras can be found sufficiently well trained to execute them decently. But the operas to which these overtures are merely preludes remain unknown. And yet they have been warmly and repeatedly eulogized by authorities looked upon with excellent reason as trustworthy. While citing Beethoven, indeed, a contemporary might have adduced Beethoven's own words in the famous letter about the Second Mass—the fact of which having called forth no acknowledgment from Cherubini was inexplicable, until accounted for by the other fact of its never having reached Cherubini's hands. For though, as Mendelssohn tells us, the composer of *Medea* said of Beethoven's later music "*Ça me fait cherminer*," he entertained a genuine respect for the earlier and middle productions of that magnificent genius. The rest were perhaps not exactly in his sphere. But apart from Beethoven and other distinguished Germans, there are those at home, on whose opinions sufficient reliance might have been placed, to justify long since a trial of one of the operas of Cherubini, either in Italian or English. The time is come at last, however, and the result surpasses what could, under any ordinary circumstances, have been expected. Mr. Mapleson first gave us *Medea* in 1865. In 1866 and 1867 he gave it us again; and now, in 1868, we are once more happily favored. Thanks to Mlle. Tietjens, and thanks to Signor Arditi—quite as much as to Mr. Mapleson.

Since Mr. Lumley first ventured on presenting Beethoven's *Fidelio* in an Italian dress, no such event had signalized the history of Her Majesty's Theatre as the production of Cherubini's *Medea* (in 1865) under similar circumstances. A opera better calculated to introduce with dignity this eminent master to a public hitherto only acquainted with his dramatic music by report, could hardly have been selected. The story of Jason's heartless infidelity, and Medea's terrible revenge, was just suited to Cherubini, in whom the gift of flowing melody was not by any means so conspicuous as that of dramatic expression, and whose genius, always soaring, could seldom gracefully lend itself to the illustration of ordinary human character, or of the common feelings and incidents of ordinary human life—which appears even in his admirable comic opera, *Les Deux Journées*. Happily the poet, E. B. Hoffmann—"Méhul's Hoffmann," chiefly remembered for his zealous advocacy of Méhul's music, a sort of literary jack-of-all-trades, who wrote verses, criticism, pamphlets, and opera-books—followed Euripides, rather than Seneca, in his portraiture of Medea, and thus afforded Cherubini an opportunity of putting forth a giant's strength. The Medea of Euripides is sublime, even amid her cruel acts of vengeance—a woman metamorphosed by fate into an inexorable Nemesis. She is not the commonplace fury portrayed by the Roman philosopher, in that dull tragedy which, with its tedious declamation, prosy rhetoric, and childish incantations, must surely have been read, from a "presentation copy," by Petronius Arbiter, who was otherwise not the man to hold up Seneca to ridicule under the grandiloquent name of Agamemnon. The fickle Jason, chief of the Argonauts, by the side of his abandoned spouse, looks contemptible, and all his smooth-faced sophistry fails to convince the spectator that his doom is not well merited. In Creon, the Corinthian king, whose daughter is the cause of the alienation of Jason's affections from the Colchian princess, we have one of those lay figures peculiar to Greek tragedy. In Dirce, the talked-about but never present Glauca of Euripides—the Creusa of Seneca—little better than a nonentity can be recognized, her dread of Medea ill consorting with her ready consent to wed the father of Medea's children. The Athenian Ægeus—in Mayr's *libretto*, the sentimental adorer of Creon's daughter, which accounts for the sympathy he shows for her rival—is happily discarded by Cherubini's dramatic poet, who really could not have fashioned him into anything like a shape amenable to effective musical treatment. But every other character, as in Euripides, is made subordinate to the one commanding personage of Medea; and in adopting this view of the Athenian poet, the French librettist showed not merely a great deal of common sense, but a true instinct of poetic beauty. At any rate, he handed over to the composer a classic model capable of the loftiest treatment; and it must be confessed that Cherubini's musical embodiment rivals the antique conception. In points of less significance, wherever the *libretto* of Hoffman incidentally differs from the tragedy, it is to the studied advantage of the musician; and as these for the most part are limited to visible representations of what in the original is supposed to take place behind the scene, there is no violation of strict tragic decorum. The celebration of the marriage rites between Dirce and Jason, with all the characteristic pomp and ceremony, the paraphernalia of the temple, the *canto fermo* of the priests, alternately taken up by the voices of men and women, and ever and anon mingling with the majestic harmony of the procession march—the whole witnessed behind a pedestal by the forlorn Medea, already breathing vows of death and desolation—may be cited as an example of what the poet has done for the composer, and of the extraordinary skill with which the composer has availed himself of the opportunity thus presented. There is not a more splendid or masterly *finale* than this in any opera that could be cited. Spontini's great scene in *La Vestale* is scarcely, in comparison, better than so much empty noise.

The whole musical setting forth of *Medea* proves that Cherubini had mentally grasped the subject before putting pen to paper. He has presented us with Euripides in music. His Jason is weak and vacillating; his Dirce is a pale abstraction; his Creon is abrupt and rugged as the Scythian king of Gluck; his Medea is sublime. Even Neris, Medea's constant and attached follower, has an air, when she will follow the fortunes of her mistress to the end—"Ah! nos peines seront communes" (we quote from the original), which endows the character with a strong and touching individuality. Gluck was Greek in his two *Iphigenias*, his *Alceste*, and his *Orphée*; but Cherubini is still more supremely and superbly Greek in his *Medea*. Not one of Gluck's heroines stands out so rock like as this marvellous creation, which is to high tragedy what Beethoven's *Fidelio* is to the drama of sentiment. That Beethoven could have given us a Medea it is hardly safe to doubt, admitting, as all are bound to admit, that he was the Shakespeare among musicians; but whether he could (or would) have cast his heroine in that severely classical mould which in Cherubini's creation exhibits the daughter of Æetes as something more than earthly—a veritable descendant of the sun—is questionable. Beethoven, like Shakespeare—all of whose characters, no matter what they say and do, are unmistakable sons and daughters of Eve—leaned too lovingly to human nature; but the Medea of Cherubini, like the Medea of Euripides, woman as she appears in her impassioned moments, shows a touch of the demi-goddess that places her apart from the actual sphere of humanity.

To enter into a detailed analysis of the music of *Medea* would take up far more space than can be allotted to a single article. Our present object is merely to record that success has again attended an uncommonly bold and creditable venture. That so poor a production as the Italian *Medea* of the Bavarian Mayr, composed in 1812, should have superseded so true a masterpiece as the French *Medea* of the Florentine Cherubini, composed in 1797, and have held the stage for nearly half a century, amid general applause, in almost every considerable town of Europe where Italian opera existed, is one of those problems not easy to solve, and which alone can find precedents in the history of the musical art. It affords an instance, among many, of how executants, particularly singers, have been regarded as everything, while what they were appointed to execute has been slurred over as of small importance. Madame Pasta created and established the Medea with which the last half-century has been familiar and yet, illustrious as is her name, who, now that she is gone, remembers, or would care to remember, a single bar of the opera? Mme. Pasta could not, it is true, have sung the music of Cherubini, which, according to M. Fetis and others, laid the seeds of a pulmonary complaint that ultimately robbed the Theatre Feydeau of the services of the renowned Mme. Scio;* but happily there is still a singer at Her Majesty's Opera to whom Medea comes as readily as Fidelio. No performance of Mlle. Tietjens, since Mr. Lumley first introduced her to the public in 1858, has so emphatically stamped her as a great and genuine artist. Her Medea must take a higher rank than her Fidelio, inasmuch as it belongs to sublime tragedy; while the music of Cherubini, still more trying and difficult than that of Beethoven, requires greater skill to execute, and greater physical power to sustain with unabated vigor to the end. The last act of *Medea*—one of the grandest last acts of opera, ancient or modern, exhibits Mlle. Tietjens no less as a consummate tragedian than as a consummate vocalist in the particular school to which she belongs. Each gesture has its meaning, each accent tells. But in almost every

* Who, nevertheless, was strong enough to aid in the success of an opera, by the same composer, brought out three years later (1857)—no other than *Les Deux Journées*—in which Mme. Scio played with extraordinary success the part of Constance.

other we pass the performance of *Medea* at Her Majesty's Opera is excellent. The Jason of Signor Mongini, the Dirce of Mlle. Bauermeister, the Neris of Mlle. Sinico, and, above all, the Creon of Mr. Santley, are thoroughly efficient. The orchestra and chorus are nothing less than splendid; and the utmost credit is due to Signor Arditi, not only for the efficient manner in which he has reproduced a work of almost unexampled difficulty, but for the discreet and, at the same time, musician-like manner in which he has set the spoken dialogue (an indispensable element at the Opera Comique) to accompanied recitative. Mr. Beverly, too, has supplied some appropriate scenery (very much in the same style as that of Mr. Telbin, in 1865), and the opera is altogether well put upon the stage. That *Medea* will, like *Fidelio*, take a permanent place in the repertory of Her Majesty's Opera, is, we think, certain. No unfamiliar work was ever received with more spontaneous and undisputed approval.—*London Times, June*, 1868.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti's Career.

[From the "Pall Mall Gazette," July 29th.]

The season just terminated at the Royal Italian Opera, although on the whole by no means one of the most prosperous in the history of that establishment, could not have ended more brilliantly than with the varied combination of entertainments presented the other night "for the benefit of Mlle. Adelina Patti," including an act from *Romeo e Giulietta*, an act from *Faust*, and an act from *La Figlia del Reggimento*. In each of these operas—the first two of recent growth, the last about a quarter of a century old—Mlle. Patti has earned some of her fairest laurels; and for the purpose of displaying the versatility of her talent a better choice could hardly have been made. But of the Juliet, the Margaret, and the Maria of Mlle. Patti there is nothing new to say. Their conspicuous features are familiar to operagoers in London, and their merits, vocal and dramatic, are unanimously admitted. No more need be added than that on the occasion referred to she selected from *Romeo e Giulietta* the first act, containing the lively cavatina in waltz measure, "Nella calma d'un bel sogno," and the so-styled madrigal, "Angiol regina," in which Juliet and Romeo first exchange sentiments; from *Faust* the Garden-scene, the finest and most genuine passage in that opera and probably in all Gounod; and from *La Figlia del Reggimento* the scene at which, at a music lesson, accompanied on the pianoforte by the Marchioness of Berkenfield, the *ci-devant* Vivandiere, tired of the restraint imposed upon her, and egged on to rebellion by Sergeant Sulpizio, petulantly tears up her music, and, substituting the old song for the new, attacks with enthusiasm the characteristic "Rataplan." Each of these well-known scenes was done to absolute perfection, and in each Mlle. Patti roused the audience to an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm. The brilliant waltz of Juliet was heartily encored; the same compliment was paid to the not less brilliant "Air des Bijoux" of Margaret, and again to the "Rataplan" of Maria. Never, indeed, did the most popular stage singer of the day exhibit her manifold gifts and accomplishments to more striking advantage. Her principal associate in *Romeo e Giulietta* and *Faust e Margherita* was Sig. Mario, happily in his best mood; and thus the first interview between the "star-crossed lovers" in the former and the Garden-scene in the latter were represented with a grace and truthfulness impossible to surpass. To crown the whole, Mlle Patti gave the solos in "God save the Queen" with a vigor and point which can only be explained by the fact of her being quite as conversant with the English language as with her own. The evening, in short, was one series of triumphs.

Before these words are in type Mlle. Patti will have become a French marchioness; her marriage with the Marquis de Caux, a nobleman attached to the Imperial Court of France, having been announced to take place this morning at eleven o'clock, in the Catholic Chapel of St. Mary's, Clapham Park. It is not our usual custom to pay attention to such matters; but as it is possible, though we trust improbable, that this new turn of fortune may sooner than later deprive the Italian lyric stage of one of its brightest ornaments, we are tempted to refer to it, and further to take the opportunity of briefly recapitulating the history of Mlle. Patti's past career in England. Few lovers of Italian opera can have forgotten the universal regret caused by the almost sudden death, at St. Petersburg, of that admirable singer, Mme. Angiolina Bosio, in April, 1859. With her it seemed that we had lost the only genuine Italian soprano on the Italian stage. Her place was ill supplied at the Royal Italian Opera by Mme. Miolan Carvalho, too essentially French to accommodate herself readily to the Italian style, and not supplied at all by Mlle. Lotti, or by any other singer upon whom, in 1859 and 1860, Mr. Gye could lay hands—admitting, as we must in fairness, the practised talent of Mme. Penco, who belonged rather to the Grisi than to the Bosio school. A year later, however, the memorable year of the second series of Mme. Grisi's "Farewell Performances," the year of the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre and of Mr. Mapleson's first adventure as a director of Italian Opera (at the Lyceum), when things looked dull and unpromising enough at Covent Garden, a new phenomenon suddenly appeared. That phenomenon was Adelina Patti, who, unheralded by any preliminary flourish of trumpets, on the 14th of May, 1861, took operatic London by storm. Nobody, in fact, except those whose special business it is to occupy themselves with musical matters, at home and abroad, had even heard of her. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and when the Amina of the evening tripped on the stage to impart the fulness of her joy to her associates in the melodious recitative, "Care compagne," there was a general feeling of surprise. She looked like a mere child, slight in form and diminutive in stature—something from which to expect great things would be absurd. And that no one expected great things was evident from the general apathy of the house. But at the conclusion of the recitative the ice was broken. No such voice had been heard since the voice of Angiolina Bosio was silent, and no such singing. This was confirmed in "Come per me sereno;" and as the opera proceeded the audience grew warmer and warmer. The Bedroom-scene, to old opera-goers almost revived the days of Malibran, and the "Ah non giunge," that most rapturous of *finales*—according to the manner, so essentially different from the manner of Mozart and Beethoven, in which certain admired Italian composers express rapture—put the seal upon a triumph as indisputable as was ever gained by a *debutante*. The day after, the papers were loud in her praises; and it was as true of Mlle. Patti as of Lord Byron that one morning she awoke and found herself famous. In the same year the new singer played Lucia with great success, though with hardly so much as followed her Amina, and for the best of reasons—she was not the consummate actress she is now; Violetta (*La Traviata*); Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), on one of the "Grisi farewell nights," effectively eclipsing Mme. Carvalho, who had played Zerlina in the earlier part of the season; Martha; and Rosina (*Il Barbiere*), again casting her predecessor, Mme. Carvalho, into the shade. All this time her vogue was increasing. Each part earned for Mlle. Patti a step onward in public estimation, and at the end of the season, as Schumann said on the apparition of Schubert's first trio, "Die Welt glänzt wieder frisch"—for the management of the Royal Italian Opera, at all events.

That Mlle. Patti was the abiding "star" of the season 1862 may well be imagined. Nevertheless, she added only two parts to those we have enumerated—Norina (*Don Pasquale*) and Dinorah, in the opera so called; the latter a performance in all respects so remarkable that it is difficult to understand why it has never been repeated. No such impersonation of the dreamy and romantic heroine of Meyerbeer's charming pastoral as that of Mlle. Patti has been witnessed since *Dinorah* was first produced in London, under Meyerbeer's own superintendence, in 1859. In 1863 Mlle. Patti brought four new parts to her already extensive repertory—Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Adina (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), and Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*). The first and second of these she has apparently abandoned, although both created a marked impression; but Adina, the queen of village coquettes, has always been one of her most popular as it is one of her most original and highly finished impersonations; and few amateurs can look back without regret to those evenings on which Donizetti's most genial opera could be heard, with Patti, Mario, and Ronconi, each incomparable, in three of the leading parts, and nothing wanting but a Tamburini, as a Recruiting Sergeant, to make the performance perfect. In 1864, Mlle. Patti was again the favorite and most constant attraction, notwithstanding a new and formidable competitor in Mlle. Pauline Lucca, who on this her first probation served the manager as she has more than once served him since, and to whose unexplained disappearance the public was indebted for Mlle. Patti's Margaret—a Margaret to put all other Margarets out of court. This was the only new character attempted by Mlle. Patti in 1864. She performed it no less than eight times, six times with the flaxen head dress to represent the traditionary *chevelure* of Goethe's poetical creation, and twice, still more winningly, with the head-dress for which she is beholden to nature. In 1865, Mlle. Patti essayed, for the first time in England, the part of Linda, in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. During the previous winter all Paris had been in ecstasies with this latest assumption of their favorite's; and as, three years before, Paris had unanimously endorsed the opinion of London about the merits of Mlle. Patti, it was agreeable now to find London in its turn endorsing the opinion of Paris. Mlle. Patti tried no other fresh character in 1865. In 1866, as Caterina in *L'Etoile du Nord*, she presented us with a musical Caterina equal to that of Mme. Bosio (the original in London), and a dramatic Caterina superior to that of Mme. Bosio; while her Annetta, the cobbler's wife, in the somewhat trivial *Crispino e la Comare* of the brothers Ricci, added yet another to her long list of comic impersonations; one, too, which must always be vividly remembered, if only for the dance at the end of Act 2, executed with such engaging grace and quietude, to the accompaniment of a series of brilliant vocal passages—a *tour de force* that would have gone far to keep even a feebler production than this same opera on its legs. About Juliet, in the Italian version of M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, the one character added to Mlle. Patti's list in 1867, enough has been recently said to absolve us from the necessity of doing more than repeat that it exhibits her genius and talent in their ripe maturity, and is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the modern lyric drama. A more ideal embodiment, indeed, of one of our great dramatist's most poetic creations could not easily be imagined.

In the season just expired not a single new character has been assigned to Mlle. Patti, although we were promised Elvira (*I Puritani*), Gilda (*Rigoletto*), and the unknown Giovanna d'Arco of Verdi; but, happily, there is always something fresh and engaging in her delineations of parts however familiar. Her career has been as honorably industrious as it has been uniformly successful. Richly endowed, she has not the less perseveringly studied to attain the perfection of detail indispensable to true art, and the defects observable when she first appeared among us have, with laborious and resolute striving, been conquered one by one. Her voice has grown richer and more flexible through constant use—a proof that its use has been legitimate; her vocalization is as fluent and correct as it is brilliant and expressive. As an actress, both in the comic and serious range of characters, she has reached that acme of perfection which makes acting seem no acting at all, but rather truth idealized. Nothing can be more natural, graceful and spontaneous than her comedy, nothing more deeply felt and touching than her tragedy. In short, she now presents to us the very *beau ideal* of a lyric artist.

Mlle. Patti was born at Madrid, April 9, 1843, and is therefore in her twenty-sixth year. Her

parents, both Italian, and both exercising the same profession as herself, left Europe when she was scarcely a year old, and her first successes were obtained in America, North and South, where she was already famous before she came to England. It has been justly said that while Europe has sent many famous dramatic singers to America, in sending us Adelina Patti the New World has amply paid off its debt to the Old. Should we lose her now, we shall lose that which the Italian lyric stage can ill spare.

Marriage of Mlle. Patti.

The much debated question whether Mlle. Adelina Patti would really marry a man after all—and a marquis to boot—or whether she would cleave to her old intention of wedding Art only, was finally settled on Wednesday by the performance of the ceremony. The wedding took place on Wednesday—that is to say the second instalment, the religious ceremony. French law requires the performance of a civil procedure, the publication of banns and registration of the contract. The banns had been published at the Mairie du Premier Arrondissement, Paris; the contract was signed on Monday at the French Consulate in the city. His Grace the Duke of Manchester and Mr. Costa were the witnesses of the contract for Adelina Patti, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, with M. Mure, the Secretary of the French Embassy, officiated as *temoins* for the marquis. Now, so far as regards French law this contract is binding, but not so with relation to the Church, and the religious service was therefore performed yesterday, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Clapham Park Road. Although as much privacy had been exercised as possible, the marriage of a popular prima donna could not take place without its being known. The chapel was therefore completely filled, and an immense crowd was collected at the exterior, unable to penetrate into the edifice. The Church was ornamented in the usual style of Roman Catholic chapels, that is to say, there were plenty of flowers on the altar, and plenty of lighted candles also. Besides the seats reserved before the altar for the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, there were seats in the body of the building kept for those friends who were invited to the ceremony. The entrance of the bridesmaids, four in number, attracted the eyes of the crowded chapel. They were dressed in white with blue wreaths around the head, blue ribands round the neck, and blue sashes. The entrance of the bride herself, accompanied by her father, Signor Patti, created the liveliest interest among the spectators. She wore a white satin dress, covered by a lace veil, which fell over her person. She wore the orange-blossoms consecrated to hymeneal celebrations, and a green wreath. She looked, it need hardly be said, extremely pretty, and though very pale, she wore a smile on her face. She at once proceeded to the prie-dieu prepared for her, and knelt before the altar. The bridegroom is not like a Frenchman in appearance. He is fair in complexion, about the middle height, well made and sufficiently good looking. He was accompanied by the French Ambassador, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Duke of Manchester, Mr. Mure, and other friends. Amongst those present were Signor Mario, Mme. Grisi, and three of her children, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Costa, Mr. Gye, Mr. Strakosch, Mr. Harris, and several others connected with the opera houses. The bridesmaids were Mlle. Leuw, Miss Maria Harris, Mlle. Rita di Candia, and Mlle. Zanzy.

The marriage ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church is a very short one, not occupying more than from five to ten minutes. It is of course in the Latin tongue, like all the ceremonies of that Church. When the bridegroom endowed the bride with all his worldly goods, and placed the gold ring on her finger, they retired from the church into the vestry-room, where the registers, both civil and ecclesiastical, were signed by the bride and bridegroom and four witnesses, three of whom were the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Duke of Manchester, and Mr. Mure. When the parties returned into the church the marriage mass was celebrated, the bride accompanying the priest attentively, with her Prayer-book before her. The bridegroom, or rather the husband, for such he now was, did not have, perhaps he did not require, the accompaniment of a manual of prayers. The celebrant of the marriage ceremony and also of the mass was the Very Rev. F. Plunkett (son of the Earl of Fingal), assisted by the Revs. F. F. Burke and Clarey. The mass occupied much more time than the marriage. It was the ordinary low mass of the Roman Catholic Church, but being a marriage one, the nuptial blessing was given during its celebration. After mass, the bridal party proceeded down the church, the principal persons receiving the congratulations of their friends. The Marquise de Caux kissed Mme. Grisi and her daughters, and the Marquis shook hands with his friends. The bride looked extremely interesting after the ceremony, and perhaps not less lovely than when as an artist she recently went through a similar ceremony as *Giulietta* in Gounod's opera. The newly married couple drove off amidst the plaudits of the crowd.

The wedding-breakfast was given at the residence of Mlle. Adelina Patti, Pierpoint House, Athens-road, Clapham-park. About sixty guests were invited. A large tent was pitched in the garden, and gaily decorated with the flags of Italy, France, Spain, England, and the United States, the countries in which the fame of the gifted artist had been established. "The Health of the Marquis and Marchioness de Caux" was proposed by Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, who gave a short sketch of the career of the prima donna since her debut at the Royal Italian Opera, dwelling particularly also on the virtues of the artist, which had won for her so many friends in private life. The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

The marquis and marchioness left town in the evening for Paris, on their way to Switzerland. Towards the close of the ensuing month Mme. Adelina Patti—for that will continue to be her professional name so long as she remains on the stage, which will be for two years more—will appear at Hamburgh for twelve representations. In October she will re-appear in Paris until December, and will then go for two months to St. Petersburg, returning to the French capital to complete her engagement at the Italian Opera House up to May, when she will again visit this country for the Royal Italian Opera season.

The ages of the newly married couple were given as twenty-five for the bride, and forty-two for the bridegroom.—*Lond. Orchestra, Aug. 1.*

Music on the Common.

The showers of the dog days have so disturbed the regularity of the concerts given by the city to its people this year, as to somewhat interfere with their effect. When almost every evening designated for the series has been signalized by a pouring rain, and almost every concert actually given on the Common has been that of a postponement from some previous announcement, it is natural that the public should lose the run of the entertainments, and that many who enjoy them the most should miss an occasional performance. Still no concert has been given, we believe, without the attendance of thousands of attentive men and women, from the classes who spend the whole year in the city, and to whom the summer brings no mountain rambles, no rural vacations, no wider glimpses of the beauty of nature than those which our Common and Public Garden afford. How material a benefit these concerts on the public domain at the public cost have produced, how great is their value as educators, moralizers and civilizers of the mass of humanity drawn together in the city, the poet and philosopher rather than the statistician must tell us. Certainly no observer who has mingled with the throng which fills the grassy amphitheatre about the stand on these occasions can deny that their influence is mainly for good. Everybody knows what miraculous powers are attributed to the charms of music, and what frightful things the man who has no music in himself is fit for. But there is something more in these assemblies than the strains that float from brazen mouths. People are tempted out of doors, which in itself is no slight thing in the case of those who live crowded together in homes where every breath is laden with poison. They are made to feel that they are members of a great, liberal, public-spirited community. They are stimulated to sociability. They are brought face to face with each other, and each is shown his neighbors in their happiest phase. They are taught the nobler lessons of that democracy under which we live, and which in the selfish bustle of a great city is apt to present its baser side uppermost. But all these things are inculcated unconsciously; and the one thing for which the people come out, the single common sympathy which binds them all together, is the concert provided by the municipality.

The experience of successive summers brings some lessons as to the details of these entertainments, which may be spoken of without a suspicion of grumbling over what is in general very wisely administered. The annoying and persistent rainstorms of which we have spoken give us the first hint; and it is the same already put forward in these columns as to the time of the annual militia encampment. In theory our summer extends from May to September; in fact the chary New England climate cuts it much shorter. The "pious fraud of the almanac" of which Mr. Lowell speaks extends into the first month of it, and the

> "dank and snuffling days
> That make us bitter at our neighbors' sins"

intrude themselves into that month which he calls the pearl of our year, before she

> "from some southern ambush in the sky
> With one great gush of blossom storms the world"

From the moment thus happily described we have real summer, but only until August brings our rainy season, when sojourners in the country find themselves shut into home-sick prisons, and every picnic come to an untimely end. It is not in the dog-days, but in their predecessors of July, when the earth almost hisses with heat, and evening with its sea-breeze is the precious oasis in the dreary desert of a day in the city, and when nobody need fear a wetting, that the concerts should add to the charms of the Common. The policy which leaves these long twilights unoccupied, and postpones the beginning of the series to the verge of August, is surely capable of amendment.

The hour of the concerts might also be changed to advantage. When the concerts were inaugurated, three years ago, they began at six o'clock. People complained, and with good reason, that they followed too sharply upon the close of the working day. But eight o'clock seems as great an error in the opposite direction. The loveliness of early evening, the level rays of the sun gilding the tops of the elms, the harmony of music and twilight, are all lost. The great attraction of promenading in the paths, meeting friends and finding subjects for talk in the discovery of familiar faces, is all sacrificed. The lurking pickpocket and those who find darkness a cloak for vice are the only gainers. The music begins as the darkness falls; and after the first piece or two the concert might as well be given at midnight for all that can be seen. The interval between seven and nine o'clock is in every way better; uniting as it does the beauties of sunset, the serenity of the twilight hour, and the gradual lighting up of the stars, or the gentle coming moon, during the last half of the programme and the return home.

Another improvement is that suggested by the attendants at the concerts themselves, when they greet with hearty welcome and relinquish with reluctance any air of established and familiar popularity. It is easy to sneer at popular music, and to exalt the education of the ear to be derived from listening to classical or intricate compositions. But while the common people are the listeners to the concerts on the Common, and the class who patronize the great organ, the opera and the oratorio are away at Swampscott and Mount Washington, the preferences of the popular heart have a right to be consulted. The British army in the Crimea found in "Annie Laurie" a cheering and inspiring influence worth as much to its efficiency as a re-enforcement of half a dozen brigades; and the work of tunes which like that have a living and actual meaning to every heart is much more direct in the promotion of good manners and good morals than the frivolities of a coruscation of galops, waltzes, redowas and noisy marches, such as may properly be infused for variety, but ought never to be made the exclusive staple of an evening's programme.—*Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 14.*

Sacred Music.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

In our juvenile days we remember sitting at a window in the house of a serious lady, when an organ in the street began to peal forth the most doleful succession of sounds ever put together by mortal in the most excruciating moments of his grief. Our involuntary expression of horror at the infliction was, however, immediately succeeded by abject contrition for the utterance of any opinion upon the composition; for we were angrily told that it was "sacred music;" and therefore it was not to be expected that we should derive any agreeable sensation from hearing it. Even in those early days, this frank confession of the mission of "sacred music," appeared strange to us. We had been taught to believe that religion was the solace of man during his brief sojourn upon the earth—that his moments of sadness were made happier, and even his moments of gladness tempered and subdued by the benign influence of his pure and steadfast faith. If, we reasoned with ourselves, religion be really compounded of gratitude and hope, how can this be religious music; for assuredly the only gratitude we felt was when it had ceased, and the only hope it raised was an intense one that we should never hear it again. Years have rolled on since then; but who can ever forget these early impressions; and who, indeed, can even doubt that much of the feeling we have mentioned still lingers with a large number of the middle classes? Are there not many persons who will listen with resigna-

tion to compositions containing not even the germ of religious inspiration, provided they are told that the word "sacred" is engraved upon the title-page? And if this class exist, is it not likely that it will be liberally supplied with the article it requires? Weigl, the composer, was once asked why he did not write any more operas: "Ah," he answered, with a sigh, "I am getting old; I have no more ideas; I now only write Church Music." If our readers ask for some specimens of the individuals who are satisfied with the mere outward semblance of a faith, let them search even in the advertisement columns of a daily newspaper, and they will be at once assured of their existence. We select one, which appeared a short time since.

TO DRAPERS' ASSISTANTS.—WANTED, a Young Man, of Christian principles, to dress fancy millinery and silk windows for a first-class pushing house of business. Apply to—.

It would be curious to enquire how this immaculate young gentleman's Christian principles are to be shown in action. Being fully impressed with the vanity of worldly display and undue love of finery, how can he do violence to his feelings by dressing "fancy millinery and silk windows" with all the colors of the rainbow? Again, is not a "pushing" house of business rather opposed to his avowed principles of peace and good-will to all mankind? Why, this is positively advertising for a martyr.

While serious words can pass for religion, is it to be wondered at that sombre notes should pass for religious music? It may be asserted that sacred music must not be frivolous: certainly not; but that is no reason that it should be depressing. No one can say that Handel's air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," for instance, is secular; but the music, so far from expressing despondency, is as instinct with the cheerfulness of a pure and confident hope as the words to which it is allied. Composers who have true religion in their hearts, give earnest expression to their faith through the medium of music which shall move the feelings of others in sympathy with their own; but mere writers for the religious market, to be serious must be dull; and, the trick of "sacred" harmonies once learnt, any amount of religious music can be thrown off in any given time.

It has been well said by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, in one of his articles on the "Music of the English Church," that the singing of hymns to the popular tunes of the day, "has been acted upon with wanton extravagance, reckless alike of all effect and of all consequence, save that of giving a passive pleasure to the vulgar crowd, and of gaining a momentary popularity for the local practiser of the system." Here, indeed, is an attempt to escape from the dullness of which we have been speaking; but let us take another extract from the same article before we comment upon this significant fact. "The tune of Miss Ann Catley's Hornpipe, so called because that favorite of the public was wont to dance to it, was originally sung by the same versatile performer in Kane O'Hara's dramatic piece, *The Golden Pippin*, as a song named 'The Guardian Angel;' this name gave it sufficient odor of sanctity for Madan, the popular preacher of the Lock Chapel, to include it in his collection of hymn-tunes, where it first figured under the less pious and far less significant title of 'Helmsley.'" Mr. Macfarren afterwards speaks of the tune called "Rousseau's dream," which was a dance in a comic opera; and "Pilgrims of the Night," an unmitigated French dance tune, as two good specimens of secular airs which have been pressed into the service of the Church. Could more positive proof than this be adduced, that the confiding members of a congregation (however rigid they may be in their uneducated notions upon religious music) will listen most devoutly to secular strains, provided only that they have been properly sanctified by a sacred title.

But it is not by thus desecrating the Church that we would desire to introduce music of a less lugubrious character than we have alluded to in the early part of our remarks. We know that secular tunes are usually inseparably united in the mind with secular ideas; and compositions therefore written to sacred words should always spring from the mind of one who (like the grand old church composers) can glorify in notes the faith in which he believes.

But our object here is not so much to define what music is admissible for our Protestant Church service, as to speak of that which should be fitly introduced into the family circle. Presuming on the ignorance of the public, a large trade has lately been carried on in what may be called "Sabbath music;" and in the interest of true art, as well as true religion, it is good that this subject should be properly ventilated. We can, of course, have no objection to the works of the true writers for the Church being included in such a selection; but when we find that the majority of these are garbled portions of movements, taken at random from various composers; short pianoforte pieces, with interpolations introduced by the bungling "arrangers;" and airs, which by some sacred title, are made to look religious; with vapid and tedious variations, (so that vanity and devotion may be simultaneously appealed to) we think it high time that a warning voice should be raised against a system so pernicious in its effects. The best specimens of real sacred music lie around us all, and are to be purchased at a price within the reach of every one. Why, then, have recourse to bundles of heterogeneous materials labelled "Sunday Firesides," or "Holy Recreations?" Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and many others, have supplied us with works which require no editorial dressing up to fit them for the "firesides" of all who feel that religious words can only be united to religious music by those chosen few, who are impressed with the sacredness of their trust.

But it would be good, if possible, to widen our collection of such music by the occasional introduction of compositions, which, if not named "sacred" by the composer, are no less capable of producing the truest feelings of devotion. We agree with Mr. Macfarren (as we have already said) in his assertion, that the words to which music has been originally set, will intrude themselves upon the mind whenever the notes are heard; but we particularly wish to enforce the fact that instrumental compositions have no such character originally stamped upon them. It is true that certain "social surroundings" may have clung to many of them; but, abstractedly, the character of a composition is determined by the feeling it expresses. Some of the slow movements of Beethoven's Sonatas, many of Bach's works, and several of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," for instance, are truly religious; in proof of which Gounod has written an "Ave Maria" to Bach's first prelude, in C. The admission of such works as these will tend materially to elevate the tone of Sunday evening music. Our opening remarks as to the absurdity of supposing that anything sacred must be absolutely dull, will, we are sure, be endorsed by all who have true religion in their hearts; and to such only we appeal. The subject has the deepest interest; and, to those who can calmly reflect upon it, the truth must be obvious, that as a man is not necessarily religious because he is serious—so music is not necessarily religious because it is doleful.—*Novello's Musical Times.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 29, 1868.

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."

In this hot and lazy period of "suspended animation" in our own musical world, and while the mountains and the seashore are more attractive than the best of music, the journalist naturally looks abroad. Even the London summer season is now over. Nor is there much of interest in Paris, beyond the dry details of the annual examinations and *concours* of the Conservatoire. In Germany, however, the summer solstice seems to warm the "Zukunft" element into life; it finds its chiefest opportunities in the dogdays, and holds then high festival. Wagner and Liszt and Bülow seem to have it all their own way of late. The Leipzig *Neue Zeitschrift*, founded originally by Robert Schumann, and once the vehicle of so much fine, fresh insight and sound criticism in music, seems now almost entirely preoccupied with Wagner worship. The two great Festa of the new church of late have been the performance, at Munich, of the "*Meistersinger von Nürnberg*," (of which we have copied some accounts), and more recently the five-days Congress or Convention of the principal apostles and disciples at Altenburg, in Saxony. Probably, for one who wished to form some clear idea of the spirit and tendency of the new school, and what amount and quality of musical creative faculty or genius there might be among its more active members, it would have been well worth the while to be present during those five days. But as we were not there, we propose to translate a good portion of the daily report of proceedings, made in the interest of the movement and by its friends,—of course without endorsing its opinions. Should we find dissenting criticisms, also, which give internal evidence of weight and of sincerity, we may draw from them afterwards. Meanwhile we begin with the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, of July 24.

THE TONKUENSTLER-VERSAMMLUNG IN ALTENBURG, FROM THE 19TH TO THE 23D OF JULY, 1868.

The Congress was opened on Sunday, July 19, at 11 o'clock, A. M., by a musical performance in the *Brüderkirche*. Bach's Motet: "*Jesu meine Freude*," was performed under the direction of Musik-director Riedel, of Leipzig; the choruses by Riedel's *Verein*; the soli sung by the ladies Anna Drechsel, Clara Martini and Marie Gutschebauch from Leipzig, the Court-opera singer Schild of Dresden, and Herren Albert Goldberg of Brunswick and George Henschel of Breslau. The pithy work of the old master, with its unshakeable joy of faith, clad in panoply of iron rhythms, defying all opposition and all obstacles, was rendered in the exemplary manner well known to us Leipzigers; the usual excellences: clearness and certainty of technical execution in detail, expressive shading, fine plastic phrasing, and live common apprehension and feeling of all co operating, here too failed not to surprise the listeners. . . .

The oral opening of the meeting followed about noon, in the Aula of the Gymnasium, through the president of the Union, Dr. Fr. Brendel, who pronounced the customary words of greeting. Then Counsellor Oswald Marbach expatiated with admirable oratory, enchaining the audience by a strain of uninterrupted inspiration, on "The regeneration of dramatic poetry through music." The speaker made the only possibility of raising the Drama out of its present decline to depend upon going back to the Greek drama with its harmonious coöperation of poetry, music and dancing; to this the historical course of the separate development of these arts points already as an inevitable necessity; while all the advantages which have been won through the development of these arts singly will be so much help towards the restoration of the drama in the complete sense. This stirring address was met with unanimous applause.

On the evening of the same day, under Riedel's direction again, and in the Brüderkirche, occurred the first concert for soli, chorus and orchestra. The works performed were the *Requiem* by Berlioz, and Liszt's *Thirteenth Psalm*; the choruses again by Riedel's Society, the tenor solos by Herr Schild, and No. 5 in Berlioz's work by several solo singers, male and female, selected from the meeting.

The *Requiem* by Berlioz had never been performed in full but once, namely in Paris. That heretofore there has been no pressing call for an acquaintance with the work in Germany may be owing, partly to the extraordinary demands it makes in point of execution, partly to the peculiar difficulty which Germans have in understanding this composer. Only Riedel's Verein, some years ago, in Leipzig, in one of its regular sacred concerts, brought out its first movement. The first of these obstacles was not to be got over in the present performance without some re-arrangements. Berlioz prescribes an extraordinary strength of orchestra; for instance, in the *Dies irae*, 16 kettledrums, 4 tamtams, 10 pair of cymbals, 12 horns, 4 cornets, 16 trombones, 2 tubas, 4 ophicleids, 16 trumpets, &c. The instruments are to be divided into five orchestras: one principal, and four accessory. Could the forces have been got together, the room would have been wanting, and a far larger

hall would have been required for the acoustic effect. . . .

The impression of the whole work was a powerful one; in parts, as in *Dies ira*, *Rex tremendæ majestatis*, and the *Sanctus*, it was startling, piercing through marrow and bone (*durch Mark und Bein*—We should think so!) About certain particulars, to be sure, unusual conceptions of the text, audacities of style, unheard of means of expression, opinions may have been divided; many a hearer may have had his silent reservations or have uttered them aloud; the very originality of the music may have struck one strangely in the beginning; yet by the genial directness and consistency of style, with which it artistically and objectively embodies so peculiar a conception of the world, and presents it as an unbroken plastic whole, it carries with it a certain satisfying conviction for all unprejudiced hearers, whose hearts and minds are open to the eternal import of all Art in spite of unaccustomed forms. The chief obstacle to the understanding of Berlioz lies, as Brendel has said, in the mixture of French and German elements by which his artistic character is marked. Berlioz is the first Frenchman who has taken up into himself elements of German life and feeling, and thus shown, a depth of artistic conception never before heard of among his countrymen; only this deep feeling appears more as the pervading fluid of a *picturesque-poetic* creative activity; it does not stand forth so independently, so purely centred in itself, in such specific ethic form, as in the German Art, but in the form of the French "*esprit*" in the noblest, deepest sense of the word. His way of creating is incessantly *objective*; his musical fancy draws its vital fire from a poetic picture world conceived with glowing energy and carried out into the least details. All is steeped in poesy; hence the grandeur of the poetic conception, the transporting, irresistible momentum of his creations, the power of characterization, as well as the warm and glaring realism, &c. These traits pervade all of B's creations; but in the *Requiem* there is especially a loftiness of conception, a plasticity bordering upon an iron precision of form, an originality, a wealth and variety of musical invention, a shaping energy and sure mastery of the entire technical material, which must compel the unconditional respect even of his strongest adversary. Moreover each division of the whole transports you into a certain peculiar atmosphere; it has, as somebody expressed it, its characteristic local color, sharply distinguishing it from the other parts. . . .

Berlioz, to all appearance, expressly, consciously develops the textual contents of each single sentence in a dramatical progression, or has at least, according to the suggestion of the text, a definite scenery in mind, so that one feels tempted to regard the movements in a certain sense as acts. Thus the *Dies ira* is so laid out, that one chorus part begins in a rather moderate movement, the others gradually associate themselves to it in ever quicker rhythm, restlessly and anxiously hurrying and crowding, while single instrumental phrases, now casural, now like obstinate motives recurring, resound in the midst of all like signs and warnings of the last judgment near at hand, until with its majestic terrors it breaks in itself. The entrance of the strongly set brass corps, as well as of the combined male voices, answered in a repeat by the female voices in canon, has an indescribably overpowering and startling effect. One can imagine from it what a crushing effect the piece would have if executed in its original form, observing the directions given by the author in regard to the grouping of the executive body!

To give those unacquainted with the work an idea of the iron consistency and plastic form above referred to, we may call attention to the *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*, in which, to the song of the tenor solo the instrumental bass delivers the main theme of the *Dies ira* interrupted by pauses, while an oboe supports the vocal melody with expressive declamatory accents, so that all speaks the most eloquent and searching language.—On hearing the *Lacrymosa* with its broad and edifying style, never fatigning the interest, its weighty phrasing and its mighty climax to the end, many a person, who knows Berlioz by hearsay only as a vague poetizer and a composer speculating upon instrumental effects, will have found himself agreeably disappointed.—Very peculiar in design is the *Offertorium* (which B. himself entitles "Chorus of souls in purgatory"). The purely musical principal rôle is here assigned to the body of instruments, which unfold a rich contrapuntal life, while the coöperation of the chorus limits itself to two notes forming a little motivo and returning periodically. In a word, every movement surprises you anew by the originality of the conception and the significance of the musical treatment. But what a brilliant coloring is spread over the *Sanctus!* . . .

The writer goes on to lament the exclusion of such "epoch-making" works as this of Berlioz from the programmes of "law-giving" Art institutions, and thinks it enough to make any one become a pessimist and fault-finder generally. But here we must take leave of him, reserving for the next time what he has to say about the Psalm by Liszt.

Mr. L. H. Southard, the well known composer and teacher, and one of the most intelligent and thorough of American musicians, is about to take leave of Boston, where he has won a high and finally a lucrative position in his profession, to reside henceforth in Baltimore. He has accepted an invitation to preside there over the formation and growth of an Academy of Music in connection with the Peabody Institute. So important and promising a field of labor was not to be declined, in spite of Mr. Southard's love for Boston, and the keen sense which will be felt here of his loss.

The new position is one which he is to build up in a great measure for himself; but he will have the Peabody fund behind him, and he enters upon the work with the best assurances and sympathies of all the friends of music and of generous culture in Baltimore. The plan is a large one; it is not merely to build up a musical school, or what is here called a Conservatory, but it is to educate the public taste, to establish concerts of a classical and high order, to make the masterworks and models of musical art familiar. Mr. Southard personally will be chiefly occupied with this latter and higher function; by the arrangement of orchestral concerts, oratorio performances, &c., and by lectures, critical, historical, æsthetical, as well as by initiating plans of organization and by general oversight, he will seek to give the tone to the institution, and mould the material he finds to work with to a high end. Thus, in the matter of instrumental concerts, he already finds four or five small orchestras, whose members are willing to be united under his direction, so as to make up an orchestra not far from the size of that of our Symphony Concerts, with which to educate the ear and sense of musical form, first by the model Symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, then, gradually, the grander inspirations of Beethoven, Schubert, and the rest. We shall not despair of the city of Baltimore, if it become a musical city in a high sense of the word. Mr. Southard, by large general culture and by intellectual tone of character, as well as musical accomplishments, goes well fitted to the task; he is a man in earnest and his aim is high, and all must bid him God speed in a mission, which it is so creditable to Baltimoreans to have offered to him.

Milton G. Pope. The newspapers have published the sad intelligence of the death, by drowning, on the 22nd inst., of this young man, who was one of the most valued among the clerks in the music store of our publishers, Messrs. Ditson & Co. The sad event occurred in Campton, N. H., on the Pemmigewasset river, where he was spending his short summer vacation. Young Pope was the son of Rev. Rufus Pope of Hyannis, Mass. His age was twenty-three. He enjoyed the confidence and high esteem of his employers and associates.

Newport, R. I. Among the pleasant solicitations of this lovely place, during a fortnight's stay, we found some of a musical character. Miss Alide Topp, the wonderful pianist, is spending a few weeks there, and besides receiving a great deal of attention in the fashionable world, has twice played in public. First, she generously lent her aid to a very successful concert of two lady amateurs, residents of Newport, and created the greatest enthusiasm by her playing of a piece by Raff—"Balfe" it was printed on the programme! Some classical pieces for two pianos were finely played, we understand, by the fair concert-givers. But for that occasion we were too late. On Monday evening, the 17th, Miss Topp gave her own concert, in the Academy of Music, assisted by the violinist, from New York, Mr. Wenzel Kopta, whose unclean yet pretentious playing of the hacknied sort of show pieces ("Carnival," &c.), might as well have been dispensed with. Miss Topp's own playing was superb, and of her very best, although the caprice and uncertainty of "Fashion" gave mortifying proof of itself by small attendance. The enthusiasm and applause, however, of the few hundreds who were present, was of the sort that inspires sure hopes for another trial. And we hear that influential ladies have already taken the thing in hand and made the success of a second concert sure beyond peradventure.

We also heard an opera in Newport. "Shanahan's Opera House" is the classical name of the new temple of Thespis! We heard, and saw, a worse performance of *Der Freyschütz* than we had ever supposed possible; it was so bad as to be almost amusing,—quite so in the Incantation scene. There was Frederici, to be sure, as charming as ever in the part of Agathe; and Himmer was not bad as Max. But the Aennchen was a screeching chorus singer; the chorus of bridesmaids were a forlorn set of women, who sang solemnly and seemed to feel their misery; the hunters' chorus was mostly sung by Max and Ottocar (Steinecke), aided by horns, the rest of the men being *green* dummies; the orchestra, of about a dozen instruments, was loud in the inverse ratio of number; and think of jolly, fat Herr Muller as the Caspar! *Martha*, the next night, we are told went better.

Orchestral Music in Boston.—The list we copied, in our last, of novelties performed in the New York orchestral concerts during the past four years has led us to look into the state of the case in Boston. Here the list for *three* years is quite as large and quite as interesting, and contains the better part of the New York list. In the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, the following works have been heard here, for the first time:

Season of 1865–6.

Schumann's "Abendlied," arranged by Joachim.
Overture to "Anacreon," Cherubini.
Polonaise in E, for piano, Weber, transcribed with Orchestra, Liszt.
Overture to "Genoveva," Schumann.
Piano Concerto, in G, op. 58, Beethoven.
Symphony, in C, No 2, Schumann.
Chorus of Dervishes, from "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven.
Overture to "Fieradras," Schubert.
Serenade and Allegro Giojoso, B minor, op. 43, for piano with orchestra, Mendelssohn.
Toccata in F, arr. by Esser, Bach.

1866–7.

Piano Concerto, in A minor, Schumann.
Piano Concerto, F minor, op. 14, Henselt.
Piano Concerto, F sharp minor, N. Bargmüller.
Symphony in D minor, No. 4, Schumann.
Overture to "Les Abencérages," Cherubini.
Piano Concerto, No 2, B flat, Beethoven.
Symphony ("the French") in D, Mozart.
Aria (Contralto): "Erbarme dich," with violin obbligato, from the *Passion music*, Bach.
Rondo, op. 29, piano and orch., Mendelssohn.
Concert Aria: "*Nemico*," with violin obbligato, Mozart.

1867–8.

Overture, "Weihe des Hauses," in C, op. 124, Beethoven.
Overture, "In the Highlands," Gade.
Overture to "Medea," Cherubini.
Alto Aria, "Wohl euch," from a Cantata, Bach.
Concerto for two Pianos, Mozart.
Symphony, in G, Haydn.
Overture, "Ossian," Gade.
Piano Concerto, No 1, in C, Beethoven.
Symphony in D, No. 1, Mozart.
Triple Concerto, in C, op. 56, Beethoven.

In the Orchestral Union Concerts we have had during the same time:

Concert Overture, in A, Julius Rietz.
Overture to "Medea," Bargiel.
Overture to "*Das Heimkehr*," Mendelssohn.
Symphony in B flat, No. 4, Gade.
Overture to "*Les Francs Juges*," Berlioz.
Concerto, for clarinet, J. Rietz.
Overture to "Dionysius," Norbert Burgmüller.
Suite, in E minor, F. Lachner.
Unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert.

To these add the two following works first brought to notice here in the great Festival of last May:

Reformation Symphony (posth.), Mendelssohn.
Piano Concerto, in E flat, Liszt.

A Monster Orchestra.—In the late Tonkünstler-Versammlung (Meeting of Musical Artists—mostly of "the Future") at Altenburg, a *Requiem* by Berlioz was performed, in the orchestration of which no powerful instrument except the steam "Calliope" appears to have been omitted. In the *Dies ræ* the band included 16 kettledrums, 4 tamtams or gongs, 10 pairs of cymbals, 12 horns, 4 cornets, 16 trombones, 2 tubas, 4 ophicleids, 16 trumpets,&c.(!!)

Gottschalk in Buenos Ayres.—Here is a charming specimen of the *bifalutin* rhapsody which follows everywhere in the wake of this sensational pianist. A London paper translates it from the French *Art Musical*, which reproduces it from the *Nacional* of Buenos Ayres.

"*April 4th.*

"A rumor was being circulated since early morning that Gottschalk was to arrive, and the railway station was literally obstructed by a crowd anxious to see this great artist.

"It was a lovely night, the perfumed breeze of the distant 'pampas' softly moving the foliage, and the moon was shining pale and still on the white roofs of the villas partly hidden amongst acacias, rose trees and 'enredaderas.'

"A little later, the passers by, attracted by the mysterious accents of a heavenly harmony, were assembled in front of a small house, a real 'nid de mousse,' in the midst of scented bushes.

"In this enchanted house hospitality was given to the celebrated American—Gottschalk was at the piano. Through a partly opened window we could see the great pianist. Pale from inspiration [perspiration ?], his eyes fixed upon the landscape of the pampa, which unfolded itself in all the splendor of a South American night, the poet artist allowed the harmonies to flow in torrents, unfolding all the treasures of his soul, and, like the muse of music, gave out strains of melody from celestial spheres [!!!]

"Upon approaching nearer, the picture upon which we gazed was well worthy of the landscape which surrounded it. Twenty young ladies were grouped around the great pianist, who was then playing his last composition, 'Le dernier amour.' Their expectant and enthusiastic looks, riveted on the piano, seemed to try to pierce through the material envelope to get at the soul which it contained. This scene had a singular character of poetical grandeur.

"The dark and thick trees, the flowers, the lovely sky, the torrents of light which came out of the drawing-room and rendered still darker the shades of the park: all this scenery of nature seized the imagination and prepared it marvellously for intention of the beauties which the great artist revealed to his spell-bound audience. Yes, it was Gottschalk, the poet-magician—the genius who conquers the masses by his talent, and whose liberality soothes so many misfortunes by giving, wherever he passes, the best part of his triumphs to orphan asylums and other charitable institutions. The association of the Orphan Asylum of Buenos Ayres proposes to offer him a large gold medal."

Rossini anent Wagner.—All sorts of *bon mots* are ascribed to the veteran author of "The Barber" and of "William Tell." Many of them are probably but silly inventions of newspaper paragraphists. But we have not seen the gist of the real criticism upon the "Music of the Future" more pertinently and pithily expressed than in the last sentences of the following letter to the director of the Milan Conservatory, which the old Maestro ("whose operas," it is well said, "are more likely to be the music of the future than *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan*, the *Meistersinger* and the *Nibelungen*") has lately published in the *Revista* of Milan:

"Illustrious Master Rossi,—Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to receive your letter containing the interesting statistical table in reference to the pupils of the Conservatory of Music, which you have directed for many years with so much solicitude and intelligence, with truly exemplary devotion. I was not ignorant of the brilliant results which you had obtained during the last twenty years, and I have much pleasure in offering you, dear master, to you and to the excellent professors who have so admirably seconded you, the tribute of sympathy and the sincere eulogiums which are due to you, and which spring from the bottom of my heart.

"The child of a public musical establishment (the Communal Lyceum of Bologna), as I am proud to declare myself, I have always been the friend and defender of Conservatories, which must be looked upon not as nurseries for genius, God alone having power to bestow that privilege, but as fields for emulation, as great artistic vivariums destined to supply concert rooms, theatres, orchestras, and colleges. On the other hand, I have read with regret in some respectable journals that it is the intention of the Minister Broglio to abolish our Conservatories of Music! I cannot understand how any such intention could be discovered in the unfortunate letter which the Minister addressed to me. I can swear to you, dear master, on my honor that in the said correspondence between the Minister and myself there was not the least allusion to this proposition. Could I have kept a secret of so much importance? Be tranquil. I promise you that if ever the project in question assume a serious character I should, in my little sphere, be the warmest advocate of the Conservatories, in which, I hope, the elements will never be introduced of those new philosophical principles which would make of the musical art a *literary art*, an *imitative art*, a philosophical melopœa equivalent to recitative, free or measured, bearing accompaniments spiced with tremolo and other devices. Be convinced, Italians, that the musical art is entirely an ideal art, an art of expression, and do not forget that to please is at once the basis and the object of this art. *Simple melody, clear rhythm.*

"Be sure, dear master, that these new *philosophones* are simply the advocates and defenders of those poor musical composers who have no ideas, no fancy. *Laus Deo!* Pardon me the *ennui* I am causing you, and count always on the sympathy of your admirer and servant. G. Rossini.

San Francisco.—The Parepa-Rosa Italian Opera season commenced on Monday, August 3d, at the Metropolitan Theatre. *Il Trovatore* was performed. The company consists of Parepa Rosa, Louisa da Ponta, Natalie Testa, Massamiliani, L. Testa, Brookhouse Bowler, Maocusi, Ferranti, M. Sarti and G. Sforzani. The directors are Mr. G. T. Evans and Carl Rosa. Mr. G T. Evans is, we believe, from New York, the son of a well-known member of the bar, now deceased.

Haydn's Symphonies.—Apropos of the desideratum mentioned in our last, we find the following statement:

As stated in a letter from Mr. George Grove, secretary of the Crystal Palace, we may hope for some classification of Haydn's symphonies, in a forthcoming work on the subject, by Herr Pohl, of Vienna, the author of *Haydn and Mozart in London*. It is time that such a task was undertaken, since the orchestral works referred to (with the exception of the "twelve grand" symphonies, composed for Saloman's concerts), are subject to all sorts of confused and arbitrary distinctions. Many of them are, in this country, distinguished by letters of the alphabet; but as more than half of the 120 symphonies composed by Haydn are extant, this is obviously insufficient. The Paris publishers, again, class them numerically, prefixing an *opus* of their own for convenience. Others are called by nicknames—as *Roxelana*, *La Reine de France*, *Maria Theresa*, *Schoolmaster*, *Military Symphony*, *La Clochette*, *The Surprise*, &c., of which few people know the origin or meaning.

The operatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speaking of a performance of *Don Giovanni*, says:—Mlle. Nilsson, however, has spoilt us for all other Elviras. The ordinary Elvira, always complaining, always scolding, always going about in black, as though she longed for her husband's death, is Don Giovanni's justification. Elvira, according to Mlle. Nilsson—gentle, tender, affectionate, under all circumstances—is his condemnation beyond the power of appeal."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Be thou ever faithful. 2. F to e. *Millard.* 35
A good, faithful song with excellent sentiment.

I rang the bell softly. 2. B♭ to f. *J. W. Turner.* 30
Gentle and pathetic, with pleasing chorus. Answer to "Ring the bell softly."

A little bird told me. 3. F to f. *J. P. Knight.* 40
A sweet ballad, with a character of archness.

Happier days in store. 2. D to f. *Barrett.* 30
A good and consoling idea appears in this song, which is quite melodious and taking.

Beginning the world. 3. A♭ to e. *T. Baker.* 40
On a subject from "Bleak House," and is quite pathetic in character.

Ring out, sweet Angelus! 3. D to d. *Gounod.* 40
A very sweet Angelus indeed, and if you sing it, you will be tempted to ring the peal, again and again

Upon the Danube river. 2. G to d. *H. Aïde.* 30
A pleasing ballad, with fine melody, sung by Adelaide Phillips. Brings to mind the banks of the Danube, as they appeared in June, and notices the merry dances of the peasants.

Saviour, when in dust to thee. 3. C to f. *N. Fitz.* 40
A quartet with solo, and is quite solemn and beautiful.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping. 2. F to f. Duet and Chorus. *N. Fitz.* 40
Arranged as a duet and chorus, and is a fine musical interpretation of a beautiful poem.

On the Rhine. (La couleur est blonde). Drinking song in "Galatea." 5. A to *b*. *Victor Masse.* 35
Sung by Adelaide Phillips. French and English words, and is an effective song. By leaving off some of the ornamental runs or cadenzes, it becomes much easier. and the highest letter is then f sharp.

Leave me to languish. (Lascia ch' io Pianga). 3. E♭ to f. *Haendel.* 30
From "Rinaldo." Sung by Adelaide Phillips, and has a good pleasing, classical melody.

Grant Song. 2. C to *g*. *W. H. S.* 30
A campaign song, written by the poet, Eugene Bachelder, and bears very hard on A J, while Grant is suitably lauded. Spirited throughout.

Instrumental.

Edwina Waltz. 3. D. *Piedad Garcia de Tejada.* 30
A waltz of uncommon elegance of construction, and can hardly fail to please.

Espeglieres. Caprice. Op. 40. 4. D♭. *Egghard.* 40
A brilliant piece, with a very sprightly melody.

Grand Military March. 3. A♭. *P. Brignoli.* 75
Dedicated to Gen. Chickering. Brilliant and powerful.

The Sunshine Waltzes. 3. A♭. *B. S. Barrett.* 40
Very sweet: perhaps of a milder beauty than that which would be called sunshiny, but still with sufficient spirit.

Sans Souci Galop. 2. F. *Ascher* arr. by *Knight.* 30

Peri Waltz. 2. In four easy keys. *D'Albert*, arr. by *Knight.* 30
These belong to the "Easy arrangements of dance music," by Knight, and have been so carefully composed, as to lose little or nothing by being made easier. Good for pupils.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 716. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 13.

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."—Tonkuenstler-Versammlung in Altenburg, July 19-23.*

(Continued from page 363).

. . . . . To the grandeur and originality of the *Requiem* by Berlioz, the *Thirteenth Psalm* by Liszt (also performed on the evening of the first day) forms a characteristic counterpart by the heart-winning depth of feeling, by the prevailing tender coloring, with a corresponding warmth of instrumentation. . . . . Hence the touching heartfelt simplicity, the noble popularity, renouncing all self-satisfying artist pride as such, whereby the composer subordinates his own religious need to that of the community and identifies himself with that; hence the immediate musical charm, as well as the poetic efficacy, the picturesque objectivity of the representation, with all the ideality of conception and of feeling.

The plan of the work shows a wonderful psychological architecture, which we are tempted to point out at least in its outlines. The first half of the Psalm describes the downcast mood of the believer, even to distrust in God, but which, just at the crisis of danger, as if suddenly illuminated, gives place to a joyful confidence, which awakens fresh life in him, arms him with new courage, and leads him on to final victory. The principal theme (I) introduced at the very beginning, and laid at the very foundation of the whole, is this:

Joined to this theme, the first phrase in the development of the feeling explains the situation. A thought, which in its musical significance leads back to the second half of the principal theme, forms the instrumental *fugato* (II) which now follows, and which depicts the inward discord, the soul conflict of the believer, while chorus and tenor solo form an independent, essentially homophonous group against the orchestra. In a third stadium ("Consider and hear me, O Lord," A flat major, III), the main theme, suffused with an enchanting softness and with a mild splendor of instrumental coloring, and winged by the heaven-soaring figures of the 'cellos and violins, assumes a profoundly meek and supplicating character. Yet the mood becomes once more clouded, and there now begins, as it were, a psychological crisis, in connection with the words: "Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved." In measured graphic traits the composer unrolls a battle picture, whose thematic basis is formed again by a thoughtful modification of the main theme. The under-fifth in the third measure (as above) here becomes a questioning and sneering upper-fourth, as if alluding to another passage in the Psalms: "Where now is thy God?" The battling waves gradually subside; but the long-drawn sighs of the wind instruments and the *pizzicato* intonation of the main theme, mostly in diminished intervals, point to the weary and exhausted state, the broken spirit of the wrestler against God. Then, as if the clouds divided and a wild ray of hope broke through, flutes, clarinets and horn intone the main theme and lead over to a fourth phase of feeling (IV), expressed in the words: "But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation." The musical rendering of this passage (A major) is of overpowering earnestness. The rest of the Psalm is an *ideal* recapitulation of the foregoing situations, but in the light of the new and inward joyfulness. Next, the third group, "Consider," &c., (III) is again introduced in the principal key (A major; then allusions to the crisis of the conflict [illegible]) lead into a powerful fugue movement, whose correspondence with the second phase of feeling (II) is obvious. The instrumental *fugato* represents an inward conflict, in which the mind, entangled in low spiritual doubts, turned its arms in a certain manner against itself; but now it can give outward validity, in fresh action, to the new movement of its moral life. Now tenor solo as well as chorus take part in this stirring active impulse. The fugue movement flows into a brilliant [illegible] of the second main theme ("But I have trusted," IV a), whereupon the whole receives its crowning key tone in a majestic apotheosis of the main theme (I a).

The return to the beginning, completing the circle of the psychological development, is already sufficiently indicated through the instrumentation (stringed quartet, horns, clarinets, [illegible]). But as the end must in a peculiar manner sum up the whole development, we find here also the ideal substance of every one of the four phases, specially characterized above, "raised up" and blended into living spiritual unity in the glorified main theme. The thematic substance of the choral part is carried back to groups III and IV, while the horn, middle movement of a trumpet solo tells like a *prelude* of the victorious issue of the contest.

Thus all the single parts work together in organic mutual relation; no trace of anything arbitrary, "of wrestling with form": all that the composer has willed comes to exhaustive expression. Clearest artistic consciousness, plastic poetic shaping and aerial freedom and immediateness of musical invention and feeling here join hands, and in harmonious cooperation, present an artistic whole beautifully complete in meaning and in form, which will never fail to take hold of susceptible hearers—and in fact, did not fail in this performance here, although many a musician, with prejudices hard to put aside, may have had his scruples about some particulars. We left the church inwardly exalted.

And the execution! All devoted to it their best powers, their entire attention. One saw here, what a mighty lever for each individual capacity lies in the thought, that each contributes to the realization of an extraordinary undertaking. We may justly mention in the first line Riedel's society, sturdy, unterrified champion for all important artistic appearances. To them, above all, applies the word that repeatedly forced itself upon us during the performance: Man grows with the greatness of his aims.

Such unconditional devotion to its task is only attainable in a Society, which systematically excludes all speculation upon material success as a diversion from its proper goal, and makes persistent constancy to the ideal aim a duty of its members. . . . . [The remainder of the account of the first day's performances is made up of praise, in general and in detail, of the performers, Riedel's Society, the tenor soloist, Herr Schill, the orchestra, and the organist, Herr Papier of Leipzig. This report is signed "F. Stade." The report of the second day is furnished by Herr Hermann Zopff.]

[illegible]

Monday, he said, closed two important concerts, [illegible]

At 4 A. M. the concert for Chamber Music took place in the hall of the "Concordia" Society. For it the programme contained an Octet for [illegible] op. 3, in D major, by G. Hermann; two movements of a string quartet by C. O. Radecke; Violoncello melodies by J. Huber; Organ Fugue by H. Zopff, arranged for two pianos; pieces for two pianos by C. Thern; Trio (op. 26, F minor), and a Bass Song by Wilhelm Speidel; besides *Lieder* by M. Hermann, Ph. Rinder, O. Volek, Em. Kronke, A. Hess, and Eva Buchner, and various well-known works, to be mentioned later. The executors were Miss L. Meyer of Darmstadt and Wilhelmina Lehmann of Leipzig; the Court opera singers Krause of Berlin and W. Lindner of Stuttgart; the pianists Prof. Speidel of Stuttgart, J. Brull of Vienna, Wilhelm Louis Thern of Pesth; the violoncellists Kurdbach and Grimm of Stuttgart; Concertmeister Jacobsohn of Bremen; the contrabassist [illegible] Simon of Soulshausen; Kapellmeister Hermann of Lübeck; M. Meyer of the Gewandhaus [illegible] in Leipzig; and the chamber musicians Wolf and Stumm of Altenburg and Steinbach of Dresden.

The Trio by Speidel, of Stuttgart, represents the South German tendency of production in a way entirely worthy of respect. Admitting this standpoint, with its special regard to fine sonority, to transparency of design, strict adhering to the classic forms, and to unpretentious, natural directness of invention, the Trio makes, as a whole, a very favorable impression through the freshness and fineness of its invention, based upon models like Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Schumann, yet by no means showing want of independence and betraying a considerable talent. The main theme of the first movement, gushing forth in a live, fresh stream, is also rhythmically interesting, while for the second main thought a [illegible] is selected. The following Andante, [illegible] and melodious in the Beethoven style, passes afterwards into impassioned [illegible] with characteristic rhythms, and soars toward the end with warm and beautiful *adagio*. The movement might be still more effective, if, on the one hand, the main thought, less frequently split up and broken off, were to spend itself in a full and

*Translated and abridged from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig).

steady flow, and if, on the other, many a prolongation, which allows the interest to cool off, were left out. In a more free but better *salon* style is the pleasing and attractive Scherzo and its harmonically fascinating Trio, while the last movement in its main theme, takes a bold, high soaring start, and like the first, enchains one by the rich *cantilena* of the second theme. The whole work may be counted among the better and more attractive productions of the most recent past.

Not less deserving of our warmest recognition is the Octet of the Lübeck Kapellmeister, G. Hermann, for 4 violins, 2 violas, 'cello and double bass. It moves in a sphere reminding us of models like Beethoven and Spohr, without betraying lack of original invention. To be sure, the composer, seeing that he had chosen eight solo instruments, might have made more use of polyphony and a more independent prominence of the lower instruments, in place of many too uniform figures of accompaniment. This he has done only in single passages, for instance, very effectively and pleasingly in a fine violoncello *cantilena*. But the work, even as it stands, shows a respectable talent for this kind of composition, and a skilful mastery of means. Among other things the addition of a double bass gave advantageous coloring and shading to the whole. The lively first movement rises in its second half to an effective grandeur, and contains pithy as well as rhythmically interesting movements. Then follows an elegiac Andante, full of feeling, and so evenly and richly carried out, that it may be called a wide, refreshing oasis in our restless times, when it is given to so few musicians to let a sustained movement flow along with real depth of feeling, yet with uniform and satisfying measure. The Andante is followed by a neat and captivating Scherzo with characteristic rhythms, and a Trio colored with a certain Hungarian nationality, which might have served for more extended treatment. In the last movement, too, the happy cast and impassioned impulse of the leading thought is quite effective. This work was deservedly repeated, and with lively applause, in a second additional matinée on the 23d.

The second part of the matinée opened with two movements of a string Quartet by Carl von Radecki of Riga, which by the elegant refinement and unpretending discreetness of their plan seemed better suited to a small circle of devoutly listening connoisseurs in chamber music. . . .

The violoncello melodies, by Joseph Huber, are unpretentious pieces, commendable in style and easy of execution. Carl Thern's Nocturne and Scherzo for two pianos are a couple of very thankful, brilliant salon pieces in the nobler style, and at the same time interesting by their changeable and often truly characteristic rhythms.

As for the novelties in solo song composition, the *Lieder* chosen upon this occasion were generally much less striking than those of the former meetings. . . .

(To be continued.)

Sunday Music.

(From the London Orchestra.)

Music publishers have at last made the discovery that there is a great want of proper music for the English family circle on Sunday evenings. The want is in process of supply, serials weekly and monthly are issuing, some with high tone, some with moderate, and some with no tone at all. Firms of long and reputable standing in the trade are becoming in a way "sacred music warehouses," for all that is inviting and satisfactory to those of our countrymen who are desirous of uniting the pleasures of piety with its works and obligations.

We have in these columns again and again insisted on the necessity of putting life and humanity into our Sunday music, and to effect this the spirit of art must be associated with the spirit of worship. Indeed, this is the law upon which all great art is founded, and from which all great art has alone been produced. The history of art in music is short and simple. Music was given man primarily as the thank-offering to his Maker, and the divine order of ritual in national worship expressly declares music to be the absolute necessity of its vehicle. The history of music further shows us that where nations fell into idolatry, music was taken away from those nations; and, as a fact, ceased to exist with them. Further, those nations who dishonored music by neglecting its cultivation and supply in their national worship, excelled in musical art only to this extent—the production of an artistic school stolen from that which had been created for the sanctuary, and of infinitely less power over the strong feelings of the human heart. In cases where Christian nations forbade music in their church services, such nations ceased to produce musical composers, and were blotted out from the musical art-world as spots of darkness and corruption.

Music, as our readers well know, is the expression of man's heart, speaking in the universal language of sounds. It has its matter, or ideas, its manner, or form, progress and development of these ideas; and its spirit, which in its right estate is the mind, soul, and body of man, the creature, in harmony with the Creator. This world, in its right state, is simply one harmony of the Almighty Being who created it; and man can do nothing really great that disturbs this harmony; and what he may do in the way of disturbance cannot live. Where there are ten volumes of church music what we may term now *alive*, there are a hundred volumes of operatic music dead and passed out of all memory. There was a good-for-nothing German composer of the last century named Weigl, who, in his ignorance and impudence, asked Mozart how he wrote his music. He met with the instantaneous reply, "Find out, Weigl, as I had to find out." This man wrote some operas which he conceived to be music, but no one in these days can look into them without disappointment and disgust. The poor creature had no notion of music in the proper sense of the term, for, when asked why he no longer wrote operas, he answered, "Alas, I am getting old, and have no more ideas; in fact, I can only write church music." We hardly need say Weigl soon after departed for other regions, taking his "church music" with him.

We have been led to these observations by some remarks upon church music in one of our contemporaries in its number for this month. In noticing the present state of church music in England, the writer lays it down that there must be *art* in sacred music, for the old church composers were grand fellows after their manner; and that the "sacred" composers of the present day may be divided into three classes. First: composers who write for "*the religious market*." It would seem these are sad fellows indeed. They are "bungling arrangers," and their efforts are "depressing," "sombre," "dull," "doleful," "lugubrious," without any sense of the sacredness of the trust vouchsafed to the religious composer, and all that they do is simply pernicious. The second class are those artistic composers who, "having learnt *the trick of sacred harmonies*, can throw off any amount of religious music in any given time."

The writer tells his readers that there is the artistic side of church music, which he foolishly describes as "the trick of sacred harmonies," and he admits that without this learning, time is of no use, for such music cannot be produced at all; and he further incautiously asserts that he who has learnt what Gluck called his *metier* in church music, can compose religious music, whether he himself be religious or not. But feeling this not to be true, the writer soon contradicts himself in laying it down that the third class of sacred composers are those who write from "the germ of religious inspiration, having true religion in their hearts, and feeling that religious words can only be legitimately united to religious music. It is not enough to learn "the trick of sacred harmonies," the composer must also learn the trick of true religion in his heart. In fact, art becomes nothing, and religion everything.

All this is a very loose way of writing, and can be productive of no good result. We grant, unreservedly, that the man who sets himself at work to supply so much music pretendedly sacred at so much a page, without any knowledge of the elements and original phrases of church song, and without any command over the proportions of church harmony, is a good-for-nothing hack, powerless for producing, or even adapting any good music; and all that he does is sombre and sickening, depressing and disgusting. We hail with satisfaction the admission of the writer that, properly to compose a piece of church music, the composer must first have learnt the essential matter and the uses of its being. He describes this knowledge as "the trick of sacred harmonies"—meaning, of course, to assert that there are lying, as the foundation of worship-music, certain phrases and forms, the necessary phenomena of its existence. We are free to admit that a man may have the artistic command of these foundations of church music, and yet not be able to excite any devotional or reverential feeling in his employ of them. Many a hard head, a hard heart and a hard hand are to be seen every Sunday in some church pulpits—engaged in dealing with the most gracious and loving subjects, and beyond all others most dear to humanity—and yet evincing no emotion, and certainly producing none on the part of the hearers. There are wooden preachers in wooden pulpits, as well as wooden musicians in wooden galleries, and these make wooden congregations. But we deny that "religious inspiration" alone will make what our writer calls "a composer of religious music." The servant of art in music cannot properly exercise his mission as the servant of God in music without a perfect knowledge of the everything and all of his art; and the composer who unites the knowledge of art with the realities of worship is, in one sense, always writing religious music, whatever he may be engaged upon. Because he would not wilfully disturb the harmony of the universe, or give outward form and expression to feelings disgraceful to humanity. Handel is as pure in his opera as in his oratorio; and when he portrays in his opera the best and highest feelings of our nature, we can take out the opera song and transplant it into his oratorio. What can be more devotional in music than that song af Handel—"Lord, remember David," and yet he wrote it for an opera, and for Senesino, the greatest opera singer of the day. Take, again, the grand scene of Cæsar before the tomb of Pompey, or that no less grand one in the opera of "*Tamerlane*;" compare these two recitatives with the more known but not more wonderful one in the "*Jephtha*,"—are they not all three written in the highest forms of church music, and in the deepest and strongest spirit of worship? There must be the power as well as the piety; and where the piety is real, it rarely rests until it has secured the power.

Handel indulged in no special "trick of sacred harmonies" if we are to understand by this term that he had a mechanism for his secular compositions perfectly opposed to, or differing from, that which he used in his sacred composition. The first chorus in the "*Messiah*," "And the glory of the Lord," is a secular composition. The second chorus, "And He shall purify," is made up from a secular duet, and equally so the chorus "All we like sheep." The chorus, "He spake the word," in the "*Israel in Egypt*," is not Handel's at all, for it is the composition of Stradella, being a *serenade* given by a lover to his mistress, performed under her window by two orchestras in two coaches. The Hailstone Chorus is made up from Stradella, and so is the pretty pastorale, "He led them forth like sheep." The chorus, "Egypt was glad," is a canzonet by Kerl, and the chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" is another by Krieger; and to Krieger do we owe the four subjects in the last chorus of the "*Israel*," the "Horse and his rider." It is true all these compositions were written by artistic composers, who had learnt "the trick of sacred harmonies," for if these movements had not been examples of high art they would not have suited Handel's purpose. It is because they were full of faith, energy, and joyfulness, and all the higher attributes

of the spirit of worship, that they met the wants of the composer of the "*Messiah*" and the "*Israel*." Handel never borrowed silly, stupid, dull, or doleful music, for he well knew music of this description was utterly opposed to all religious emotion. The word "religious" implies an ever-present sense of obligation; but obligation associated with the highest pleasures the human being is capable of. And it was this strong appreciation of the union of what we may term animal delight with spiritual duty, that made the old forms of worship at certain periods so incongruous. A reference to the old comic sermon, the comic hymn, the comic mystery, the dance before the high altar, the secular tunes of Thurstan, the founder of our Sarum Ritual, the worldly melodies of St. Isadore in the Mosarabic office-books, —a reference, we say, to any of these curious corners in liturgical history, will demonstrate that real worship may exist in combination with the gratification of that noble part of man's being—his body.

Sour as were John Calvin, John Knox, and the Puritan party, they seized hold of secular tunes to assist them in carrying out their principles of reformation, and the old 100th tune is a secular tune, and of not very decent origin; and the finest choral in a Lutheran church is a secular melody of old Isaac of Inspruck. At times England has been in great straits for want of a decent choral. Good and pious poets have made sweet and stirring hymns, and there was no composer "learned in the trick of sacred harmonies" at hand to set them to music. But tunes were found for these hymns, and hence it is that we sing "Rock of ages" (the beautiful hymn by Toplady) to a charming simple melody by Rousseau, the origin of which our writer quite mistakes when he asserts it was composed for a dance in an opera. Madan, the chaplain of the Magdalen Hospital, made a special hymn for the Advent season. What was he to do for a tune? No cathedral organist would have written a tune for the methodistical Toplady of his day, and we much question if any cathedral organist dare have written one for the author of "Thelyphthora." So he took the Scotch melody called "Helmsley," which had been sung with such great effect at Vauxhall by Mrs. Arne, to the words "Guardian angels, now protect him." There is nothing vulgar in these two tunes; and compared to the ranting and raving secular melody unhappily associated to the "Jerusalem the Golden," of Dr. Neale, these two tunes are the acme of religious worship. If it be wrong to introduce into church service a melody not originally written for that purpose, the fault lies with the dignitaries of the church; for these learned, and of course pious persons first themselves set up the practice, and secondly, never spent a penny upon the education of any church musician, so that he might be qualified to write a proper choral whenever the occasion arose for his so doing. Your untaught humanity naturally falls in love with a good melody; and if bishops knew nothing about melody, and cathedral organists were never taught the principles upon which it is founded, is it a marvel that John Wesley and Rowland Hill looked out into the broad world to seek for simple music that would please the people they were desirous to propitiate and to interest? England had forgotten the foundations of church music; she had laid aside the old chants for her psalms; and until Handel came, and brought out the old-world intones, England had no old choral and no old *cappella* writing that had taken any hold on the national mind. No anthem of Tallis or Byrde can be said to be fixed in English memories, and we much question if England, as a nation, at the time Handel came here, would have anywise mourned over the burning of all the anthems ever written by Gibbons and Lawes, Rogers and Child.

There is now what is called a great revival of the spirit of musical worship. To be of any real value, it must settle down upon the ever-living foundation of church song. This is the history of all reform in church music. Palestrina fell back upon the old chant, and put an end to the masses on the "Armed Man" and other popular ditties of his time. Bach and Handel took the Lutheran forms of the old ecclesiastical melodies, and in this way made Germany the first of musical countries. Vogler inoculates Weber and Meyerbeer with the ancient ritual phrase music, and hence we have the old monkish songs in the modern operatic chorus. Mendelssohn hated this kind of caricature, and he turned the feeling into its right direction. Not one of these great men ventured a sneer at what was good and grand in this old-world music. On the contrary, it was the foundation upon which they built the superstructure. We are much in want of "Sunday music," and we doubt not the want will be supplied. But it will not be supplied by those who in their ignorance and impertinence carp and sneer at what they do not understand; nor can any good come from imitating and belauding the base and the mean. True art teaches us to look up, not down. No artist gains inspiration from grovelling in the dirt.

A Musical "Doppelganger," or Fetch.

It is astonishing to think on what plans some people have hit to attain their ends. We do not refer to such plans as those for which their projectors feared the light of day, and which would have necessarily brought the latter into collision with the law, public order, and the police authorities. We refer to plans which ought really to be called deceitful, but which harm no one, and consequently are generally allowed to pass in life as perfectly honorable, under the category of "cunning."

In lowly a manner a knowing young gentleman will manage to escape punishment from a severe papa, many of us could tell a tale. How cleverly a loving pair manage to hoodwink the watchful eyes of the old people is another fact known probably at all times and in all places. It is, however, something far more rare, and for many persons unintelligible, to see an unconquerable spirit of energy cause a man even to deny his own identity, in order to learn something—to see him, for instance, perform the most menial duties in order to get near his teacher. The history of sculptors and painters can show a great many such instances; want of means, which has arrested them in their career, caused, probably, and, in early, also highly, and honorably, have frequently been the reason why young men of ardent aspirations have sought and found the strangest means for satisfying those aspirations.

But there are also, and curious cases in music. Many of us know, for instance, how a German composer, [illegible] a great man, [illegible] harp, in spite of [illegible] of a hundred [illegible] mechanical difficulties of every kind and description, for the purpose, in the [illegible] and gradually working up to be a good [illegible]. Of course he was successful. But [illegible] the most curious case of the kind is the following:

The *Lira da Gamba* was at one time a generally fashionable and favorite instrument; among the [illegible] which it was, we believe, to French, where it was called the *Basse de Lira*. Professional players and amateurs [illegible] cultivating it, and [illegible] inevitable [illegible] was the, in time, with [illegible] two, particularly, who attained great reputations in Paris. Forqueray (written also Forquerai, and Marais. Both naturally paid homage—for, had they not done so, whence would they have obtained their reputations?—to the taste of the day, but each did it in his own fashion. Forqueray was more especially master of passages, runs, and shakes; he possessed the art of overcoming all the apparent impossibilities of his instrument. Marais, on the other hand, carried away his hearers and worked them up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the deep expressiveness of his playing and by his touching melodies.

One day, the first named musician received a visit from a young German who wanted to become his pupil, and as Herr Hesse, for so was he called, possessed some talent, as well as the necessary money, and a desire to work, he became Forqueray's pupil, then and there. And what a pupil he proved! Such zeal and industry the Frenchman had never known before. The progress made could not be otherwise than proportional, and, at the expiration of six months or so, the master was compelled to admit that he should soon have nothing more to teach his pupil. The latter comprehended everything with the utmost ease; conquered all the difficulties given him to execute, and fully justified Forqueray's favorite verdict: "He plays like the very devil."

That the two masters did not associate much with each other, the reader will [illegible], I believe; things were not different in those days from what they generally are now. That, however, the two rivals were the best friends whenever they did meet, and went arm-in-arm to the café together, to chat on art generally, and on their own instrument in particular, is also a matter of course—as it is no different at the present day. M. Forqueray was now particularly delighted at meeting his best friend (!) once more after not having seen him for months. He could tell him that he had formed a pupil who cast everything that had ever been done before, nay, who even cast himself into the shade. Would not the sympathizing (!) soul of his friend participate in his own delight. His triumph, which he had enjoyed in advance, was, however, doomed to be considerably diminished; for to all that he said Marais could merely just nod his head in astonishment, for he, too, had pretty nearly the same story to relate of a pupil of his. It chanced, too, that his pupil had been under him for about half a year, and was likewise a German, only his name was not "Hesse," but "Sachse." The same praise, however, was due to this Sachse for his performance in Marais's style, as Forqueray bestowed, for proficiency in own style, on Hesse. If M. Forqueray was unable to play anything, however difficult, to his Hesse, which the latter could not instantly repeat with the utmost precision and ease, no one could so truly imitate the sweet, intoxicating style of the other master as his pupil Sachse. In a word, the praise indulged in by the two musicians was so beyond all conception, that it struck them both that they might show each other these wonderful Geniuses of theirs. It was agreed that they should meet during Forqueray's lesson next day, when Marais might convince himself of the correctness of what his rival had asserted.

Long before the hour appointed for the lesson, the two masters had met at M. Forqueray's room. At last, the pupil, also, made his appearance. But he remained, as though struck by lightning, at the door, while M. Marais, dumb with astonishment, sprang from his chair, for—Herr Hesse was no other than his own pupil Sachse. "Bon jour, Monsieur Saxé," cried the other, full of astonishment. The reader may imagine the consternation in the countenances of the three. Marais was the first to recover the use of his tongue. He explained to his colleague the state of matters, and urgently requested the young man to inform them, above all things, how he came to be in two places. The explanation was an extremely simple one. The young German's name was really Hesse. He had come to Paris for the purpose of perfecting himself on the *Lira da Gamba*, which he had already learnt in Germany. He heard persons in Paris bestow equal praise upon both masters, and as long as the seeker preferred the one style of playing to the other, he sought an opportunity of hearing both and came to the conclusion that each was nearly [illegible] in his way, but had attained only a [illegible] kind of perfection. From this he drew the [illegible] that the most accomplished performer on the *Lira da Gamba* would be an artist who could so render himself master of both styles as to [illegible] as successfully with Forqueray as with Marais. He determined, therefore, on having recourse to the strangest means, and we have seen how he succeeded; only Herr Sachse was [illegible] particularly careful not to know either Herr Hesse or Monsieur Forqueray, and this was really no easy task.

We know now a German teacher, who, on making a slow discovery, would, despite all his pupil's skill, have very quickly shown that amiable young man the way downstairs. Not so the two Frenchmen. They embraced their common pupil, who was moved to tears, and decided what he could to make a great artist of him. Through him, moreover, they became true friends, connected by the bonds of sincere and [illegible] esteem.—*London Musical World.*

Haydn and Hans Sachs.*

Some persons may, perhaps, take objection to the fact of Haydn and Hans Sachs being thus placed in juxtaposition, lest on account of the long space of time by which they are separated, than on account of the much greater value attached to the muse of Haydn than to that of Hans Sachs. But Hans Sachs was in his day quite as productive and varied as Haydn was in his, and in proof that his poems possess profound and lasting merit, I have one witness worth all the rest together; I mean Wolfgang Goethe. The muses of Haydn and Hans Sachs are too nearly related in their character, for the juxtaposition of the two men to afford fair ground for objection.

Above all things, a predominating trait in both is

*From *Zellner's Blätter für Theater, Musik u. Kunst.*

their *naïveté*, the childlike simplicity and absence of pretension, the innocent unaffectedness and truehearteddness, the cordial simplicity and good nature accompanied—as conscious *naïveté* always is—by humor and sprightliness, and sometimes even by sly roguishness, qualities which, when combined, constitute *naïveté*. This greets us in Haydn's pleasing, incomparably beautiful quartets, just as in his pianoforte compositions, now, alas, nearly forgotten, and even in his symphonies and oratorios. This is precisely what makes us so fond of constantly turning back to the charming and friendly old man; what causes us to be continually finding fresh charms and beauties in his works; what induces us never to be tired of lying on his breast—it is the childlike nature of his genius, the paradise of child-like goodness, which we perceive in the background, and from which we hear his sweet, moving, and peaceful strains issuing forth. Even when he portrays the seriousness and the sufferings of life, even when his genius takes a higher flight, to sing the creations of God, to lament with the Redeemer on the Cross, to magnify the seasons of the year, and the works of men, and the power of God in Nature, this friendly, conciliatory tone is always heard, like some angel's voice.

Just as he was, he wrote. The noble Master-singer of Nuremberg did the same. How his poetic muse combined *naïveté*, humor, and satire, can be seen nowhere better, and in his own style, too, than in Goethe's poem, "Hans Sachs' poetische Sendung," which, as most persons are aware, was written to revive in Germany that recognition of the old poet which he merits. Only a small number of his poems have been preserved, but they are distinguished by the *naïveté* and good nature to which we have alluded, and by striking, brilliant wit, while his pictures of his own times and the kind of morals then prevalent are far from deficient in sharp satire.

This *naïveté* extends also to those works, in which the two men treat of matters of faith; both are distinguished for their productiveness in this sphere. We know what enthusiastic homage Hans Sachs paid to the ideas of the Reformation, and to the Reformer, in his *Wittenberger Nachtigall*, and how much by his simple and beautiful sacred songs, so full of faith, such as "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?" and others, he helped to propagate the Reformation, and how, in his Biblical stories, and his version of the Psalms of David, he sang with the power and confidence of a prophet. But what Joseph Haydn did with his numerous motets, cantatas, and oratorios, is nearer our own time and feeling, for the forms of his ideas are those of to-day, and any one who is not moved by the magnificent choruses of the *Creation*, and of the *Seasons*, any one who does not acknowledge the master, and the profound creative power of faith, has no perception, no appreciation of the depths of art and of faith. "Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!" he exclaimed, with his eyes lifted towards Heaven, and streaming with tears, as, an old man of 70, he sank down, overpowered by the power of this passage, at the performance of the oratorio in question: "*Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!*"

Concerts at the Spas of Germany.

That a great deal of bad music is to be heard in the world, observes a writer in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is a tolerably well recognized fact, but how much bad music may be compressed into a single concert, and, despite its badness, admirably performed, is something that can be understood by, and known to, only those who have visited, in summer, some of the most fashionable watering places of Germany. The most talented and the most celebrated singers, male and female, the most famous fiddlers and pianists come every year to the Rhine, whither they bring the most used-up Italian airs and French *roulades*; they sing and play with the greatest precision, and consequently please immensely; but anyone who is fond of music wonders in his own mind whether they bring with them such a lot of rubbish, because it suits *them*, or because they believe that only stuff of this sort pleases the public! We might perhaps, apply the poet's words: "Die beiden kamen sich entgegen" ("the two met each other half way"), that is: the bad taste of the auditors and that of the performers; but, notwithstanding this, I must take the part of the public and declare, that very frequently they are offered much that is worse than they demand, and that they have shown on many occasions their preference for something more refined, or at least more musically elegant, than the false glitter of Verdi's coarse airs, and the *pots pourris* which are served up to them under the name of fantasias. It is true that at watering places there is no regular public; the continual change of persons, the ebb and flow of the most varied social elements, bring with them every day fresh likes and dislikes, different kinds of taste; and the piece that pleased the people of yesterday exceedingly may perhaps weary those of to-day, and *vice versâ*; but it is, nevertheless, not very praiseworthy on the part of eminent artists, because the success of what is good does not always seem certain, to choose what is bad because it is sure to obtain them applause. Is bad music, by chance, a part of *bon ton*?

It is frequently asserted that those who visit fashionable watering places must, if they would not spoil their own pleasures or that of everyone else, leave behind them at home all principles not compatible with enjoyment, and moreover the quickest and most careless enjoyment. There may certainly be some watering places, Homburg beyond all others, where this is literally the case; such places are frequented only by those whose sole object is to get some amusement or other out of the day; music possesses value in the eyes of the public assembled there only when it brings with it celebrated names; no concerts either are given there, only operas; and singers whose names are most generally known are got together from all countries; *what* they sing, and *how* they sing, are matters of perfect indifference to the directors, who know that the great thing for the people who assemble in *their* Kurhaus is the gaming, and that their visitors feel inclined to hear Mdlle. Artôt or Mad. Lucca only when they have won largely and do not want to play any longer, or when they have lost all their money and are not able to play any more. There are other places, however, where, though the gaming is still the principal thing, the public are different; where you find many persons who do not welcome *every* kind of diversion, but only such as is offered in a becoming form. Even here, the reputation of the artist is certainly thought more of than what he does; but, in despite of this, the attempt to bring forward the more refined elements in music is not to be regarded as an unconditional failure. It is, however, most rarely made, and by Germans less than by anyone else. The latter appear to believe that every possible kind of concession must be made to the foreign element, while, on the other hand, foreigners expect from German artists that music with which they are most nearly related, and not French and Italian airs and fantasias, which foreigners have heard executed better by others.

It is by no means an uninteresting study to read through the programmes of the concerts given at the various fashionable watering-places. It is only at the concerts that celebrated artists are to be heard; the farmers of the gaming-tables get them up, and, as a rule, pay the performers most splendidly; it is not, of course, the value of the performance which is the great thing, but merely the name. If now, we run through the programmes of the concerts at Wiesbaden, Ems, and Baden, we find that, at Ems, the music offered the public is all French and Italian; that it is a medley at Wiesbaden; while at Baden there are great efforts apparent to make concessions to the German element, Baden, which is considered as a thoroughly French watering-place, merely situated in Germany, being the only such resort where there were this year German "model performances," where *Don Juan* and *Lohengrin* were given with the very best care (Niemann, Betz, Dalle Aste, Nachbauer, Mdle. Mallinger, and Mad. Bertram-Mayer). Baden is, too, the only locality where artists are not merely splendidly paid, but where they feel themselves in addition, comfortable and at home. To describe how magnificently they are treated by the new farmer of the tables, M. Dupressoir, and to show how much superior are the tone and the company in Baden to what they are at other watering-places, would take up too much space, and, besides, not be in keeping with a musical paper; but there is one fact certain: that it is only in Baden that great artists are permanently settled or stop for the whole summer, without doing so in the way of their profession. Madame Schumann, Madame Viardot Garcia, Herren Cossmann, Jacques Rosenhain, Eckert, and Pixis, pass a considerable portion of the year at Baden, without troubling themselves at all about business, the two ladies being constantly surrounded by an ever-changing court of artists and writers. Such an assemblage proves that not only nature, but the society of the place is very attractive. To return, however, to music, and the consideration of the public. That in a watering-place where gaming is carried on, the visitors, with the exception of the sick, consist only of such persons as are desirous of finding in their summer resort the expensive pleasure of town life is a fact which does not require demonstration. They want to be amused, but the reader must recollect that they want only to pay for gambling and dining, or, perhaps, in addition, for a trip or so into the country, but never for music—though there may be a few French and English who have not heard *Lohengrin*, and do not shrink from the great heat, provided they are enabled to have their say about Wagner. Otherwise, however, the visitors have no money for concerts—the administration is everywhere obliged to distribute large numbers of free admissions, in order to fill the room. In Baden, it has the frankness to make no charge at all for admission (except at one grand concert for the poor, when there are no tickets given away at all). Now it is well known that persons who do not pay, if they are not *claqueurs*, are more difficult to satisfy than anyone else, and, at watering-places, where, as a rule, they go to concerts and defy the great heat merely to show themselves, it is almost impossible to please them. If they are offered light music, they say they have heard it a hundred times before; serious music tires them. "Beethoven, this hot weather!" Speaking of a fair *bravura* singer, they say she has no feeling, and, of another, they assert that her voice is ponderous. Such being the state of mind of the public, nothing would properly remain for an artist to do but to give them the best that is especially *in his own line*, and not trouble himself any more about the matter. But it is particularly in art, where, up to a certain degree, independence is the best means of success, that persons possessed of independence are more rare than in other things. The consequence is that we see, at watering-places, very eminent artists taking all sorts of pains to extort applause from the public; they succeed in doing so once; the next time, the public require something new, and suddenly receive with great coolness the concession which pleased them exceedingly a week before, when perhaps they would have respected the individuality of an independent artist. We have thus in a limited space the proof of the principle: that all ameliorations must emanate from within. But I am growing too serious—therefore I conclude by giving a piece of good advice to all artists who are not intent on business alone, but wish to spend their times artistically and agreeably: let them come this year to Baden.

Offenbach's Operas.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

It must be a source of regret to every one in this country who desires education of popular taste to genuine appreciation of good music, that the demand and the supply of opera *bouffe* in the United States are constantly increasing. We are threatened this season with performances by no less than four different companies, and the aggravation is intensified by the fact that the scanty repertoire of each of these is furnished only with the compositions of Mr. Offenbach. At a time when Americans were beginning to feel a lively interest in musical matters, and when their capacity for comprehension of the better class of compositions has been enlarged by familiarity with good music, interpreted by skilful native and foreign artists, the introduction of Offenbach to the stages of our Academies, and his quick popularity can be regarded as little less than calamitous. Offenbach is not a great musician, and his compositions are unworthy of a place beside the meanest productions of the men who are entitled to rank among leading composers. Possessing a thorough musical education, he is a master of all known styles, [?] and is capable of all possible effects; but he has not the faintest spark of genius, and none of that creative power which is its highest attribute. He is an absorber of other men's ideas. Genius gathers into itself the best of every kind, focalizes it and gives it added intensity and beauty, and more powerful life. Offenbach's talent is sponge-like; it holds all, and at every squeeze it yields a medley of precisely the kinds it contains. This quality is perceptible in the tiresome similarity of all his productions. The same general tone pervades *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Belle Hélène*, and *Barbe Bleue*. If we except the few melodies, and a half dozen odd concerted pieces in each, one of his operas is nearly the counterpart of the others. He exhausts the variety of effects in one, and has no alternative but to give the same general styles from the same reservoir of accumulated material in all the others. His melodies may be accepted as the best evidence of his title to rank as a musician. But these are contemptible. He has not written an air superior to "Champagne Charlie," or "Tramp, Tramp," and there are multitudes of our negro melodies that for plaintive sweetness, oddity and originality, are as much better than his compositions as Ossian's poems are superior to those of Walt Whitman. If Offenbach deserves fame, our own Foster is entitled to immortality.

The plea that he is an artist in burlesque will not avail. Whatever his special field of operation, he claims to be a musician; it is as a musician he comes before the public, and in this character we

must judge him. It is not necessary, moreover, that a composer of comic opera should be a fantastic trickster,—a whipper of harmonic syllabubs that are froth and nothing more. Real humor and pure and harmless fun are more likely to be the offspring of genius and correct taste than the creations of talent which indulges in mad pranks and recklessly defies the laws of order, and more than that, of decency. Auber, Rossini, and Donizetti have written comic operas, and wedded humor to immortal music. These men rank with the old masters of English comedy, while Offenbach is in the position of those petty farce writers who are engaged by the theatres to tickle the public fancy with dramatizations of the latest sensation. His music is sometimes funny, but it is oftener contemptible. He presents the spectacle of a man who has risen to popularity without a particle of genuine merit, and by purely factitious means, while other composers, whose genius is unquestioned, languish in comparative obscurity. There is more genius exhibited in one of Strauss's waltzes than in the whole of Offenbach's compositions, and yet there are thousands who know of Offenbach who never heard of Strauss.

And Offenbach is entirely incapable of doing anything better. He made one attempt to contribute to legitimate comic opera in Paris, and failed disastrously. A second effort was made to compose music for a new ballet at the Grand Opera, and again his utter want of respectability was demonstrated. He does not know the true meaning and mission of music, as a musician should. He does not comprehend that it is a rich, various and emotional language which speaks to the inner consciousness of men, with an expression as wide as the range of human feeling, and as subtle as the senses. He seems to perceive the outward existence without its deeper significance, and he whirls his chords and cadences into disjointed fellowship, with as little comprehension of the resources and application of musical language, as if some one should take the dictionary of its odd words, and form them into an array of queer, unconnected sentences. That such a musician as this should have crowded from the stage the noble composers of the day, is not creditable to our taste and cultivation.

But if musical incapacity and folly were the most heinous of M. Offenbach's faults, he might, perhaps, be forgiven. Unfortunately, his offence is greater. He is the man who has prostituted the divine art to giving a false attractiveness to puriency. As an English journal expresses it, "he is the troubadour of ladies of doubtful reputation." All his operas, excepting the failure alluded to above, were written for a theatre of very questionable reputation in Paris. It is the haunt of fast men, lewd men, women of bad character, and the grossly sensual of both sexes. M. Offenbach can obtain no audience anywhere else in Paris. The text of his operas bears sufficient evidence of the fact that they were written to suit the tastes of the frequenters of the Bouffes Parisiennes. *La Belle Hélène* is a gross caricature of a story that is in itself not immoral; but Offenbach's compilers have represented it in scenes which are vilely indecent. The heroine of *La Belle Hélène* is a common woman, and the text of the opera is from first to last with obscenity and filth. *Orphée aux Enfers* is a lewd story of pure fun, and the text is not less shameless in its unsoundness than that of *Belle Hélène*. *La Grande Duchesse* is the purest of them all, but the opportunity for indecent scenes is large, and in this it is at least, if not entirely neglected.

This "cast off slough of a polluted and shameless French theatre" has been present night after night before American men and women, who have found strange pleasure in witnessing the antics of actors and actresses who reproduced here in our Academies of Music the wanton entertainments of a French concert saloon, and the lascivious dances of a French wine garden. Mlle. Tostée, without a voice, facial beauty, figure, or any favor to our eyes as an artist, was cheered at every representation, because her nudad legs she indulged in a vulgar kick, that was not even amusing, but only disgusting. A certain disregard of decency, consequent upon her morbid interpretation of M. Offenbach, and a knack of trotting her fat form into unwomanly positions, together with a vivacity altogether French, constitute her entire artistic stock in trade.

It would be rather harsh to say that the favor with which these representations have been received is the result of a popular inclination for puriency, but it is wholly incomprehensible why respectable men and women should appear in large upon the stage, which in social life would resume the outrage and the disgrace of the actor. If the actions of Tostée and her sisters would bring a blush to the cheek in our parlors, they are not fit for the stage, and an assumption of modesty in the parts of those who applaud indecency in *opera bouffe* is entirely inconsistent with common sense.

But Offenbach and his operas are the fashion, and we expect them to retain their popularity—whatever may be the cause of it—until the present mania for sensationalism, legs and lasciviousness has worn itself out. When that blessed time shall come, we sincerely hope Offenbach and his compositions, *Black Crook* dramas and their nymphs, will be neglected and despised, and we shall turn once more to legitimate drama, and the stage will move nearly approximate to its true purpose and destiny.

Her Majesty's Opera.

TIETJENS, TREBELLI, KELLOGG, SINICO, NILSSON, SANTLEY, GASSIER, MONGINI, &c.

The London *Telegraph* gives the following *resumé* of the past season at Drury Lane, and of the singers, a part of whom (not including Nilsson, nor Trebelli, the best contralto of the day) Mr. Mapleson, according to report, will soon bring to New York.

The season opened on Saturday, the 28th of March, with "Lucrezia Borgia," an opera which, if no longer in its first glory, has at last the recommendations of being easily memorized and of always proving effective when it is efficiently performed. Since the retirement of Madame Grisi we have had no such competent representative of the wicked duchess as Mlle. Tietjens, who, on this opening night, sang with rare splendor of voice. The Gennaro of the evening was not altogether unknown to *habitués* of the "old house;" for, some twenty years ago, Signor Frassoni, known as the "male Malibrone," from his fatal delivery of the cues in the bel rotondo scene of "Lucia," had made his appearance before an English audience. He now had retrograded in his style, while he had seriously impaired the natural good qualities of his voice, and, though applauded for what he did, he was hissed, because of the sympathy of a few in the house, in favor. He continued, however, to appear in the opera for a few nights, until the advent of Signor Mongini, from the Italian theatre, in "Sonnambula," the second opera produced, Madame Trebelli Bettini for the Amina, and Santley, a highly talented baritone, for Elvino. Great praise is due to Santley's voice and style, and, by a perfect instinct, he adopted the Italian method of delivery, which is the true one. Bassi, in the Rodolfo, was excellent, and Madame Trebelli was charming in the Alisa. Mlle. Tietjens, in the Lucia, was in her best vein, and her Edgardo was Signor Bettini, who, in spite of a cold, made a great impression. In "La Traviata" Madame Kellogg made her first appearance before the opera. In her second character, Gilda, in "Rigoletto," Madame Kellogg was, if possible, more successful than in the Violetta. Her Maddalena, in the last opera, was good, and Signor Bettini, as the Duke, was in good voice. The Rigoletto was Signor Mongini, who, in the first act, was a little too much of a buffoon, but in the second act he was very good, and in the third act he was very fine. The Sparafucile was Santley, who, in the last act, was very good. The Giovanna was Madame Trebelli, and the Monterone was Signor Frassoni. In "Martha" Madame Kellogg made her first appearance in Lionel, and Madame Trebelli Bettini in the Nancy. The Plunkett

"A broad approach to fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

Still more difficult is it to suppose that one so gifted and so brave—for Handel was, in his way, a hero—had no greater present reward than the brightness of that Indian summer of success which came to him when in the "sere and yellow leaf." But, however this may have been, it is certain that of one thing recently done in his honor the master never dreamed. Visions of gigantic festivals were possible (he was once told that his music demanded armies for executants), but a reproduction of his autograph of the "Messiah," by means of sunlight and chemicals, could not have entered into his wildest imaginings.

Great are the uses of photography. It has long ministered to friendship, furnished the detective with an unerring guide, brought home to us the ends of the earth, and perpetuated the changing glories of the heavens. Now, however, this beneficent invention has assumed an unexpected form of usefulness. It was a happy idea that led the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the manuscript of Handel's greatest work, and the success of their experiment will have interesting and important results. We may now hope to see the scores of all the great masters reproduced in like manner, and the masters themselves brought closer to us than ever before—so close that we can look over them as they write, trace the current of their thoughts, and mark the guise in which their conceptions first took shape. Let the *fanatico per la musica* rejoice, therefore, at the prospect of being as familiar with the hieroglyphics of Beethoven, and the neatly written characters of Mendelssohn, as with the process—longer and more painful than is commonly believed—by which art perfects the inspiration of genius. Not the least of the many services rendered to music by the Sacred Harmonic Society is this their latest act of homage to Handel.

But this new application of photography can hardly fail to have an interest for the general public. The least curious of men loves to pry into creative processes. Even though he care nothing for what is produced, he is eager to know how it came about. Especially is this the case if the result be a world-famous and imperishable thing. The various stages of conception and execution that led up to the cartoons of Raphael, the Apollo Belvidere, or "Paradise Lost," would, were they revealed to us, absorb universal attention, just as—to illustrate by a fact—there is nothing better remembered in connection with Sir Joseph Paxton's glass palace than its first design on blotting-paper. The volume under notice, therefore, has an interest for every body. To a great extent it gratifies that natural and legitimate curiosity which can not but be felt with regard to one of the finest master-pieces of art.

This "Messiah" score is an oppressively suggestive volume, giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest.

It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves "on receipt of our own handwriting," but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This "Messiah" score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree, in every instance, with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas, with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labors hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable, self-contained musician could have produced the "Messiah" manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered the ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of pen-knife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed or re-crossed, or swallowed up in the blackness, according to the humor of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The "Messiah" score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendor of his genius.

Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more than that can not be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the "Messiah" as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care, touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1868.

The Musical Prospect.

What good music is in store for us this coming season? is the question often put to us of late, and often difficult to answer satisfactorily. There are newspaper hints, predictions, guesses, but as yet no announcements. The most that can be positively reported is a certain busy hum of preparation; plans are forming, orchestras and choirs are organizing, and the silent work of programme making (which is a kind of work of art, a composition, in its way) is taxing a few brains more severely than most people, who only hear and enjoy good music, can well be aware.

It is safe, we think, to promise of Boston that we shall have as much and as good, orchestral, choral, and chamber music the coming winter as we had the last, and even better.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will be earlier than usual in the field, as well as more in number. There have been brief *on dits* and whispers about them in the newspapers, often incorrect, but all agreeing in the main fact that the concerts are to be, and are to begin early, which people hurrying home from the country and the seashore have mistaken for authoritative announcements. And Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, as well as members of the Committee, are even now beset with premature inquiries for season tickets, which shows a commendable degree of earnestness. *Warte nur!* in due time all will be announced and tickets will be ready. It takes time to organize such concerts, and for this work the summer months are not available. Meanwhile so much is settled: There will be *ten* Symphony Concerts (two more than last year), beginning on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 12, and continuing regularly once a fortnight until March 18. Ten of the subscription series; possibly one or two benefit concerts besides. They will be in the Music Hall, of course, with essentially the orchestra of last year, only with such improvements as may be found practicable. Mr. Zerrahn, now in Europe, will return soon after the middle of October, in season for the first rehearsals, and will bring to the responsible and delicate task of conductor, which he has discharged so satisfactorily, new light and new impulse from the hearing of orchestras and intercourse with leading musicians in England, Germany and France. Mr. Eichberg is already every day expected home, and also Mr. Wulf Fries.

As for the programmes, the very richness of the three past seasons complicates the problem of selection. Most of Beethoven's Symphonies; all the important ones (those which have any concert vogue) of Mozart; the great Schubert Symphony in C; the most desirable, perhaps, of those by Schumann, &c., have been given in these concerts and given repeatedly. So have most of the great overtures. Other works of these kinds had grown so familiar in other concerts, that their presence could be spared awhile. To seek novelty outside of standard masterworks, classical in a generous sense, would be departing from the intention of these concerts, which is to make sure and permanent in this community at least one clear fountain-head of unquestionably good music, as a standard and corrective amid superficial shifting tastes and fashions. One feature in this winter's programmes will be a large allowance of the Symphonies of Haydn,—those models of perfect symmetry and elegance, which lie at the foundation of the whole symphonic art so far as it can be learned by example; while they are so fresh and pure and wholesome in their spirit, so right from a child-like, cheerful, loving heart, full of well-ordering wisdom, of felicitous invention, of exquisite graces and surprises of fancy, of humorous beat lightning in the midst of earnestness. True, one cannot listen to Haydn *so long* without weariness as he can to Beethoven; one may by constant repetition become cloyed and dull to him; he seldom stirs so deep a chord as the great symphonists who came after him, from Mozart to Schumann. But over-familiarity with Father Haydn is not at all our case. It is strangely seldom that his Symphonies have been heard in Boston; only two or three (and there are published 30 or 40) during the last three or four years; twenty years ago they figured often in the programmes, but never anything like as often as Beethoven's, never till their ideas, their moods, their style could possibly become commonplace. Older musical publics have begun with Haydn, and so have grown up, through Mozart, to Beethoven; with these familiar as household words, schooled thus in the classic models, such publics were prepared to listen with discrimination to the newer prophets, and could even be safely trusted to indulge their curiosity about Liszt and Wagner. Boston began at the other end of the course; in our symphonic culture we were put in the first class before we were freshmen. We began with Beethoven; the glorious "C-minor" was our first love; thirty years ago it was played here repeatedly, and it must have been heard hundreds of times in Boston since. All the Nine, the choral Ninth included, have grown familiar here; the least familiar is the *Eroica*. The best of Mozart are not strange to us. With Mendelssohn and Gade, even with Schumann and Schubert, we have held more converse than with dear old Haydn. Yet old music-lovers all come back to him with a sincere delight, sure to find in him even more than they had given him credit for in their days of young enthusiasm.

There may have been a period when we were a little *blasés* to his even-tempered elegance and naive cheerfulness; but a Haydn Symphony, well played, is sure to charm the most experienced concert goer at any time. We remember listening to one one evening in Halle with Robert Franz, and how the musician from head to foot grew radiant and laughing with delight. The two already given charmed the Harvard audience, and it will be so again. It is the design to give

at least half a dozen more of them this winter. They will work in well by contrast sometimes in the same programme with another symphony; one, for instance, with the "Reformation" symphony of Mendelssohn, another with the "Italian," another with Beethoven's sunny No. 8.

Of other composers some of the old favorites of course will be repeated, and some noble works be given for the first time; for example, the Symphony in E flat by Schumann. So too with overtures; treasures new and old remain still to be drawn upon; we have had four by Cherubini, and there are still more. It is probable that the season will open with Beethoven's Dedication Overture (*Weihe des Hauses*), and the Heroic Symphony, grand and too seldom heard; while it is decided that the brilliant pianist, Miss Alide Toppe, will play on that occasion one of the Chopin Concertos. The series will be rich as usual in Concertos, for piano, violin, &c. And there will doubtless be occasionally something choice in the way of singing.

2. Oratorio. The Handel and Haydn Society have not fully shaped their plans; but it is certain that they will give a performance in Thanksgiving week—"Jephtha" is talked of—and of course the "Messiah," as usual, at Christmas time. There is also some thought of taking up, for a novelty, Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," which was so successful at the Birmingham Festival. And it is by no means impossible that the old Society will brace itself up to the work of making a strong beginning upon Bach, and devote some of their time all winter to the study of the "Passion Music" so as to bring it out next Spring. After the triumphs of last May, this would seem to be the one brave enterprise most worthy of the Society's ambition. It has shown that it can be alive for a great Festival, this would inspire it with a new every day life, which is of far more consequence; this would seem to be the natural next step of real progress; for to keep the height that we have gained we must move on. It would be a new era in the Handel and Haydn history to have done this, nor can it ever fairly make good the artistic rank it claims, and place itself on a level with the great Choral Societies of Europe as a peer among them, until it has done this.

3. Chamber Music. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will begin to give us classical string Quintets, Quartets, Trios, &c., after the first of January. Why not a short season (say of four concerts) before, and another after New Year?—We presume the two larger "Conservatories" will also furnish frequent hours of music of this kind for their pupils and friends.—We are still rich in most accomplished classical pianists; Lang, Leonhard, Parker, Perabo, Petersilea will be here; what concert plans they have *in petto* we are not informed; but, while we have them with us, Beethoven and Bach and Mendelssohn and Chopin and Schubert and Schuman will not sink into silence. Dressel, to be sure, will pass the winter in Germany; but even from that distance he will help us. Then too, we shall no doubt have concerts by Miss Topp,—both chamber concerts, and with orchestra, for it is her wish to play in Boston the Concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others, and of course we all wish to hear her. Moreover, it is believed that the famous Russian pianist Anton Rubinstein is coming to this country.

4. Of semi-private Social Club concerts there will be no lack. The interest in this form of musical activity, as compared with the more public, naturally grows with culture. Clubs of amateurs are not afraid of the *finer* tasks, though they may shrink from difficulties. Having no eye to speculation, they incline to choice selections. Mr. Parker's admirable choir will soon resume their Monday evening practice, and prepare more feasts of new and rare things, Cantatas, Motets, part-songs, &c., for their friends. Our "Orpheus" friends, under the inspiring lead of Mr. Kreissmann, intend to perform Max Bruch's music to the *Frithjof's Saga*, entire, with orchestra.

5. Virtuosos, who make the music subservient to the exhibition of themselves, will shoot more or less like meteors through the air and claim a momentary attention; but fortunately the musical atmosphere has been kept so clear of late years, that the fixed stars outshine them and excite more love and wonder. The return of Ole Bull is the first visitation promised of this kind,—a man of genius in his way with many noble traits.

6. And what of Opera? The whole operatic business, it must be confessed, of late years has gone on from worse to worse. We have no such Italian companies, no such Italian singers, as we had ten or fifteen years ago. Opera in this country is purely a matter of individual speculation; the impresarios care not to establish anything good and permanent, but only to reap short, rich harvests in one city after another by raising extravagant expectations and, by virtue of much advertising and newspaper puffery, creating a factitious fever (of course only among the large class of would-be-fashionables, who only fancy they love music) for a few weeks. This they can accomplish with cheap companies, weak orchestra and chorus, and hackneied pieces, or *ad captandum* novelties, about as effectually for their purpose as with the best. The influences of these enterprises upon public taste is on the whole demoralizing; momentary excitements, fashions, the continual deranging and unsettling of all steady, wholesome currents in any one direction, make it impossible for the great opera-going public to form any taste. Appetite is constantly stimulated, cheated, spoiled by the nauseating medley of varieties. A few years ago we had an excellent beginning in the way of German Opera; the principal singers, the ensemble, the conscientious regard to harmony of detail, as well as the selection of pieces (*Fidelio*, *Freischütz*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c.,) far better than any Italian troupe has offered us for many years. But by some caprice of management or singers, or some strange fatality, it went to pieces, and with it sank the only real hope of opera that stood out upon our horizon. Now it has perhaps reached the point when it is wise to say: the worse it is, the better. Utter dying out, disintegration, before a new and healthier beginning. And indeed, has not the downward tendency perhaps reached its lowest depth in this last rotten fashion, the music of Offenbach? It is justly characterized in the article we have copied from a Philadelphia critic, and we are glad to meet with such outspoken, entire sympathy with the ground we took almost alone last winter. It seems that Offenbach is likely to drive out all other opera next season. No less than four Richmonds in the field! Well, then, the more troupes the better; let them run it into the ground as fast as possible, and bury the dirty thing out of sight. Give it another season, and then look for the wholesome reaction; *fashions*, sooner or later, grow stale and offensive; *real music*, real beauty, real humor, from the heart and brain of real genius, keep their sweetness.

"Medusa and Other Tales."—Loring has given us in a pamphlet volume some more charming tales and sketches by Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), in the same vein with her delightful "Week in a French Country House." These papers show the same genial, lively talent for characterization and description, the same easy, graceful writing, fine, asthetic culture, large and generous views, and hearty sympathy with human nature and with what is noble. The first and longest piece, to be sure, the only one which can properly be called a story, is a tale at falling in love, through musical sympathies, with a lady hopelessly insane, and therefore, as a whole, in spite of many beauties, seems not quite natural. But music enters as a chief pervading element into all the little pieces, and they embody a sincere love and large experience of what is best in music, with much sound, subtle criticism, and many happy hints of pleasant satire. The London operas and concerts, and fashionable Italian music parties, furnish the texts for these, while we are brought near to several master spirits of the art, for instance, Joachim. By far the best piece of the book is "Recollections of the Life of Joseph Heywood, and Some of his Thoughts about Music." Here is one for a specimen; when has the *Trovatore* been hit off so well?

"I went to the Italian Opera to hear Mozart's enchanting *Nozze di Figaro*. The house was very poorly attended, the stalls and boxes having only a thin sprinkling of people here and there. The music was sung with shameful carelessness, and the actors did not seem to think it worth while to give themselves the trouble to move. I was quite indignant at this disgraceful indifference; but was afterwards told that the Italians hate Mozart's music, which they consider tiresome and ineffective, and that also, in a general way, they seldom take the pains to exert themselves when the house is full.

"To make up for this disappointment, Winterton gave me a place in his box, a night or two afterwards, to hear an opera which I was told was one of the great works of modern times. I remembered very distinctly the Italian music I had heard years ago—the brilliant effects and grand finish of Rossini, the agreeable vein of melody, somewhat poorly worked out, but always charming in sentiment, of Bellini,—and I hoped to have all these delightful old recollections delightfully revived. I declare that, from beginning to end, it was one continual bang and shriek. Such tune as there was, was of the very commonest order, and as for the story, it defied all comprehension and beggars all description. I only know that there was a husband and wife who bawled a hideous duet at each other, with the veins in their throat swollen till I thought they would burst, and their eyes starting out of their heads at their own screams; and a mother who bawled because she had wanted to burn somebody else's baby, and then by a very unaccountable mistake, had put her own baby on the fire instead; and then there was a man, with the most extraordinary lungs I ever heard, who bawled for an hour together at the same pitch because his mother was going to be burned. Possibly there might be a degree of justification in the general unpleasantness of their positions; but then, I ask, why choose fire for the libretto of an opera? There was at last a moment's respite in a commonplace but rather agreeable little duet towards the conclusion, where the lady who has burned the children goes to sleep, and therefore is obliged to cease bawling for a few seconds; and there were two pretty romances sung in lucid intervals by the tenor, one at the beginning and the other at the end, when he is shut up in a tower. But, on the whole, the performance seemed to me very like the idiot's story,—"full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing."

And here again, in a description of a musical party:

"The only thing that gave me any real pleasure was the performance of a lady, with a perfect glory of fair hair, who sat down to the piano and accompanied herself in one of Beethoven's sacred songs. The music was grand, and she sang it admirably. I asked one of my neighbors who she was. 'Christian Rupert—Mrs. Rupert,' was the answer. 'Hasn't she a lovely voice? But it is such a pity she always will sing such tiresome things.'

"'Too beautiful!' said an enthusiastic lady on the other side. 'Mendlesham, isn't it? I do dote upon Mendlesham, don't you? I always say Verdi and Mendlesham,—Verdi and Mendlesham,—nothing like 'em!'"

The Boston Choral Union (whose first concert last spring our readers will remember), gave an impromptu entertainment last Monday evening in honor of their late conductor, Mr. Southard. The ladies of the Society provided a collation, and with a few songs and concerted pieces the affair passed off with unusual satisfaction. At the close of the evening Mr. Southard was presented with a massive silver pitcher, and the young lady accompanist received a handsome testimonial in the shape of a carved music-rack. The Hall and tables were handsomely decorated with flowers, the company was large and brilliant, the *farewell* was sincere and heartfelt.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN LEIPZIG.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* writes:

Whilst sojourning in Leipzig, about a week ago, I took occasion to examine the magnificent new Opera House that stands opposite the Museum, upon the spacious and beautiful *Augustus Platz*. The opera for the evening was Flotow's ever pretty, piquant *Martha*, and its performance every way worthy of the renowned city wherein it was given. Especially was the orchestra deserving of all commendation. It comprised some sixty of the leading musicians of the theatre itself, and of the famous *Gewandhaus*, and it executed the various accompaniments with infinite precision and matchless taste. The troupe upon the stage consisted of the regular vocalists who hold permanent position here under the government of King John; but I noticed more than one name underlined as furloughed because of summer vacation privileges or sickness. Indeed the Lionel of the evening was a tenor from Frankfort-on-the-Main, put down upon the play-bill as "Gast" (Guest). It is rather of the costly edifice and of its internal equipments, however, that I would write.

The Royal Opera House of Leipzig, then, was erected between the years 1864–67, after plans by Oberbaurath (chief building advisor), Langhans, and developed under the personal superintendence of a builder, named Dost. It presents a vast palatial front of picton stone, with six arched alcoves, underneath which runs a carriage-way, resting upon the street. Surmounting these, rise as many symmetrical pillars which support the elaborately carved facade beneath the two sloping sides of the roof. On either side of said columns a beautifully rounded bastion-like edifice swings around to the rear, where a marble pavilion and terrace invite the promenader in the entr'actes to the cool shades and gushing fountains of the *Schwanenteich* (swan-pond), in a garden through which run many avenues far around to the magnificent railway stations of the city. I have no means of knowing its actual proportions, but the entire edifice covers a vast area—second only to the new building now in course of construction in Paris. Its cloak-rooms and lobbies, restaurant and other internal features of the kind, are very spacious, and most elaborately frescoed. Splendid portraits of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart and other renowned tone-masters, grace the elegant portals of the various places of *entrée*. The auditorium contains an immense parquet, and a contracted parquet circle, but above these rise five sweeping rows or tiers. Immediately touching the spacious stage, the eye takes in nine very roomy private boxes — three abreast—the central on either side devoted to the use of the private family. They are very elaborately and richly furnished, and as in all other parts of the theatre, present a background of crimson plush, like ours in Philadelphia. Not the least noticeable in this beautiful temple of the Muses, are the universal richness and tastefulness of the gilt carvings along the entire front of the tiers, as well as the artistic finish of the numerous frescoes upon the ceiling. The chandelier that chiefly serves to illumine the auditorium, is very inferior to that of the Philadelphia Academy, in its construction as well as in the quantity of light supplied. As to acoustic effect, there seems to be no flaw in that particular, and what though its size be enormous, the Lady Harriet of the evening filled its every part with no seeming tax upon her physical powers, and the large audience listened with decorous attention, despite the discomforts of a high Fahrenheit temperature. The opera in all of the German cities commences at 6 P. M., and closes at 9, thus allowing enthusiastic votaries of music to pass a couple of hours before midnight in the numberless gardens, where fine orchestras discourse beautiful music for three silver groschen.

OFFENBACH.—The English press is more outspoken than our own about the last low fashion in opera. The *Pall Mall Gazette says*:

"M. Offenbach is, we are aware, capable of other things, and nobody can deny the piquant vivacity of many of his compositions. But as Schubert is popularly, and above all, known by his songs; Mendelssohn by his Songs without Words; Rossini by his operas; Balfe by his operatic ballads; Strauss by his waltzes; Musard by his quadrilles; so M. Offenbach will be known (until he is altogether forgotten) by his Cancans, in the composition of which he is, we are happy to think, unrivalled. M. Offenbach is the troubadour of ladies of doubtful reputation, and enjoys their sympathy through the readiness with which he, as a musician, has entered into the spirit of their favorite dance."

MISS ALICE DUTTON, of whom we have often spoken as one of the most promising of our rising pianists, and of a real artist-like and earnest spirit, has been giving concerts out West during the past month. Of course the programmes were not quite so select as she would have played in Boston, but they contained good things. In Davenport, Iowa, she played Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat, besides "*March des Amazons*," by Wehli, and a Duo by Alard with a violinist named Strasser; and there was some vocal miscellany. At Rock Island Miss Dutton's selections were "*Le dernier Sourire*" by Wollenhaupt, Liszt's transcription of the *Lucia* Sextet, a Duo on Mozart themes, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, and again the Alard Duo. The Gounod *Ave Maria*, for voice, violin, organ, and piano, figured in both these concerts. At Geneseo, Ill., Aug. 31st, she was assisted by Miss Maggie Rowse, in the double character of soprano singer and pianist. Miss Dutton played one of Liszt's *Rhapsodies Hongroises*, "*La Fontaine*" by Lysberg, and a couple of four-handed pieces with the other lady, one of them an arrangement from Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

A NEW IDEA IN ART.—A photo-lithograph has been made of the manuscript of Handel's "Messiah," as left by the master. This idea, thoroughly carried out, cannot fail to exercise marked influence upon the progress in music of all who, whether students or not, take a more than ordinary interest in this art. It is, perhaps, the best mode that can be employed to give us a true key to the character and genius of the composer thus portrayed. It is as if we accompanied him, step by step, through his great achievements; as if we were with him; as if the emotions of his heart, the working of his brain, were always before us. The lessons to be derived from this are incalculable; for, if nothing else, we shall learn that the easy flow of ideas, often even with the greatest genius, is the result of hard and earnest thought, of many revisions and considerations. Whoever has looked over the manuscript of Beethoven, now in possession of the Prussian government, will bear witness to this, not less than if he has had occasion to glance at the manuscript of that German poet who furnished more matter to his composers than any other of his noble profession. We speak of Henri Heine. That ease, that brilliancy, that dash, in most of his verses, which seem to have been thrown upon the paper without any hesitation, almost in a whirl, as if to get rid of it forever, stares at us in his manuscript in a very different light. Often one single line, or one single word, is altered again and again, until it looks simple and natural, and as though it could not have been uttered in any other way. We might multiply examples from other men of eminence in music and letters, but this will suffice for the present purpose, which is only to call attention to the achievement of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in London, in thus producing the original MS. of Handel's "Messiah," and to express the hope that this may be followed up by the application of the art of photo-lithography to the works of other great masters of music.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

OPERA.—Mr. Maretzek has engaged an Italian and a German opera troupe for a western and eastern tour. His Italian troupe includes Mrs. Agatha States, Miss McCulloch, Brignoli, Ronconi, Orlandini and three new names, Signora Rosa Collins, Mdlle. Louisa Durand and Signor Piccioli. For German opera he is said to have engaged La Grange, Madame Rotter, Miss Jenny Appel, Habelmann, William Formes, Hermanns and Herr Fischer Acton.

According to the New York *Season*, it is settled beyond a matter of doubt that Mr. Mapleson will visit this country the coming season, with his London Opera Troupe. The principals are Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Kellogg, Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Bulterini, and Mr. Santley, the distinguished baritone. Mr. Mapleson will commence a six or eight weeks' season at the New York Academy of Music, October 15th.

The salaries of the prominent artists in Mapleson's company are set down as follows: Tietjens, $5000 per month; Kellogg, $3200; Demerit Lablache, contralto, $1000; Bulterini, tenor, $2000; Firenzi, tenor, $1200; Santley, baritone, $2200; Foli, basso, $1600; Arditi, conductor, $2000.

Mr. Gran's French opera troupe this season will include Mdlles. Rosa-Belli, Goby-Fontenelle, Victoria Maurice, Rose Taillefer, Adrienne Signy and Elize Gabetta; and M. M. Corriar, Beckers, Bourgoin, Goby, Bataille and Maussey. "Genevieve de Brabant" will be the first opera performed.

Signor Antonucci is not to be in Maretzek's troupe. He has accepted an engagement for Naples.

It is rumored that Miss Louisa Pyne has made a contract to visit this country the present year.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Love and War. Duet. Soprano or Tenor and Bass. 5. C to *a*. *Cooke.* 75
A capital, showy duet, which can hardly fail of being effective before company. The ha-ha-laughing part is quite mirth provoking.

Elsie Vane. Song and Chorus. 2. C to e. *G. E. Veazie.* 30
A sweet ballad, in popular style.

Beauty's Rose. 2. G to *g*. *Draskin.* 30
A sweet song about Love and Roses, at once pleasing Hearts, Eyes and Noses.

Nelly. 3. F to d. *Jane Slowan Torrey.* 40
An exquisite song, full of taste and pathos, and, as will be seen, of easy compass.

Karney's Wooing. 2. F to f. *Lover.* 30
A fine Irish song, full of fun and melody. As this "Lover" has sung his "last serenade," we must make much of his newer songs, knowing that we shall hear no more.

O Welcome my Wood. (Willkommen mein Wald.) 4. E*b* to *g*. *Franz.* 35
If you would be sure to find a Gem of *German* Song—go to *Franz!*

The Woodland Stream. 3. E*b* to f. *Wrighton.* 30
With a smooth flow of music, like a rivulet in the woods.

From the Alps. (Alpenhorn.) Voice, Piano and Flute. 3. E*b* to *g*. *Proch.* 40
Proch's air is a great favorite, and this arrangement with Flute acc. adds much to the enjoyment of hearing it.

In this Lovely Spot. (Das Korbchen.) 3. E*b* to *g*. Piano, Voice and Flute. *Levey.* 40
Like the above, a fine arrangement of a pleasing air.

We don't see it. Quartet. 2. B*b* to *eb*. *O. E. Dodge.* 30
A new Grant song, and quite effective. The responses of the different voices, "I don't see it," "Nor I can't see it," &c., are pretty sure to "bring down the house."

Capt. Jinks. (As sung by Lingard.) 2. B*b* to f. 40
This favorite song appears with a fine lithograph of the great Mimic, in the character of the officer of the "Horse Marines."

Instrumental.

Adele Waltz. 2. D. *Godfrey.* 30
Favorite Waltz, nicely arranged in easy form, by Knight.

Capt. Jinks' Quick-step. 3. B*b*. *Knight.* 30
It will be seen, that the unfortunate captain, tho' turned out of the army, is still marching on, and to good music, too. An additional air, "On the Beach," is introduced in the last part.

Capt. Jinks' Quick-step, Simplified. 2. B*b*. *Wellman.* 10
The same air, but made easy enough for beginners.

Reception March. 3. G and D. *A. E. Warren.* 30
Very sprightly. Play it to welcome your guests as they enter.

Apothecaries March. 3. E*b*. *C. J. Grass.* 30
Quite a "stirring" air for our friends the druggists, who are all "pill"-grims, and should have had a march before now. They will find it an agreeable tonic and stimulant.

Chinese Embassy Polka. 2. F. *Turner.* 30
Easy and attractive.

Brilliant Jewels. A Piano-forte Medley. 3. *A. P. Wyman.* 75
A very pleasing combination of a number of popular melodies, in various keys.

Books.

LIBRETTO OF BARBE-BLEUE. 30
This story is one of the most amusing of the opera series, and the music inserted is sparkling and pretty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 717. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 14.

The Music of the Spheres.

I.

Hast thou not heard it, the universal music?
The throbbing harmony, the old eternal rhyme?
In the wild billows roaring,
In the mad torrent pouring,
And keeping with the stars its beat and march sublime?
Hast thou not heard it when the night was silent,
And nothing stirred but winds amid the trees,
And the star-orbits, strings of harps celestial,
Seemed quivering to the rush of melodies?

II.

If in thy soul there pulse not some faint responsive echo
Of that supernal everlasting hymn,
Thou'rt of the low earth, lowly,
Or livest life unholy,
Or dullest spiritual sense by carnal gross ness dim.
Hear it, oh Poet, hear it! Oh, Preacher, give it welcome!
Oh Loving Heart, receive it, deep in thine inmost core,
The harmony of Angels, Glory, for ever Glory,
Glory and Peace and Joy, and Love for evermore!

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."—Tonkuenstler Versammlung in Altenburg, July 19–23.

(continued from page [illegible]).

[Translated and abridged from the New Zeitschrift für Musik [illegible].]

In the afternoon of the second day a sacred concert took place in the Schlosskirche. The court kapellmeister Dr. Stade opened the first part with Bach's great organ Toccata in D; whereon the organist and organ teacher in the Conservatorium at Stuttgart, E. Tod, opened the second part with Liszt's Prelude and Fugue on the name B A C H, one of the grandest organ works of recent times. Both performances were truly brilliant both in spirit and in execution. The Altenburg Singakademie, under Stade's direction, sang a number of by no means easy *a capella* choruses, especially the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* from Palestrina's Mass: *Me [illegible] est*; some attractive old German tunes from the collection "Lieder und Sprüche," of the 15th century, by R. von Liliencron and W. Stade; a *Kyrie* by Th. Schneider; the 12th Psalm by Rebling, and a Motet by D. Engel. The last three choral works, taken together with several other compositions performed on this and the following days, gave an interesting picture of the School of Friedrich Schneider (Stade, Rebling, Th. Schneider and Engel); he has certainly formed many sterling musicians. The *Kyrie* by Schneider's son, now music director in Chemnitz, follows ably after the better models, has unity and right expression, and is an effective choral piece; the 12th Psalm by Rebling, music-director in Magdeburg, makes an altogether good impression by its fresh and sometimes characteristic representation and by clever contrapuntal treatment; while the Motet by D. H. Engel, cathedral organist at Merseburg, contains strong passages and a well wrought choral figuration.

A couple of songs from W. Stade's "*Reisebilder Gesänge*," very finely rendered by Herr J. Schild, held the audience captive by their natural and heart-felt depth of feeling. Herr G. Hentschel of Breslau sang a bass aria from Carl's *Schöne Müllerin*, with full, sympathetic tone and noble expression; while Frl. Anna Drechsel of Leipzig gave Bach's Aria "*Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlocke*" (the cello part by Herr Krumbholz) in a somewhat dragging tempo and not enough of joyful confidence, but carefully and correctly and with a right sonorous organ. Herr J. M. Grün of Pesth, one of Joachim's most prominent pupils, won great regard by his performance of Bach's Violin Chaconne, but was even more brilliantly successful on the 22d in his rendering of a Suite by Goldmark, so that not only was he warmly applauded after every movement, but he was privately besponken next day at the palace and received a valuable present from the duke's own hands.

HERMANN ZOPFF.

THIRD DAY.

A concert for orchestra, chorus, vocal and instrumental solos. This came off at noon in the hall of the "Concordia," under court capellmeister Dr. Stade's direction, with the following programme: Handel's [illegible] *Concerto*, the choruses by the Altenburg Singakademie, the solos by Frau Rapp-Bischoff (of Vienna) and Herren court opera singers Schild of Dresden and Krause of Berlin; [illegible], a character piece for orchestra, by W. Stade; Violoncello Concerto by Grützmacher, played by Krumbholz; Recitative and Cavatina from the opera "The Hero of the North" by Carl Götze, sung by Albert Goldberg of Brunswick; [illegible] by Berlioz; "Loch Lomond," a symphonic character-picture by Ferd. Thieriot, conducted by himself, and Songs, with piano accompaniment, by Pl. Bäfer, A. Jensen, and Liszt, sung by Herr Schild.

[Handel's pastoral finds plenty of praise even with this New School reporter, and so does the rendering.]

. . . The [illegible] by W. Stade was received in a manner very honorable to the meritorious composer. The work combines striking invention with very skilful treatment of form, and in its effective orchestral garb may always be sure of favor.

Herr Krumbholz won enthusiastic applause again by his rendering of Grützmacher's Concerto, a valuable addition to our meagre violoncello literature.

The fragment from Götze's opera ("*Sie [illegible] Mädchen*," &c.) is a soft, dreamy piece of mood painting, in which the composer, so far as instrumentation is concerned, shows that fine sense of color which is found in so high a degree in his orchestral piece "Midsummer Night." It rather falls off at the end by a somewhat ordinary turn. . . .

The brilliant point of the concert and one of the most brilliant of the whole festival was the "Fantastic Symphony" by Berlioz. There was a life in those tones that thrilled through every fibre of the hearer! Then one forgot all the discomfort of the intolerable heat of the hall and, as it spell-bound in a magic circle, followed those now in the sinister early dream, now lofty glowing, now calmly meditative, now dizzyingly adventurous and almost grotesque love pictures.—This irresistible effectiveness of Berlioz's music, which then won for it an enthusiastic reception (nothing said this time about [illegible], sixteen trombones, &c.), has its foundation in two characteristic peculiarities. The first is the glowing, feverish passion and *élan*, the nervous excitability, which often assumes a pathological energy of expression and which in this town, so far as some acquaintance with B's artistic activity extends, has not appeared again in his later works; a fact which may be traced to the personal experiences, under the impression of which he conceived the Symphony. On the other hand, that iron energy is wonderful, with which Berlioz controls his tones and dams up their stream within artistic forms and gives plastic consistency and dance style to the whole.

The second leading characteristic of Berlioz's work, one which, we find in a high degree also in his *Requiem*, is the grandeur of the poetic conception (which here to be sure, from the nature of the subject, might easily lead into questionable and strange extravagance, as is plainly the case in the last movement) and the strength and sharpness of characterization, which brings the sensations before the hearer's fancy in the boldest outlines and with most striking, instantaneous power. A masterpiece in this regard is the "[illegible]" (march to execution), a wild and startling picture, of vigorous drawing, modelled so to say with brazen consistency, and [illegible] in glory dashing colors. A particularly [illegible] passage seemed to us the most [illegible] where the "[illegible]" [illegible] interrupted by the blow of the "[illegible]" and the composer with an "almost [illegible]" without indulging in any sentimental reflections, lets the music quietly resume its determined course. This part is, strictly taken, the most perfect in the whole work, both in complete rounding off of form and harmony and in the most convincing and poetic way in which it presents itself to our intuitive perception. . . .

Berlioz has not yet lost the peculiarities of the organic composition of poetic and creative activity. He is on the one side too much a Frenchman, especially too much a French romanticist, with whom a very active imagination sometimes overgrows that plastic reality of shaping things, which strict Art only can require, while on the other side he is too much of a specific musician to limit the energy and tendency of his purely musical feeling in behalf of any such unitary co-operation of both factors in the more modern sense. Hence the disproportion between poetical ideas and musical representation, which

here and there appears in Berlioz; now we perceive a purely musical overplus, where the poetic sense finds full expression, while the music unfolds its elementary power in all its breadth, as in the first Allegro; and now the music is not entirely intelligible, sounds bald and needs a programme to explain it, and a portion of the meaning remains unexpressed. The latter is the case in the "*Scène aux champs*," a piece of music otherwise, in respect to form, i. e. the structure of the movement, after the genuine Beethoven model. But when one has fully taken in the contents of the programme, so that his own fancy, as he listens, in a certain sense takes part in the creation of the work, then "he finds not only all that the composer wanted to express, but a great deal more, and almost everywhere a warm and living tone" (*Schumann*).

Next to the "March to the place of execution," the ball scene makes the most immediate effect upon an unprepared public. As for the last movement, it will always shock the orthodox professionals; but we have talked with even "rightly constituted" musicians who have frankly confessed themselves carried away by its power. Such matter Berlioz handles without gloves, and for the first impression one is inclined to accept the paradox: "It is not music to be sure, but it is beautiful." Whoever will try to alter or to mitigate it will find that, as the work stands, there is nothing to be added nor to be taken away.—Take it all in all, this Symphony, especially when we think of it as the work of a young artist only 17 years old, is something magnificently unique, magnificent in its "beauties"—if B. will allow that so tame a word can be applicable to his colossus—as well as in its transgressions; and the earnest attention with which the public followed the performance, the enthusiastic applause prove sufficiently that they know how to appreciate the creative deeds of genius, without excusing or swearing by their many eccentricities.

The execution of the work, Dr. Stade conducting, was masterly; each member of the orchestra seemed to have assimilated his part into his very flesh and blood; it was played with such zest and enthusiasm that it was a real pleasure only to look on. . . .

After the powerful impression of the work of Berlioz, whatever followed had a hard position. All the more highly therefore may the composer of the character-piece "Loch Lomond," Herr Thieriot, prize the favorable reception that work met with. He is one of those artists who, originally standing aloof from the new efforts, has yet preserved mental elasticity enough to make at least many of the technical acquisitions of the new time his own. His character-piece shows everywhere the musician who realizes his thorough musical culture, his rich knowledge, in an interesting and peculiar way, and who by modulatory seasoning, as well as by vivid, freshly colored instrumentation, always clothes his creation in the spirit of the time. Moreover the invention is noble and you may recognize in it a characteristic local coloring.

Owing to the extreme heat in the hall, and the late hour, the *Suite* by Goldmark had to be reserved for the extra matinée. Herr Schild closed the concert with an admirable delivery of three *Lieder:* the tender, airy "Serenade" by Liszt; "*In der Ferne*," full of deep feeling, by Rüfer; and the fiery "*Nun rauscht in Morgenwinde sacht*" by Jensen. FR. STADE.

(Conclusion next time.)

"La Jeunesse de Goethe."

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine gave its decision on Friday last in a case which has a story worth telling.

Among the most passionate admirers of Goethe was Meyerbeer, who long cherished the idea of taking *Faust* as the subject of an opera. But while, with characteristic fastidiousness, he was thinking how best to set about it, Gounod occupied the ground before him. Upon this, Meyerbeer reluctantly abandoned his intention, and probably would have thought no more of illustrating his favorite poet, but for the following incident: Towards the close of 1859, M. Blaze de Bury wrote a piece for the Odéon, called *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, in the third act of which was a scene demanding music—so thought M. Rounat, the director—for its due effect, and not only so, but music specially adapted to the situation. "What if I speak to Meyerbeer?" said M. de Bury. The director treated his author's remark as a joke; but meanwhile the latter called upon Meyerbeer, told him what was wanted, revived all his enthusiasm for Goethe and, in a week, received a promise of co-operation. The musician had no sooner set to work than his old desire to treat the story of *Faust* returned, and M. de Bury partially remodelled the drama in consequence. The spring of 1860 came, and nothing was heard from Meyerbeer, then residing in Berlin. M. Rounat grew impatient, and M. de Bury wrote to the composer, who, a little piqued, replied that he always kept his word. Six months passed, but the music was not forthcoming, whereupon it was thought well to require from Meyerbeer a formal undertaking to complete the work by a specified time. This he gave under certain conditions, and named May 10th, 1861, as the date of first representation. In January the composer wrote to M. de Bury, announcing the completion of his task, but meanwhile M. Rounat found it desirable to put off the production of *La Jeunesse de Goethe* till the spring of 1862. This suited Meyerbeer admirably, for two reasons—it permitted him to keep his music to himself a little longer, and left him at full liberty to superintend the bringing out of *L'Africaine* during the winter. In August, 1861, M. Rounat wished to treat definitely for the piece, but Meyerbeer, who knew that the Odéon closed at the end of May, and that *La Jeunesse de Goethe* could have but few consecutive representations, was prompt with reasons for a further postponement. A letter to M. de Bury, written from Ems, urged that the music would require six weeks' rehearsal; that it was absurd to produce the work at a time when its "run" must perforce be soon stopped; that it was essential he (Meyerbeer) should be in Paris when it was produced; and, finally, that he could not be in Paris at the time specified. In October there was nothing decided, and M. Rounat, quite out of patience, wrote a pressing note to M. de Bury, urging him to bring the master to terms, and offering, moreover, to keep the Odéon open so long as the work continued to draw. This, however, had no effect; and as it was understood that *La Jeunesse de Goethe* should follow the *Africaine*, which did not appear, further effort seems to have been abandoned.

In 1864, Meyerbeer died, leaving by will certain directions as to the disposal of his manuscripts, which were thoroughly in keeping with his own treatment of them during life. Those directions, enforced by a solemn appeal to the "piety" of his well-beloved wife and children, were, in effect, that all his unpublished musical remains whatsoever (*L'Africaine* excepted) should be carefully kept and guarded in "un coffre special," accessible to nobody. In the event of one of his children showing a talent for music—on which point the executors were to judge—he directed that the box and its contents should become that child's property; otherwise, the whole was to be burnt. Not unnaturally, M. Blaze de Bury conceived that he had a right to claim exemption from this fate for *La Jeunesse de Goethe*. The composer's family and executors, however, adhered to the letter of their instructions, and it only remained for M. de Bury to assert his right in a court of law.

The plaintiff's advocate, M. Le Berquier, advanced two main arguments on behalf of his client. One was based upon Meyerbeer's evident intention to produce *La Jeunesse de Goethe* at some time or other, an intention often expressed towards the close of his life, and subsequent to the date of the will. The other urged the difficulty in such a case of deciding where the rights of a collaborateur begin or end; and repudiated the idea that the caprice of one can lawfully deprive the other of any benefit likely to arise from their common work. On behalf of the Meyerbeer family, M. Cremieux made a long and elaborate speech, the main points in which were echoed by the Avocat Imperial, M. Chevrier, who said there were three questions for consideration: 1st, Did Meyerbeer's directions as to the disposal of his manuscripts apply to *La Jeunesse de Goethe?* 2nd, Was there between Meyerbeer and M. de Bury any convention which established a genuine co-partnership? 3rd, In the absence of a convention, is there any superior right to which M. de Bury can appeal? As to the first, M. Chevrier held that the pointed exception made in favor of *L'Africaine* conclusively proved that no exception was intended in the case of *La Jeunesse de Goethe*. On the second point he expressed a belief that all the facts of the case went to show Meyerbeer's dissatisfaction with the work; that he regarded it as incomplete, and himself as in no way bound by any convention whatever to deliver it up. With reference to the third question, the Avocat Imperial declared the music and libretto of an opera to be distinct and divisible things, and that the author of each is "the master of his own glory."

For these reasons the tribunal pronounced judgment against M. de Bury's claim. It did so with regret; but, said M. Chevrier, "fortune is changeable, and it is perhaps prudent to spare the glory of Meyerbeer the hazard of another experiment."

The following letters of Meyerbeer were read in court during the trial referred to above:—

No. 1.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

BERLIN, March 10, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter with double pleasure because it gave me news of you, and because I love everything that comes from your *spirituelle* and philosophical pen.

You appear to doubt, my dear friend, that I shall keep the word I have given you to write music for the third act of your Goethe drama, which you sent me when I left Paris. I have promised to finish the composition by the autumn, the time when, as you told me, your drama ought to be put in rehearsal. I have never yet failed in my promises, and it will not be in relation to such a friend as you that I shall do so for the first time.

You say nothing about the tragedy of *Petrarque*, which you intended to bring out this winter at the Odéon; is it finished, or are there difficulties in the way connected with the theatre? You well know anything concerning you, my dear friend, or your poetic works, inspires me with interest.

Remember me to Madame de Bury, and M. and Mdme. Buloz, but above, and before all, to my charming protectresses and good advocates Mdlle. Marie Buloz, and Mdlle. Zetta de Bury. Tell them, at the same time, that the march I have composed for the fête of St. Gilles, at Paris, will appear immediately, and that I have ordered my publisher to send each of them a copy.

Adieu, and a thousand compliments from your very devoted MEYERBEER.

No. 2

To M. Blaze de Bury.

PARIS, Sept. 2, 1860.

MY DEAR HENRI,—I yield with pleasure to the desire you have shown that I should put to music the great scene which forms the third act of your drama, *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, intended for the Théâtre Français, or the Odéon, and I promise the music by the 10th of May next, so that the work may be represented in the course of next season. This, however, on the express condition that the orchestra and chorus of the Italiens be engaged for the performances, and that four artists, chosen by me, take the parts of Mignon, Gretchen, the Roi des Aulnes, and the Father.

If the piece be not played by the 15th of June, it must not be given before the 15th of September. I will explain to you by word of mouth, dear Henri, the reason of this last condition. It will be necessary for you to write me on the 10th of March, if the theatre comes to an engagement with you for the time, and on the conditions mentioned in this letter. Your very devoted MEYERBEER.

No. 3.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

BERLIN, Jan. 28, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Six weeks ago I finished the music which you engaged me to compose. I now await information from you as to time and place of its production. I see by your letter that the latter is likely to be the Odéon.

If you find all the necessary qualifications in the *troupe*, as well as the accessories for the *mise en scène* of the third act, and they are able to guarantee, as regards the music, that which I stipulated in a former letter, I think the place is well chosen, especially with a manager like M. de la Ronnat, who has a reputation for boldness and intelligence. But you tell me that in April, when we agreed that I should give you my score, M. de la Ronnat has an engagement with Madame Ristori, and that he proposes to produce the work in the spring of 1862. At that time shall certainly be free, musically speaking, for my new opera will be given in the course of next winter. I therefore see no difficulty in the way at present.

In my position, dear friend, as the father of a family, not resident in France, I do not like to make a definite engagement for a time so distant. Who knows, in the vicissitudes of our lives, what may happen before then to keep me at home. If we wait till October next before treating with M. Ronnat for the following April it will be nearly seven months in advance, and we shall not be tied for so long a time I think, as you say, if he wishes to have the work, that will not be an imposition.

Now, my dear friend, let us turn to our piece. The scene about which I had most fear, and which I proposed to you should be altered (that of the Cathedral in *Faust*) has come to be the best of all, and I hope that you will not be dissatisfied with it. There is only one other thing which disquiets me, and about which I yet hesitate—the scene of the Roi des Aulnes. Schubert's music to the ballad is so popular everywhere that the public will not accept anything new upon the words, and it influences me so much that I could write nothing likely to satisfy myself. I intend, then, to take the context of Schubert's melodies and incorporate it with the music for the daughters of the Roi des Aulnes, dividing the melodies themselves between the three characters, and at the same time scoring for orchestra those pieces which Schubert wrote for piano only.

There are two ways of doing the work; the one is to make the father and son speak to the music of Schubert as given by the orchestra, allowing only the Roi des Aulnes and his maidens to sing; the other is to let all the characters have a part in the music. Have the goodness to tell me which of these two methods you prefer. From a purely musical point of view the latter would be the better, but I will abide by your decision. Will you also let me know if you have, as was your intention, added a chorus of students to the first act? and in that case send it me forthwith, as I prefer to write while the impression of the character of the music is still strong upon my imagination rather than when other works have made it strange to me. Your very devoted

MEYERBEER.

No. 4.

To M. Blaze de Bury.

EMS, August 30, 1861.

You ought to know, dear Henri, for I told you last year, and you will find it in a letter you have of mine upon this subject, that I can only be in Paris in the month of April. We must have at least six good weeks of rehearsals, and, when the music, itself complicated enough (above all in the church scene) is learnt, there yet remain the scenic details, and the exceptional positions of the singers, who never find themselves in front of the foot lights, and are consequently far from the orchestra. It will be necessary to have many trials, and, perhaps, partial alterations before all will go smoothly.

You write me that the Odéon closes at the end of May; hence you will not be able to have more than eight or ten representations before the doors are shut. Consider, dear friend, whether it will be to the advantage of your work to interrupt its run after so few representations, and whether it will not be better, under these circumstances, to give it in another theatre able to play it all the summer; or, as appears to me best, to remain at the Odéon, and to produce the work in September, at which time you will have all the autumn and winter before you. But understand, dear friend, this is a hint I throw out, not a condition. Your interest in the piece is the more important, and it ought to have more weight in our counsels, as I have only written the music to one act out of three.

You ask me, dear Henri, if I cannot visit Paris for a short time; my intention was to make an excursion after having completed my cure here, chiefly to become familiar with *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, of which I know, at present, only that which you have told me. It is of great importance for me to become acquainted with the entire drama, in order to know how the acts preceding that I have set to music justify the character of the work I have done according to the general idea of the piece which alone you have indicated to me.

But my Paris excursion appears impossible, my King having ordered me to compose the music for his coronation at Königsberg, and desired me, moreover, to be myself at Königsberg to conduct a concert which will form part of the royal fêtes. Already, I have composed, by his orders, a cantata which will be performed at the palace in Berlin after the return of the King from Königsberg, and which I must always conduct. You see, therefore, that I cannot even think of a journey.

You tell me in your letter, dear friend, that you will, perhaps, visit me at Ems. That will be charming. But you must not waste time in carrying out your intention, for on the 15th of September I leave here for Berlin. If you come, above all things do not forget to bring *La Jeunesse de Goethe*, that I may read it.

Give my remembrances to Mme. de Bury, and a thousand compliments to the charming Mdlle. Jetta, who, I sincerely hope, retains her good will to her old adorer, MEYERBEER.

London Street Music.

The more people love music, when it is good and comes to their call, the more they usually hate and abhor it when it is not good, and comes unbidden. Even the best of music, when it breaks suddenly upon the ear of one who is engaged in the painful labor or business of any kind, is not agreeable; but when discord, instead of harmony, bursts upon the outraged silence of the library, the study, or the sick room, then is music but another name for misery.

Business lately called me to London for a week; a consideration connected with the facile transition led me to take my residence in one of the streets branching southwards from the Strand; a quiet street to all appearance, but very [illegible] street, a street through which [illegible] and into which no cab or other vehicle ever [illegible], unless it be low, to take up a [illegible] the goods daily or [illegible]. I had [illegible] houses within the [illegible] I [illegible] covered that the tranquillity of

Quarter past one.—An Italian boy, apparently of about fourteen years of age, with a hurdy gurdy. He whistles to it as an accompaniment. The combination is horrible and past endurance. I go to the window and order him away. He stops whistling, to grin at me, and removes himself to the distance of two houses, where he recommences his performance. If there be a policeman in sight, I shall assuredly have him removed per force majeure. But no policeman has been seen the whole morning, and none is visible now. This young tormentor plagues me and the street for five minutes before he goes his way. I feel toward him, as I did in the case of his elder compatriot with the barrel-organ, that I should have been glad if his hurdy gurdy were in his entrails, and persisted in remaining there and playing for a week!

Twenty minutes to Two.—Another Italian with a barrel organ and a monkey. The monkey looks very like a Fenian, the man not so good looking. Why does not the Re Galantuomo keep these lazy Italians to himself? This fellow would make excellent food for powder. Two little children and a nursemaid at the opposite side of the street, seem delighted with the monkey: but what their opinion of the music is, I have no means of judging.

Half past Two.—A performer on the cornet-a-piston, plays The last Rose of Summer, and Auld Lang Syne, neither very well nor very badly. His music brings up half-a-dozen heads from the areas on either side of the way. He makes, what in theatrical parlance is called a success d'estime, but does not favor the street beyond ten minutes.

A quarter past Three.—A lad in shabby Highland costume, exhibits a pair of legs that do not show to advantage, and plays villainously on the bag-pipes, the well-known air of Bonnie Laddie. The cooks, housemaids and children seem to be well pleased; but when he changes the air to the Reel of Tulloch, the joy of the little ones grows frantic. Three or four girls of eight or ten who have strayed down the street from some of the contiguous alleys on the other side of the Strand, get up a little dance on the pavement. A policeman, for the first time during the day, makes his appearance. What he might have done, if the performer had been a negro minstrel, singing the Chickaleery Cove; I know not, but he evidently neither admires the music of the bag-pipes, nor the sight of the little children enjoying themselves; so he orders away the piper in a manner that shows he is not in a humor to allow his authority to be trifled with. Resistance being hopeless the piper departs and blessed silence once again prevails for a brief space.

Five minutes to Four.—A blind old man playing a violin, led by a young woman—possibly his daughter. His tunes are mostly Scotch, and miserably perverted. If no one were permitted to play an instrument in the streets without a license, and if none but the blind were eligible for the privilege, the plague of minstrelsy in London might be beneficially diminished. I make a present of this idea to any metropolitan member who thinks well enough of it to introduce it into the legislature.

Ten minutes past Four.—Punch and Judy, the most popular theatrical performance that ever was invented, and known and enjoyed by millions, who never heard of Macbeth and Hamlet, and never will. The street suddenly seems to swarm with children, nor are older people at all scarce within two minutes after the familiar squeak. The policeman again turns up. He has apparently no objections to Punch or if he has makes none. The play proceeds; and as it is opposite my window, I make the most of it,—and if I must tell the truth, I enjoy it. The dog that appears towards the last act is a first-rate performer, cool and collected; and when Punch hits him a little too hard, he fastens upon Punch's nose in a manner that impresses the audience with the idea that he thoroughly believes it to be flesh and blood. Good dog! I should think that Punch clears about eightpence by this little interlude, sixpence whereof was mine, for I had been seen to laugh, and could not expect to enjoy such a luxury without paying for it. If the manager of this ambulatory theatre repeats his performance ten or a dozen times a day, with the same pecuniary results he must make what is called a tolerably good thing of it."

Five o'clock.—Barrel organ, Champagne Charlie, Not for Joseph, and Adeste Fideles. No policemen.

Six o'clock.—An old man with a fiddle; an old woman with a concertina; and a younger woman with a baby at her breast. The young woman sings, and the older performers murder the music. This is even a worse infliction than a barrel-organ; and lasts for about five minutes. Much as the street seems to love music, it evidently does not love this specimen of harmony, and not a single halfpenny rewards the trio.

Twenty minutes past Six.—A man leading a Newfoundland dog, with a monkey riding on its back. The man beats a big drum to attract attention. Somebody rises from the dinner table, throws a bone into the street to the dog, which speedily unhorses, or I ought perhaps to say undogs the monkey, and darts upon the prize in spite of the opposition and the kicks of his master. The monkey performs several little tricks, holds out his paw for halfpence, mounts and dismounts at word of command, but not until the dog has crunched the bone and made an end of it, with as much relish as if it were flesh; and is altogether so popular with the children and the servants, as to earn the price of a dinner for his owner. The monkey eats bits of cake and apple from the children, and the dog gets another bone, with a little meat on it, and the partnership of the man and two beasts depart in peace to amuse the children somewhere else.

Seven o'clock.—More mock niggers—seven of them. They sing Ben Bolt, Maggie Dooral, Little Maggie May, and others, which I presume are the popular favorites. A family just arrived, as is evident by the piles of boxes on the roof of the two cabs that carry them in detachments—and possibly fresh from the rural districts, where black minstrelsy is rarer than black swans, stand at the windows and listen. To be seen listening is to be seen approving, and to be seen approving means money. The minstrels are asked for the repetition of Little Maggie May, and, after compliance, receive what looks like half-a-crown, as it flashes from the window to the hat of the leader. Half-a-crown is not much among seven, though it is evidently a much more liberal gratuity than generally falls to the lot of street musicians, if an opinion may be formed from the expression that gleams on the sooty and greasy face of the recipient.

Half past seven.—A barrel-organ. No policeman.

Eight o'clock.—A woman "clad in unwomanly rags," with a thin weak voice, dolefully chanting Annie Laurie.

A quarter past Eight.—A barrel-organ, Policeman in the street, for a wonder; is told to expel this performer, and expels him accordingly. The man persists in grinding as he goes up the street to get out of it. "Leave off," says the policeman, sharply, and in the tone of a man that means mischief if he be thwarted; and the tune ceases. The policeman walks down the street, up again, and disappears; and in less than five minutes the organ fiend—for such this particularly pertinacious vagabond deserves to be called—reënters the scene of his discomfiture, and begins to grind away triumphantly at the Old Hundredth Psalm. I suffer him, in an agony of spirit, for a full ten minutes. He meets no encouragement, and retires. May he grind organs in Pandemonium for ever and ever—amen!

Nine o'clock.—The tinkling of a guitar, well played, succeeded by the rich, full voice of a cultivated soprano, singing the old ballad, Comin' through the Rye. Here, at last, is something worth hearing. Looking out I see a well-dressed woman, with a small crowd around her. She next sings, Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon and renders it beautifully; afterwards, The Last Rose of Summer, equally well, followed by Bonnie Dundee, sung with a spirit which would do credit to any stage. This person is, I understand, a protégée of my landlady, and visits the street regularly every week. She meets otherwise with very considerable encouragement. She has sought, but hitherto in vain, to obtain an engagement at the music halls. "One reason is," she says, "that negro melodies and comic songs by ladies are more popular than Scotch songs, or than sentimental songs of any kind, unless they are sung by a man or a woman with a blackened face." Another reason, perhaps, is poverty, and the want of good introductions. My landlady says she is an honest girl and has been well enough educated to read music and sing at sight. Can nothing be done for her? Lack-a-day gentlemen," replies the landlady, "have been greatly pleased with her singing, and promised to exert themselves to get her an engagement of some kind, however humble, to take her out of street singing; but it has been all cry and no wool; and nothing has come of it.

A quarter to Ten o'clock.—A tremendous hullabaloo! and loud cries of "Awful murder! awful murder! Second edition—Second eddishon!" I send down to know what is the matter. It is a sell—a sell—a palpable sell—and no murder at all; and the servant brings me up a fly sheet, printed on one side, like the halfpenny ballads. This costs a penny; and is the story—I quote literally—of "A married man caught in a Trap, or, the Lovers Detected—a Laughable Dialogue, which took place in a Railway carriage, between a married gentleman and a young lady of this town, which was overheard by a gentleman, who immediately committed the same to writing." The "laughable dialogue" is not at all laughable, but coarse, silly, puerile and utterly contemptible. Compared with the venders of such swindling rubbish, who disturb the night by their vociferous cries, the most villainous organ-grinder of Italy is a respectable man and a saint. If I had the making of the laws and the administration of them afterwards, I think such fellows as these would never be able to vociferate again, either on a false pretence or a true one, after they got out of my clutches.

The above is a fair and true account, and an unvarnished tale of a day's music and misery in London. The real music was not much; the real misery was very considerable. Is there no remedy for such wrong? Cannot a prohibitive duty be put upon Italians and Savoyards at the port of entry? Cannot music, or the murder of music in the streets, by unauthorized performers be prevented? Or if the children and the servants, and the idle people generally, must have street music, cannot the infliction be concentrated within a couple of hours every day? People must bathe in the Serpentine after eight in the morning; why should people be allowed to make hideous noises anywhere and everywhere in the business hours of the day?

New Choral Society, in New York.

THE CHURCH CHORAL UNION.

From Watson's Art Journal.

The society bearing the felicitous title of the "Church Choral Union," is in the first days of its existence. It was planned in the spring, organized during the summer, and had its first meeting on Tuesday evening last. It originated with the organists of the churches of Trinity Parish, Messrs. A. H. Messiter, W. H. Walter, Mus. Doc; John H. Cornell, and James Peck, Mus. Bach. Oxon., who with much patient labor, sustained by full communion of sentiment, formed the constitution of what promises to be the most powerful choral society in the country.

Having in the several choirs attached to Trinity Parish, a nucleus of over a hundred well-trained voices, the beginning was easy; but it required a broad-based organization to swell the vocal strength to the contemplated proportions—say from 1,000 to 2,000 practiced singers. To achieve this, required much thoughtful consideration, and the plan finally decided upon was that of affiliation. The idea is, we believe, new to this country, but an organization upon the principle of affiliation with the euphonious title "Maatschappy tot Bevorderungeder Toonkunst," has existed for nearly half a century in Holland, the success of which has been so great, that it has now a capital of 115,600 gilders, and 2,082 active members. Its library consists of 2,000 works, with vocal and orchestral scores, which are at the service of the branch societies. It also grants pensions, and makes liberal donations to the living composers whose works are performed at its concerts. From the unqualified success of this Hollandish Society, we feel confident in prognosticating the permanent establishment of the Church Choral Union, founded as it is upon nearly the same system.

That our readers may fully understand the scope, intention and operation of the Church Choral Union, we will state briefly some of the chief points of its constitution.

Its object is the advancement of music, as a liberal art and science, by the study of anthems and services of acknowledged merit, suitable for choral performance: and by giving grand orchestral and choral concerts of the highest class, comprising Oratorios, Masses, Cantatas, &c., by Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn; or any other universally recognized composer, whose works may be selected, and are suitable for the concert room.

CONSTITUTION.—The Membership of this Association shall consist of the Lay Clerks and Choristers who shall, from time to time, be engaged in Choral duties in connection with any Church or Chapel in Trinity Parish, New York, and in the actual service of such parish; and Associate Members not engaged in the duties of the service of the Parish.

GOVERNMENT.—The General Government of the Association (except as herein otherwise provided) shall be vested in a President, Vice-President, three Trustees and Secretary, with the Organists and Choir Masters of Trinity Church, S. Paul's, S. John's and Trinity Chapels; and five Directors, who shall, together, constitute a board of management denominated "The Council of the Church Choral Union."

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.—The Council at any of its meetings shall have the power of electing Associate members, on the nomination, in writing, of any Organist and Choir Master in Trinity Parish; provided the person so nominated shall, in the consider-

ation of the Council, be found suitable for admission into the chorus. Such Associate Members, however, will be bound by the same Rules and Regulations as may be adopted for the good government of the whole Association. No member of the Trinity Parish Choirs will be eligible for Associate Membership.

AFFILIATED CHOIRS.—Any Choir or Choral Society may be affiliated to the Church Choral Union, provided article V., referring to Associate Members, be adhered to. And every such affiliated Choir shall have the power to elect from their own body a Delegate, who shall be eligible for election as a Director by the whole Association; provided such Choir or Society numbers not less than twenty persons.

It will be seen that choirs or vocal societies in neighboring cities and towns can affiliate with the Church Choral Union, and will have a chance of being represented in its councils. The local choir masters are expected to place themselves in communication with the Central Conductor, and accept his reading or interpretation of the music to be put in practice in local districts previous to a full rehearsal, either for full choral service or for a concert. And from time to time, on the order of the council, the Conductor, or in his absence the Chorus Master, shall visit and rehearse with any affiliated local choirs or societies that may require it and who may be too remote from the Central Society, to attend its General Rehearsals regularly. The expense to be defrayed by the council. This will secure a general uniformity in the study, so that when all can be brought together, it will be comparatively easy to attain perfection in performance under the one directing mind, whose influence has been communicated at previous rehearsals.

We cordially approve of articles Nos. 11 and 12 of the By-laws, which prohibit members of the association receiving any compensation for services rendered to the association on either private or public occasions; also, that the association, although it may, by vote of the whole society, accept invitations to perform, shall not receive any compensation for such services.

The Church Choral Union held its first meeting on Tuesday evening, September 8th, at the large gothic school room of Trinity Chapel, for the purpose of electing officers and for practice. There was a full attendance, and Dr. James Peck was called to the Chair, which he delivered the following address:

"We come here to-night to inaugurate, by a first rehearsal, the first meeting of the Church Choral Union. As we appear now, we are representatives of one family, deriving a common subsistence from one source;—the Rector and Corporation of Trinity Parish.

"In commencing this undertaking, the promoters, who are men of large social and pecuniary influence, desire to advocate the interest of Art in association with the religious worship of our church in the parish and of assisting to disseminate a cultivation of the refined and beautiful in connection with religious musical art throughout the world.

"The Rector and Corporation of Trinity Parish on one side, and the public at large on the other, require such an organization as we are, to give as high a standard of excellence as our powers will reach. In order to satisfy this very reasonable expectation and to achieve so desirable a result, we have to develop those powers to the utmost. This, in the present instance, can only be accomplished by the cultivation of two very antagonistic elements—discipline and the desire. These two things thoroughly understood and determined on, instruction will begin and knowledge be established.

"Two organists and choir masters of Trinity Parish, in the most perfect accord, after much careful consideration, have allotted for each of us a place which, in the opinion of the whole, he is best adapted, by learning and experience, to fill. Dr. Walter and Mr. J. H. Cornell are the organists and accompanyists; Mr. A. H. Messiter is the Chorus-Master, and my self the Conductor. Each one has an arduous and critical post to occupy, and much depends upon the patience, perseverance and loyalty of each. Nor does the responsibility devolve upon the organists and choir masters. Every individual member of the Church Choral Union has also a responsible share in the matter, which a strong guiding principle and a thorough confidence in the support and carry forward to a successful issue.

"Now, as I am called upon in the dual capacity of conductor and as the mouthpiece of the Council and the interpreter of such compositions as they may decide upon for public performance, it is important that the position of Conductor and Musical Director should be thoroughly understood, in order that that position shall enlist your highest attention and respect. The conductor's every look and nod, and word and gesture, should be minutely and intelligently observed and implicitly followed with the fullest interpretation. The whole body of singers, as I see them before me now, should be, in course of time and education, an obedient and pliable mass to his will, susceptible of every instantaneous impression he may desire to convey—as a combination of colors under the painter's pencil, waiting, in mute respect, for the artistic brush and touch of that educated hand which is to convey through his skill and perceptions, the intelligence, the light and shade of every subject or composition he may desire to delineate—to be as justly given as he hears it may be as justly received.

"I will detain you no longer now, with any further preliminary remarks, and I trust to be received in the same kindly spirit they are given. But I will add, that I trust that every organist and choir master in this parish, as well as every member of these choirs, will, at once, realize that a variety of interests are involved in the success of this, the most interesting and educational movement, and that the progress and advancement of each depends upon each, and each, with the future of the whole. Let us, then, in patience, perseverance and fidelity, make the future a success worthy of the command the [illegible] and cultured [illegible].

The practice [illegible] very satisfactory. [illegible] officers was as follows:

President, [illegible]

Vice-Presidents, [illegible]

Secretary, [illegible]

Treasurer, [illegible]

Librarian, [illegible]

Assistant Librarian, [illegible]

Executive Committee, [illegible]

The Rector and Corporation of Trinity Parish, New York.

As we [illegible] the Church Choral Union, we [illegible] Union, we [illegible] Bylaws [illegible] Germany, and [illegible] Trinity Parish, is [illegible] Bylaws [illegible] Bylaws [illegible] Bylaws

character, with the single exception of the heroine, was debased and vicious. The whole country went mad over this production, and the natural result of such an exaltation of criminals and crime, was evinced in the general demoralization that ensued. Highway robbery, murder and debauchery became more common. Footpads took the sentimental view of their profession, and assassins slit weasands to the tune of one of "Macheath's songs. Ladies chanted the praises of pickpockets, and carried the words of the ballads about upon their fans. "The morals of thousands," says a contemporary writer, "were hopelessly corrupted;" and the shameless indecency of the time reached a climax, when Lavinia Fenton,—the original "Polly" in the opera—was led to the altar, amid universal acclamation, by the Duke of Bolton, although all the world knew her to be a woman of the most depraved and corrupt character.

The success of this piece sealed the fate of legitimate opera for many years. It was followed by other burlesque operas, some of them possessing musical merit, but most of them as vilely immoral as *The Beggar's Opera*. Handel was neglected and forgotten. Assisted first by the nobility, and relying afterwards upon his personal exertions, he strove to breast the tide that threatened to overwhelm art. Opera after opera came from his prolific pen, but all were unsuccessful; and in utter despair, shattered in health, ruined in fortune and half broken-hearted, he abandoned opera forever.

In some measure, Offenbach has duplicated the insanity that Gay originated. In this country, where it is professed that we can appreciate and encourage high art, there are to-day no less than four or five burlesque opera companies, and not one Italian or German troupe. The flimsy music of Offenbach is sung, played, whistled, hummed, ground and drummed; and crowds of decent people are found who flock to witness indecent representations of operas, by the side of which Gay's pastoral is the perfection of purity and a very model of virtue. And the greater discredit is with the people of this generation. Gay had much talent, and the songs of his opera—some of them written by abler poets—were sung to infinitely sweeter music. He lived, too, in a time when there was a greater license in the use of language than there can be now, and when morality was not so exacting. Offenbach has neither beautiful music nor engaging dialogue, and his bawdry is a deliberate violation of the refined sense of the fifteenth century. If Gay was the "Orpheus of highwaymen," Offenbach is the half-bestial Pan of pruriency.

The merit of his music has already been sufficiently discussed. Its utter emptiness and worthlessness is assured now to every true musician. Time will convince the people of it. The repeated assertion that, simply because it is music, it must therefore contribute to popular culture, is a pretence. A flash novel does not assist the cause of popular education because it is literature. The effect of false art, and shallow, unreal, untrue art, is retrogressive. It is as impossible to transfer one's admiration from *Fidelio* to *La Grande Duchesse* without experiencing a certain demoralization, as it is to abandon Shakespeare to study Tupper without being degraded intellectually. We do not, of course, believe that musical culture in this country has arrived at a final period. It must progress, and it certainly does progress. But this spasm of madness serves to make its progress slower and more difficult. The current of the stream flows onward, though the opposing tide seems to have checked its course.

Offenbach might be forgiven his want of genius, but his pruriency is inexcusable. Heaven permits persons to be born incapable, but men are the authors of their own knavery. This man might give *rôles*, as he has done, to barking dogs, and introduce kissing choruses, or any absurd effect of which he is capable, and the greatest fault that could be found with him would be that he knew of no better use for his art than to make it the vehicle of fantastic trickery. But when he prostitutes it to giving a glamour to lechery, he deserves the severest censure that can be uttered against him. It will not do to quote mythology in favor of bawdry, or to instance Shakespeare's freedom of speech as an excuse for it. Shakespeare lived in an age when, as we have said of the last century, language had greater license than it has now, and his occasional offences are merely incidental. There is not, as in Offenbach's operas, a deliberate selection of a plot filthy in its designs and in its execution. We can pardon the looseness for the greatness. The moral grandeur and sublimity of the whole work atones for the episodal freedom of expression. Those who read Shakespeare need only survey the majestic completeness of the whole design, while they revel in his imagination. The disciple of Offenbach has a groundwork and a superstructure of indecency. The fables of mythology, also, have none but pure suggestions to the pure mind. We look behind the details, and perceive the sublime allegories of a beautiful and poetic paganism. We can see in the action of the heathen deities a figurative description of the operations of Nature, and we reverence in the system the evidences of the first groping of a pure art nature toward religious culture and knowledge of immortality and Omnipotence.

The defenders of Offenbach can sneer at "prurient prudery" to their heart's content, but they cannot deny that he is the purveyor of bold, bald indecency, which needs no careful scrutiny to discover it. There is such a thing as decency, and there is an innate popular regard for it. We take our stand in favor of its adoption, and of rigid adherence to it on the stage and elsewhere. We cut objectionable passages from Shakespeare when we represent him. Why then should we submit to the lechery of little M. Offenbach? The stage has suffered incalculable injury already from this very looseness of dramatic morals. We advocate purification. The champions of *Barbe Bleue* and *La Belle Hélène* are bringing it into fresh disrepute and ensuring its further degradation. The performances of these pieces—the sloughing off of a corrupt and debauched French taste, the operas of the concert saloons, and the dance garden—must lead to this result, and to popular demoralization. We cannot touch pitch without being defiled. The mind cannot become familiar with profligacy and indecency without contamination.

Offenbach has some admirers who err through ignorance and want of comprehension of his actual immorality. The French language, in many cases, screens the vileness of his words. If an English company should use a literal translation of *Barbe Bleue* no modest woman would go to see it a second time. Neither the license of the stage nor common poetic license excuses this. We have as good a right to publish the indecent text of these operas in this journal, as a company of men and women have to repeat it upon the stage. Both give the matter to the public, and the performance does greater injury because it presents impersonations that make the offence more palpable and actual. Would the most enthusiastic of Offenbach's critical supporters dare to print his *librettos*?—and would not all his admirers condemn them if they did? Let us have a little common sense applied to this matter, and when Offenbach's day is over, and we return once more to legitimate art, we shall see whether our position has not been upon the side of right, and whether we have not spoken truly in behalf of the divine art whose mission is to purify and elevate the soul, and which, of all its sisters, is predestined to immortality.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 26, 1868.

Meyerbeer's "Inspirations."

The European journals are again full of Meyerbeer. The unsuccessful suit brought by the librettist M. Blaze de Bury against the executors of the composer for the possession of the unfinished operetta "*The young days of Goethe*" has not only made a good theme of gossip, but has revived the discussion about Meyerbeer's genius. The possible value of the musical "ideas," hints, first suggestions, which he has left sealed up in that box, to be seen by no one, unless by some one of his grandchildren who may show musical talent, becomes a tempting question for the critics. Under the above heading the London *Orchestra* defines Meyerbeer's peculiar power, contrasting his genius (if it can be called such) with the genius of the great creators, such as Beethoven and Handel, so entirely in accordance with the view we have so often expressed of the great musician of "effect," and does it so much better too than we can, that we are tempted (in the absence of other important matter) to give the article a place here, while the theme, or rather the occasion of its revival, is yet fresh.

We have more than once expressed our inability to feel that Meyerbeer was *great*, save in an external and material sense. And when the *Orchestra* finds his greatness to consist mainly in the art of "making up," what can it mean except precisely what we meant when we wrote: "We are of those who feel in him the power *of* will and talent rather than of genius. The gift of spontaneous melody was not peculiarly his; elaborately planned effects instead of inspiration; after sitting through one of his 'grand' operas, we have not felt inspired, inwardly edified and strengthened, have not gone away with lighter hearts and nobler hopes and aspirations, but wearied and oppressed. How different the feeling after such works as *Fidelio*, &c!" Very many have felt this. Marx accused Meyerbeer of the fatal want of artistic "integrity," that is of self-forgetting devotion to the ideal and the true. We all know how repulsive the whole spirit of the Meyerbeerian tendency was to Mendelssohn and Schumann. The contrariety of aim and method between a composer like Beethoven and one like Meyerbeer is admirably shown in the article below. Richard Wagner has criticized Meyerbeer very sharply and very justly; but we cannot help seeing in Wagner a continuator of the same false tendency to which Meyerbeer, more than any one man, gave the first strong impulse. We look upon him as the musician who of all others has done the most to pervert and demoralize the art of music in our day. He is the founder and the formidable example of the whole school of "effect." Berlioz, and Liszt, and Wagner, and Verdi in his smaller way, all take after this false prophet. The writer we are about to quote, however, would fain speak as an admirer of the composer, whose faults and fatal limitation he so well points out; hence an inconsistency in the use of the word "inspirations" in the title of the piece, which we have indicated by quotation marks. Much as we agree with him too in general, we should, were there time, raise several questions of detail. For instance, who but this writer ever dreamed of such a thing as the *Freyschütz* Overture being "made up" entirely of Beethoven's ideas! But let him speak.

Great thinkers, as a rule, keep a commonplace book for the note of what they think and what they read. It is the photographing the partially-perceived idea, the bank for orders to pay upon the mighty dead. It is finding habitation for the changeful spirit, and a keeping record of the joy of always going on to know, a joy which is ever young and fresh, for it is without fear and seeth no end. Meyerbeer died leaving five such memorandum-books. Had he been a painter or draughtsman like Rafaelle or Michael Angelo, and had his five special memorandum volumes been so many collections of sketches, these books, subdivided and sold in single leaves, would have produced a sum that might make a banker stare and give increased delight to a residuary legatee, although standing in no need "of any such resources." Meyerbeer's thoughts were not those of the pencil or the brush, for he dealt with sounds, and communed with the spirit of music. None but he knew what the brief dottings down really meant, none but he knew to what they would give birth. As embodiments of his *spirit* these were invaluable; as mere notes to the eyes of strangers they simply presented so many opportunities for misunderstanding with the wise, for pillage with the mean and unconscientious. He had watched the fate that had befallen his dead contemporaries, he had turned over their "posthumous works," and well knew how much had been done to "much damage their reputation in after days." No one knew better than he the fate of a manuscript when once "in treacherous hands," and he had not to be told that the unpublished works of the departed afforded much

radiant plumage for the living jackdaw. Burn his thoughts and extracts he would not; leave them for living composers to work their will on them he would not; and they are bequeathed to a grandchild, should he turn out a musician, and should this not be, the executors are commissioned to destroy them. With the memoranda is included the diary of the composer, and its fate is to be the same as the record of his thoughts in sounds.

Meyerbeer was of no elephantine nature as a musician, neither a Handel nor a Beethoven, but was the result of the new learning—the art of making up music, an art invented and almost perfected by his master, the Abbé Vogler. Up to Vogler's day, music had been taught like language, without reference to thought and idea. Like Schlegel, Bopp, and Becker, Vogler was a grammarian of a new order, and taught the method of using sounds by analyzation of the ideas in sounds. First learn, said he, the poetry of sound, trace out in what it consists, and then master the method for its creation. Vogler was himself no poet; but, if somewhat insensitive, yet marvellously perceptive. He had well studied the operas of Rameau and Gluck, and watched the amazing progress of Haydn. He could not cope with Mozart, but he could bring rod and line and measure the little great-man. The result of his teaching was the overture to "*Freischütz*," the most wonderful piece of make-up that was ever perpetrated, and made up from the works of a living composer, for Beethoven could have said, "Of this composition every idea of any value is my own." Meyerbeer's career was one constant engagement of hunting after materials for make-up. The "*Robert*" is a grand make up—superb from the ideas of others; the "*Huguenots*" is less transparent; the "*Prophet*" immeasurably subtle, for the composer was now throwing all his living contemporaries into his alembic, and working his crucibles with the freedom and audacity of an experienced adept. It was no longer the force of feeling and imagination, it was the highly cultivated perceptive will forming a chemic unity out of the essences of his hard working contemporaries. He was the embodied principle of cohesion—the cunning amalgamation of sounds for the gratification of putting sounds together—for exciting the passions (and not the best or highest) of human nature, and possibly for the mere pleasure of astonishing the dramatic and operatic world. He went nightly to the opera to listen and note for measure and cadence, to watch for what met general acceptation and produced emotion from its mere adaptation to give pleasure. The smallest advance, the delicate nicety, the common undetected novelty, the half expanded thought, the unpolished jewel, the misset stone,—all were seized upon and transferred to his commonplace book and there washed over and dotted down as "an inspiration"—"my musical thought"—ready to be enlarged, worked up, and turned to account whenever wanted. "Inspirations," he calls them, but expirations would be the better and truer expression. Now although there be much of the manufacturer about all this—something teachable, something learnable, yet the supremacy of the old adept was utterly incommunicable, and he well knew that much of this memoranda would be considered simply as so much littleness and feebleness, unless first submitted to his own matchless blending power, and put into its place by the cunning of a fifty years' experience. His great inspiration consisted in the art of manufacturing a situation for the charcoal he had turned into diamonds. The end he knew was reverenced, but the process he feared would be ridiculed and perverted. And so he solemnly padlocks his volumes for some ten or twenty years, and trusts to be of some service to a musical grandchild. He leaves for the advantage of his musical heir the practical lessons he was taught by his master in the last century.

The volumes are unquestionably of the greatest possible interest. They would probably reveal in some degree the road Meyerbeer took in attaining his great power over the mechanism of musical composition, the acumen he possessed in the choice of his subjects, and the shrewd changes and additions he made when dealing with them. He would never dwell upon the unimportant or unnecessary, and his keen ear might connect with the ugliest thought some element of beauty capable of being turned to account. It would be curious to mark the mean and the weak transformed into the picturesque and the forcible, the labored and the clumsy raised by magnificent skill and subtlety into the imposing and sublime. Who would not like to see the first sketch, the rude drawing, of so brilliant and beautiful an artist as Meyerbeer, although unfinished and but half told, yet bearing the impression of power and the promise of certain result from prolonged exertion? Much noting and many books of memoranda have been left by Beethoven, and a promise has been made of their publication. Beethoven and Meyerbeer worked from opposite poles, and the two publications would afford opportunity for curious and instructive comparisons. Ordinary care would prevent any of the mischief contemplated by Meyerbeer, and surely his "inspirations" would be given the public without possible loss of posthumous reputation, and without injury from thieves or treacherous friends. It will be no news that Meyerbeer made up his music, but it would be a great novelty and a rare pleasure to know how he did make it up: and should this knowledge be attended with any loss of reputation to the composer, it was certainly not generous of him to keep the great secret in the family, and still less so to [illegible] every reason for concealment but the right one. Should the reasons be just and proper for withholding these musical fragments from the eye of the public, still we cannot possibly conceive any good reason for depriving the artistic world of an insight into Meyerbeer's diary. He was unquestionably clever in the turn of a sarcasm, and without failure always pointed to the real flaw in the new composition; but if, like Rossini, he could say trenchant things, no one could excel him in the blandishments of elegant compliment: his diary is surely not all vinegar, and ten or fifteen years may take away much of its strength. To the general public Meyerbeer's opinion of the musical world in which he lived, and the jottings down of what he daily saw, heard, and thought, are much more to be prized than the fragments of notes and bars he has reserved for his great behind to feed upon. One thing is certain, the diary is an honest diary, written without any intention of being at any time presented to the public; the great drawback to the interest of these letters of Mendelssohn which have been published is the transparent nervousness of the writer that at some day or other what he was penning to peer would be printed. These jottings of Mendelssohn, when free and unembarrassed, were beyond measure valuable, and had he experienced the friendship of some German Boswell, the records of his conversation would have placed him among the very foremost of those delightful conversations artists. As to his unfinished manuscripts, his reputation was safe in the great and wise m exercised by his executors. Of the subsequent fate of these MSS. we say nothing, but we are much inclined to suppose that the outspoken expressions of Meyerbeer bear a latent reference to their dissemination. But a diary is not a store for music making, and Meyerbeer's diary must not be burnt.

CONCERTS. The skirmishes of solo playing virtuosos, flying visitors, open the musical season. They do well to come before the solid fast, the regular supplies of Symphony and Oratorio, and Chamber Music, present their stronger claim on public interest—a claim which they have so well made good these last years, in which fact we may read one of the sure signs of wholesome musical progress.

OLE BULL makes the first entry. He has announced three concerts in the Music Hall: one for last evening, a matinee for this afternoon, and the finale for this evening. It is the beginning of a rapid concert tour throughout the country, after which he will go back and rest upon his laurels in his native Norway. He brings with all the potent fascination of his individuality, with that rich tone and mastery of his instrument which have not yet begun to fall him, and which still excite enthusiasm in the large class who always care more for the player than the music. He plays just what he always has played here, and that is what his audience likes best. For assistants he has Miss BARTON, soprano, Mr. HALL, baritone, Mr. THAYER organist, and Mr. LANSING, pianist.

The Senorita JOSEFINA FILOMENO, the very youthful violinist and pianist, from Chili, who made so much sensation in New Orleans, St Louis, and other Western cities in the summer, announces three musical evenings at Chickering's; namely, next Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Miss BARTON, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN will assist. We had the pleasure of hearing her perform a piece upon each instrument before an invited audience last week, and shared the astonishment of all at the exhibition of such talent and such sure and effective rendering of most difficult music. The violin playing interested us the most. The *caprice* on *William Tell* by Alard, of whom she is a pupil, was given in a firm, bold, brilliant manner, with intonation always true though sometimes rough, with remarkable ease and cleanness, and altogether in a way to show that she has a musical nature worthy of the highest culture. On the piano she played one of Chopin's concertos, also wonderfully well for a child. We did not hear the other pieces, but we doubt not she will draw and interest large audiences.

The GREAT ORGAN is still played every Wednesday and Saturday noon, to larger audiences this summer than ever before; mostly composed of strangers visiting the city. Last Wednesday the organist was Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON, of Montreal, who gave a good programme.

Mr. T used the full organ much more than he probably would do after becoming more acquainted with the instrument and the hall, but he used it with great power, and gave an opportunity, which comes too seldom, of appreciating the grand, satisfying volume of its bass, bearing up the great pyramid of harmonies. His treatment of the Dead March in Saul was somewhat singular; too much elaborate grand in the beginning, and then exceedingly slow. But the great Handel choruses came out very out, and so did the Mendelssohn Sonata which Mr. Lang wisely, we think, plays with a less full organ. But he now and then relieved and shaded it with very tasteful choice of inner stops.

Considering lack that a day or two to learn the ways and means of [illegible] instrument, Mr. T. [illegible] made a highly favorable impression, and evidently [illegible] attention as well as frequent applause.

We are requested to state that Mr. C. W. Wheeler has removed from Tremont Row to the new hall, 615 Washington street.

NEW YORK. The German [illegible] Dr. Carl's Club celebrated the [illegible] of its [illegible] by a musical [illegible] with [illegible] a very interesting programme. The pieces performed were all novelties, viz: 1. Mozart's Octet in C minor for wind instruments, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, consisting of Allegro, Andante, Menuetto, Canzona, and Allegretto. 2. A Trio for two violins and bass, in manuscript, composed by Carl Bergmann, a Handel's celebrated "Music for the Royal Fireworks" (1749).

The *Lehrbaum* intend to give concerts on a grand scale this winter, mainly of orchestral works with chorus. Among those mentioned are "*Der Sturm*" (Tempest) by Taubert; "The Page and the King's Daughter" by Schumann; "Manfred" by Schumann; the 21st Psalm by Meyerbeer; "Choruses to Prometheus" by Liszt; the 121st Psalm by Raff, "God in Nature" by Baum; "Night on the [illegible]" by Brambach; "Greek Song" "Victory after the Battle of Salamis" by Gernsheim; "[illegible]" by Lachner; "*Ave Maria*" and "Lorelei" by Mendelssohn. To carry out a third part of this programme would be showing remarkable enterprise.

Mr. Mapleson, after all, is not to bring his opera company—not even the abridgement promised—to New York. The *Citizen* informs us:

Max Strakosch has arrived in this city, bringing Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and a very complete company of artists, with whom he will shortly commence a concert season. Miss Kellogg is in fine health and voice, and her thousands of friends will welcome her back to America. During the past season she has been the operatic star of Her Majesty's Theatre, in London and has established an unbounded popularity abroad. It is understood that Miss

Kellogg is engaged to Maurice Strakosch for four years from this time, and that she is under the direction of his brother, Max Strakosch, for the present season, in America, after which she goes abroad again for fresh triumphs.

This puts the Mapleson business at rest, so far as America is concerned, this Winter—indeed, the London papers announce that he will take his company to Dublin. He intended to come here, but rumor says that he was outflanked by Maurice and Max Strakosch, who would at once have occupied Mapleson's abandoned field, and have given Italian opera in Covent Garden, in London, and thereafter in the Provinces. With this prospect, Mapleson concluded, on the whole, that he had better remain in his own bailiwick, rather than to try the uncertain field in a new country, leaving a sure harvest for his competitors at home. The Academy directors in this city have been officially notified that Mapleson cannot come.

PHILADELPHIA. The *Evening Bulletin* says:

Mr. Carl Sentz has wisely determined to inaugurate a second series of those charming orchestral matinées which afforded so much pleasure last winter to the lovers of good music. In his circular the manager says:

"The past season, 1867-68, has been regarded as one of the most disastrous to managers and projectors of public amusements—only those succeeding which, on the one hand, possessed more than ordinary intrinsic merit, or, on the other, appealing to a vitiated taste, depended upon sensational attractions of questionable propiety. It is, therefore, with a just pride in art, that the success of the Orchestra Matinees is referred to, for it settles conclusively that their novel and peculiar features of programme have been appreciated and approved. Whatever doubt was felt before the commencement of the series, by the admirers of that form of musical composition known as Symphony, was soon dispelled by the enthusiasm with which the grand works of Haydn and Mozart were received by large audiences representing all classes of society. So satisfactory and assuring are these evidences, that the design foreshadowed in the announcement of last year, of producing symphonies by Beethoven and other great masters, will now be carried into execution; for, in addition to symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, other than those already given, the repertoire of the coming season will be enriched by the First, Eighth and Tenth of Beethoven, (otherwise known as the Battle of Vittoria,) the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, a work of transcendant beauty, and the celebrated Reformation Symphony of Mendelssohn, which has created a marked sensation in musical circles wherever it has been performed."

The Richings Opera Troupe commenced their twelve nights' engagement at the Arch Street Theatre on Monday night last, with the opera of *Martha*, the performance of which was in every respect satisfactory. The principal characters were sustained by Mrs. Bernard, *née* Caroline Richings, as Lady Harriet; Mrs. E Seguin as Nancy; Mr. Campbell as Plunket; Mr. Castle as Lionel; Mr. Seguin as Lord Tristram; and Mr. Peakes as High Sheriff, with a chorus of fair ability.

On Tuesday night, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was given. Miss Abell made her appearance for the second time in this city in the choice part of Arline, the music of which she gave with correctness and expression, though somewhat lacking in dramatic power.

On Wednesday night the fine opera of *Crown Diamonds*, by Auber, was performed well. Mrs. Bernard as La Catarina, Mr. Peaks as the Count, Mr. Castle as Henrique, Mr. Campbell as Rebelledo, Mr. Bernard as Don Sebastian, and Mr. James Peakes as Mugnos. The details of the opera were observed with commendable precision, and it was given throughout with admirable exactness.

On Thursday night there was performed for the first time in this city in English, the comic opera, entitled the *Czar and Carpenter*, or *Peter the Great in Saardam*, founded on an interesting historical fact. In the first act Mr. Seguin distinguishes himself as the Burgomaster (Mayor) of a city, and in the second comes a magnificent solo and chorus entitled, "Farethee-well! my Flandrish Maiden," followed by a sextette of much beauty, and participated in by Messrs. Campbell, Castle, Bernard, Seguin, Arnold, and James Peakes. The bridal song by Mrs. Bernard, entitled, "Lovely is the Hue of Roses," was well sung by Mrs. Bernard, and the entire work was well given. The opera promises to be a favorite.

On Friday night, Mrs. Bernard took her benefit, the opera of *Norma* being the attraction, the *beneficiare* singing the part of the Druid Priestess with expression and spirit. Mr. Bernard took the character of Pollione, Mr. Henry Peakes of Oroveso, and Miss Abell, above referred to, as Adelgisa. Last night the successful week's engagement was concluded by the performance of Wallace's beautiful opera, *Maritana*, with the following fine cast: Charles Second, King of Spain, Mr. H. C. Peakes; Don Jose, his Minister, Mr. Campbell; Don Caesar De Bazan, Mr. Castle; Maritana, Mrs. Bernard; Marchioness, Mrs. Gonzales; Lazarillo, Mrs. Seguin; Captain of the Guard, J. G. Peakes; Marquis, James Arnold.

Crispino, Trovatore, Traviata, and other fine gems [!] are in preparation.

Music Abroad.

——"Ruy Blas," an opera by Herr Max Zenger, recently produced at Mannheim, has just been brought out at Manich, with, it is said, unequivocal success.

——The new management of the Theatre Lyrique will retain the direction of the Orchestral Popular Concerts and also of the "Ecoles de Chant de la Ville de Paris."

——Ferdinand Hiller has been created a Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Bonn.

——Mlle. Adelina Patti has appeared in Homburg, where she is to give fifteen consecutive performances. Mlle. Nilsson, her only rival in Germany, as in Paris and London, is to sing at Baden on the 11th, and at Wiesbaden on the 12th of September.

——M. Pasdeloup has, according to *Figaro*, just returned from Lausanne, where he has concluded an engagement with Herr Richard Wagner that the author of the "Meistersänger" shall write an opera expressly for the Theatre Lyrique within a year.

——A new examination in music has been announced in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* (London). The examination is due to the followers of the Tonic Sol-fa method of musical notation, but it will be open to all comers, whatever the system they may have studied. The appointed examiner is Mr. G. A. Macfarren.

——It is stated positively that M. Roger, so long the chief ornament of the Opera Comique, is about to begin a new career. He is ambitious to gain distinction in the spoken drama, and has made an engagement with M. Raphael Félix, the introducer of Mlle. Schneider into England, to appear at the Porte St. Martin. M. Roger is to "create" a character in George Sand's new play "Cadio," about to be brought out in the large theatre that is close to the Boulevard de Strasbourg.

——The London Crystal Palace Concerts begin on October 3d, and it is understood that early in the season another grand symphony by Schubert will be introduced.

——Mr. Ullman is organizing a gigantic concert tour through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Among the artists engaged are Carlotta Patti, Vieuxtemps, Jacquard, Jaell, and Grützmacher.

——Wagner's "Lohengrin" is in rehearsal at St. Petersburg. No opera by Wagner has ever been heard in that city.

——The house at Bonn in which Beethoven was born is now for sale. What a chance for musical Germany to emulate Shakespearian England!

——A statue of Mendelssohn is to be erected in some conspicuous and appropriate spot in Leipsic, probably in the Augustus Platz, which contains the theatre, university, museum, Pauliner-Kirche, and Post Office. The cost of the statue, in a style worthy of the composer, and of the manner in which he raised the fame of Leipsic as a musical city, is estimated at 30,000 thalers, or $22,500. A commencement has been made by the directors of the Gewandhaus, who have paid a subscription of 1,000 thalers. A concert was recently held in the theatre, at which Julius Rietz conducted, Joachim played, and Mdme. Joachim sang, and which produced 500 thalers; and a similar concert in Dresden yielded 300 more. This is all that has been done at present, but with the commencement of the musical season the committee will set vigorously to work, and other concerts will take place throughout Germany. In this way it is hoped to avoid asking subscriptions from individuals.

——Adelina Patti (we prefer the familiar name to Mdme. la Marquise de Caux) has appeared at Homburg, in "Semiramide." She sang three new cadences written expressly for her by Rossini.

——Baden-Baden is now attracting a number of musical celebrities; among others, Signor Bottesini, Herr Rubinstein, and Herr Wilhelmi. We read in *La France Musicale* that an unpublished concerto for the violoncello, by M. Eckert, *capellmeister* at Stuttgart, was heard for the first time there the other day. It was played by Herr Cossmann; and the journal from which we quote expresses the hope that it may replace Romberg's eternal concertos. In truth, the violoncello is badly supplied with solos.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Return from Palestine. (La retour de Palestin). 2. G to *g*. "*Genevieve de Brabant.*" 30

Mathurin's pretty daughter, Rose. (La fille du Mathurin.) 2. G to *a*. "*Genevieve de Brabant.*" 30

Dear Genevieve. (Il est parti). Sneezing Duet. 3. C to f sharp. "*Genevieve de Brabant.*" 40

Three pieces from another of Offenbach's operas, which contains a large number of sprightly melodies. Of the above, the upper one describes the hero's return, after leaving unhorsed any quantity of bold Sarracens. The second is a pretty ballad, descriptive of those old times, when kings married shepherdesses; so that Mathurin's pretty daughter "danced" to the foot of the throne. The third, a duet, is very comical, introducing tender speeches, and graceful compliments, interrupted, most disastrously, by fits of sneezing.

How beautiful the light of home. 2. A to f sharp. *Gilmore.* 35

One of the better class of "home" songs, having good poetry, adapted, in a pleasing key, to a fine melody.

Kissing at the gate. Song and Chorus. 2. G to e. *White.* 30

Gates have a variety of uses, of which an important one is swinging on them. But the more modern use is designated in the above song, which is a very sweet one.

Happy to-night. Song and Cho. 2. B♭ to f. *Turner.* 30

A very pleasing result of "Write me a letter from home," and describes the perfect contentment of an absent one, on hearing good news from all the family.

My Star. Song and Chorus. 3. C to f *G. R. Cromwell.* 30

A very pretty "love" sentiment, and varied melody.

Live in my heart. 2. F to f. *Lover.* 30

By one of the masters of Irish song. Commences rather strangely with the word, *Vouraveen*, and is characteristically Irish throughout. The idea that the lady might "Live in my heart, and pay no rint," is quite original.

Instrumental.

Potpourri from "Genevieve de Brabant." 4. *Kramer.* 75

This piece, which is in various keys, introduces by name, a number of the striking melodies of the new opera, and is quite powerful and brilliant.

Dance music from "Genevieve." Quadrille. 3. Various keys. *J. S. Knight.* 40

Fine selections, and very danceable.

Boulotte Galop. 3. F. "*Barbe-Bleue.*" 35

Brilliant and pleasing.

Capt. Jink's Galop. 2. G. *G. Lyle.* 30

Having given his horse the usual provender of "good corn and beans," Capt. J. "gallops" gallantly out of the army into the dance room, where he is sure of many admirers.

Planchette Waltz. 3. E♭. *Messinger.* 30

Kind "Planchette" has amused too many companies not to deserve some musical celebrity. Planchette sometimes waltzes, after a fashion, but would hardly be able to whirl to this music, which is, however, deep toned and beautiful.

Books.

THE TWO CADIS. Operetta by Eichberg. 4.50

It would be difficult to put together a short work of the kind, more pleasing than this. The libretto is amusing throughout, and contains nothing that is not perfectly innocent and proper to laugh at. Both vocal and instrumental parts are in good taste and satisfying. Then there are but four characters, and the parts not especially difficult; and one scene answers for all. We would respectfully commend Ben Mush and Ben Kush, with the fair niece, and Hassan, to the friendship and acquaintance of musical people, everywhere. A small expense will set up the single scene, and the operetta will fit well in almost any musical exhibition.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 718. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 15.

Hints for Young Opera Composers.

[We translate the following pithy sentences from the *Signale* (Leipzig), where they appear under the head: "*Gebote der Opernpolitik.*" Surely the sound precepts (*Gebote*) here laid down belong to a very difficult school of opera *Politik* from that of Wagner, or of Meyerbeer.]

How extraordinarily rich in dramatic composers our times are here in Germany! Literally no week passes without performances of new operas in one place or another. The composers thereof have all achieved their great successes, and they are called out after every act,—so say the journals. But when the year comes round, these works are already buried in the places of their birth, and other theatres have not performed them. A dreadful epidemic reigns among the German operas; they all collapse and die off. Is it possible, then, that only the composers take no notice of this melancholy fact, which all the world sees and feels? Everything in the world has its *Politik*, that is, its rules and methods whereby the goal one strives for may be the most surely reached. Here follow a few of the most essential.

Compose no texts but good ones. The time is past when an absurd, stupid story can be pardoned for the sake of the good music. The finest music is made in vain, if the text (nowadays) be tedious, or offend good sense and feeling. Learn then, before all things, to judge the text well, to consider whether it will please or displease.

But what is a good opera text? One which from beginning to end steadily increases in interest. "*Dès qu'on intéresse, on est sûr du succès,*" says Voltaire.

But in what does dramatic interest consist? The last aphorism suggests the answer. The skilful dramatic poet shows himself above all in the choice of an effective fable and in the plan. Single piquant scenes do not suffice, still less fine words and verses. If you would know how a great poetic talent can utterly fail through bad choice of a story, or infelicity of plan, read Borne's criticisms on dramatic pieces, particularly those of Houwald.

Seek in the beginning no texts with pompous spectacle for the eyes. You cannot reasonably a expect manager to risk his thousands on your work of a beginner for mere decorative outfit. Mozart's *Figaro*, Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, Mehul's *Joseph and his Brethren*, Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Auber's *Mason and Locksmith*, have all been living for a long time on the stage, without any particular attractions for the eye.

"Mythos," Magic Opera! Just to bejuggle the eye with a great lot of marvellous, that is to say, for the most part, silly stuff! The Italian operas bring before us no supernatural histories, no supernatural subjects; they take them all from real life. They have no magic operas at all; and yet they rule the stage in all musical lands. Open your eyes and understanding, and learn to comprehend that the thing can go without spectacles.

When does music sound the most effective? When you shut your eyes, or hear the composition from a moderate distance, for instance from the corridor of a concert hall.—What is the use then of all this spectacular display in operas, these break-neck flying machines, processions of whole zoological gardens, lovely and hideous phantoms, heaven-striving legs in tricot, skating scenes, volcanoes, powder explosions, and whatever else can set the eyes wide open and close up the ear? Is not the sensible enjoyment of music more and more scared away by such means? All this rubbish has once had its day in Italy, and yet the simple operas of Paesiello, Cimarosa and their followers to this day have their friends and yield true enjoyment. Whatever there is of real musical effect in the new spectacle operas, is always to be found in the simple, natural situations and passages of real feeling. The musical accompaniments to eruptions of Vesuvius, blown up houses, &c., are no loss. And such delight of hearing, as you feel in a performance of *Fidelio*, which has only two quite ordinary scenes, is past the power of all the Meyerbeers, &c., to afford you.

The more that exciting objects strike and occupy the eye, the more does the ear's power of attention to the phenomena of tone fall into the background. You cannot serve two masters. Though Liszt himself play,—if a troop of half naked girls dance round his piano at the same time, many will not hear him at all, and the others only half. This rests upon the fact, that our consciousness can only take in one point at a time, while at the best the other things can only be seen or felt as in a mist or in a dream. Accordingly that opera music is the most clearly apprehended, which demands the least cooperation of the eye, and that the most dimly, where the motley objects of the outward world continually claim its attention.

Mark what Goethe says! "While the grand French Opera through half of the last century, with an immense amount of apparatus, was scarcely able to content its audiences, the Italians had made the fortunate discovery, that a few persons, with almost no sort of surrounding, by *melodious song*, by easy, clear, appropriate delivery, could produce a far livelier effect."

What was possible then, is so to-day. The public preserves the same peculiarities.

In every profession the artist must begin with the easier and more simple tasks, and educate himself gradually through much experience to the higher ones. And can this natural course be unnecessary only in the opera, the most difficult of all musical creations? Is one qualified and justified for such work, when one has produced some tolerable songs and jingling saloon pieces?

Begin first with smaller, one-act operas. They are the easiest to get performed, and in them you can acquire experience for future greater works. Without dramatic experience even genius does not at once achieve anything important. All the French composers have begun so and do begin so to this day. Therefore no nation has so many successful opera composers to point to, as the French. Read in Otto Jahn's Biography of Mozart, how many operas this master from his youth up had to write in order to be able to create *Don Juan*.

If you have a dramatic situation to describe, do not think of its theatrical presentation on the stage, but represent it to yourself as it must be in reality. Be the character yourself. That is the way Mozart did it. Hence he is constantly more true and natural than his poets.

Do not try to express every scene, every period, every word with equal significance. We earth dwellers cannot bear absolute perfection. Eternal sunshine becomes as burdensome as eternal rain.

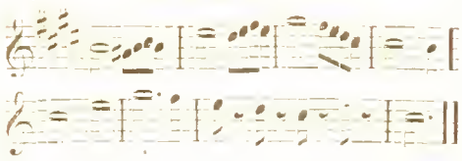
We need contrast, light and shade in works of Art, as in all things. Look into any good opera score you please; you will find passages of more and passages of less importance. The masters have not made the latter in their dull hours, but on purpose; the lesser parts relieve the more significant and give them new significance. Passages, whole pieces, kept in the background, is what this maxim of effect amounts to.

Contrasts there should be, but no rude ones, without motive; these we call catching at *effect*. If you have depicted an impassioned situation with the whole stormy roar of the orchestra, and you now accompany the melody of a gentle scene immediately following only with a single instrument, that is a too abrupt, and therefore motiveless, false contrast, a mere straining at *effect*.

Do not listen to the system makers. But listen to the counsel of great masters. Try to do what Goethe requires of an artist:

> "Give a work,
> Such as laymen gladly feel,
> Such as masters hear with joy."

Strange, that what we demand before all of every musical work is novelty, and yet we listen to a Beethoven Symphony, to a *Don Juan* again and again with undiminished rapture; works so old and so well known to everybody, that not a single note in them can still be new.



What is there original in these passages? These are the commonest and most hackneied figures! And yet the most beautiful, the most extraordinary effect! Reflect on it, why is it?

New figures! The single figures in a piece of music are what the single words are in a speech, a poem. No single word is in itself new, original; every one has been used a hundred thousand times.

Seek soon to know the kind and the degree of your own talent. All cannot do all things. If you can do nothing in the lofty, tragic style, try the lively, comic vein. "*Tout genre est bon, excepté l'ennuyeux*," says Voltaire. And Goethe: "No kind is to be despised; every kind is edifying the moment a great talent has reached the highest point in it."

Respect the singer! The finest instrument is the singing voice, the most infallible means of effect is beautiful singing. Learn therefore to write what shall be grateful to the singer. Are you for example a virtuoso of the violin, will you not write your Concerto in such a way as to put all possible facility and art of expression into your own solo part? Will you as a concert player step before the public with the execution of a second *ripieno* part in a Symphony? That is what is expected of the singer in many an opera.

Let the singers all have grateful parts to sing, and then your opera will be most sure to come upon the stage, and will sustain itself there the longest. The strongest proof is the Italian operas.

(Conclusion next time.)

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."—Tonkuenstler-Versammlung in Altenburg, July 19-23.*

(Concluded from page 314).

FOURTH DAY.

The fifth and last of the grand concerts took place on Wednesday, the 22nd, at 5 o'clock, in the Bruderkirche. It was mainly devoted to the more prominent works for male chorus with orchestra, performed by the Leipzig University singing society (the *Pauliner*) under the University musical director, Dr. Langer.

The concert opened with Liszt's festival ode "To the Artists," a creation confessedly the peer, in grandeur and power of expression, of the poem, which is by Schiller. At the same time, as an artistic confession of faith, pointing significantly to a high goal, it is admirably fitted for a greeting, or, as in this case, for a Farewell to the numerous gathering of artists from far and near, members of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein*. . . .

The Violin *Chaconne* by Vitali, which followed, was feebly adapted to show the performance of Concertmeister Jacobsohn of Bremen in its full splendor. He has often won honorable mention by his interpretations of classical works. . .

Herr Wallenreiter took a deep hold on the audience by the power of expression with which he sang an Aria from Schubert's Easter Cantata "*Lazarus*." The somewhat extended orchestral introduction, as well as the recitative that precedes the air, give a palpable suggestion of the mouldering scent of the surrounding graves and of the death pangs of the living buried man, while in the aria itself the grand description of the situation reaches its climax in the thrilling cries of the sufferer.

*Translated and abridged from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig).

An Andante from an Orchestral *Suite* by G. Huberti of Brussels, which ended the first part, showed talent for the judicious and characteristic use of the instrumental means; so that the author deserves encouragement to further deeper studies, that he may acquire a corresponding mastery of form and presentation.

The second part opened with a Hymn for male voices (soli, chorus and orchestra) by W. Stade, which in respect of noble keeping, artistic feeling and sure control of technical means, made on the whole a very favorable impression.

In the rendering of one of Marcello's Psalms, with 'cello *obbligato*, Frl. Clara Martini made no small sacrifice, since she was seriously indisposed; nor did the piece itself afford a brilliant opportunity to the singer. But the excellent qualities of this distinguished singer, especially her noble, soul-ful, discreet management of her beautiful organ, still told to good advantage.

Richard Wagner's "*Liebesfest der Apostel*" (The Last Supper) formed a mighty keystone to this whole series of five grand performances. The merits of this work have been set forth at length in former years of the *Neue Zeitschrift*; we have only now to say, therefore, that, owing to the extraordinarily successful execution, the impression on the again overcrowded audience was truly grand and often overpowering. Some of the earlier performances of the famous *Pauliner* choir were perhaps open to the charge of want of finish or sufficient clearness here and there; this time, on the contrary, the highly complicated and ingenious architectural structure of this work, particularly in the great middle movement for *three choirs*, came out with such transparent clearness, in such plastic relief, that the prejudices against the work, on the part of many who had never clearly understood it, were completely routed and left the field to joyful appreciation. Even a passage or two felt to be tedious in the song of the Apostles only served this time to heighten the effect of the gigantic climax which then gradually unfolds itself with the coming in of the orchestra.

[The writer winds up his report of the day with the wish that the *Pauliner-Verein* may soon repeat both the Wagner and the Liszt work in Leipzig, and with a compliment to Herr Tod for his Organ accompaniment.]

On Thursday, the 23d, there was an extra performance, namely a second Matinée of Chamber Music, to allow a hearing of some compositions postponed on account of the length of the preceding concerts and the excessive heat. Hermann's Octet, which hardly had a fair chance in the first Matinée, was repeated. The *Suite* in E major for piano and violin by C. Goldmark, of Vienna, made a very favorable impression by its thoroughly genial design, at the same time satisfying the demands of the present. The engaging first movement, carried out in thorough sonata style, is followed by a noble Andante, only weakened by one or two thin places, and this again by a sprightly, pleasing Scherzo. A rather short elegiac movement forms an advantageous contrast with the last; while the Finale of the whole unrols with less depth, and for the most part in a homophonous, but yet a fresh and lively manner. The whole work offered brilliant opportunity to virtuoso powers, and was executed by Herren Grün of Pesth and Brüll of Vienna with such perfection and contagious fire, that every movement was received with lively applause, and the work was on the next day performed again at the palace at the Duke's particular desire. The brothers Thern also contributed two performances, which were very thankfully received; and the court opera singer Wallenreiter, who had already won applause, sang a good song by Lassen, besides the "*Widmung*" and "*Ich grolle nicht*" of Schumann, with such acceptance that he was obliged to repeat them.

So ended this interesting series of seven concerts; namely four of sacred music, one of choral works with orchestra, and two of chamber music.

HERMANN ZOPFF.

"Old Lauriger."

The most charming of college songs, both for tune and words, is the familiar "Lauriger Horatius." Mr. James A. Morgan, of New York, writes to the *College Courant* of Yale an interesting letter about it, of which the following is the substance:

"Can any one of your correspondents tell me who was the author of that most widely known and admired of our college songs, 'Lauriger Horatius'? Also of the origin of the tune, which our southern brethren appropriated during the war, to their 'My Maryland?'

"Whoever wrote it, had drunk in the true rollic of the Mantuan; for Flaccus himself never wrote sixteen lines that breathed more unmistakably his own abandon, than this little bumper of *bonhommie*, as sparkling and inspirited as a glass of Sully's best. * * * I have been told that in the terrible Wilderness an officer heard a little group of grimmed and blackened men, in a rifle pit, singing 'Lauriger Horatius.' Near them were lying two of their wounded comrades, waiting for the surgeons who were long coming, in those sad days when brave men lay bleeding in every thicket. And these two wounded men—one of them, as it proved, past all human surgery—were stoutly echoing the chorus they had so often shouted in merry rout and college frolic, when, poor fellows! they hardly dreamed their time, 'swifter than the tempest's breath,' was upon them. And I can well fancy that, like as in that group under the Redan,

> "'Something upon the soldier's cheek
> Washed off the stains of powder,'

as the brave hearts dwelt on the long ago.

"The following translation was written, I believe, by an army officer, in his camp, during the late rebellion:

"'LAURIGER HORATIUS.

I

> "'Poet of the Laurel wreath,
> Horace, true thy saying:
> Fleeter than the tempest's breath
> Is Time, for nought delaying.
> "'Bring the cup that crowneth bliss,
> Goblets, rosy laden;
> Ah! the frown, the smile, the kiss
> Of a blushing maiden.

II.

> "'Sweetly blooms the maid, the grape
> Gracefully uptwineth;
> But the poet, thirsty, sad,
> Mournfully declineth.
> "'Bring the cup, &c.

III.

> "'Glory is a hollow toy,
> Fame doth yield but sorrow;
> Wine and love alone give joy,
> Heedless of to-morrow.
> "'Bring the cup, &c.

"Another better known version of the chorus is:

> "'Give me the cups that Bacchus crowns,
> Cups on mirth attending;
> Give me the blushing maiden's frowns,
> Frowns in kisses ending!'"

Mr. Morgan gives the following as a perfect copy of the song; of which the common versions show many various readings:

"LAURIGER HORATIUS.

I.

> "Lauriger Horatius,
> Quam dixisti verum,
> Fugit Euro citius
> Tempus edax rerum.
> Ubi sunt, O pocula
> Dulciora melle,
> Rixae, pax et oscula
> Rubentis puellae.

II.

> "Crescit uva mollitur
> Et puella crescit;
> Sed poeta turpiter,
> Sitiens, canescit
> Ubi sunt &c.

III.

> "Quid juvat aeternitas
> Nominis? amare
> Nisi terrae filias
> Licet, et potare.
> Ubi sunt, &c."

Spohr and the Conductor's Baton.

"Amongst other things"—says Spohr, speaking in 1820—"it was my lot on one occasion to conduct a concert of the Philharmonic Society, where I had almost as much difficulty as at my solo performance. It was, at that time, the custom at the Philharmonic, when symphonies or overtures were performed, for the pianoforte player to have the score before him—not for the purpose of conducting from, but that he might look at it, and now and then play a little, which, when it was heard, made a very bad effect. The real Conductor of the concert was the leader of the violins, who gave the time of each movement, and now and then, if he found the orchestra, getting unsteady, beat a bar or two with his bow. But for an orchestra, at once so numerous and so much spread as that of the Philharmonic to go accurately together under such a method was impossible, and, therefore, in spite of the ability of the individual players, the general effect was much worse than we were accustomed to in Germany. I had made a resolution that if I ever had to direct a concert in London, I would make an attempt to remedy this condition of things. It was fortunate for me that the day I conducted, Ries* was at the piano, since he willingly consented to give up the score to me. I placed myself with it at a separate desk in front of the orchestra, and taking my baton from my pocket, gave the sign to begin rehearsal. Some of the directors who were present were quite frightened at this innovation, and protested against it; but I quieted them, and at last was allowed to proceed with my experiment. The symphonies and overtures which we had to rehearse were well known to me; indeed, I had often conducted them at home. I was, therefore, able to give the *tempi* without hesitation, and to signal to the wind instruments when to come in, which gave them a confidence they had not before possessed. When the performance did not please me, I made bold to say so as courteously as I could, though also quite in earnest; all which Ries at my request translated to the band.

"Being thus roused to unusual attention, and having the bars beat visibly before their eyes, they played with a fire and accuracy which no one had ever before heard. So much did this encourage them, that at the end of the first movement of the symphony they loudly expressed their satisfaction at the new method, and thereby put a stop to all further opposition on the part of the directors. In the vocal music, also, which I conducted, at Ries's request, especially in the recitatives, the baton proved no less efficacious, since I explained beforehand the manner of my beat, and I received many thanks from the singers for the exactness with which they were accompanied.

"So much for the rehearsal. In the evening the success was even greater than I had dared to hope. True, the audience stood up at first and shook their heads at the innovation, but when the music began, and the orchestra played the well-known symphony with unaccustomed force and precision, the general satisfaction expressed itself by lengthened applause at the end of the first movement. The victory of the baton was won, and from that time forward no one ever sat at the piano during a symphony or an overture.

"On this same evening the concert-overture which I had written before leaving Frankfort, was played for the first time. As it was very much liked, the Philharmonic Society chose it as the composition, which, according to my contract, I had to furnish them."

Spohr travelled a great deal with his wife, Dorette, who played the harp, and was, indeed, the most remarkable harp-player of her day. They took life in comfortable German fashion, and occasionally fell in with an odd adventure or a laughable character. Here is Spohr's account of one of the latter. It was not very long after Napoleon's fall and the return of the Bourbons—which is necessary to explain one or two of the allusions:

"At Brussels we found another pair of travellers who, like ourselves, played the harp and the violin—Mons. Alexander Boucher of Paris, and his wife. I had heard a great deal about him, and was very desirous to make his personal acquaintance. Boucher had the reputation of being at once an extraordinary player and a great charlatan. He was very much like the Emperor Napoleon, both in face and figure, a resemblance which he did everything in his power to turn to account. He had practised the Emperor's way of wearing his hat and taking snuff till he had them quite to perfection. When he was on one of his artistic tours and came to a town where he was not known, he used to present himself in Imperial fashion on the public promenade or in the theatre, to make people look at him and get himself talked about; in fact, he went so far as to spread a report that he was persecuted by the authorities and driven out of the country on account of his likeness to Napoleon, and because he kept their beloved Emperor before the eyes of the people. At any rate, I was told that in Lille he announced his last concert in these words:—'An unfortunate likeness forces me to expatriate myself. I shall, therefore, before quitting my beloved country, give one farewell concert.' The same announcement contains the following precious piece of clap-trap:—'I shall play the famous concerto of Viotti in E minor, for my performance of which I am called in Paris 'The Alexander of the Violin.'

"I was on the point of calling on Mons. Boucher, when he anticipated me by himself arriving. He besought me with great civility to assist in the arrangement of my concerto, and making allowance for his conceit, behaved himself in a very pleasant way. He introduced us to several musical families, who invited us to their parties, by which we had the opportunity of hearing the Bouchers. They both displayed a great deal of execution, but their music was, without exception, poor, wretched stuff—possibly of Boucher's own composition, though this I cannot recollect. At the beginning he played a quartet of Haydn, but introduced into it such a quantity of inappropriate and tasteless ornamentation as to destroy all my pleasure.

"It was curious to see how he allowed his wife to wait upon him. When he sat down at the violin desk, she asked him for the key of the fiddle case, unlocked it, brought him the fiddle, then went back for the bow, rubbed it with the rosin, put out the music on the desk, and, last of all, sat down by him to turn over. On the other hand, when *we* were asked to play, the process was exactly the reverse; for I not only fetched my own instrument, but also got my wife's harp out of the box, brought it to the place where the music was to be, and tuned it—all which, in the other case, was done by Mme. Boucher. The reason why I tuned the harp was not only to save my wife the trouble, but also that I might put it into perfectly pure temperament, which every one knows is not so easy. We played one of our brilliant duets and got great applause. Boucher seemed particularly delighted with my playing, in which, I believe, he was sincere; for, in a letter of introduction which he gave me to the Baron d'Assignies, of Lille, and which the Baron afterwards showed me as a curiosity, he spoke of my playing as follows:—'In fact, if I am as they say, the Napoleon of the violin, Mr. Spohr is quite its Moreau.'"

From Brussels the Spohrs went to Lille, where their success was no less gratifying.

. . . "After my concert I went at once to Herr Vogel, who had been mentioned to me as the best violin player in Lille, and the conductor of the Dilettante Concerts. He was not at home when I called, but Mme. Vogel received me very kindly. As soon as I mentioned my name her face lighted up, and she asked eagerly if I was the composer of the *Nonetto*—humming one of the subjects. I laughed, and said I was, on which she fell on my neck, in thorough French style, and cried out, 'How delighted my husband will be, for he's quite mad about your *Nonetto!*' I had hardly got back to the hotel, when Vogel himself appeared with beaming countenance, and welcomed me as an old friend. In the house of these amiable people we passed many a happy hour; we also gave a concert in the hall of the Dilettante Society, which Vogel arranged for us, and where, after the *Nonetto* was encored, its composer had to play before the whole of the members. The applause, at our united performances, was so tremendous, that we had there and then to fix the day for a second concert. Some musical people from the neighboring town of Douay, who had come over for the concert, invited us there in the name of the musical society of Douay, and guaranteed us a sale of 400 tickets at 5 francs each. . . . We played almost every day at some private party or other, which gave me an excellent opportunity of performing all my quartets and quintets, as well as my composition for the harp, to a circle of enthusiastic amateurs. At these *soirées* one was sure to hear some good thing or other about Boucher. On one occasion, he was playing a quartet, and something seemed to him to go wrong; on which he suddenly stopped, and, without taking the least notice of the other players, began repeating the passage over and over, saying to himself, 'That was not right; now then, Boucher, once more!' The conclusion of his second concert was also extremely funny. The last piece in the programme was a *rondo* of his own composition, played by himself, at the end of which there was an extempore cadence. At the rehearsal, he begged the amateurs to come in *forte* with the *Tutti* after the shakes in the cadence, when he should give the signal by stamping with his foot. The concert, however was long, and it was very late before the *rondo* came on, so that the amateurs were, probably, in want of their suppers. Boucher put forth all his strength in the cadence, and as it seemed as if it were never going to end, some of the players put their instruments into the cases and left the room. This was irresistible, and in a few minutes there was not a man left in the orchestra. Boucher was too much occupied to notice what was going on, so at the beginning of the shakes he lifted his foot to give the promised stamp. When he came to the end of them, and his foot descended, he was, of course, in certain expectation of the *forte* of the band and of the applause of the audience. Imagine his astonishment when he heard nothing but the noise of his own footfall. He looked wildly round and saw the deserted desks. But the audience, who had been all along watching for this moment, broke into peals of laughter, in which, whether he liked it or not, Boucher had no alternative but to join."

* "The dear old Ferdinand himself, Beethoven's *lieber guter Ries*, who had been settled in London since 1813, and knew a thing or two in a small way."

Heinrich Schuetz.

This eminent musician was born in the year 1585, at Kostritz, a village on the river Elster in Voightland. His grandfather was a privy councillor, and his father a burgomaster of Weissenfels. In 1599 he was introduced to the Count Palatine Moritz at his court of Hesse-Cassel, and was by the direction of that prince instructed in languages and the arts. Having perfected himself in the rudiments of literature, he was admitted into the university of Marburg, to study the law. In this he made great proficiency; but his patron, finding that he had an invincible propensity to music, generously offered to take him from the university, and at his own expense to place him under the tuition of Johannes Gabrielli, at that time a celebrated musician at Venice. Schütz accordingly went to Venice, and continued there until the death of his master in 1612. He then returned to Hesse-Cassel, when the Count Palatine settled on him an annual pension of two hundred guilders. In 1628, having a desire to revisit Italy, he obtained permission for that purpose; and during his abode in Venice, or the year following, he published a collection of motets. He then went to reside at Copenhagen, and in 1642 was made director of the music to the King of Denmark, in which city he died in 1672. He composed and published many noble works, chiefly consisting of sacred music for voices. He introduced, in many of them, the new forms of song, viz., the recitative and air, duet and trio, as well as an independent, if not continuous, instrumental accompaniment. He also attempted the Oratorio style, thereby laying the foundation of that branch of art in Germany. These pieces deserve notice, and are as follows: "The History of our Lord's Resurrection," "The seven words of our Saviour," "St. Paul," and "The Passion according to the Four Evangelists." This latter he considered his *chef d'œuvre*. Schütz's only secular piece was his opera "Daphne," the first in Germany, performed in 1627 on the occasion of a princely wedding at Torgau. It was composed to Opitz's translation of Rinuccini's poem. Thus we find in Schütz an artist of great and varied powers, who, though almost forgotten at the present day, was by his contemporaries not inaptly called the "Father of German Music."—*London Choir.*

The Autograph of Handel's "Messiah."

We take the following from an article, by Mr Joseph Bennett, in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine:*

"This *Messiah* score is an oppressively suggestive volume; giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalizing from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily, history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossipping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of "Mr. Jennyng's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the *Messiah* was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life,

spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty three days' labor possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the *Messiah* in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accred it him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

"But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had, however, been promised to his favorite pupil Smith, who refused £3,000 rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming an heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote: —'Buried in a sort of private office, and still kept in its poor original binding, it (the collection) is concealed from all the world; and I may say that, if I were the Queen, I should have those precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which should be surmounted by Rouhilliac's fine bust, and supported by four statues of white marble, representing Sacred and Profane music, Moral Courage and Honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown.' M Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The 'sort of private office' was described the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the *Messiah*, will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

"It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves 'on receipt of our own handwriting,' but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This *Messiah* score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labors hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable, self-contained musician could have produced the *Messiah* manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. No less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of penknife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humor of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The *Messiah* score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendor of his genius.

"Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the *Messiah* as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac-simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the processes by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music."

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing, by help of illustrations in music type, how far the *Messiah* of Handel's first thoughts differed from the *Messiah* of his second.

Musical Doings in Holland.

The thirty-ninth general meeting of the "Maatschappy tot Bevorderung der Toonkunst," or "Association for the Promotion of the Musical Art," was lately held at Amsterdam. Reference has already been made in our columns to this society, and the reader may, perhaps, be interested by the following short sketch, given at the meeting, of its doings during the past year.

The Association consists, at the present time, of thirteen Branch Associations, with a total of 2,082 active members, of whom 115 are musicians of reputation. It has consequently increased by about 160 members in the year. Out of the so-called "Artists' Fund," which has now reached the not inconsiderable sum of 31,000 gilders, twelve pensions were paid during the past year, and about 1,200 gilders have been set apart for the same purpose during the present year. The library of the Association consists of some 2,000 musical compositions and works on music, which are at the service of the Branch Associations, for the purposes of study and performance. It contains, with a sufficient number of vocal and orchestral parts for grand performances, 34 oratorios, 14 masses and requiems; 67 great, and 59 smaller, sacred vocal works; 34 operas; 40 symphonies; and 91 overtures. The above comprise, of course, the most important productions of old and living masters. The entire contents of the library are carefully registered in catalogues, of which a number are distributed among the members of each Branch Association at a low price. The accounts published at the last meeting proved the exceedingly prosperous financial condition of the Association. Besides the "Artists' Fund" already mentioned, the "Reserve Fund" possesses a capital of 56,000 gilders, while there is, thirdly, the "Musical Festival Fund," with 28,900 gilders, representing altogether a total capital of 115,900 gilders This very satisfactory state of things enabled the committee, during the past year, to vote about 1,000 gilders for additions to the library, and about 1,400 gilders towards defraying the expenses of the Musical Festival held at Arnheim in 1867.—How classical a course is followed by the Association is again evidenced by the grand performances of the past year. Among the works produced we find compositions by Bargiel, Beethoven, Max Bruch (2), Niels Gade (4), Grimm (2), Handel (3), Haydn (3), Heinze, Hol (2), Mendelssohn (5), Mozart (3), Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber. One fact highly honorable to the Association is that when it performs works by living composers, it forwards, unsolicited, what it deems a proper sum, or, as it is called, discerns them an honorary prize. Seven composers were remunerated in this way during the past year. Would that the Associations in other countries took this course as a model, and thus contributed their share towards enabling the creative composer to command a material independence resembling, at least in a slight degree, that which only the virtuoso can at present achieve. During the meeting, the prizes were awarded for the various subjects proposed at the previous general meeting. Among them was a prize for a catalogue of the eminent musicians and writers on music, from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century, who were born in the present kingdom of the Netherlands, or who lived there, together with an account of all that is known respecting their lives and works. A paper, written by a German, and bearing the motto, "Ars longa, vita brevis," was sent in on this subject, and a sum of 200 gilders was awarded to the author, though he was not considered to have treated his subject as satisfactorily as he might have treated it. Furthermore, the meeting placed at the disposal of the committee 800 gilders to be employed, during the coming year, in promoting. 1, Choral song; 2, Folks song, and especially school-song; 3, The education of young artists; and 4, In awarding honorary prizes to living composers. When we add that the "Maatschappy tot Bevorderung der Toonkunst" entertains the notion of erecting in Amsterdam, the permanent quarters of the committee of the Association, which extends throughout the entire country, a grand building of their own, for the general meeting and musical festivals, we think we shall satisfactorily show that the Association has again given signs of healthy vitality. In the interest of art, and intellectual culture, we trust this admirable institution may continue vigorously to flourish.—*Mus. World.*

Musical Correspondence.

GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND, SEPT. 11.—Before giving an account of the "Gloucester Musical Festival" which ended to-day, I will furnish your readers with a brief sketch of its origin and object, and to this end I quote the following paragraph from the Committee's programme of general arrangements:

"These Music Meetings were originally established to raise Funds for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Poorer Clergy within the Dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford; aided by the Diocesan Clerical Charities, the proceeds have, of late years, averaged to each Widow, Twenty Pounds, and to each Orphan, Fifteen. That such institutions stand in need of immediate encouragement is unhappily too manifest from the present number of Applicants,—more than Eighteen Orphans, and Fourteen Widows; while the necessity of future support is equally evident from the positive fact that there are within the three Dioceses, One Hundred and Forty-seven Benefices having an Income below £100 per annum.

It must not however be supposed that the funds in question are the direct result of the festivals, for the proceeds derived from the sale of tickets are rarely, if ever, sufficient to meet the expense incurred; but a sum sufficient to cover the direct outlay is guarantied by certain gentlemen (now 106 in number) who are called "responsible Stewards," so that all donations, in response to the strong appeal which is made at the door of the Cathedral after each performance, go intact to the fund.

These festivals are held annually in rotation at the towns of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester; and the proceedings of the present week (the 145th meeting of the three choirs) occupied four days: from Tuesday, September 8th, to Friday the 11th, inclusive.

The singers engaged for this occasion were as follows: Mlles. Tietjens, Liebhart and Miss Edith Wynne, soprano; Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mlles. Sandrina and Drasdil, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves and Vernon Rigby, tenors; with Messrs. Lewis Thomas and Santley, basses. The chorus, 250 strong, was made up of singers carefully selected from the best choirs in England, and was superintended by Mr. Sydney R. Smith. The orchestra, numbering 70, included some of the best performers in England, and no pains were spared to make the programme one of the best which could be offered.

The credit of making these arrangements belongs to Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, who was not only musical manager but also conductor of the performances, which were held, as heretofore, at the Cathedral in the morning, and at the Shire Hall in the evening.

The Festival began on Tuesday forenoon, with special Service in the Cathedral, and a sermon, in aid of the Charity, by the Rev. Canon Lysons, Rural Dean. The music on this occasion included Rogers' Service in D, and Bach's "Blessing and Glory." Among the Services for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, were Gibbons, (in F), Travers (in F) and a

Chant Service by S. S. Wesley, with anthems by J. S. Bach, Prof. Oakley and the Elder Wesley. The morning concert began at 1.30 P.M. with selections from the "Creation," comprising the most effective choruses and airs contained in that Oratorio. The solo parts were sung by Mlle. Titjens, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. Then came selections from S. Wesley's setting of the 111th Psalm ("Confitebor tibi") with the soli by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Then Beethoven's Mass in C, (the first of the two written by him), with the same soloists; and finally Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm: "As the hart pants." As I was not in attendance until Wednesday I can give no further account of the proceedings on the first day of the Festival, except to say that the programme of the evening concert included Mendelssohn's Overture "The Hebrides" and the Finale from the first act of "Loreley."

Wednesday morning was devoted to the *Elijah*, an Oratorio ever dear to the hearts of Englishmen; and I venture to say that, since its first performance, at Birmingham in 1847, when it was directed by the composer himself, it has never been more successfully produced than on the present occasion. The part of the Prophet was, of course, allotted to the great baritone, Santley, and the other parts were sustained by Mlle. Titjens, Mme. Dolby, Miss Wynne, Mlle. Liebhart, Mr. Sims Reeves and Messrs. Rigby and Thomas. I have not space to particularize, and can only say that those parts that fell to Mr. Reeves were sung in a manner which probably could not be equaled by any other singer in the world, and that the air "O rest in the Lord," when rendered by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, became a revelation.

The tenor solos, in part first, were sustained by Mr. Vernon Rigby, a young singer of great promise and ability, who acquitted himself splendidly throughout the entire Festival. The selections for the evening included Mendelssohn's "*Erste Walpurgis Nacht*," Spohr's *Nonetto* in F for string and wind instruments, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and a number of songs by Beethoven, Spohr, Sullivan, Abt, and others.

Mendelssohn seems to have, originally, composed the music to Goethe's ballad of the "First Walpurgis night" in February, 1831, while at Rome; but was probably dissatisfied with his effort at that time, —at any rate we hear no more of it until 1842, when it was re-written at Leipzig, and finally published in 1843. The overture, depicting the gradual transition from Winter to Spring, is followed by a tenor solo and chorus of women's voices,—

"Now May again
Break's winter's chain,"

after which the scene changes to the Hartz mountains and the awful rites of the Druids.

Spohr's *Nonetto*,—played so often in London—was capitally performed, although, owing to the length of the programme, the repeats in the first and last movements were omitted. The C minor Symphony suffered from being placed at the end of the list, and neither the performers nor the few hearers who remained in the Hall were in the humor to enjoy it. [We should think it would have been a great relief after so much Spohr!—Ed.]

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is rapidly, and deservedly, acquiring a very high reputation as a composer of ballads. He seems to have caught the true secret of his art, which is to *suggest* much that lies beyond what he would describe; and his songs therefore, though full of tenderness and passion, are never "sentimental." Moreover, he never forgets that, in this instance, music only helps to expound, with deeper meaning, the thought embodied in the poem. The two ballads given on this occasion were "Oh, sweet and fair" (Mme. Sainton-Dolby), and a new song, "So 'tis, O my love, my love!" (Mr. Sims Reeves), the composer accompanying at the piano in both instances. The second is by far the better of the two songs, and Mr. Reeves, in spite of his well-known antipathy to encores, was obliged to repeat it. The words are Jean Ingelow's.

The performance of Thursday was unprecedented in length, and six consecutive hours of Oratorio were rendered the more tedious by the fact that the list was made up chiefly of excerpts and disconnected passages, from various composers, having nothing whatever in common; and it is only necessary to say that the evening concert occupied more than three hours, to enable you to admire the unflinching heroism of the musicians, which was equalled only by the Spartan endurance of those hearers who remained until the last note was sounded. The programme began with a selection of pieces from Spohr's Oratorio "*Des Heilands letzte Stunden*" (or "Calvary") opening with the overture in C minor (as unlike Spohr as anything which can well be imagined), followed by that beautiful and restful chorus, "Gentle night, O descend!" The other pieces were the trio "Jesus heavenly Master," sung by Mlle. Titjens, Mlle. Drasdil and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, (the violins in the accompaniment being played with muted strings); the air with chorus, "Though all thy friends prove faithless," (solo by Mlle. Titjens), and ast of all the Chorus, "Beloved Lord, thine eyes we close.

Then came a very long selection from Herr Joseph Rudolph Schachner's Oratorio, "Israel's return from Babylon," comprising a number of Choruses, Airs, Quartets and Duets. Herr Schachner in person wielded the baton. Oratorio at the best is perhaps not the most interesting of all forms of composition, and when it becomes a mere repetition of hackneyed themes and threadbare motives, the effect is far from gratifying. I hope therefore that I do no act of injustice to Herr Schachner when I say that it would have been far better had his work been omitted from the list. In striking contrast to this came the wonderful "*Lobgesang*" of Mendelssohn, which one never hears without a regret that the composer did not live to accomplish the two other works of this kind which he had in mind.

This great *Sinfonia Cantata*, which was given without mutilation, gained additional beauty from the splendid manner in which it was performed. The Symphony at the beginning was played with the greatest vigor and spirit, while, in the vocal parts, each singer seemed to desire that not the least shade of the composer's thought should be neglected or forgotten. The soloists were Mlle. Liebhart and Mr. Sims Reeves, whose reading of that well known passage, "We called through the darkness 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?'" was unapproachable.

The Overture to Handel's "Samson" followed by a selection of no less than 39 pieces from that Oratorio came last, and received full justice with Mr. Sims Reeves as "Samson," Mr. Santley as Manoah, and Mr Lewis Thomas as Harapha, while Mme. Sainton Dolby and Mme. Titjens respectively took the parts of Micah and "an Israelitish woman."

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day the audience at the evening concert was very large, and they were rewarded for their zeal by an excellent programme which I give in full.

Reformation Symphony. . . . . Mendelssohn.
Selection from the Opera "Don Giovanni." . . Mozart
Recit and Duo . "Ma qual Soffro"
Mlle Tietjens and Mr V. Rigby.
Aria . "Dalla sua pace."
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Recit and Aria.... "In quali eccessi, o numi!"
Mlle Tietjens.
Aria. ... "Madamina."
Mr Santley.
Aria ... "Vedrai carino."
Mlle. Liebhart.
Duetto. . "La ci darem."
Miss E Wynne and Mr. Santley.
Aria ... "Il mio tesoro."
Mr. Vernon Rigby
Song . "Batti Batti."
Miss E Wynne (Violoncello Obbligato, Mr. Collins.
Recit } "Crudele."
Aria } "Non mi dir."
Mlle. Tietjens.
Sestetto ... "Sola, sola."
Mlle. Tietjens. Mlle Liebhart. Miss Wynne, Mr. Santley, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. V Rigby
Quartetto. . . . . Maurer.
Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Carrodus, and Hill.
Songs. . . . { "To the absent one." "The Hunter's Song." } . . . . . Mendelssohn.
Mr Sims Reeves.
Songs. . . . { "Strangers yet." "The love test." } . . . . . Claribel.
Mme. Sainton-Dolby.
Song. . . . "I wish to tune my quivering lyre" . Sullivan.
Mr Santley.
English Ballad, "Why are you wandering here, I pray?". . . . . Nathan."
Mlle Liebhart.
Quartetto. "Un di". . . . . Verdi.
Mlle. Liebhart. Mme Sainton-Dolby. Mr. V Rigby and Mr Santley.
Song, "I murmur not". . . . . Benedict.
Mlle. Drasdil
Song and Chorus, "Haste thee, Nymph". . . . . Handel.
Mr. Lewis Thomas.
National Anthem

The D-minor, or "Reformation" Symphony apparently originated in Mendelssohn's intention to set the Choral "*Ein feste Burg*," for a choir and orchestra (In the same year, 1830, he composed music for "*Wir glauben all' an Einen Gott*" and for other of Luther's Hymns,) and, when it finally took the form of a Symphony, the fine and keen sense of self-appreciation which he possessed in an unusual degree, doubtless enabled him to discern some reason for withholding it from publication. At present, however, it bids fair to rival his A major and A-minor Symphonies, in their claims to public favor. In regard to its performance, I have heard it played quite as well in America as upon this occasion.

The Maurer Quartet for violins was executed with consummate skill, but it was sad to hear such marvellous playing wasted upon a piece so utterly vapid and worthless. The most interesting feature in the second part of the programme was the song by Mr. Sullivan, "I wish to tune my quivering lyre," (from Byron's translation of Anacreon), sung by Mr Sims Reeves with accompaniment of full orchestra, conducted by the composer. This spirited composition, as well as every other work of Mr. Sullivan's, is a most valuable addition to the repertory of the concert room.

There was no concert on Friday evening, and the Oratorio of the "Messiah" at the Cathedral in the morning brought the Festival to a close.

The weather during the entire week was fine and the attendance good, although the donations to the charity (£746–11–11) were not as large as on previous occasions. Dr. Wesley may be highly complimented upon the success of the musical proceedings during the four days.

I had almost forgotten to say that the organ contained the newly patented electrical appliance for maintaining the connection between the pipes and the key-board, which was at a considerable distance from the instrument.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 12.—The first droppings of the musical season here came in the shape of Offenbach's inspirations (from one region of supernatural or another), which were administered to us by Bateman's troupe, I believe—although I didn't go and don't remember positively. With all sympathy for the impresario, one cannot but be glad, for the sake of the musical significance involved, that the season did not pay.

Maretzek's double troupe, German and Italian, opened here last Monday evening, September 28, with *Trovatore*. The stars of this troupe are none of them in all respects great, yet the list embraces much talent. *Voila!* Miss Agatha States, mezzo soprano; Cellini, contralto; Brignoli, tenor; Orlandini, baritone; Maccaferri, robust tenor; Ronconi, baritone; Mme Rotter, soprano; Mme. Durand, soprano; W. Formes, basso; Hermann, basso; Habelman, tenor; etc. Miss States has failed to impress us favorably as an actress or as an expressive singer; Maccaferri makes noise enough; Cellini has an uneven voice, but acts well; Hermann has made admirable hits as Mephisto in *Faust*, and as Rocco in *Fi-*

delio; so also Habelmann as *Faust*, and as Florestan in *Fidelio*.

On Tuesday night *Faust* was given in German, on Wednesday *Ernani*, and Thursday Beethoven's *Fidelio* in German,—this latter for the second time in Chicago, and what an era it was!

It was the writer's fortune to be accompanied by several musical gentlemen who had never before heard this opera, and it added new pleasure to the enjoyment to congratulate each other at the unfolding of the wonderful charms of the work. The cast was good, and the orchestra played excellently with Sig. Torriani as leader. Mr. Editor, you would have been delighted at the appreciation with which this work was received. The first principal concerted piece, "*Mir ist so wunderbar*" was encored with an enthusiasm I have never seen excelled here. In the later parts of the opera the music seemed to take such a hold upon the feelings of the audience as to restrain them from violent applause. And was not this also a good sign? The wonderfully beautiful orchestration surpassed by far all our previous ideas of operatic perfection. The German element of course had a large representation in the audience, which was large and fashionable. To-night, *Don Giovanni* is given. Saturday, *The Barber* (Italian) and *Martha* (German). Next week's announcements are not yet out. One thing is sure, Maretzek is giving us a really enjoyable operatic season, and we are giving him good houses.

We are promised Symphony concerts this season, and chamber concerts. Mr. C. H. Brittain, a young man from Boston, has lately come here to teach piano, and is likely to do well. He was a pupil of Dresel. And so we rest. DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEW YORK, OCT. 5.—Irving Hall was filled with an attentive and appreciative audience on Saturday evening upon the occasion of the opening concert of the season. It was given by Mr. Sanderson (pianist), assisted by Miss Mathilda Toedt (violinist), Mrs. Kempton, and by Messrs. Hill, Davis and Colby.

Mr. Sanderson's pianism is of a kind readily appreciated by the general public, and his surprising dexterity of finger—which was especially displayed in octave passages—elicited the warmest demonstrations of applause; indeed his second solo was three times encored. In response to the first demand he dashed off a jaunty and frothy arrangement of a popular song called "Capting Jinks of the hoss-marines." This of course *took* immediately with a not too discriminating audience.

Miss Toedt, whose remarkable ability and talent we have frequently had occasion to mention, played two solos in a very admirable manner; her bowing seems to be stronger than it was last winter, and her tone is very clear and pure. She was recalled in each instance.

Mr. Davis, who made his debut before a New York audience, was favorably received, and obtained much applause. His voice is a strong, vigorous bass, especially good in the upper and lower tones, and less excellent in the intermediate ones.

Mr. Hill, Mrs. Kempton and Mr. Colby acquitted themselves creditably, and their efforts added to the interest of the entertainment.

The next musical events of interest will be Miss Kellogg's three concerts at our Academy of Music on the 19th, 21st and 23d of October, and Ole Bull's concert at Steinway on the 20th. The Philharmonic Society has not yet issued its prospectus, and I am therefore unable to inform you of its plans for the campaign. I hope that I can make my next communication more interesting. F.

Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE has made fit music to a patriotic "Grant Song" by EUGENE BATCHELDER. Both words and music have the right ring, and the Chief deserves it. Ditson & Co. publish it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 10, 1868.

Concerts.

The virtuoso concert-givers skirmishing in front of the advancing lines of solid series of Symphony and Oratorio, came as announced and have passed on. Foremost, a brave figure at the head, field marshal of the skirmishers, was OLE BULL. Almost dripping from the salt sea (he arrived in New York only the evening before he played in Boston), the stalwart Norseman, Viking of the violin, gave three performances in the Music Hall.

The first was on Friday evening, Sept. 26. He looked as fresh and strait and vigorous as ever, his smile as cordial and good-boy-like, with which he acknowledged the warm greeting of a large audience for the season. The man and the music also were the same old story; just so he leaned his cheek and ear to his instrument; just so he shook that unthinned forelock over his eyes in the "rapt" passages; just so prolonged the agony of sentimental strains more than was necessary to satisfy the music; just so indulged in all the old quips and quirks and spasmodic flights which are supposed to mean *genius*, and which with him have acquired the fatality of life-long habits. He is a brilliant, fantastic virtuoso, an *effect* player, tickling the crowd; the time is long past when he might be hoped to become a classic artist. His compositions are ingenious contrivances for the exhibition of these virtuoso effects. But at the same time the rare excellencies of his playing still remain: that superb breadth and fullness of tone (alas, not always in good tune), that perfectly even and distinct *staccato*, that vigor and brilliancy of execution always, the rare purity and substantial tone of his high harmonics, and, best of all, his uncommon faculty of polyphonic playing, i. e., several parts at once, so that for a few bars sometimes you can imagine that you hear a string quartet or trio. The tone of the violin, however, and the personality of the man, ever most interesting, are enough for the delight of any common, not particularly musical audience.

He played that night a Concerto in A major, of his own, consisting of an *Allegro Maestoso*, an *Adagio Sentimentale* and a *Rondo Pastorale*. The Great Organ under the hands of Mr. EUGENE THAYER, with a piano (Mr. E. LANSING) did duty in the place of orchestra; some of the softer organ accompaniment making fine effects, while occasional full-organ blasts were out of all proportion big and loud. The composition was in Ole's style, freakish, dashing, sentimental, almost lackadaisical, by turns, showing his mastery of the violin to advantage. With like accompaniment he played his "Mother's Prayer," which always wins its encore; and, without organ, his bravura variations on a theme of Bellini.

Mr. Lansing, a neat and facile pianist, opened the first part with a *Norma* fantasia by Jaell; and Mr. Thayer the second part by Variations of the Russian Hymn. Miss S. W. BARTON might have made a better choice than "*Ah! mon fils*," which always seems torn out of its dramatic connection when sung coolly in a concert room but she has a pleasing voice and sings acceptably Mr. G. F. HALL, with a round and telling baritone, sings more like an Italian than any Yankee we remember to have heard. An Italian Romanza, by Panzini, and an English ballad were his pieces, besides the Mozart duet: "*La ci darem*," with Miss Barton.

Ole Bull's second concert, Saturday Afternoon, was mainly for the children,—those of an older growth included, who may yet be children in music. No Concerto this time, but "Mother's Prayer" of course, and "Nightingale," "Tarantella," &c. Mr. Lansing played Gottschalk; Mr. Thayer Variations on "God save the King;" Miss Barton sang "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," &c., &c.

Ole Bull playing a classical work for once, a Violin Concerto (in D) by Mozart, as he did that Saturday evening, was a rare and curious thing to witness. Here and there passages came simply, feelingly and beautifully out; but for the most part it was strangely treated. Entering in the middle of the Allegro, for instance, we for some time thought he must be in the second (Andante) movement, so very slow the tempo that he took, and yet the structure of the piece was in the Sonata form of a first movement. Mozart never seemed to us so slow, so interminable. Then in the Andante, the player's sentimental tendency to drag out and prolong a *cantabile* phrase or passage, like the Italian opera singers, made you lose Mozart in the subjective individuality and habit of the player. His spasmodic accents, sudden starts and freaks in the Rondo finale were not less exceptional. Whether the piece be Mozart's, or another's, Ole Bull plays Ole Bull and nothing else. His "Carnival of Venice" was the same as ever, "only more so." What we most enjoyed that evening was the "Hungarian Fantasia," by Kohne. That had something in it wild and sad and simple, and the player seemed to enter truly into its spirit.—Miss Barton sang that evening a Cavatina from *Il Giuramento*, and "*La Separazione*" by Rossini; Mr. Hall, "*Largo al factotum*" and a Romanza (new), "*Non torno*," by Tito Mattei; Mr. Thayer trod out his elephantine variations on "Old Hundred" on the pedals.

MR. B. J. LANG performed an interesting programme of Piano-forte Music at the Town Hall in Milton, on the afternoon of Saturday before last. Other engagements, we are sorry to say, prevented us from hearing it. It was made up as follows:

"Benediction de Dieu Dans la Solitude," (No. 3 of the "Harmonies poetiques et religienses")..... Liszt.
Rondo Capriccioso in E min. Op. 12..... Mendelssohn.
Etude in D flat maj. Cradle Song..... Heller.
Caprice in C maj..... Lang.
Caprice in A flat maj..... Lang.
Fantasie in A min..... Mendelssohn.
Fantasie in E min..... Mendelssohn.
Scherzo in B flat min. Op. 31..... Chopin.
Transcription of Themes from a Polonaise by Weber. Liszt.

SENORITA JOSEFINA FILOMENO. This young Chilian girl of fifteen, of whose remarkable talent both for the piano and the violin we have spoken before, gave concerts in Chickering Hall on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week. Here is the first programme:

Piano Solo. Grand Concerto. Op. 79. With accompaniment for Second Piano..... Weber.
Senorita Filomeno.
Soprano Aria. Prayer and Barcarolle, from "L'etoile du Nord"..... Meyerbeer.
Mrs. H. M. Smith.
Violin Solo. Fantasie, from "La Muette di Portici." Alard.
Senorita Filomeno.
Tenor Solo. "Fra Poco a me," from the opera of Lucia.
Mr. Jas. Whitney.
Duo. Soprano and Tenor. "Mira la Bianca Luna." Rossini.
Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. Whitney.
Piano Solo. Sextet. "Lucia."..... Liszt.

Ballad. "My Nannie's Awa" ..... Strachauer.
Mrs H. M. Smith.
Song. "My Heart is thy Home" ..... Abt.
Mr. Jas. Whitney.
Violin Solo "Air Varie". ..... Vieuxtemps.

The second programme was the best of the three, in the matter of the vocal selections. It was this:

Piano Solo. First Concerto ..... Chopin.
Senorita Filomeno.
Contralto Solo "Kolmas Klage" ..... Schubert.
Miss Addie Ryan.
Violin Solo. First Concerto ..... DeBeriot.
Senorita Filomeno.
Song. "Non e ver" ..... Tito Mattei.
Mr. Rudolphsen.
Duo. From "La Favorita"... ..... Donizetti
Miss Addie Ryan and Mr. Rudolphsen
Piano Solo. Fantasie. Battle Cry of Freedom Gottschalk.
Contralto Solo ..... Franz.
a Wand lich in dem Wald des Abends.
b. Im Rhein Im heiligen Strome.
Baritone Solo "Non piu andrai" ..... Mozart.
Violin Solo Fantasie. William Tell..... Alard.

In the third concert, which contained little that is classical, the Senorita's piano pieces were Thalberg's Fantasia on the "Prayer from Moses," and one by Liszt upon *Ernani*. On the violin she played De Beriot's "*Scene du Ballet*," and a brilliant Fantasia by Alard, her teacher in Paris, on themes from *Robert le Diable*. Miss RYAN sang a Recitative and Cavatina by Rossini, Stigelli's "Tear" (in German), and in a Duet, "*L'Addio*," by Donizetti, with Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, whose baritone solo pieces were from *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Don Juan*.

For a maiden of fifteen to play piano-forte works of such high significance as Chopin's E-minor Concerto (it was the first movement only) and Weber's *Concert-Stück*, with any fair degree of success as regards interpretation, as well as clear, firm, brilliant *technique*,—not to speak of such virtuoso pieces as Liszt's opera transcriptions, and Thalberg's, and a large list of that sort, argues of course more than common talent, and severe, patient practice. When the same maiden takes up also the most difficult of instruments, and one of quite another nature, the violin, and executes elaborate solos, with so much force and freedom, and with almost faultless truth of intonation, although the tone is sometimes rough and scratchy, sometimes dull,—and all from memory in the case of both instruments,—the wonder is increased more than two-fold. Is there *genius* behind it? that is a question which only time can answer. There must be, one would think, at least a musical nature, a passion and an aptitude for music; for she is intently in her occupation, and such amount of practice could hardly be entirely forced or merely mechanical. Yet all these young prodigy exhibitions are in the nature of the case unsatisfactory, since astonishment is only the poorest part of musical enjoyment, and all astonishments so soon wear out. We may wonder that a child can get so well through a great work of Chopin or Weber; but if our object be to hear and realize these works, we must look to the mature artist for the interpretation. Idle to seek here the finish, the fine shading, the depth of feeling, the unity of conception, the answering background of mental and spiritual experience in the interpreter, which such a work demands. But there is much here which, well directed, bids fair to make an artist of this girl.

As we have said before, her violin playing interests us the most. Not that she does not play the piano better; but that more individuality appears in the violin. Besides, this is the more interesting instrument, while the mastery of it costs more time and study. Would it not be wiser that, as a public player, her attention should be concentrated mainly on one instrument? And that the violin, because good piano playing has become so common, and offers less and less chance of distinction? On the other hand it must be admitted, that such double sided, balanced culture as the two instruments afford, is something much to be desired. We would say, cultivate both, but make a business of one. We are sure the young lady will excite interest wherever she is heard, and we are glad to learn that her friends propose to make Boston the centre of her concert excursions during the winter.

At the same time we fear the influence of so much public concert playing at so early an age. Juvenile virtuosity is dangerous. It necessarily makes its appeal to the wrong sort of public; the applause of those who are more drawn to the extraordinary than to the ideal, is not improving, not in a high sense educating, does not inspire one to become an artist. In such continual self-exhibition a plant runs all to leaf. We wish the Filomeno better success than concert triumphs and too early fame, better than applauding crowds can give. Study, study is the thing, rather than exhibition of what already is acquired.

The vocal portions of the concerts were highly acceptable,—always so in the performance, and sometimes in the matter. Miss RYAN's selections of Franz and Schubert songs were especially commendable. Mrs. SMITH was in fine voice and showed great ease and purity of florid execution. Mr WHITNEY sang tastefully and sweetly as ever, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN's rich baritone seems to have recovered all its freshness in his European journey.

Jottings.

——MRS FLORA E. CARY, our excellent contralto, and one of the most truly musical, refined, sincere and earnest singers that has lived among us, announces her intention both to sing in oratorios and concerts, and to give instruction, during the winter. To pupils the influence of so real a musical character is decidedly worth seeking. To concert goers her announcement will be particularly good news. We understand she is to sing these coming weeks at musical conventions in Bangor and Worcester. If the Handel and Haydn Society *should* undertake so noble and arduous a task as Bach's Passion Music, it is easy to see how *one* of the difficult solo parts can be filled.

——Most of our musical artists and teachers who passed the summer abroad have returned. Mr. EICHBERG is already engaged in the direction of his "Boston Conservatory." Mr. LEONHARD receives his pupils again. WULF FRIES has had a delightful visit, brings good accounts of his brother AUGUST (in Bergen, Norway), and fresh health in his cheeks. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN resumes his vocal teaching, and is doubtless one of the best teachers that we have to look to.

——We heard an orchestral novelty of interest a few evenings since, at Selwyn's charming theatre, while waiting for the curtain to rise upon one of those admirably complete presentations of genteel comedy which one sees nowhere else but there,—at least in such perfection in all the characters and all details of *mise en scène*. It was an Overture "in the Italian style" by Franz Schubert; one of his lighter works of course, but genial and with much charm of instrumentation. Mr. Koppitz has indeed a model orchestra for a theatre, and, were all his selections as good as that, it would be worthy of all praise. Nearly all its members being good solo-players, nothing suffers in the execution.

—— This reminds us that the orchestra at the Boston Theatre, under Mr. LOTHIAN, has been drawing to itself choice elements, and bids fair to prove a formidable rival to that of Selwyn's. The more good ones the better! A great gain is the admirable violinist, Mr. LISTERMANN, a pupil of Joachim, who made a mark here when he came from New York last winter and played in a single concert (Mme. Gazzaniga's). A superior bassoon too is among the new accessions. Both, we are happy to say, are engaged for the Symphony Concerts orchestra.

——In the last letters received from Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, we were informed that he would sail from Liverpool on the 27th inst, direct for Boston. But we have good reason to think it more than probable that he will return a few weeks earlier than that, and be here in season for the first rehearsals of the Symphony Concerts. At any rate, he will be ready to resume his conductorship, and to receive his pupils by the 16th of November, if not sooner.

——In our next issue we shall be prepared to give a pretty full outline of the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, which will begin November 12. The sale of season tickets will be publicly announced by the middle of this month.

——MUSICAL FESTIVALS. Mr. Zerrahn, we suppose, will bring us an account of the late Festival at Schwerin, Mecklenburg, his native land, which was fixed to take place on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd inst. At the first concert, Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was to be performed; and at the second, the overture to, and detached scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; 7th Symphony, in A major, with "Kyrie," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Gloria," from the *Missa Solennis*, Beethoven. The programme of the third day was not definitely settled in time enough to give this week. Herr A. Schmitt was to be the conductor; among the soloists were Mme. Harriers Wippern, Herren Joachim, Schild, Krause, and Hill.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The members of the St. Cecilia Association will give a grand festival performance in the month of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Association. J. S Bach's Mass in B minor will be performed on the occasion.—A number of professional and non professional admirers of Herr Carl Hill gave him a farewell dinner, previously to his leaving this city to enter on his engagement at the theatre, Schwerin.

"THE IRON AGE OF OPERA."—Upon Mr Chorley's retirement from the *Athenæum* we were promised occasional contributions from his pen: a pledge redeemed in part by the appearance, in the last number of the *Athenæum*, of a communication from Baden-Baden under the familiar initials H. F. C.

"It should first be said," writes Mr. Chorley, "that not all the zeal of the direction of the opera, nor the cost expended on its production, nor the care brought to his task by Herr Eckert (an excellent conductor of theatrical music), could by any magic ensure a result such as could satisfy commonplace hearers, still less Herr Wagner's admirers—a crew as noisy as they are illogical. The composer, it may be recollected, has himself with magnificent modesty proclaimed in print that his operas should only be given as so many great treats, once a year or so, in privileged places, on high days and holidays; and his friends bear out this original *dictum* by assuming colder and less credulous lovers of music that they are in no case to appreciate Herr Wagner's later productions till they have studied the same at Munich. In spite of such oracular warnings, uninitiated listeners may fairly make the best of opportunities such as are afforded to the operas of such less sublime Germans as Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven; and thus, seeing that 'for better for worse' two of Herr Wagner's stage works are from time to time produced in sundry German theatres, and there sustained by vehement partisanship, a word or two from an outsider who has never been averse to experiment may not be altogether superfluous.

"To speak plainly, 'Lohengrin' pleased me less at Baden-Baden than it did when I witnessed its first production at Weimar under the auspices of Dr. Liszt's exaggerated enthusiasm. The defiance of all accepted rules and canons of beauty, the obsequious recourse to such expedients for producing clap trap effect as the writer could command, his insolent disregard of everything like free will or impulse on the part of slaves bound to do their task master's bidding, in place of intelligent interpreters and fellow-workers, the meagreness of original idea, now that they have ceased to be novelties, have lost their startling power, save for those who are habituated to disease and decadence, and who conceal the unhealthiness of their sympathies by controversial eagerness. I have never received such an impression of haggardness in place of beauty of contour, of bombast thrust forward to do duty for real dignity, as from '*Lohengrin*' the other evening. It would be hard to say which was the most noticeable, the poverty of the thoughts, the crudity with which they are set forth, but sparingly relieved by certain ingenious orchestral touches, or the acquiescence of a public, including connoisseurs who have been used to boast their superior depth and far sightedness in their judgment of music

by contempt of all Italian and French ware, and of English pretensions to enjoy and appreciate what is best in music.

"The orchestra assembled at Baden-Baden was fairly good, and went through its hard work steadily: the chorus, brought together from many places, was less satisfactory. The best had been done in the engagement of principal artists that could be done. Mlle. Mallinger from Munich, Herr Betz from Berlin, Herr Nachdauer (who replaced Herr Niemann), are all rated as in the first rank of German opera-singers; and such effect as was produced was owing to their good will and power of lungs. The heroine, too, had the dreamy, picturesque look which befits the part of *Elsa*, and was wonderfully dressed. The opera was accepted with as much delight as if 'paradise,' not 'chaos,' had come again.

"On hearing '*Lohengrin*' at Weimar I remember to have said to a great German musician, 'If this music becomes the law of the land, in twenty years' time there will not be a singer capable of singing Mozart's operas.' 'What matter!' was the cordial answer; 'they have been sung enough.' The truth of the prophecy was sadly established here by a performance of '*Don Juan*,' immediately following that of '*Lohengrin*.' I have rarely seen or heard anything so discreditably bad. Intonation, execution, intelligence, were all alike disgraceful. In particular must be signalized a hooting *Zerlina* from Vienna, because of the excess of her self-confidence, making it appear, as did Mlle. Lucca before her, that *Don Juan* was as much sinned against as sinning—because of her elongated screams on every note marked for a pause—because of her utter disdain of execution. Yet this lady, who in Paris or in London would hardly have been allowed to finish her part, was encored and greeted with a huge garland. The exhibition would have been ridiculous, had it not also been humiliating, to those whose reverence for what is sterling and refined in Art holds its own, be the ruin and revolution of the hour ever so complete. For the moment, it is sadly evident that we are in the iron age of national opera of Germany."

Mozart and the "Requiem."—Autographic Testimony to the Story.

All the world knows the story of Mozart and the mysterious stranger; how the unknown one engaged the composer to write him a requiem, paying in advance the whole, or a large portion of the covenanted price; how he appeared suddenly at intervals urging the completion of the work; how the engagement and the weird manner in which it was followed up preyed upon Mozart's fragile nerves and sensitive temperament; how he came to regard his requiem as his own funeral dirge; and how he died, under this impression, before the task was finished.

A letter copied by Mr. Young into the September number of *Putnam's*, from the collection of Mr. Old, furnishes convincing proof that there is no exaggeration in the tale. Mr. Young does not know to whom it was addressed, as the superscription and envelope are wanting. It is in Italian, beautifully written, in a fine, clear hand. Several years ago Mr. Old allowed a fac simile of it to be made for the opening number of the *Autograph Souvenir*, a periodical started in London for the purpose of reproducing the most valuable and authentic autographs in private collections, but not carried on beyond a few numbers. Translated into English, these are the contents:

Most honored Sir,

I would follow your advice, but know not how. My head is troubled, and I can scarcely compose; yet I cannot rid my sight of the figure of this unknown person. I see him perpetually; he requests, solicits, importunes me for the work. I continue, because composing fatigues me less than repose. Besides, I have no longer anything to fear. I know by my own feelings that the hour approaches, and that I must shortly breathe my last. I have finished before I have enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life has been so sweet, and my career opened before me under such fortunate auspices. But we cannot change our destiny. No one measures his own days; we must therefore be resigned. Whatever Providence ordains will be accomplished, and now I conclude; this is my funeral dirge, I ought not to leave it unfinished. MOZART.

Vienna, 7bre 1791.

It is a good thing to have a high C in one's voice. The tenor Wachtel has just purchased a handsome villa near Wiesbaden for 50,000 florins. This gentleman is said to have been a cab-driver a few years ago!

The number of volumes of scores, ancient and modern, and miscellaneous musical compositions, printed and MS., sent to the South Kensington Museum from the Musical Union Institute lately exceeds three hundred.

The Brunswick library has been enriched with a curious collection of programmes of all countries—some forty thousand in number. A large quantity refer to the last century, and a series belongs to the itinerant theatres of German and French fairs. The collector, a Major Haüpler, has been occupied twenty years in making this gathering.

The programme of the Theatre Italien, just out, is as follows: *Prime donne:* Adelina Patti, primo soprano sfogato; Minnie Hauck, id.; de Murska, id.; Ricci, id.; Urban, prima mima; Krauss, primo soprano, mezzo soprano; Grossi, primo contralto; Rosello, secondo contralto; Vestri, secondo soprano. *Tenori:* Franchini, primo tenore; Nicolini, id.; Tamberlik, id.; Palermi, id.; Uoaldi, secondo tenore; Arnoldi, id. *Baritoni:* Delle Sedie, primo baritone; Steller, id.; Verger, id.; Agnesi, primo baritone, basso cantante. *Bassi e Buffi:* Ciampi, Zimelli, Wallenreiter, Mercuriali, Fallar. *Direttori:* Skoczdopole, 1° direttore d'orchestra; Portehaut, 2° direttore d'orchestra; Accursi, 3° direttore d'orchestra; Alary, direttore del canto; Hurand, direttore del cori.

In the libretto of Wagner's new opera of "Rienzi," which M. Pasdeloup is preparing for the Theatre Lyrique, there is a scene in which the factions of the Colonna and the Orsini cry on the one side and on the other "Vive Colonna" and "Vive Orsini." The censor trembled at the latter cry, and of course insisted on its excision. "The librettists," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "may get out of the difficulty by substituting 'Vive l'Empereur' for 'Vive Orsini.'" History perhaps might suffer somewhat, but the public piece will not be endangered.

The Ballad Society, which at first intended to begin its publications in 1869, finds its work so forward that it will now begin in 1868. In December, therefore, members may expect Part I. of the Civil War Ballads, from the King's Pamphlets, edited by Dr. Rimbault; and Part I. of the Roxburghe Ballads, edited by Mr. William Chappell; both with *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and engraved by Mr. J. H. Rimbault.

The Theatre-Verdi was at Busseto (the composer's native place) was opened on the 13th with "Rigoletto." Verdi's bust was crowned and saluted with loud acclamation. An instrumental piece written at the age of 12 years was performed on the occasion; all the ladies wore green dresses, and all the gentlemen green cravats.

M. Flotow's new opera, "Les Deux Compositeurs," was announced to be brought out at Prague on the 15th ult.

Signor Verdi, it is said, intends to try his hand at comic music, by producing an opera on the story of "Falstaff."

M. Pasdeloup has engaged two conductors for the Theatre Lyrique—M. Mangin and M. Vandenheuvel—both having equal rank, and both officiating as *chefs d'orchestre* and *chefs du chant*.

As a companion to his "Opera Reminiscences of Thirty Years," Mr. Henry F. Chorley intends to collect, with large additions, his notes on concert-music in England during the last half-century.

The *Athenæum* says: "It appears from the *résumés* published in American papers of the programmes of various orchestral societies, that there is more activity and enterprise on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The list of 'novelties' brought out by the New York Philharmonic Society during four winters comprises Bargiel's 'Medea' and 'Prometheus' overtures, Liszt's 'Mazeppa,' Berlioz's Symphony 'Episode from an Artist's Life,' introduction to Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde,' Liszt's 'Nächtlicher Zug' from Lenau's 'Faust,' Bristow's 'Columbus' overture, Volkmann's Symphony in D minor, Berlioz's 'Romeo and Juliet' Symphony, and Ritter's 'Othello' overture. There may be great variety of opinion about the merit of many of these compositions, and several would, doubtless, never have a second hearing. But the New York Philharmonic Society has set us a good example in bringing much novelty to the test of public performance. In the New York Symphony Soirées almost, if not quite, as many little-known works have been produced, while the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association have been just as eclectic and generous. Only in the Crystal Palace can any parallel be found in England to such activity."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Armed cap-a-pie. (Bolero de Charles Martel). 2. C to e. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Chanticleer at morning's dawn. (Couplets de la poule.) 2, A*b* to *g* or *b* flat. "*Genevieve.*" 30

With Genevieve the happy day. (C'est Genevieve.) Song and Cho. 2. A to f sharp. "*Genevieve.*" 30

In this delicious shade. (Les baigneusses). Song or duet. 3. E to *g*. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Rondo of Matthew Lansberg. 2. G to e. " 30

Five additional airs from "Genevieve," containing a great deal of fun, and just as much pretty music. In the first, Charles Martel pomposly displays his armor, of which one portion had been left by Julius Cæsar at a pawn-broker's in Paris, and another had been used by Alexander the Great, in his wars in *Flanders!* In the second, Sifroid, excited by the wonderful elixir, attempts an imitation of Chanticleer's song. In the third, which belongs nearly at the end of the opera, Genevieve's friends welcome her at the close of her long imprisonment. In the fourth, a group of pretty ladies are gathered around a little lake in the palace garden, and exult in the beautiful surroundings. In the fifth, which is the first song in the opera, the great Matthew proclaims the wonderful powers of his elixir, which, taken in liquid form, makes one fatter, but if in powder, it makes one lean!

New loves! New loves! (Amours nouvelles. 2. G to *g*. "*Barbe Bleue.*" 30

Why should they gaze. (Pourquoi Qu' ils.) S'g and Cho. 3. G to f sharp. "*Barbe Bleue.*" 40

Two additional airs from "Barbe Bleue." They are among the best.

My love Nell. Comic Song. 2. G minor to f. *Carleton.* 30

Pat M'Cann. " 2. E*b* to f. " 30

The Irish soger boy. 2. G to e. " 30

Dandy Pat. 2. A to f sharp. " 30

Very smart and wide awake Irish songs, in which Pat is as frisky as ever. Good melodies.

Instrumental.

Polka. "Genevieve." 3. F and B*b*. *Knight.* 30

Galop. " 2. C " F. " 30

Schottische. " 2. C " F. " 30

Polka Redowa. " 2. F " E*b*. " 30

Lancer's Quadrille " 3. " 30

Selections and arrangements, including a number of very pretty and sparkling airs.

Long Branch Schottisch. 3. A*b*. *Wellman.* 30

Bright. Introduces "On the Beach, &c."

Telegram Waltz. 3. *Strauss.* 75

Herbstrosen " 3. " 75

Two brilliant "grand" waltzes, in Strauss's best style.

Grecian Bend Waltz. 3. A*b*. *Henry.* 30

More graceful than the "bend," by a long shot.

Amelia Waltz. *Lumbye.* 2. G. Simplified by *Knight.* 30

Belgravia Waltz. *Godfrey.* 2. C and F. " 30

Carnival Botschafter. *Strauss.* 2. F. " 30

Easy and excellent for learners.

Sons du coeur. (Sounds from the heart). 4. B*b*. *L. Teichfuss.* 40

A very sweet heart-song.

National Guard Polka. 5. A. *H. Sanderson.* 40

Full of fire. Very powerful.

Christmas Waltz. 2. C. *W. A. Cary.* 30

Very pretty, and will be acceptable to Mr. C's numerous pupils.

Books.

THE GOLDEN ROBIN. For Juvenile Classes, Schools and Seminaries. *W. O. Perkins.* 50

Contains: 1 Musical Notation: 2 Rounds and exercises adapted to physical action; 3. Songs for all occasions; 4 Sacred pieces.

This has a fine collection of fresh and attractive songs, and the girls and boys are all ready for it, for they begin to tire of the old books, and long for the next good new one.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 719. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 16.

(From the Atlantic Almanac for 1869).

The Nineteenth Century.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

A wondrous light is filling the air,
And rimming the clouds of the old despair;
And hopeful eyes look up to see
Truth's mighty electricity.
Auroral shimmerings swift and bright
That wave and flash in the silent night,—
Magnetic billows travelling fast,
And flooding all the spaces vast
From dim horizon to farthest cope
Of heaven, in streams of gathering hope.
Silent they mount and spread apace,
And the watchers see old Europe's face
Lit with expression new and strange,—
The prophecy of coming change.

Meantime, while thousands wrapt in dreams
Sleep, heedless of the electric gleams,
Or ply their wonted work and strife,
Or plot their pitiful games of life,—
While the emperor bows in his formal halls,
And the clerk whirls on at the masking balls;
While the lawyer sits at his dreary files,
And the banker fingers his glittering piles,
And the priest kneels down at his lighted shrine,
And the fop flits by with his mistress fine,—
The diplomat works at his telegraph wires:
His back is turned to the heavenly fires;
Over him flows the magnetic tide,
And the candles are dimmed by the glow outside.
Mysterious forces overawe,
Absorb, suspend the usual law.
The needle stood northward an hour ago,—
Now veers like a weathercock to and fro.
The message he sends flies not as once;
The unwilling wires yield no response.
Those iron veins that pulsed but late,
From a tyrant's will to a people's fate,
Flowing and ebbing with feverish strength,
Are seized by a power whose breadth and length,
Whose height and depth, defy all gauge,
Save the great Spirit of the Age.
The mute machine is moved by a law
That knows no accident or flaw;
And the iron thrills to a different chime
From that which rang in the dead old time
For Heaven is taking the matter in hand,
And baffling the tricks of the tyrant band
The sky above and the earth beneath
Heave with a supermundane breath.
Half-truths, for centuries kept and prized,
By higher truths are polarized.
Like gamesters on a railroad train,
Careless of stoppage, sun, or rain,
We juggle, plot, combine, arrange,
And are swept along by the rapid change.
And some who from their windows mark
The unwonted lights that flood the dark,
Little by little, in slow surprise,
Lift into space their sleepy eyes;
Little by little are made aware
That a Spirit of Power is passing there,—
That a spirit is passing, strong and free,—
The soul of the Nineteenth Century.

Hints for Young Opera Composers.

(Concluded from page 322).

If you would have any hope of becoming a favorite opera composer, begin early. After writing yourself into the piano forte virtuoso habit of all sorts of figured embroidery, you have no taste or feeling left for simple thoughts; and after long practice in instrumental composition, the color charm of instrumentation and the artificial polyphonic web of accompaniment will have gained too much mastery over you; you will not be able then to let the simplest thoughts go without arabesque embellishment. Mozart and Carl Maria von Weber composed operas when they were boys. All French and Italian opera composers from their youth up work in this field.

Do not compose too long texts! Nothing is so easily fatigued, Gluck once remarked, as the ear. Twelve, fourteen, at the most sixteen numbers of music, and half of these in the shorter form, are enough; all over that is an evil. People listen only half attentive.

Listening to music four hours in succession, though it be ever so fine, may give enjoyment to the angels; but mortals at the present day cannot endure it; still less probably will mortals of the future be able to, for mankind do not think and feel and act slower than they used, but always faster and faster.

The composition of an opera cannot be begun with mere imagination; but, like every other kind of dramatic creation, you must first set about it with *the understanding*: that is, you must begin with a clear understanding of *what* is to happen and *how* it is to happen. This is a matter of forethought, of previous reflection. Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Méhul, Cherubini, Boieldieu, in short all the genuine masters have carried their text about in their head for a long time before they have written a note; they have considered its treatment on all sides, and then for the first time have given the reins to their imagination in the carrying out of their design.

Give to each dramatic person his most characteristic role. Form plastic figures. The finest, unsurpassable models you find in Mozart's and Weber's scores. Sarastro and Papageno, Pamina and the Queen of Night, Max and Caspar, Agatha and Aennchen, &c., &c. Study them! Keep inquiring into each one's kind of character; ask wherein they differ from each other and by what musical means the difference is effected.

Strive incessantly for melody, for simple, popular, expressive melody: it is the soul of music; it answers to the feeling, and the feeling answers to it. With all your ingenious tinkling of sweet tones you never win the public. But a melody that is full of feeling fastens like a chain upon the heart. Make melodies that stick like burs. They are most surely learned from the songs of the people (*Volkslieder*). Surely, Robert Schumann was a genuine and a genial composer? In his musical rules and maxims he says: "Listen carefully to all *Volkslieder*: they are a mine of the most beautiful melodies."

Hard things are said of melody now-a-days in Germany, all in behalf of genius. But do not you be turned away by that. It still is and remains the indestructible, eternal power not to be driven from the field by all the sophisms of impotence. The simplest melody is still the sweetest and most palatable bunch of grapes, in spite of all the foxes.

Treat every passage of a text at first like a simple emotion with a simple melody. After you have accomplished this, after you have developed in yourself this faculty, then begin to play about it with accessory motives in the orchestra, where a more composite feeling makes it necessary. For this, too, Mozart's operas offer the most splendid examples.

Bring all your tone-descriptions into firm, round forms; build simple periods, groups, parts, each with distinguishable outlines. The form that flows on everlastingly, the endless melody, is more than a connoisseur can apprehend, still less a layman. But if you wish to write only for connoisseurs, you will perhaps have a dozen hearers in the theatre, and not satisfy a single one of them.

What is the one chief excellence you hear ascribed to all great masters? Mastery of form, the power of clearly shaping. Will there ever come a time, when they will be praised as real artists who bring us unclean forms?

Choose models for yourself: first such as have produced great effects with simplest means. For opera, keep Weber closely in your eye. Everywhere in him you see the popular melody the chief thing; and for the rest the simplest and most common homophonous accompaniment.

In the beginning do not be afraid of imitating. All great artists have begun so. Strive not after originality, but after truth and beauty. Goethe said to Eckermann: "People are always talking about originality, but what does it mean! As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and so it goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, but energy, strength and will! If I could tell all that I owe to great predecessors, there would not be much left!"

All the world admits, that C. M. von Weber in his *Freyschütz* has given us a genuine German People's Opera. But it pleases not the common people merely; the deepest connoisseurs are equally delighted with it. Never have done with studying it.

Do not overload the ear with too heavy masses of tone. Most of the operas of recent times might be entitled: "Much Ado about Nothing."

Never allow the orchestra to overcome and drown the voices. The song is not there for the sake of the orchestra, but the orchestra for the sake of the song. Do not try to make a Symphony with singing.

To dress up with ingenious orchestration a musical thought which, heard alone, says nothing, is like trying to make slices of cork palatable by a *sauce piquante*.

Do not console yourself with the Future; you do not know it; write for the Present which you

do know, or must learn to know, and in which you live. The better you understand how to satisfy the rational Present the surer are you of the Future, if you care at all about the unknown thing.

Do not work fast. Look at Beethoven's sketch books, above all at his *Fidelio*; see how many different attempts he made to find for every moment of the work the best expression.

When Racine brought to Boileau his tragedy of *Alexander*, he remarked, that it was uncommonly easy to him to make verses. Good, answered Boileau; I will teach you to make verses with pains, and you have talent enough to learn it soon. Racine used to say, that Boileau had kept his word.

Does the young musician ask: "Of what use these brief hints to me?"

Study J. C. Lobe's *Compositions-lehre* (Theory of Composition), Vol. IV: "The Opera," (Leipzig, published by Breitkopf & Härtel). There you will find clearly and fully explained all that is briefly touched upon here.

Translations from Schumann.*

THREE GREAT PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

1. Moscheles.

(*Concert on the 9th October*. 1835).

Difficult as it is to say anything new about a virtuoso whose fame has been so long established as that of Moscheles, yet the fact that in his latest compositions he has taken a course which cannot fail to affect his playing, induces me to attempt some remarks. In his E flat Concerto and E flat Sonata he was brimming over with youthful spirit; in the G minor Concerto and the Studies, he entered upon a more thoughtful and artistic discipline; and now he is exploring darker and more mysterious paths, apparently careless whe her he continues to please the masses or not. His fifth Concerto shows a leaning to the romantic school, and, in the last one, that tendency is fully developed and established, with no longer any wavering between old and new. The romantic vein which runs through this Concerto is not, however, as we see it in Berlioz, Chopin, and others—far in advance of the spirit of the day; on the contrary, its course is retrograde—it is rather the romantic spirit of antiquity, which acts with such force in Bach, Handel, and Gluck—whose works hold a similar place in music to that style in the Gothic architecture. In this respect the compositions of Moscheles resemble those of Mendelssohn, who, however, happily is still writing in all the vigor of youth. Few, probably, would trust themselves to give a decided judgment on all that they heard on the evening of Mr. Moscheles' concert. The applause could hardly be characterized as bacchanalian; in fact, the audience were very quiet, as if anxious rather to show their interest by the deepest attention. They did, however, fire up into enthusiasm after the Duo, which Moscheles and Mendelssohn played, not only like two artists, but two friends; one might well have compared them to a pair of eagles, each in turn soaring aloft or wheeling low, and each boldly encircling the other in his flight. This composition is dedicated to the memory of Handel, and I consider it one of Moscheles' most successful and original works. About the Overture to Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, opinions differed, even among the connoisseurs; for my part, I silently begged pardon of Moscheles for having judged of it by the pianoforte arrangement, which certainly sounds very poor in contrast to the splendid orchestra. I shall speak of it more at length another time; to-day I will only say that I could trace the shepherd-girl throughout—from the day when she dons her armor, till, amidst waving banners, her beautiful form is laid in the ground. The Overture has a touch of real tragedy in it.

Moscheles also played the first movement of a new "pathetic" Concerto, and the whole of a "fantastic" one—both of which might fairly be called Duets for Pianoforte and Orchestra, so independent is the part taken by the former. These two works, besides deviating entirely from the form of his earlier ones, are remarkable enough to make me impatient to play them myself, and confirm the deep impression which, with the exception of one or two less interesting parts, they produced on me throughout. As to the excellence of Moscheles' playing, the elasticity of his touch, the sound, healthy tone, the steadiness and thought in the higher range of expression—no one who has heard him can for a moment doubt. The exaggeration and sympathy with the most modern and fantastic style, which colored his playing as a young man, he has now renounced; and the loss is more than made up for by the mental power and force of character of the full-grown man. In the improvisation with which he finished the evening there were some fine points.

We still remember, with much pleasure, the treat provided for us a few days before the concert, by the union of three great artists, and a youth who promises to become one, in the performance of Bach's D minor Concerto for three pianos. The three were Clara Wieck, Moscheles and Mendelssohn; the fourth was Mr. Louis Rakemann, from Bremen. Mendelssohn played the orchestral accompaniment on a fourth piano; and the result was truly splendid!

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2. Madame Pleyel

(*At Leipsic, in* 1838.)

The programme of Mme. Pleyel's concert gave one a most favorable idea of her artistic tendencies. It is but a short time since we heard the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn played by the composer himself, and it was interesting to com- his reading with that of the vivacious Frenchwoman. She took the last movement even more quickly than he; but in other points Mendelssohn could hardly have failed to be satisfied with her thoroughly musical interpretation, except perhaps in one or two parts where the melody might have been played more simply and earnestly, with less sentiment. Other pianoforte players seldom venture to play an entire concerto in public, but Mme. Pleyel gave us two; the second being Weber's *Concertstück*, which on this particular occasion was doubly interesting, because fragments of his predecessor's composition seem to have haunted the fancy of the younger composer in a truly bewitching manner whilst writing his own, though indeed in tenderness, delicacy, and finish, Weber's Concerto bears but poor comparison with Mendelssohn's. Madame Pleyel performed it admirably, with the same warmth which she seems to throw into every kind of music, and thus awoke among her audience that genuine and hearty sympathy which can only be evoked by the combination of really fine music. I wish I could say as much of the piece with which this enjoyable evening was brought to a close; but in this the ability of the composer was far behind that of the performer; it was a composition of her own, on themes by Weber, in which even the melodies introduced might have been arranged and worked with more taste. And yet it was just this piece which was so furiously applauded that she was obliged to repeat it. The playing of this highly interesting lady will please every one, besides which, her love for all that is noblest in her art will help to make that art more generally known.

At her second concert, Mme. Pleyel's powers seemed to rise with the enthusiasm they created, and *vice versa*. She had made an excelleet selection: Beethoven's C minor Concerto and Hummel's Oberon. At the subscription concert yesterday we had Kalkbrenner's E minor Concerto and the *Concertstück* repeated. Kalkbrenner was for some time her master, which explains her choice of his Concerto; she played it off much in the same way as one repeats to oneself a piece of poetry that one learnt when a child; but all trace of the scholar was gone—lost in the finish of the great artist. The Beethoven Concerto brought out another side of her nature; she played it both well and correctly, in a thoroughly German spirit, bringing the music before one like a picture, whilst the Hummel Fantasia seemed to descend from some airy spirit-world. Weber's *Concertstück* excited rapturous applause, boquets were showered upon the artist, and the public were in ecstasies—some even being heard to say that there was "more poetry in this woman than in ten Thalbergs put together," and the excitement lasting a long while. Her slender, graceful figure, and childish manner of curtseying, as if she did not deserve such applause, and still more the deeper things which she unfolded in her music, will not easily be forgotten, and we wish her all the happiness which she has been the means of giving to so many.

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3. Thalberg.

(*Concert for the Musicians' Fund, February 8th*, 1841.)

In his flight across Germany, this great artist folded his wings here for a short time, and from them have dropped, as from those of the angel in Rückert's poem, rubies and precious stones, which at his special desire have fallen into the hands of those who really wanted them. To say anything new about one who has already had so much praise lavished upon him, is difficult. But there is one thing which every earnest artist will be glad to hear, namely, that he has made progress since he last delighted us with his art; indeed in the two years' interval since his former visit he has increased his powers to an astonishing degree, and, impossible as it may seem, has gained in freedom, grace, and force. His playing appeared to make the same impression on all, to impart that happy complacency which perhaps he himself derives from it. True artistic power is something more than mere execution and adroitness; it is also a reflection of the man himself, and it is easy to see from Thalberg's playing that he belongs to fortune's favorites, those whom she has endowed with wealth and brilliance. Thus he began his course, thus he has continued it ever since, and thus he will finish it, happy himself and shedding happiness wherever he goes. The whole of yesterday evening, everything that he played was a proof of this. The audience seemed to be there not to criticize, but simply to enjoy; and to be as sure of enjoyment as the artist of his art. The compositions were all new, a serenade and minuet from *Don Juan*, a fantasia on Italian airs, a grand study, and a caprice on airs from the *Sonnambula*, all most effective paraphrases of the original melodies, which though surrounded by a whole fabric of scales and arpeggios looked out pleasantly upon one everywhere. Most artistic was the treatment of the airs from *Don Juan*, and the whole performance was surprisingly fine. As a composition the most important thing seemed to me to be the Study, based on a charming theme somewhat of the character of an Italian national melody; the last variation with *tremolo* triplets will not easily be forgotten; certainly no one after Thalberg will hope to play it with such magic perfection. All honor to him for that evening, for be secured for himself both as a man and as an artist, the applause and esteem of every one present.

Mendelssohn's Organ Concert.

Thursday, Aug. 6, 1840, *at six in the evening.*

IN AID OF THE BACH MEMORIAL AT LEIPSIC.

I should like to commemorate yesterday evening's performance in letters of gold. It was for once a concert which a man might enjoy—perfect from beginning to end. It struck me afresh how one never does get at the bottom of Bach; how he always becomes deeper the more one knows him. Zelter and Marx have said much that is excellent and to the point, and yet when

* Translations, by M. E. Von G., from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann. From the London *Musical World*.

one comes to hear him again, one feels how utterly powerless all words are to convey any real idea of him. No! a living reproduction of his works, a performance of the music itself, is the only way; and who could do this with greater truth and enthusiasm than the great artist whom we heard yesterday, who has devoted the larger part of his life to the study of Bach, who has employed all the force of his enthusiasm to revive his memory in Germany, and has now in this concert given the first impulse towards bringing his outward image more clearly before our eyes? A hundred years have elapsed without any one having attempted this, and it will perhaps be another hundred before it is accomplished. It is not my intention to make any formal appeal in favor of the Bach memorial; those of Mozart and Beethoven are still unfinished, and may possibly remain so for some time yet. But the idea having at last been started, it might be urged upon towns like Berlin and Breslau, which have especially applied themselves to the performance of Bach's works, and in which there must be many people who know what a debt music owes to him—hardly less, in its narrower sphere, than a religion to its founder. In the circular announcing this concert, Mendelssohn comes to the point clearly enough:—"Up to the present time Leipsic can show no visible memorial of the greatest artist she ever possessed. The honor of a monument near the Thomas-schule, due to Bach before all others, has been already conferred on one of his successors. But at the present moment, when both his genius and his works are re-appearing with fresh force, and an inextinguishable passion for them is filling the hearts of all true lovers of music, it is hoped that the project of raising a monument to him will meet with the approval and the encouragement of the inhabitants of Leipsic."

That a project of Mendelssohn's should receive its due crown of success is no more than was to be expected. Every one knows how thoroughly he understands Bach's regal instrument. Yesterday he gave us nothing but the most splendid treasures, full of variety, and increasing in interest to the very close. After a short introduction of his own, he played a truly magnificent Fugue of Bach's in E flat [the so-called "St. Anne's Fugue"], in three movements, constructed on and arising out of each other; then a Prelude to the Choral,* "Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele," one of the most precious and touching things that ever came from the heart of an artist; then a grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor, very brilliant, and of prodigious difficulty even for a proficient player. Here there was a pause, and then followed the Passacaglia in C minor—twenty-one variations so charmingly connected together as to keep the hearer in continual astonishment—and in which the changes of register were admirably varied. Next came a Pastorella in F, in the deepest style of which that class of music is capable. This was followed by a Toccata in A minor, with a Prelude in Bach's humoristic vein. The whole wound up with an extempore fantasia, and here Mendelssohn shone in all his glory. It was founded on a Choral to the words, if I mistake not, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," into which he afterwards introduced the name of Bach and a third subject, working them up in a fugue, and bringing the whole together at the close in so masterly a manner, that it might be printed right off, and would be a perfect work of art. The lovely light of the summer sunset was streaming in through the windows, and on coming out into the open air with these glorious strains floating in one's head, many a one, doubtless, felt as I did, that there are no occasions happier in music than when one great master gives utterance to the thoughts of another. Honor and praise to them both—the old and the young—the ancient and the modern!

BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

1. A DIALOGUE OF DAVIDSBUENDLER, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, 1833.

Voigt began—"I am like a blind man standing in front of Strasburg Cathedral and hearing the bells, but unable to find the entrance. Leave me in peace, my friends, for man is a mystery to me."

"But who," said Eusebius, would blame the blind man because he can think of nothing to say as he stands before the cathedral, provided he devoutly takes off his hat, when the bells ring out from above."

"Yes," continued Florestan, after a pause, "Yes, love him as much as you like, and pay all honor to his never-resting moral power: but never forget that it was only after years of study that Beethoven finally attained poetic freedom. Do not search for that which is irregular in him; but go back to the basis of his creations; no need of this Symphony, however bold and marvellous may be its utterances, such as have never yet been heard, to prove his genius,—that may be done just as well by the first, or by the graceful Greek one in B flat. Never pass a rule which you have not thoroughly mastered. There is nothing so ruinous, and you run the risk of being shamefully unmasked by persons inferior to yourselves the moment they meet you."

And when they had finished, old Raro, his voice trembling with emotion, said: "Not another word! let us love that lofty genius, who looks down with such unspeakable love upon this world which gave him so little. I feel that to-day we have been brought nearer to him than before. You have a long and difficult journey before you, my lads. There is a strange glare on the sky—I know not whether it be the glow of the setting or the rising sun. Struggle to the Light!"

2. PERFORMANCE UNDER MENDELSSOHN'S DIRECTION, FEBRUARY 11, 1841.

The Ninth Symphony was yet to come. It seems that people are beginning at last to see that in this work the great man did his greatest. I never recollect its being gone into with such fire before, and in saying this I aim my commendation much more at the audience, than the symphony, which indeed stands far above anything, as I have said in these pages so often as to have left myself nothing more to say. The performance was quite extraordinarily full of life. In the *Scherzo*, I observed a note the importance of which Mendelssohn had seen at a glance, though I had never before heard it so prominent, the single D in the bass trombone, which makes an astonishing effect, and gives the passage an entirely new life (see the score, page 66, bar 3, and 67, 8).

* Hardly the right translation for *Choral Vorspiel*.—ED

[From the Cornhill Magazine].

"The English are not a Musical People."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

I.

One of our humorists has said that a quotation is never so apt as when it is misapplied; so I trust to prove the perfect aptitude of the quotation from common prejudice which heads these remarks, by showing its utter misapplication.

If what is common and false be vulgar, then certainly the disbelief in the musical capacities of the English is a vulgar prejudice; and it is none the less so because it is the most cordially entertained by a class of the population which as much supposes itself as it is generally believed to be superior to vulgarity. With such high example for the direct perversion of truth against ourselves, it is as little to be wondered at as it is much to be deplored, that musicians themselves too often pander to the prevalent folly by assuming foreign names or affecting foreign titles. It is their fashion, indeed, to give a foreign termination to words used in connection with music itself: thus the list of pieces to be performed in a concert is styled by them a programm*e*; whereas good writers of our language, who apply the term to other than musical uses, spell it as they spell all words derived from the same Greek root. If a musician inverted the letters of his name so as to make another word, would he call such distribution an anagramm*e*? If he illustrated any theoretical point by a pictorial figure, would he name this a diagramm*e*? Were a witty couplet written about music, would it be styled an epigramm*e*? Would the cypher formed of a musician's initials be called a monogramm*e*? If a dispatch announced a singer's sudden indisposition, should it be named a telegramm*e*? I am told, however, that we have taken the idea of concert-bills, and, consequently, the word which defines them, from the French; and that is why we spell it in the French way. Well, we took India, or a large part of it, from the French, but do not call it l'Inde.

The truth is, however, that the prejudice against which English musicianship has to contend springs from domestic mistrust, more than from foreign depreciation, of our native capacity to love and practice the art. It dates, at earliest, within these last hundred and fifty years, to prove which I will adduce some pertinent facts from all periods of English history.

The genus Englishman is a compound of Briton, Saxon and Dane. It would be easy to exemplify, with anecdotes amusing as authentic, the very strong musical bent and musical ability of each of these three components of our nation, and thus to prove that the art love of the English people was inherent in us from the races of which we are amalgamated. I will forbear the narration of many of these stories, but must recount one to show that our forefathers, prior to the Conquest, had musical proficiency far above the composition and performance of a melody to such an accompaniment as would suffice to keep the voice in tune, which was the utmost attainment in musical art of the classic Greeks and Romans, and of all the South European nations until long beyond the period now under consideration. In the middle of the eleventh century, Hereward, the son of Godiva, whose noble devotion rescued the people of Coventry from their lord's oppression—Hereward, the last of the English who forcibly resisted the tyranny of our Norman invaders—presented himself with his two nephews at the bridal feast of the daughter of a Cornish king, where they were received in the capacity of minstrels, which character they supported by singing sometimes singly, and sometimes in harmony of three parts, which latter, the chronicle especially states, was according to the custom of the race that then peopled our eastern countries. Here is distinct evidence, which might easily be developed into far greater amplitude, that harmony, the art of musical combination, which is the basis of all musical construction, was known and practiced and enjoyed here, some hundreds of years before the greatly vaunted Roman school appropriated the art of descant or counterpoint, which art the Church indeed derived from the unschooled practice of our Northern laity. In the latter part of the twelfth century, this practice of polyphony was certainly current as much among the people of Wales as among those of the north-east of our island; and there is good ground to assume that harmony must have been commonly familiar in England when those stalwart Danes, the Vikings of the sea and lords of the shell, masters alike of sword and song, first set foot upon our shores. Further, what seems to have been the intuitive art use of the untaught people in the misty age of tradition prior to the last eight hundred years, has, in spite of the neglect of popular education, preserved itself to the present day, when, in Essex and in Wales—the extremes of east and west—the country folk rejoice themselves at harvest tide and other seasons of festive meeting, with songs in three part harmony, which, if it may not pass the ordeal of a contrapuntist's scrutiny, clearly indicates the aptitude of the singers and the inclination of the listeners.

In the Norman policy of denationalizing the people, the attempt is conspicuously characteristic of Abbot Thurstan to impose, by force of arms, the form of chant devised by Guillaume of Fécamp, upon the use of the English clergy. It was impossible, however, to deracinate the love of music, which was firmly rooted in the native heart, and had spread its winged seeds from generation to generation of the native people.

Accordingly, when Thomas à Beckett, in 1159, as High Chancellor of England, went to negotiate the marriage of Henry the Second's son with the daughter of Louis VII, and desired, for the success of his mission, to display to the utmost the importance in wealth and civilization of his own country, he entered Paris in a procession that was headed by two hundred and fifty boys, who were arranged in groups that each sang pieces in harmony of three parts, which, the record expressly notes, was after the English manner, and, till then unheard in France. Yet again, in 1510, the lapse of ages had not changed the usage at home, no advanced foreign musicianship to the capability of coping with ours; for then Thomas Cromwell, once Wolsey's secretary, and subsequently Earl of Essex, went to Rome to procure from Julius II. a renewal of some ecclesiastical privileges for the town of Boston, and sought to propitiate the Pope with the singing of Three-men's Songs, with the novelty and beauty of which Julius was so well pleased that he received the Englishman with favor, and readily granted his suit.

It has been pretended that all historical allusions

to the musical proclivities of our countrymen refer at best to their relish for simple tunes and their preference of the vulgarest. Whoever has put forth this proposition, which has no foundation but in the fancy of him that has advanced it, must have taken his own incapacity as the standard of the nation, and described the people as he knew himself. I have shown that by intuition and by cultivation the English were for long in advance of Continental nations in the province of harmony. It is now to note how also this country was before the rest of the world in contrapuntal elaborations. It would be prolix here to cite the many concurrent statements of writers of successive periods as to the high advancement of musical art in England, and as to the eminence of English artists in the early stages of its progress—statements that have been overlooked or misquoted by some musical historians, and are therefore unknown to readers whose researches in art history are limited to Burney and Hawkins. I may opportunely adduce, however, the Six men's Songs—"Sumer is icumen in"—as a testimony of the state of music here at a period when there is no sign of its equal advancement in any other land. The date of the MS of this remarkable specimen of scholarship, and I will aver, of such melodious fluency as critics call inspiration, was long disputed; but I believe that the best judges now agree in assigning it, from internal and collateral evidence, to 1250. Now to speak technically—to be true—this piece is a canon for four in one in the unison, with a foot or burden also of canonic construction for yet two more voices; and as such, while some grammatical irregularities cannot be denied in it, it presents an amount of twofold complication that is wonderful for its age, and remarkable for any age.

Although we commonly give to the Church the credit of all the scholarship of the Middle Ages, she ever took Time by the fetlock in his musical course, lagging always at the heels of the laity in every step of the art's career. One evidence of this among countless others, is that in the earliest MS of the composition I have been describing, the words of a Latin hymn are adapted to the notes; the tokens of which adaptation are that the Latin text is written under the English, and that, having no words for the burden, it is insufficient for the music. Ecclesiastical appropriation of this piece is of a parity with the practice of Thomas, Archbishop of York, in the eleventh century, who adapted devotional verses to every secular tune that became popular; and with the practice of Richard, Bishop of Ossory, in the fourteenth century, of whose exercises in Latinity to this effect several specimens are extant.

The "Tournament of Tottenham," a metrical romance of the reign of Edward II., shows, in the following allusion—

> In all the corners of the house
> Was melody delicious
> Of Six-men's Songs—

that "Sumer is icumen in," or other pieces of similarly complicated structure had general acceptance in the first years of the fourteenth century. It is not to be supposed, however, that in those remote times, any more than at present, six singers were always at hand for the performance of a piece of such extensive requirements. Were other proof failing, the likelihood of the case would furnish ample evidence of this canon having been sung, as very frequently were the catches of more recent days, by a single voice, either with or without instrumental accompaniment; and thus it is to be classed among our national melodies of our British Isles, and particularly of England, because, while we have acknowledged the existence and the beauty of the tunes of our sister nations, it has been our grievous fashion to ignore those which are peculiarly our own. It is not here minutely to define the term "national melody," whose general signification is, I believe, generally understood, if doctors sometimes differ as to its special application. Enough to premise that I refer by it to tunes which are sung by the people for the tunes' sake, who find in them an utterance of their own humors, tempers, and emotions, and who love them for their truthfulness to this expression, regardless of their authorships, or even of their ever having been written down, and learning them commonly from person to person, from mouth to ear. My quest has been constantly in vain for such melodies belonging to southern nations, and even in Germany, except the choral tunes of the Lutheran Church, I can meet with but few that seem not, like the melodies of Italy and Spain, to be extempore variations upon some fixed routine of harmony, which are as quickly forgotten as they are easily remembered, and which bear no intrinsic or recorded proof of more than two generations' endurance. The wondrously beautiful melodies of Ireland, those few airs which are genuinely Scotch, and some admirable Welsh tunes, tell all their own tale of loveliness to the world, and exact its universal recognition. It is our English fortune, and it should be our English pride, to possess a greater number of national tunes, of a greater diversity of character and expression, than any nation upon earth; and this, I maintain, more than all the evidences which have too long been sealed of musical scholarship in this country, more than the long list of once respected native-born musicians, proves that the English people have music really at heart, and only need quittance from the prejudice which has depressed them during the last century and a half to enable them to resume their pristine national musical character.

The Fairfax MS shows the advanced state of part-writing here at the time of the Tudor accession; and, by necessary inference, indicates the state of taste to which such writing could be offered. It comprises vocal pieces by several composers, mostly of a pastoral character, which are remarkable for general fitness to the nature of the words, for melodious grace and even modernness of phraseology, for clearness and freedom of rhythm, and for quite as few aberrations from the strict path of musical syntax as any contemporaneous productions that have come within my reach.

The pieces of concerted vocal music designated "King Henry's Mirth," and the record of Sir Peter Carew's great favor with "bluff King Hall," on account of his effective participation with the monarch himself in their performance, prove to us what kind of pastime diverted the court of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, before the King's conjugal perplexities turned his thoughts from healthful exercise and social recreation to matters in Church and State, for which some may think he was less naturally qualified. These pieces are defined as *Threemen's* or *Freeman's* Songs, which definition apparently refers them, in shape if not in substance, to the days of the bold Hereward and his nephews. I mean that if these actual pieces were not sung by the merry men of the Fens before the coming of William the Conqueror, they are in the form and of the character of the songs of that era—a supposition resulting from a comparison of the music with the remarks of our earliest poets and writers on the people's customs. The word *Freemen* has, of a truth, puzzled many an enquirer into its signification: some have supposed it a corruption of the compound *Three men*; some, to denote the free or jovial character of the men who took pleasure in such music; and one venturesome eighteenth-century editor printed a few specimens with the name of Ficemen as that of their composer. So far as they speak for themselves, it can only be adduced that they are all for three male voices, and all of a hilarious character.

That Henry VIII. studied music was essential to his youthful preparation for the archbishopric of Canterbury. It was then essential for the Primate, as for all Church ministers under him, thoroughly to understand music; whereas it now suffices that the Archbishop of Canterbury confers musical degrees. That Henry prosecuted this study after his brother's death had changed his destiny and removed the necessity for his musical scholarship, and that he attained to high productive and executive skill, shows the bent of his inclination, and throws a strong light upon the taste for art in his time. A reflector of this light, which certainly augments its distinctness, is the fact that the earliest publication of secular music in this country, bearing date 1530, is a collection of concerted pieces by various composers, printed in separate vocal parts. The printing in separate parts is a silent but resistless testimony to those parts having been required for performance; and the indispensability of the accomplishment of sight-singing to a gentleman is significantly shown in Skelton's humorous poem of "Bowge at Court," wherein the hero thus implores for instruction:

> Wolde to God it wolde please you some day
> A balade book before me for to lay,
> And lerne me for to synge, re, mi, fa, sol,
> And when I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.

The continuance of the practice in courtly society of choral singing is attested by the multiplication of works to feed the general desire. Few are now familiar with the compositions in this class of Elizabeth's early days; but one such example as the choral song, "In going to my naked bed," of Richard Edwards, certifies the poetical feeling and technical proficiency of the artists, and the appreciative and executive power of the amateurs, to have been of a very high order at this epoch.

Detractors of our native musicianship, who have been unable to dispute the sterling merit of our madrigal composers, have sought to trace this to the example of Italian works imported into England. Dates are dull witnesses, but they cannot be suborned, and their evidence outweighs any amount of speculative argument. A merchant named Young brought over some choice specimens of Italian art, which, with translated words, he published under the collective title of "Musica Transalpina," in 1578; the piece I have named (because of frequent occurrence at modern concerts), and very many of the same structure by Byrd and other masters, were written here before the date of Young's importation. Unquestionably music progressed among the English, as it did among the Flemish and Italian composers, and the works produced in the seventeenth century were consequently far in advance of those written before the middle of the sixteenth. The natural course of art development is then the cause of the remarkable eminence of Morley, Dowland, Weelkes, Wilbye, Gibbons, and their compatriots, among the European musicians of the age: the highest efforts of their fellow-artists beyond seas may have stimulated these men's endeavor, but were not the pattern by which they wrought. On the other hand, how much many foreigners have learned from our countrymen when John Cooper and Peter Phillips, under the Italianized names of Giovanni Coperario and Pietro Filippi, were among the best-esteemed members of the Roman school; when the famous Dr. John Bull closed his life in Amsterdam; when the compositions of John Dowland were printed in eight continental cities during the life of the author, and when the services of this worthy were besought by Christian IV., of Denmark of our James I., who was, according to Fuller, "unwillingly willing" that the distinguished composer and Lutenist should enrich with his presence a foreign court.

In Thomas Morley's "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music," 1597, we find evidence of the same necessity for musicianship in gentle society that is proved, by the quaint passage I have given from Skelton, to have prevailed three reigns earlier. The book is framed in dialogues between a country gentleman and his court friend, to whom he relates his disgrace in being unable to sing a part when the music books were handed round to the company in which he was recently present, and who undertakes therefore to induct him into the mysteries of the art, and relieve him thus from future embarrassment—the sequel being the course of instruction.

To sing from book was, in the olden time, necessary among the educated class, who had accordingly their madrigals, ballets, and part songs; but though an essential of good breeding, its practice was not the peculiar privilege of the wealthy. Let the people's habit attest this, of singing not only our beautiful national tunes, but compositions of involved construction. Such is the Roundel or Round, called also Catch when the words have a comic tendency. Thus, when Sir John Norman, in 1453, first broke through the primal custom of a land procession along the strand of the river and through the village of Charing to take his oaths at Westminster as Lord Mayor of London, the Thames watermen had their roundel to celebrate his honoring their element with his civic pageant. "Row the boat, Norman," was sung on stream and on shore by any three men of the water, or of the land, who met in good fellowship from that time forward. This piece is the type of a countless species, and we have best reason for believing that the singing of rounds and catches was, for ages, the recreation of rustic laborers, town artisans, and servants of all denominations.

While such was the musicality of gentle and simple, the institutions for the care and culture of the art in England, and the public and private appointments with the duties these entailed for its practitioners, are quite as worthy of note, and quite as evidential of the high esteem accorded to music and musicians.

In chivalric times, the order of minstrels had its *Rex Minstrallorum*, as that of heralds its *Rex Heraldorum*, and the one functionary commanded neither higher respect nor higher reward than the other—the Herald King at-Arms or the King of the Minstrels. The Heralds' College perpetuates to the present day the offices of its order, and implies their value to men and morals; the minstrels' fraternity has passed out of being. Let fond imagination trust that the preservation of the former makes up in the welfare of society for the latter's extinction.

England is the only country that recognizes the culture of music in its universities of learning. Alfred instituted a musical professorship in his foundation of the University of Oxford in 866, the first representative of which was John of St. David's, and the latest is Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, who now fills the time-honored chair. The earliest graduate in this faculty whose title has been traced is Henry Habington, created Bachelor of Music at Cambridge, in 1463; and any one knows how frequently musical degrees have been conferred by our universities since his time. The Doctorate, be it remembered, received by Spohr, by Mendelssohn, and by Schumann, from German universities, is a degree in philosophy complimentarily bestowed upon men eminent in either of the arts—music, poetry, or painting.

Every city had, of old, its band of musicians. We

moderns have still our Waits, whose assumed denomination is their excuse for disturbing our sleep on winter nights and appealing for Christmas boxes on St. Stephen's morning. Their braying upon cornets and ophicleides of Italian opera airs and Christy Minstrel melodies is the melancholy remnant of the ancient city custom for the waites, or watch, to pass on their rounds with harmonious piping, or with the sweet sound of song breathing a benison on the sleepers. Not only in the royal court, but in the house of every nobleman and gentleman, there was, down to the Stuart times, an appointed band of musicians, whose functions were to compose and to perform for the diversion of their lord and his guests. The small potentates of Germany have adopted this practice, each of whom maintains his Kapellmeister with an ample artist band; and it is not the only practice of our forefathers for the honor and promotion of music which has been adopted in the Fatherland from the precedent of the Mother country. Financialists represent that the pecuniary means of our present nobility surpass those of their ancestors, and exceed those of the small German potentates; thus it seems that, in respect to the support of musical art, the more means the less meaning.

Thus far I have spoken of music in England when chroniclers and poets described the land as "fair," and accounted the people as "merry." We come now to the days when England was first called "Old," and when, with her acknowledgment of age, she put on sad color. It was an eventful year, 1641, when this term, Old England, appears first to have been used in print one-and-twenty years after our American colony of North Virginia received the name of New England, and the epithet referred not then to the positive age of the island parent so much as to the comparative youth of her Transatlantic offspring. It was in 1641 that Strafford was beheaded, and that bishops were deprived of their place in Parliament, when the King's interest and the people's were divided, and when the Civil War was ripe for bursting. The gallant, stirring, jovial song with Martin Parker's racy words, "When the King enjoys his own again," is cited by after writers as "a tune of '41;" and this song did signal service in keeping alive the spirit of the Cavaliers so long as they had any king to fight for, and it aided not a little towards the bringing back of his son; nay, when James III twice strove to dispossess the Hanoverians of the English throne, this notable ditty was as a watchword among his partisans, and it is thus a more veritable Jacobite relic than all the Scottish "Charlie" songs that have been fabricated since the final expulsion of the Stuarts. The old troublous times are well pictured in Scott's "Woodstock," where he makes the rattling, reckless Wildrake—"a true tantiviter"—constantly attune his royalty to the strains of this memorable melody.

It has been falsely alleged that the decadence of music in this country is due to the Puritan influence. It is under the Commonwealth, however, that several facts have date which bear strongly upon the development at least of the secular branch of the art.

In 1651, Playford published the first edition of the "Dancing Master," which is the earliest printed collection of our dance tunes, with descriptions of the figures; a work of infinite importance, since we owe to it the preservation of many of the most beautiful airs of our songs in those of the dances that are named after them. Hence, it is clear that there was dancing to the very pretty tunes in the days of the Roundheads.

In 1652, the same publisher issued his "Select Ayres and Dialogues," which collection of vocal music, by various composers, comprises the first two pieces to which the definition "Glee" was ever applied. I pause upon this, because the glee is claimed as a class of composition peculiar to England, and because the claim is even admitted by those most forward to deny our musical pretensions. The embryo of the glee is discernible in the Three-men's Songs already often alluded to, and in the pieces contained in the Fairfax MS. The signification of its title is, however, expressly shown in the two examples to which this is first applied, they both being of a convivial, mirthful, literally gleesome character, in theme and treatment. Of one of these, "Bring in the cold chine," since it heads a class that is allowed to be specially English, it may be interesting to note that its composer was Jack Wilson, the original personator of *Amiens* in "As You Like It," and probably the author of the original music of his songs, the boon companion of Ben Jonson at his Apollo Club, and afterwards doctor and professor of music in the University of Oxford.

In 1656, at Rutland House, in Aldersgate street, Sir William Davenant gave the first public performance of an English opera. This was five years prior to the patent of the Academie Royale de Musique, which licensed the first performance of French operas; and twenty-two years before the production of Thiel's "Adam und Eva," which was the first opera publicly produced in Germany. The work is called "The Siege of Rhodes," and the book of the words is extant, but not so the music, which was the composition of several masters. It is equally remarkable, since quite as important, that the character of *Amthe* in this opera was sustained by Mrs. Henry Colman, who was the first female that ever performed in public in this country. We owe, then, to Puritan times the perpetuation of our oldest national melodies, and the origination of our glee, our opera, and our pleasurable privilege of hearing female singers.

The Protector himself proved most strongly his own musical tendencies. He engaged John Hingston, a musician of good esteem, to teach his daughters, and assigned him a pension of £100 a year, which, at the different value of money, was then worth three times its present amount. He frequented musical parties at Hingston's house, at one or more of which Sir Roger l'Estrange assisted upon the bass viol, who, in consequence of his participation in these performances, was nicknamed "Old Noll's Fiddler" by his royalist friends. Sir Roger, be it observed, who subsequently established, if not originated, public journalism in England, was greatly prejudiced after the Restoration by this cognomen and the associations that induced it. To return to Cromwell: he was, on one occasion, so much pleased with the singing of a certain James Quin, that, for the sake of this, he restored him to an Oxford scholarship of which the Commissioners had deprived him on account of his adherence to the Royal cause. Even Heath, who was engaged after the Restoration to write a calumniating biography of Cromwell—even Heath, whose corruptions are so gross that Carlyle always prefixes the epithet "Carrion" to his name—even Carrion Heath compared the subject of his vilification with "wicked Saul," who, when the evil spirit was upon him, sought to exorcize this with the charm of harmonious sounds; and states that "he respected or at least pretended to love, all ingenious or eximious persons in any art, whom he procured to be sent or brought to him."

(To be continued.)

Spohr in London.

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I had soon the satisfaction to find that my wife was gaining strength from the mild spring weather of England; but I adhered to my resolution not to let her appear in any concert but my own, and refused several offers that were made her. I myself, however, played in every concert at which they would pay my fee; and as this was not extravagant according to English notions, I was very often engaged, and saw my name in nearly every concert bill of the season. I could not prevail on myself to play for money at private concerts, as I so thoroughly disapproved of the style in which the artists were at that time treated on such occasions.

We were once eye-witnesses of the shameful manner in which the greatest artists in London were used. We had brought introductions to the Dukes of Sussex and Clarence, and as the latter had married a princess of Meiningen, we paid their royal highnesses an ordinary visit. The Duke and Duchess received us most kindly, and invited us to a musical party to take place in a few days, and in which they begged us to take part. I reflected on the possibility of escaping the separation from the general company which I so much disliked, and determined that if I could not accomplish my plan we would at once return home. When we entered the house, the servant endeavored to show us into the room where the other artists were assembled, but I made Johanning give the man my fiddle case, and went up the stairs, arm in arm with my wife, before he could recover from his surprise. When we arrived at the drawing-room door I gave my name to the servant posted there, and as he hesitated to admit us I made a motion to open the door for myself. Upon this he threw it open and announced us. The Duchess, recollecting the German custom, rose at once, and coming forward a few steps led my wife into the circle of ladies. At the same time the Duke said a few words of welcome to me, and placed me amongst the gentlemen who were standing about. I was now in hopes that all our difficulties were overcome; but I soon observed that the servants did not treat us as part of the company, but passed me by without offering me tea or other refreshments. The Duke at last noticed this himself, for I saw him beckon the major domo and whisper something into his ear, after which some refreshment was speedily brought me. When it was time for the concert to begin the artists were brought in by the major domo in the order of the programme. Each came in with his music or instrument in his hand, made a low bow to the company—which, as far as I saw, was acknowledged by no one but the Duchess—and began their piece. They were the absolute *élite* of the London singers and players, and their performances were most charming. Of this, however, the distinguished audience seemed to feel nothing, for the conversation never ceased for an instant: only when a very favorite lady singer appeared, there would be a little hush and a few slight bravos, which were acknowledged with the profoundest curtsey.

I was very wroth at such bad treatment of art, and still more so that artists could be found to put up with such conduct—and I had the greatest mind not to play. In fact, I hesitated so long, and so evidently, when my turn arrived, that the Duke, probably on a hint from his wife, himself invited me to play. On this, I allowed my violin-case to be brought by one of the servants, and began my performance, but without the usual bow to the room. These things were all probably noticed by the company, for during the whole time I played the room was perfectly quiet. When I had finished, the Duke and Duchess applauded, and their guests joined; and then, for the first time, I made a bow. The concert ended very soon after this, and the musicians departed. Great as was their astonishment at our having joined the company, it rose much higher when they found that we remained to supper and were treated with great distinction by the host and hostess. For this—at that time an unheard of invasion of English habits—we had to thank the fact that the Duchess had known us in her father's house, and was aware of the respect in which we were held at the Court of Meiningen, during our residence at Gotha. The Duke of Sussex also, to whom I had brought letters from the Duke of Cambridge, the Regent at Hanover, paid me much attention and often conversed with me. After one of these conversations on the English national songs, the Duke sent for his guitar and sang me some English and Irish melodies, which I afterwards arranged in a *pot pourri* for the violin and performed at my concerts.

It was long past midnight when the party broke up; and we returned home well pleased with the success of our plan, and the resistance we had made to the existing prejudice.

Among those who invited me to play at his concerts was Sir George Smart, one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society. He gave a series of concerts during the season, which were called "sacred," though they contained a great deal of music that was anything but sacred. At two of these I played, on which account Sir George undertook the arrangement of my benefit concert, a work of no difficulty for a native, accustomed to such things, but which, if I had undertaken it myself, would probably have cost me six precious weeks' labor. The concert took place on the 18th of June, and was one of the most brilliant and crowded of the season. Almost every one to whom we had been recommended, including the Dukes of Sussex and Clarence, took boxes or stalls, and many of the best people sent extra payment. A large number of the Philharmonic subscribers also retained their places, and as the lowest price of tickets was half a guinea, and the room held well on to a thousand persons, the receipts were very large. In addition to this, the disbursements, which in London are usually enormously high, were very much reduced, because many of the orchestra out of attachment to me refused to take pay, and the hall cost me nothing on account of my connection with the Philharmonic Society. But on the other hand, all the singers had to be paid, and I remember perfectly, that to Mrs. Salmon, the favorite singer of the day, without whom the concert would have been imperfect, I had to pay £30 sterling for one single air, with the condition that she would not sing till close to the end of the concert, because she had to sing previously in the city, six miles off.

I must here mention a peculiar custom of that day at the London concerts, because, like many other peculiarities, it no longer exists. It was then the practice of a giver of a concert to present his audience with refreshments in the interval between the first and second parts. These were served gratis at a buffet in a side room, and it was necessary to arrange before hand with a contractor for a fixed sum, which, in my case, amounted to £10. When the audience consisted of the upper classes, whose habit it was to take nothing, the contractor did well; but if the company were mixed and the heat great, he came to great grief. But never did he do better than at my concert. It happened to take place on the very day on which Queen Charlotte [Caroline?] entered London on her return from Italy, to defend herself before Parliament against her husband's accusations of infidelity. London was divided into two parties, the most numerous—since it included all the lower class—being on the Queen's side. The ex-

citement was prodigious, and it was most fortunate for me that I had sold all my tickets beforehand, or otherwise, owing to this *contretemps*, I might easily have made a considerable loss. My concert bills at the corners of the street were speedily covered with immense placards announcing, in the name of the people, a general illumination of the town in honor of the day; and Johanning brought word that the mob had intended to break the windows of every house in which this announcement was disobeyed. The police force and the few soldiers in town were barely sufficient to protect the royal residences against the threatened outrages, so that the adherents of the King, if unable to obey the summons, had no alternative but to nail up planks before their windows, and thus save as much plate glass as the time allowed. Thus in all the streets, but especially in Portland Place, where the nobility chiefly lived, nothing was heard the whole day but hammering, much to the delight of the street boys, who were not sparing of their jokes and taunts. While we were at home preparing for the concert, the people were pouring in masses through the streets on the road to meet the Queen. She came through the city, and, therefore, towards evening, the West-end was left in peace. In fact, we found, as we went to the concert room at half past seven, that the streets were much emptier than usual, and quite free from obstructions. But in every direction people were busy preparing for illumination, so as to be able to obey the order of the sovereign people when night came on.

By degrees the hall filled with people, and the concert began. The symphony, though already known by the band, had been carefully rehearsed; it was splendidly played, and received even more applause than at the first performance.

During the air which followed I returned into the artists' room to cheer up my wife and to tune her harp. I then led her into the room, and we took our places to begin the duet. Every one was still, waiting for our first note, when suddenly a frightful uproar began in the street, followed by a volley of paving stones against the windows of the side room, which were not illuminated. At the clatter of the windows and chandeliers all the ladies sprang from their seats, and an indescribable scene of confusion followed. The gas in the side room was immediately lighted to prevent a second attack, and we had the satisfaction to find the mob move on, after cheering the success of their demonstration, and leave us to recover our original state of quiet. Still it was a long time before the audience resumed their places and became sufficiently quiet for us to begin again. I was rather afraid that the fright and the long interval might have unduly excited my wife, and listened with much anxiety for her first chord; but it was given with all her usual force, so that I was at once relieved, and able to devote all my attention to our duet, which produced its usual effect, and was applauded at the close in an extraordinary manner. Alas! we little thought that it was the last time Dorette would ever play the harp! As to the remaining numbers of the programme, I was especially delighted with the success of the Nonett. I had already produced it at one of the Philharmonic Concerts, and was entreated on all sides to repeat it on this occasion; and as the performance was now quite perfect, I knew it could not fail of its effect. Neither did the Irish airs, which were very well received. And thus the concert came happily to a close, in spite of the stormy *intermezzo*. The promenade between the parts could not take place because of the damage to the side room, and so my contractor had had nothing to do for his £10, though the stones had destroyed some of the things on the buffet.

We were much exhausted, but were unable to go straight home, as Portland Place was still full of people; the coachman had to go by back streets and by-ways, and it was fully an hour before we reached home. We found the whole house illuminated excepting our floor, and the landlady in the greatest anxiety for our return, that she might light up our windows also. We were just in time, as the people were beginning to arrive in the street. When, however, they found the whole of the latter illuminated, they passed on without doing any damage. But it was not safe to put out the candles yet, and it was not till some hours had passed, and the whole town was still, that we ventured to go to rest.

Of CANTATAS, and the like, Mr. Parker's Club are taking up Schumann's "Requiem for Mignon" (subject from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*); and the German Orpheus Society are preparing to bring out Max Bruch's Cantata on the subject of the *Frithjof's Saga* in full, with chorus and orchestra, some time during the winter.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 24, 1868.

Music in Boston.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The Harvard Musical Association have increased the number of their concerts, for this their fourth season, to *ten*. This is justified, indeed demanded, by the growing interest in them on the part of a steadily increasing public,—an interest which has become in the most of that audience something far deeper and more lasting than the curiosity or fashion of the moment; a real love of what is best and noblest in the great forms of instrumental music; such a love as would feel strangely bereft of a dear essential part of life without the regular return of these delightful and inspiring hours. The tone and character of the audience has become moulded, too, into accordance with such music; never were seen better listeners, never was felt in such a crowd a more musically sympathetic sphere. The audience itself is one considerable attraction of these concerts, as well as the unity and the refinement of the programmes; there is no confusing sense of miscellaneousness to break the spell in either.

The Orchestra has been considerably enlarged and otherwise improved. It numbers, when the whole are present, *sixty-four* instruments: namely 12 first violins, 10 second violins, 9 violas, 8 violoncellos, 7 double-basses, the usual pairs of flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones and tympani;—whole number of strings, 46; wind instruments, 18. The fine body of first violins is strengthened by the very valuable accession of Mr. LISTEMANN, a pupil of Joachim, and his brother, and by the return of Mr. WM. SCHULTZE to his old place at the head. Mr. EICHBERG, also with the first violins, will hold the office of second or *vice*-Conductor, to be called upon in any emergency like the absence or illness of Mr. ZERRAHN. Such a case presents itself in the first concert (November 12), Mr. Zerrahn, by last news, adhering to his plan of sailing from Liverpool on the 27th of the present month, which will bring him to Boston just in time to hear the concert, but not to conduct it. Mr. HAMANN returns to his old position of first hornist, and a good new fagottist, Mr. BECHER, supplements Mr. ELTZ, besides valuable accessions in other departments. With more of organization than they have known before, the best good feeling exists in the orchestra, and all seem to come with a true interest to the work. The opportunities for rehearsal are too few, but a good will, with three years of such good experience, will doubtless carry the thing through more triumphantly than ever.

The announcement of the Concerts (on our first page) has been eagerly met: indeed it has been eagerly anticipated by anxious inquiries at the Music Hall for many weeks past. The sale of season tickets will exceed that of any past year, and a full hall for each and every concert may be counted certain.

The programmes of most of the ten concerts are essentially made up, though circumstances unforeseen may compel changes in some few particulars. We suppose our readers are eager to know about it, so we make bold to divulge the prospectus as it now stands, in parts only outlined, in others open to reconsideration.

First Concert, Nov. 12.

Dedication Overture ("Weihe des Hauses,") in C, op 124. Beethoven.
Heroic Symphony, No. 3. ..... "

—

Piano Concerto. ..... Chopin.
Miss ALIBE TOPP.
Overture to "Oberon". ..... Weber.

*Second Concert, Nov. 27.**

* This concert, it being Thanksgiving week, occurs on Friday, all the rest on Thursday.

Reformation Symphony. ..... Mendelssohn.
Concert Aria (Soprano): "Non temer," with violin obbligato. ..... Mozart.
Miss ANNA L. WHITTEN.
Overture, "Die Waldnymphe," (first time). Sterndale Bennett.

—

Military Symphony, in G. ..... Haydn.
Songs, (Miss Whitten).
Jubilee Overture. ..... Weber.

Third Concert, Dec. 10.

Overture to "Medea". ..... Cherubini.
Contralto Aria: "Erbarme dich," from the Passion Music. ..... Bach.
Mrs. FLORA E. CARY, with Violin obbligato by Mr. LISTEMANN.
Violin Concerto ("Hungarian"), first time. ..... Joachim.
Mr. LISTEMANN.

—

Overture to "Coriolanus". ..... Beethoven.
Songs. (Mrs Cary). ..... Rob. Franz, &c.
Symphony in D, No. 2. ..... Haydn.

Fourth Concert, Dec. 24.

Symphony in B flat, No 8. ..... Haydn.
(First time in Boston).
Concerto in E flat for two Pianos ..... Mozart.
Messrs. B J. LANG and J C. D. PARKER.

—

Symphony in D, No. 2. ..... Beethoven.
Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream". . Mendelssohn.

Fifth Concert, Jan. 7.

Overture to "The Water-Carrier,". ..... Cherubini.
Symphony in E flat. ..... Mozart.

—

Violin Concerto in D. ..... Beethoven.
Mme. CAMILLA URSO.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina". ..... Mendelssohn.

Sixth Concert, Jan. 21.

Overture: "Reminiscences of Ossian". ..... Gade.
Concert-Stück for Piano. ..... Weber.
Miss ALICE DUTTON.
Symphony in D, No 4. ..... Haydn.

—

Overture to "Genoveva". ..... Schumann.
Symphony in F, No. 8. ..... Beethoven.

Seventh Concert, Feb. 4.

Overture to "Jessonda". ..... Spohr.
Aria. ..... Mozart.
Symphony in E flat, No. 3 ..... Schumann.
(First time in Boston),

—

Piano Concerto. ..... Chopin.
Mr. HUGO LEONHARD.
Lieder.
Overture, "Becalmed at Sea," &c. ..... Mendelssohn.

Eighth Concert, Feb. 18.

Symphony in E, No. 2, (first time). ..... Gade.
Contralto Aria from a Cantata. ..... Bach.
Mrs. FLORA E. CARY.
Piano Concerto in G minor. ..... Mendelssohn.
Mr. B J. LANG.

—

Overture, "The Naiads". ..... Bennett.
Songs. (Mrs. Cary).
Symphony in E♭, No. 1. ..... Haydn.

Ninth Concert, March 4.

Overture. ..... Cherubini.
Symphony in B flat, No. 1, (first time). ..... Schumann.

—

Overture.
Symphony in D, No. 1, (without Minuet). ..... Mozart.

Tenth Concert, March 18.

Seventh Symphony, in A. ..... Beethoven.
Aria.

—

Triple Concerto, for piano, violin and 'cello. . . Beethoven.
Songs.
Overture to "Leonora," No 3. ..... Beethoven.

ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society have resumed their weekly rehearsals, Mr. Lang, in the absence of Mr. Zerrahn, conducting, as well as accompanying at the piano. The members never before appeared in such full numbers

at the early rehearsals, and they take up the work in real earnest. The oratorios now in rehearsal, for public performance on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday after Thanksgiving, are Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The *Messiah* of course will be sung at Christmas. There is some thought of giving, later, Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria" and Mr. Paine's Mass, which surely is entitled to a hearing after the praises that it won in Berlin. But what seems really likely to be done, and what, if done even but passably, would be the great musical event of the year,—as German writers say, an "epoch-making" event with us,—is the production in whole, or at least in great part, of Sebastian Bach's *Passion Music according to St. Matthew*. The government of the Society are indeed in earnest about it, and have taken measures to procure the most approved edition of the orchestral and vocal parts, and to have the text done into English in as close and singable a manner as possible, so that both may be published here, and the study of the work begin with energy, in the hope of bringing it out in Passion Week. The singers may recoil at times before the novel difficulties of the music; but the Handel and Haydn Society are not so easily discouraged as they used to be, and they will no doubt succeed in mastering the choruses. May the good genius only send us or raise up among us the solo singers able to cope with its wonderful recitatives and arias, and to enter into the spirit of them both with heart and voice! Even to have tried, in real earnest, and have failed, will be solid gain to the Society; they will have learned and grown much by it, musically and morally; and the failure of a first *real* effort will be the pledge of sure success in that and many other noble things in future.

The new Choral Union, at South Boston, having made Mr. J. C. D. PARKER their Conductor, are in a promising condition, full of fresh young life, with fresh voices likewise, and are now engaged in the study of the beautiful *95th Psalm* of Mendelssohn: "Come let us sing."

CHAMBER CONCERTS, as yet, have made their beginning only in the semi-private way of concerts arranged by the teachers of the New England Conservatory for their pupils, so that these may hear and become familiar with the master compositions in this kind. The teachers play, the pupils listen,—now and then take part with a song, duet or so. Two of these, the first two of the season, and numbered 21 and 22 continuously from last year, have taken place this month at Chickering Hall. In the first (Oct. 2, at noon) the instrumental pieces were Beethoven's Sonata in G minor, op. 5, No. 2, for piano and violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata for piano in C, op. 2; Trio in F, op. 80, for piano, violin and 'cello, by Schumann. Mr. HERMANN DAUM and the brothers SUCK were the interpreters. The vocal contributions were from an opposite school, Verdi and Donizetti. —Of the last concert (Oct. 19) Weber's *Concert-stück* formed the principal feature, the rest consisting of a Violin Fantasia upon *Norma* by Alard, and a vocal duet and romanza, both by Verdi. These quiet little "readings," as they may be called, of classical music in the Sonata form should be good stimulus and culture to the taste of pupils; but we should think the Italian opera pieces had better be left out as an incongruous element, more in its place somewhere else.

The more important series of Chamber Concerts have hardly shaped themselves. We trust there is truth in the report, and that there will be no failure of the intention, of Concerts to be given at Chickering's by Messrs. KREISSMANN and HUGO LEONHARD, —and we think we have heard Mr. LISTEMANN, the fine violinist, mentioned in the same connection. We all know what sort of concerts these would be, and every real music lover would like to know the rest in time, that he may reserve an evening for them. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will begin to bring out of their treasures new and old soon after New Year. Their favors are more few and far between than formerly—four chamber concerts where we used to have eight or ten! They travel much, they have become missionaries and scatter good seed through the country.—Why shall we not also have a *Quartette* Club, so that the purest kind of instrumental music may lie more within our hearing? With such violinists as the brothers Listemann, who have come to live among us, and a better chance than formerly of finding a good 'Cello and Viola, it would seem no impracticable thing to make up really a good Quartet; and should there spring up a little emulation between the Quintette and the Quartette, so much the better for them both; there would be mutual quickening; the old would gain new life, and the new would have a higher mark for competition; the listeners would be gainers in both cases, and music in Boston would have a most important almost empty category filled.

—But we have one choice concert, which properly comes under the head of chamber music, right before us. The friends of Mrs. FLORA E. CARY, the contralto singer, have arranged a Benefit for her, for next Tuesday evening at Chickering Hall. Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, Mr. LEONHARD and Mr. LISTEMANN will kindly assist. The two pianists will open the concert with Schumann's Variations in B flat for two pianos, and close it with the *"Hommage a Handel"* by Moscheles. Mr. Listemann will play as violin solos the *Ballade et Polonaise* by Vieuxtemps and "Hungarian Airs" by Ernst, and the Andante and Variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata with Mr. Parker. Mrs. Cary's own selections are, as usual, very choice: *"Deh vieni"* from Mozart's *Fugaro*; "Enticement" by Dessauer, and *"Er ist gekommen"* by Franz; "The Angel's Call" by Parker, and *"Auf dem Meer"* by Franz; and finally a brace of Mendelssohn melodies: "Though far away," and *"Neue Liebe."* The price of admission is high, but so is the sentiment which prompts the occasion.

PHILADELPHIA. The Quaker City seems to be in labor with a musical "revival," to judge from the classical prospectuses we have received. The *Bulletin*, before enumerating them, says: "None of the best musicians, and none of the respectable societies, will touch Offenbach's fiddle faddle compositions." That surely is the least that can be hoped.

Carl Sentz, with orchestra, having formed a union with Hassler's orchestra, holds out promise of *thirty concerts*, with programmes something like those of our Orchestral Union, partly classical and partly light; among other things: the "Reformation Symphony," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony;" Beethoven's 1st and 8th and "Battle of Vittoria" Symphony (queer selection that last!); Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" Overture; and various Symphonies by Haydn and Mozart.—The Germania Orchestra, having appointed Mr. W. G. Dietrich, Director, in place of Mr. Schmitz, who has retired, has changed the day of its public afternoon Rehearsals to Wednesday. The Germania still adhere to their old plan of giving single movements of Symphonies in the middle of very miscellaneous programmes.

Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN'S programme of Six Matinées is before us. No longer confining himself to Beethoven's Sonatas, he has engaged Mons. Edward Colonne, from Paris, "one of the finest violinists that ever visited this country," and Mr. Rudolph Henning, a leading violoncellist of New York, and offers a great variety of new and old, classical and modern romantic; Trios by Beethoven, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and Raff; Sonata Duos by Rubinstein, Beethoven, Raff, Schumann, Schubert; Piano works by Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c.; Violin solos by Bach, Viotti, Spohr, &c.; Violoncello solos, &c. We wish we had room for the whole prospectus.——The same of Mr. JARVIS'S, who, with Mr. Gotthilf Guhlemann, violinist, and Henning, 'cellist, offers six programmes very similar and in some respects identical with Mr. Wolfsohn's.

NEW YORK. The *Sun* reports thus independently and spicily of Miss Kellogg's first concert.

A finer audience than was gathered on this occasion we have rarely seen, a worse concert than was given we have rarely heard. It was so bad that it is easier at once to point out what was good in it than what was bad. Miss Kellogg was good; everything else was poor, and unworthy of herself and her audience.

In the first place, the programme was miserably made up. The orchestra played two overtures, Messrs. Lotti, Susini, and Petrolli sang, and a Mr. Alard played the violoncello. Now the orchestra was a poor, thin, weakly, picked up affair, and played detestably. Its accompaniments were as bad as its overtures, which is saying a great deal. Miss Topp, the pianist, of course played well—she is an artist, and always does—but the Academy of Music is no place for a piano; it is too large, the resonance of the instrument is lost and dissipated, and the tone destroyed in the immense space to be filled. The piano is a parlor instrument, at most an instrument for a concert hall, not an instrument certainly for an opera house; and it is no wonder that the audience yawned through the long pieces by Liszt, and were decidedly bored and glad when it was over. Mr. Steinway might have spared his men the trouble of rushing forward (after the instrument was rolled into place for the performer), with an immense signboard with "Steinway" upon it to be hung out for the benefit of the audience and his own glorification, for the instrument gains no reputation when heard in that house. This piano business being over, we had a solo on the violoncello. This is quite as foolish an idea as the piano solo, and proved even more trying to the patience of the audience. Who wants to hear any one saw out melodies on a violoncello at the Academy of Music? No one does, not even when the instrument is in the hands of a master, much less when it is in those of a quite commonplace musician. The piece fell flat, and deservedly so, upon the audience, and hardly a hand was raised in applause. Mr. Lotti also sang a solo. His voice is always sweet and pleasant in quality—a feeble, insufficient voice, uncertain in its middle register, apt to give out suddenly in soft passages where you expect it to be strong; peculiarly strong in taking the high notes with vigor, when you expect it to be weakest. In fact, Lotti depends on redeeming a very inadequately sung aria by coming out strong on the last note. It's an old trick, and has been played by many singers, and such easy tempered things are audiences that it seldom fails to succeed. It is no satisfaction to hear Lotti feebly warble his little solos. He is very excellent at "supporting distance," as a help to the prima donna, to carry the tenor part in a quartet, or even in a duet, but as for a solo—spare us! And now we come to the worst of all—Signor Susini. He did more than any one else to spoil the evening. He had a cold so bad that he could hardly articulate, and sang not a note in tune from the beginning to the end. Such noises as he made we never, in a long experience of public singers, remember to have heard. There is no comparison that would do it justice; the hoarse bellow of a sickly bull would have been melody compared to it. We cannot imagine what induced Mr. Susini, an excellent artist and a man of sense, to come on the stage in such voice. It may have been his good nature and a desire not to disappoint, but it seemed to us without excuse, and an insult to the audience for which Mr. Strakosch should be held answerable.

In fact, if this concert is Mr. Strakosch's idea of what a concert should be, it is high time that he found out his mistake. Let him consult some person who knows what the public require. Mr. Thomas or any competent musician could tell him better what to do. Miss Kellogg did what she could to redeem the evening, but even her ability, great as it is, was not sufficient to carry the dead weight of the rest. She tried to vitalize the third act of "Faust," which was given to close the concert, but Susini spoilt all her efforts, covered her with evident confuson, and produced a laugh from the audience by his uncouth sounds at the very crisis of the act. The only really charming things of the evening were Miss Kellogg's impassioned, tender singing of "Home, Sweet Home," and of the quaint old romance of the "King of Thule," from "Faust." She was overwhelmed with flowers, of course. A white dove also fluttered among the bouquets. She deserved all the floral tributes she received, and all the applauding welcomes, though we wish she could have appeared under better management and to better advantage than with her surroundings of last evening. The concerts are to be continued. Whether, for the sake of Miss Kellogg, the public will stand the rest of the entertainment, is very questionable.

Lauriger Horatius.

[The New York *Evening Post* of Oct. 3, has the following answer to the letter which we copied from it in our last. Many of our readers, Harvard Musicals especially, will recognize a genial old associate in the initials appended to it.]

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

In your issue of 18th of September last you give an extract of a letter of Mr. James Morgan, of New York, to the *College Courant* of Yale, in which he asks:

"Can any of your correspondents tell me who was the author of that most widely known and admired of our college songs, 'Lauriger Horatius'? Also, of the origin of the tune which our southern brethren appropriated during the war to their 'My Maryland?'".

In answer to this inquiry I beg to submit the following:

The song "Lauriger Horatius" is found in the oldest song-books of German students (called by them "Commerce" books), without giving the name of the author; but it is generally found by the side of the other old "Cantilena potatoria":

> Mihi est propositum,
> In Taberna mori;
> Vinum sit appositum
> Morientis ori;
> Ut dicant, cum venerint,
> Angelorum chori!
> Deus sit propitius
> Huic potatori!"

which latter song is ascribed to "Walter Mapes," or also written "Gualterus de Mappès," of the twelfth century.

Both songs may probably be found in a book published by E du Méril: "Poésies populaires Latines anterieurs au douziéme siécle." Paris, 1843.

Both songs are sung in German to the same melody, which is the same current here. This is an old German nursery melody, known to all German children, particularly to those of North and Middle Germany, to the words:

> "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum!
> Wie grün sind deine Blätter!
> Du grünst nicht nur zur Sommerszeit,
> Nein, auch im Winter, wenn es schneit."

The same melody is adapted to several other familiar German Bacchanalian songs sung by the students. It is a melody which, being without any distinct musical character, may be sung to any metrical lines corresponding to the rhythm of the tune, which, being in triplet time, is easily caught by ear.

A North German gentleman of musical attainments, who resided at the time in Baltimore, and is now living here in New York, adapted this German nursery melody of the ditty "O Tannenbaum" to the southern rhythmical lines "My Maryland."

The melody is certainly anything but inspiriting, and is more adapted to words of a serio-comic character or to such simple songs for children as that "O Tannenbaum."

The time of the tune being triplet, and the melody ranging within the compass of six notes, it recommends itself at once to every one, though he have no particular ear for music, and is therefore well adapted to recite verses by these easy rhythmical notes.

It is well known that a melody sung slowly seems to acquire a different character. Even "Yankee Doodle" has been adapted to a church hymn, and when sung slowly can be hardly recognized. The melodies of many of the college songs and ditties, like "Captain Coddington has gone to Sea," or "Three Blind Mice," or "A Pie sat on a Pear Tree," etc., are excellent in their way, and quite inspiriting "when all the boys are on hand." But I believe none of them will challenge any discussion as to their intrinsic musical merit. The same may, in some measure, be said of the melody to "O Tannenbaum" as adapted to "Lauriger Horatius," "Mihi est Propositum," etc., and My Maryland."

Allow me to call attention to two mistakes in the lines as you printed them. In the second verse read "sitiens canescit" instead of "litiens," and at the end of the third verse read "potare" instead of "poetare."

Allow me to add a few words to the old Latin song "Dulce Domum," which one of your correspondents furnished to the *Evening Post* of 1st October. This song may be found in "Brand's Popular Antiquities," volume I., page 452, where it is preceded by the following remarks:

"At St. Mary's College, Vioton, the 'Dulce Domum' is sung on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays. The masters, scholars and choristers, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the courts of the college singing it. It is no doubt of very remote antiquity, and its origin must be traced not to any ridiculous tradition, but to tenderest feelings of human nature.

"A spirited translation of this song occurs in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1793, p. 209. See also *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1811, p. 503."

I have not seen the music of this song, but I found that such and similar songs are generally sung with a certain mock seriousness, and very often after some old Latin church-hymn of the middle ages, like "Veni Creator Spiritus," "Omni die die Mariae."

B. R.

An interesting document.—The Paris opera was established by the following edict—remarkable for its ingenuous and patriarchal tone—which was issued by Charles IX. in 1570:—"We, Charles, by the grace of God, King of France, send greeting to all men now living and to come. As we have ever made it our care, after the examples of King Francis, our predecessor, of good and praiseworthy memory, whose sins may God forgive, to see that literature and science should flourish in our Kingdom of France, and also in our town of Paris, where there are great numbers of persons who devote their daily labor and study thereto, and, as it is highly important for the citizens of a town that the music usually and commonly cultivated in a state should be subjected to certain laws, and the more so because that the minds of most men are formed and directed by it, in such wise that where music is neglected, manners are apt to degenerate, and where it is properly regulated, men are of good morals. For these reasons, and after having seen the petition addressed to our privy council, and sent in by our well beloved and trusty J. A. deBlair, and J. T. de Courville, which sets forth that, for three years, with great industry and persevering labor, they have worked together for the improvement of the French language, which may be applied both to the construction of poetry and to the nature and regulation of music, as those arts were cultivated in former times by Greeks and Romans. With the wish that I may multiply for them the grace which God has shown them, I hereby permit them to establish, on the model of the Ancients, an Academy or Society, consisting as well of composers, singers and performers upon musical instruments, as of worthy auditors, which Academy shall not only be a nursery, whence we shall one day obtain poets and musicians, but which shall also profit the public.

Charles."

Dresden.—A new oratorio, *Gideon*, hat just been published by Herr L. Meinardus, who intends to produce it here shortly.—On the 20th September, a performance of Weber's "Jubel Ouverture" was given to celebrate the fifth anniversary of its performance at the Royal Opera House. It was composed in honor of the fiftieth anniversary, 20th September, 1818, of the accession of Fredrich August to the throne of Saxony. This fine work was written by Weber, then in very bad health, between the 2d and 11th September, 1818, in this capital, on his return from Hosterwitz, where he had been staying for sometime. The entire *Jubel Cantata* was, by the influence of the opponents of German music, prevented from being included in the programme of the Gala Concert at the Royal Opera House, though Weber had written it expressly for that occasion. The overture alone was performed, and we all know the success it achieved at the time, and how popular it has been ever since. Is it possible to refrain from a smile when we now read the names of the Italians, who then favored the "opponents" of the composer of *Der Freischütz?* Besides the "Jubel Ouverture" the programme of the grand concert, on the 20th September, 1818, contained: air from *Boadicea*, Morlacchi; Violin Concerto, Polledro; Duet, Niccolini, &c.—all stars that have grown pale before Weber's fame.

Not a bad notion.—The celebrated composer Jomelli was proposed by his friends to Cardinal Alessandro Albani as chapelmaster of St. Peter's. As, however, he had devoted but little attention to the Palestrina style, as it is called, he dreaded the inevitable examination he should have to undergo in it, and hastened to the famous Father Martini at Bologna, under whom, by great industry and application, he soon picked up the knowledge he wanted. He now returned to Rome, and signified his readiness to submit to the examination, but on one condition, namely: that, after passing his own examination, he should be allowed to examine his examiners. This request, which does not appear so very unreasonable, had such an effect upon the learned examiners, that, the next day, they forwarded him his appointment without a word about any examination at all.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Grecian Bend. 2. C to f. *Tony Pastor.* 30
A smart hit at the last folly. Amusing verses, with a story told by way of interlude.

T'were vain to conceal. (Je suis une femme). 2 C to *a* flat. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Hail, ye festive hours. (Qu' ici on se presse.) Solo and Cho. 2. C to *g*. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Night with shadows darkly veiling. (Ronde des jeux.) Solo or Cho. 3. A minor and major to *g* sharp. "*Genevieve.*" 40

Could'st thou but know. (Si tu savais). 2. A to *a*. "*Genevieve.*" 30
Additional songs from the new opera. The first is the song of Isoline, disguised as the Bohemienne. The second is the melody of the merry chorus of the revellers at Golo's ball, which ball was the occasion of some surprises, for which the entertainer had not provided. The third is the gambler's song and "rondo" and is an excellent "expose" of the fierce pleasures and the miseries of players. The fourth is the whimsical "serenade by daylight" sung by Golo in the cave. All have the characteristic bright melodies of this composition, and can hardly fail to please.

O'er thee alone. 2. F to f. *Wrighton.* 30
Sweet, pure sentiment. A good song.

Fashion on the brain. Ch. 2. G to e. *H. Newell.* 30
A hit at fashionable follies. Very amusing.

Beautiful love! A to e. *C. A. White.* 40
A beautiful love of a song, with a fine picture on the title.

Hail! Mary! (Salve Maria!) 5. F to *g*. *Mercadante.* 60
A devout song for the Catholics. Fine melody.

Hurrah for our national game. S'g and Cho. for Men's Voices. 3. B♭ to *g*. *W. Newell.* 35
Catch it on the fly, boys! Good song coming!

Breathe not her name. 2. G to *g*. *Guglielmo.* 30
Sweet melody.

The Galloping Snob of Rotten Row. 2. G to e. 30

The Bird Whistle Man. 2. B♭ to d. *Lloyd.* 30
Although the wit of these songs is not of the keenest, they *do* manage to appropriate some of the very prettiest melodies, and both are destined to be whistled in the streets as favorites.

Capt. Jinks. For guitar. 2. A to e. *Hayden.* 30
Capt. Jinks on the guitar, ladies! Hear him!

Instrumental.

Parting Waltz. 4 hds. 2. F. *Russell.* 35
The celebrated "Scheiden" waltzes, arranged in easy form for learners.

Scheiden Waltzes. Weissenborn. 2. F. Easy arr. *Knight.* 30
Another arrangement of the same waltzes. Easier by one degree than the original, but very bright and pleasing.

Non è ver. Transcription. 5. E♭. *T. Mattei.* 60
Half transcription, half variation, and contains rich, impressive music.

Wiener bon-bons. *Strauss.* 2. F. Simplified by *Knight.* 30
Dainty musical sugar plums for learners; not hard to take.

Champion galop. 3. A. *Blake.* 30
Dedicated to a base ball club, and is full of "vim" and spirit. The hand is well "exercised," and there is a chance for a good "home run."

Books.

Libretto of "Genevieve de Brabant." *Offenbach.* 30
This opera has a large number of pretty airs, which may be found in the libretto, which has been carefully translated, with a view to its preservation in the library as well as to its use at the opera.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

[We propose to translate for our readers some considerable portions of the very clear and popular exposition of the discoveries of HELMHOLTZ, contained in the little book, with the above title, by M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL.* These discoveries are the basis of much that has been found new and beautiful in Tyndall "Lectures on Sound," and we are all interested here just now in the practical application of them to the culture of "The Voice in Singing" brought to us by Mme. EMMA SEILLER.—J. S. D.]

I.

ANALYSIS OF SOUND.

The pleasures of science are severe, but they have something perfect, durable, achieved, which every other pleasure wants. We must needs pity those who are incapable of experiencing delight in seeing unveiled before their eyes a new truth, a law of immortal nature, or in observing how, by ingenious and continual metamorphoses, one and the same principle engenders a well-ordered series of unexpected consequences. Never, for my part, have I better felt these keen and subtle emotions of the mind than in studying the recent discoveries of HELMHOLTZ in Acoustics. After so many labors, researches and discoveries on the nervous system, on physiological Optics, on the great question of the transformation of forces, the indefatigable Heidelberg professor has attacked Acoustics, and, one may say, has made a new science of it. Newton, Euler, Laplace, Poisson had laid the foundations of the theory of sonorous vibrations; but their high analysis had never stooped to the concrete world of instrumentation. By the side of their unapplied formulas, Acoustics registered experiences more or less ingenious: after its great theorists it had its humble workers, but it owed but little to their efforts: Cagniard de la Tour, Savart himself, were hardly more than clever mechanicians.

The strangest thing about it is, that no uniting bridge had ever been thrown across between Acoustics and Music: the science remained sterile, the art obeyed merely the impulses of asthetic instinct. Some great minds, Pythagoras, Kepler, Rameau, d'Alembert, had no doubt divined a secret family relationship between these things; but these vague intuitions had never come out upon laws. The most learned treatises on Harmony are a mere collection of empirical rules sanctioned by the experience of ages.

But now all the hitherto detached phenomena assume their places in an admirable synthesis.* The physical philosopher of Heidelberg is not one of those experimenters who, groping in the domain of facts, stumble accidentally upon an unknown truth. Armed with the torch of high mathematical analysis, he marches with an assured step: he does not await, he evokes phenomena. On the other hand, penetrated with the fruitful principles of modern dynamics, he sees in the world only force and movement; and the laws of rational mechanics guide him in the study of all the manifestations of matter.

Considering sound as one particular mode of molecular movements, he has known how to draw from the study of these movements all the consequences which the mathematics had, so to say, left there in the embryonic state, and he has imagined instruments, apparatus, by which these consequences, visible for the mind, become so for the senses. No more coming pretty near, no more approximations, no more scattering inductions; all is held fast, all is enchained in this vast system, and we are led on from the most elementary phenomena of the vibration of sonorous bodies to the laws (but yesterday profoundly mysterious) of harmony and of the combination of sounds. We discover the so recently impenetrable secret of that strange property, the *timbre* or quality of sounds; we comprehend wherein the same notes differ upon different instruments. Rameau, who might be called the Malherbe of French music, had long ago divined that musical sounds are formed of several simple sounds, as light is composed of different rays: but Helmholtz has found the means of decomposing the most complex sound, and of thus discerning, even in the noisiest concert, the most evanescent simple notes: a discovery as strange as it is fruitful, since in nature there are no simple notes, and all her sounds are fusions, concerts, accords. In explaining the *timbre*, Helmholtz has at the same time shown what distinguishes and characterizes the vowels: the physiologist, succeeding to the physicist, has explained how the human ear analyzes the sonorous perceptions, and in what way multiple impressions there determine the unity of sensation. In fine, the musician has brought out one by one from the very analysis of sounds the complex and hitherto wholly empirical laws of harmony.

Thus enlarged, Acoustics is no longer that dry and hacknied science whose rudiments are still found set forth without art in all the treatises on Physics; it becomes a branch of universal Dynamics, and of Æsthetics at the same time. It is no longer a mere chapter of the elasticity of bodies, it is a sort of musical grammar. Of course it cannot lend to the musician melodies, any more than an ordinary grammar furnishes a writer with ideas; but it teaches him how to write correctly in music: it gives him, not genius, but style.

If there were need of proofs to show that matter is not continuous, but is composed of parts, it would suffice to cite the phenomena of sound. In a sonorous body, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, all the molecules displace one another and enter into vibration. If these movements are confused, unequal in duration and intensity, we only hear a *noise*: if they are rhythmical and for some time like each other, we perceive a *sound*. The molecule, in executing its invisible dance, may have been drawn more or less away from its original place; hence a sound more or less intense. The amplitude of the movement regulates the intensity of the sound; the rapidity of periodical vibration determines its pitch or place upon the musical scale. The grave notes result from a slow vibration, the acute notes from a more rapid, more precipitate tremor. The molecule, free and *emphatique*, lends itself to infinite degrees of quickness; but the human ear only perceives with ease and pleasure the vibrations enclosed within certain limits.* The ear can seize a sound which responds to 38,000 vibrations; but then the sensation becomes painful, and at these extreme rates of quickness the notes are no longer clearly distinguishable from one another.

The scale of vibrations of a pianoforte of seven octaves runs from 33 to 3960, and the difference of these figures bears witness already to the sensitive elasticity of our auditory apparatus and to the infinite number of combinations which so rich a gamut offers to harmony.†

The study of the vibratory movements made by Galileo, Newton, Euler and Daniel Bernouilli, has long since furnished all the elements for the knowledge of sounds as it regards intensity and tonality: but there is in sound another quality, the *timbre*, which, when Helmholtz approached the examination of it, still defied all the efforts of the physicists. The *timbre* does not need to be defined: we all know how to distinguish a note of the piano from the same note played upon a violin: in the same way we recognize the *a*, the *o*, the *i* held by the same singer and upon the same note; the vowels, so to speak, are only particular and changing *timbres* of the human voice. Yet what is this particular quality of sound, which depends neither upon height nor upon intensity?

The physical geometers had an answer to this question: In the sonorous body, they said, every molecule is in motion and describes an invisible orbit. The rapidity of the revolution determines the tonality: but the form itself of the orbit cannot be without influence: behold the element which must determine the *timbre*.‡ This, we must confess, is one of those explanations which explain nothing: it gives only a deceptive satisfaction to the mind. We may admit in a vague way that the inflexions more or less rapid, the *hérissements* more or less acute, the curvatures more or less softened of the sonorous wave have an influence on the *quality* of the sound; but where is the direct relationship between this ge-

* "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique.*" Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867.

* "*Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen, als physiologische Grundlage fur die Theorie der Musik.*" (Study of sonorous impressions, as a physiological basis for the Theory of Music). By H. HELMHOLTZ.

* The lowest note of an orchestra is the lower *mi* (E) of the double-bass, which corresponds to 41 vibrations per second; the highest note is the upper *re* (d) of the *piccolo* or octave flute, which requires 4752 vibrations per second.

* In some recent organs they have constructed pipes which have only 16 vibrations per second, but such low notes, like the highest, produce very unsatisfactory effects upon the ear; they should be employed but rarely and as auxiliary to the higher octaves.

‡ We know that, to represent the vibratory movements to the eyes, we figure them by sinuous curves like those offered to the surface of the water by successive waves: the height of the wave depicts the intensity of the sound; the length of the wave its rapidity of vibration, and consequently its tonality; finally the form of the wave, infinitely variable, will represent the *timbre*.

ometry and the impressions which different *timbres* produce upon us? I want to know why the sighs of the oboe differ from the tremors of the violin, the bursts of the trumpets, the smothered sounds of the horn, the nasal sweetness of the bassoon; I would fain comprehend in what the different stops of the organ differ; why its harmonies can fluctuate from roaring loudness to sounds as soft as seraphs' wings; why its breath sometimes thrills me through, sometimes caresses me as with invisible kisses. If, to content my curiosity, you only offer it some designs in which all forms of waves are figured, it does not seize the bond between such a cause and such effects.

(To be continued).

The Musical Festival at Schwerin.

Mr. Chorley writes to his old paper, the London *Athenæum*, (Oct. 3), the following account of the late Festival in the capital of Mecklenburg.

Granted such a locality as Schwerin, and such glowing autumn weather as we have been enjoying this year, few entertainments can be imagined more healthily pleasant than a German musical festival, if only on account of the artistic earnestness and the social heartiness with which it is carried through. It is good in every point of view to be able from time to time to contrast one of these meetings with our home celebrations of the kind, which exercise so important an influence on the progress of Art.

Here the surroundings and the scenery (so to say) of the entertainment have had a character and a charm of their own, separating this festival from those which I have attended elsewhere in Germany. The long lake, on which the little capital stands, with its windings and creeks and islets, and sloping shores plentifully tufted with trees,—the palace commanding it, a stately and picturesque building, in which the grand style of French palatial architecture (as seen at Chambord) has been happily adopted without servile reproduction, are not to be overlooked as so many important, if not essential, elements of pleasure. No treason against England, I could not help thinking of the places where our best festivals have been held, such as Birmingham, Bradford, and the cotton capital of Lancashire. On the other hand, the solemnizing influence of our cathedrals, which gives our Midland festivals a character and feeling of their own, apart from their artistic value, was not here. The sacred music was not performed in the *Dom*—one of those lofty Gothic brick buildings which abound on the verge of the Baltic—but in the Riding School attached to the ducal stables, arranged, swept, garnished, and made as sweet as circumstances permitted—to the great displeasure, it may be, of Masters of the Horse and grooms shut out of their own empire for some days. No matter: the building, though not convenient as regards entrance and exit, was sufficiently handsome and comfortable, looked gay and proved to be (what many a cathedral is not) effectively sonorous, without undue resonance. The arrangements did not, of course, permit of the introduction of an organ in the orchestra,—a serious loss when any work by Handel has to be given; but this was fairly compensated for by the judicious arrangements of a competent conductor, Herr Schmitt, the son of Aloys Schmitt, of Frankfort,—like his father, obviously an excellent and able musician.

The orchestra included a chorus of 247 singers, contributed by the town, and by Rostock, Wismar, Neu-Strelitz, &c., and other adjacent places. The band—mainly a local force—numbered 77 performers. To both the chorus and the band very high praise is due. The full body of sound was excellent—some weakness on the part of the *alto* singers allowed for. The gradations and delicacies of effect were wrought out in the best German fashion of sensitiveness, without affectation or finicality. The *solo* singers were Mme. Harriers-Wippern (*soprano*) and Mme. Joachim (*alto*), MM. Schild (*tenor*), Krause and Hill (*basses*). Herr Joachim was the *solo* violin-player. Concerning the merits of the two ladies, there is no need to write to London. Among the gentlemen, Herr Krause, the veteran, was incontestably the most satisfactory, as having that real method of producing and managing the voice which is now, unhappily, passing out of the world. But that every one engaged brought her and his best will and powers to bear on the allotted task was pleasantly evident. I wish that such was the universal law of our more costly English music meetings.

The first day's performance was devoted to Handel's "Israel." It is no light praise to say, that the most difficult portions of this oratorio went the best; in particular, the execution of the chorus, "The people shall hear," deserved to be specified. In other of the numbers of this grand oratorio, a slight want of that solidity of force (I know not better how to express it), which is essential to the right execution of Handel's music, might have been objected to by a hypercritical listener. The fact, easily ascribable to the composer's creation and direction of his own works in England, cannot be gainsaid, that the traditions of their execution are more firmly established in our country than elsewhere. This was expressly to be felt in the *solo* portions of the oratorio, where not one of the clever singers engaged (Herr Krause excepted) was heard to his best advantage.

The second day's concert had a heavy, but most interesting programme. The first act was made up of scenes from Gluck's noble "Iphigenia in Aulis." After this, according to German usage, Beethoven's Symphony in A major was most admirably given. Of his instrumental works, as I have had occasion to feel when hearing them in Paris and in London, the Germans have the real, and perhaps incommunicable tradition,—that intimate, enthusiastic, reverential feeling, which is alike remote from carelessness or affectation in expression. This again, was to be felt in the execution of the movements from Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," which concluded the concert. The unparagoned glory and amplitude of the "Kyrie" could not have been more pompously or expressively rendered. The position of the "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" and of the "Gloria" was reversed The execution of the two first-named numbers cannot be overpraised. The trying violin *solo* in the "Benedictus" could not have been more perfectly felt and executed than by Herr Joachim. What may be called the mystical portions of the hymn, accompanying the most solemn act of the Roman Catholic rite, were brought out with an effect of thrilling awe not to be surpassed. But I felt once again on hearing this grandly-imagined music, with every disposition to surrender myself to its influences, that impression of strain which cannot be averted whenever, as frequently occurs in this Mass, the poet demands from his interpreters more than Nature put it in their power to give freely. It is not the elevation of his thought that fatigues the ear; but the anxiety which must follow the exertions so preternaturally overtaxed as those of the voices in this Mass and in the Choral Symphony.

The same exception may be taken, in yet stronger degree, to many passages in the "Gloria," and the entire treatment of its final fugue. There the singers have to struggle with modulations, which no familiarity, no mastery, can render other than crude and ineffective. The credit and sympathy due to every one co operating in this Schwerin performance made the sense of the too frequent ungraciousness of the task all the keener; and the regret was not lessened by the conviction that it is from these extravagant and ungenial combinations (in which all beauty and clearness of original idea disappear) the large company of young German musicians have taken their departure, as regards appreciation and creative effort.

In the last day's performance—a miscellaneous concert—the playing of Beethoven's Violin Concerto, by Herr Joachim, is especially to be commemorated, not merely because of the universal perfection with which it was rendered—happily familiar to us at home,—but for the novelty of his *cadenza* in the first movement. Nothing of its kind more original and artistic, and as such legitimately effective, occurs to my recollection. The difficulty of originality under the circumstances, be it recollected, increases with every year that goes on. H. F. C.

[From the Cornhill Magazine].

"The English are not a Musical People."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Concluded from page 333).

II.

We come now to the period of the Restoration. Whether the exile of Charles II. be the worst subject of regret, or his return, it was at least a natural consequence of his years of residence in a foreign country that he should be imbued with foreign tastes as with foreign morals. Of the latter it boots not here to speak; of the former it may be said that his institution, registered in nursery rhyme, of "four-and-twenty fiddlers," of whom John Banister was the leader, if an imitation of the "Grands Violons" of Louis XIV., or of the "petits violons" organized to give scope to the talent of Lully, it was an imitation in form only, the substance of a royal orchestra having been an appanage of the court of England since the days of Elizabeth, if not from time immemorial. Further, though some foreign musicians were attracted hither by the King's welcome, they made no stand against the brilliant constellation of native artists who still give lustre to the age in which their genius swayed the tide of fashion. French biographers state that Cambert came to London after his reverses at home, reproduced one of his operas, and died here; but no notice of his presence has been found in English annals. Unquestionably Grabut was in England, and composed the allegorical opera of "Albion and Albanius" to Dryden's verses. We also know that Draghi and Pignani spent some years in England. But what of this knowledge? What of the certainty that a score of such Italians and Frenchmen were among us, who failed to touch the heart of the people whom they addressed, or to stamp their impress upon the development of their art? Compare these names with that of Henry Lawes, whose brother William, also a composer, had fallen at the siege of Chester, when Charles I. wore mourning in respect for his memory and in honor of his talent; Henry Lawes, whose exquisite powers of musical expression and declamation are eulogized by Milton and Waller, and whose esteem was so high that the approved poets of the time and the young nobles who courted poetic glory were emulous of his setting music to their verses. Compare these names with that of Matthew Locke, who, though the music he lost which he composed for "Macbeth," and though the music in "Macbeth" be not his which is commonly accredited to him, wrote the opera of "Psyche" prior to Lully's of the same name, wrote other works for the stage, wrote for the Romanist Church as organist to the Queen, wrote vocal and instrumental music for the Chamber, and wrote glees for the people. Compare these names with that of Pelham Humphreys, whom Pepys describes as "keeping time to the music," (or, in modern phrase, conducting), at Whitehall in the year when, at the age of nineteen, he wrote the music for Dryden's spoliation of the "Tempest," and thereto proved that the lyrical art of the age was superior to the poetical. Compare these names with that of Henry Purcell, who was the greatest musician of his own age, and who, in his wonderful insight into the latest modern resources of harmony, and his delicate application of the powers of melodic expression, as far exceeded the past as he anticipated the future of his art. Not to look further, such comparison will fully account for the non influence of Charles's foreign proclivities upon the national lyrical muse.

A brief allusion must suffice to the institution of public concerts, which were first given during this reign. Banister, before mentioned, was the originator of musical performances to which an audience paid for admission. These were held at a large room near the gate of the Temple in Whitefriars, where a curtain screened the diffident singers and players from the public, who paid to hear, but not to see them. At these concerts, ale and tobacco were permitted to the audience, and they thus stand as precedents for the music hall entertainments that have an egregious effect on the taste of our present day. Prior to Banister's concerts, there were music-clubs held in several places—"a lane at the back of Paul's," the "Mitre Tavern," near the west front of the Cathedral, and elsewhere. These were of a social nature, the members being all executants, and resembled, so far as possible, with the discrepancy of time and place, the Liedertafel at present in vogue in Germany; so that here we find another appropriation of English practice in the musical habits of our cousins-German. It is noteworthy that the members of these clubs were principally of what are now called the working-classes, since this proves that technical musicianship was still common among the people; and it is further noteworthy that persons of daintier habits and ampler means were co-members with them, since this proves that with men of musical tastes, fellowship in its gratification superseded tailors' distinctions. Lastly, let me observe that the first public room devoted specially to musical performances, without the alloy of physical refection, was opened in 1680, stood at the corner of Villiers and Duke streets, York Buildings, Strand, where the "Griffin" public-house now occupies its site, and was the resort of music lovers of all classes Let me prove from this, that since King Charles's time, when the custom began to decline among our nobility of maintaining each a musical establishment for his private gratifications, musical performances in concert-rooms have been accessible to the public.

The musical faith of England—and I use the word "faith" in its deepest and fullest sense—which the asperity of the Protectorate could not crush, and the frivolity of the Restoration could not dissipate, received its first shock in Queen Anne's reign, and lapsed, through indifference and scepticism, into downright infidelity, under the administration of that good lady's Hanoverian successors. It was during

her sovereignty that the first experiment of Italian opera was made in this country; and it is to its subsequent establishment as one of the institutions of the metropolis, and the gross affectation which this bred and nourished, that the degradation of art in England is wholly to be ascribed. At an earlier time, some sprigs of nobility returned from foreign travel, and some satellites of the Merry Monarch pretended to a pleasure from performances in the Italian tongue which those in our own beautiful language failed to yield them; and they were justly satirized by Henry Lawes, who composed a song which obtained a wide acceptance, and which he afterwards showed to have been set to an index of the first lines of a collection of Italian poems, none of which bore any reference to the others. Not less absurd than this production, was the form of the first dramatic representations in which Italian singers appeared in London. The characters in these were divided between the exotic and our native executants, and the representatives of the two nationalities sang respectively in their own language, so that a question and its answer were in different tongues, and a lover and his mistress exchanged their vows in words that were unintelligible to each other. Music, like the other arts, has its cycles and its seasons; and, as there was a lapse in the pictorial greatness of Italy after the painters of the Cinque Cento, and in the literary splendor of England after the poets of the Elizabethan era, there was such a torpor in the musical genius of our country after the musicians who wrought side by side with Purcell. Hence, the hybrid performances just described were unopposed—the single champion of our secular music, apart from the Church composers of the day, being one Clayton, who was only distinguished for his utter want of distinction, and thus was powerless to check their progress. These libels on common sense and travesties of dramatic art were presented here in 1707 and the two following years; but in 1710, as the *Spectator* humorously expresses it, the fashionable world was relieved from the trouble of "understanding half an opera," for the performance was then given entirely in Italian. Even with this release from all mental exertion, the said fashionable world yielded but a questionable vitality to the new entertainment, which had its vicissitudes of worse and better fortune, and took not permanent root until its patronage became a political, more than an art demonstration, and the affectation that usurped the dominion of taste passed all bounds of civil decency.

Was it love of art, for instance, which induced the Prince of Wales to espouse the cause of an Opposition opera house to that supported by George II., when the quarrels between the King and his son ran so high as to cause the public advertisement in the daily journals that any persons who attended the Prince's levees would not be received at St. James's; when the members of the King's and Prince's parties frequented respectively the one theatre or the other; and when it was a sign of Whiggery or Torvism for one to be found at the opera in the Haymarket or at that in Lincoln's Inn Fields? Was it love of art that induced the adherents of the royal George or the princely Frederick to evince their lordly breeding and gentle manners in tearing down the play-bills from the door of the theatre patronized by the rival faction? Was it love of art that induced ladies of quality to invite large assemblies from which it would have been as much a political offence as a breach of etiquette to be absent, on the nights when a new singer or a new composition was to be brought forward at the opera-house of the opposition party, in order to withdraw its most eminent supporters from among the audience? Was it love of art that justified a young lady's defence in the Court of Equity of her failure in a marriage contract—and this, too, on a 14th of February, of all days in the year—that her suitor in love and law had openly declared his dislike of Farinelli's singing, and that she could not become the life associate of such a monster? Was it love of art that excited another lady in high life at the close of one of the same singer's feats of vocal dexterity, to throw herself forward from her box, and casting up her arms and eyes towards the ceiling of the theatre, rapturously to ejaculate, "One God! one Farinelli!" Love and art had as little concern in such extravagances as reason and nature.

What was the immediate effect of the unfortunate fashion which has infected the taste and the truth of a hundred and fifty years? It at first provoked the sarcasm of the choicest wits of the time, and so enriched our literature with many a humorous sally, best remembered of which is that of Richard Byrom, erroneously attributed to Swift, epigrammatically commemorating the feud between the Buononcinists and the Handelists, and closing with the couplet,

"Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

This was, likely enough, an advantage, but one perhaps scarcely sufficient for letters, to counterbalance the concomitant evils to a sister art.

The worst of these evils is that our aristocracy, and those who ape its manners, led by the example of foreign rulers and the foreign court by whom this was strengthened, took to ignoring everything Anglican in connection with music. Our executive and productive abilities were unacknowledged by the classes of high birth and wealthy means, and even our noble English language was depreciated, stigmatized as unavailable for music—the language in which the thundering announciation "He hath triumphed gloriously" makes every hearer tremble with joyous awe, while it proclaims that Handel knew how to accentuate it—the language in which the pathetic adjuration "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow!" draws tears from every one who has Christian feelings or human sympathies, while it demonstrates that Mr. Sims Reeves knows how to enunciate it. How much has been lost in the works that might have been written had not the light and warmth of recognition been denied to English genius, cannot be conjectured. How much has been lost in the pleasure that might have cheered society, had not our private singers preferred the Italian to their own tongue, until they have become as incompetent to pronounce the one as unable to understand the other, might be more easily computed. The loss is, however, obvious. Handel frittered away his time and his genius in England from his twenty-fifth until his forty-eighth year, in the production of undramatic operas for the exhibition of effete singers in Italian, before his "Esther" and his "Acis and Galatea" were publicly performed. Not one of his many Italian operas ever will, ever can be given again; the latest representation of any one of them having been that of "Giulio Cesare," by command of George III., in 1787, when it had already become an antiquarian curiosity; and, had Handel continued to feed the fashion with such pieces of purely temporary interest, his labors, if not his name, would now be unknown. The series of his deathless compositions to English words, sacred and secular, which are the pillars of his eternal fame, dates from the public performance of "Esther" and "Acis and Galatea" in 1732; and all time has therefore lost the treasures which must have sprung from his giant powers during the twenty three years of life at which most men's minds are at the strongest, had not the follies and vices of the day prevailed against him and us and futurity.

The foundation of the Madrigal Society, in 1741, proves that the anti nationalism of the time was limited to the foreign court and its surroundings. John Immyns, who originated this yet existing but greatly modified institution, was an attorney whom circumstances had reduced to gain his bread in the capacity of a lawyer's clerk. His madrigalian associates were Spitalfields weavers, small tradesmen, and artisans, all of the humbler classes. John Hawkins, the musical historian, was a member in his younger days, when his condition was little better than that of the founder; but he left the society when he rose in his profession, before he was appointed magistrate of Bow Street and dignified with knighthood. Mark this as indicative of the social changes which fourscore years had effected: at the music clubs in the days of Charles II., gentle and simple met for the common practice and enjoyment of the art they loved, but at the Madrigal's Society in George II.'s time persons of better means shrank from the fellowship of their poorer brethren, and sacrificed music to taste. The first meetings of the Society were held at the sign of the Twelve Bells in Bride Lane. These took place once a week, and a quarterly subscription of three shillings was the fee for membership, which included the cost of a supper on each occasion. Frugal fellows these must have been, the first of the Madrigal Society, who could sing and sup together at the rate of something under threepence a time; but they were right musical in their frugality, having a law that forbade, under the penalty of sixpence, supping during singing hours, so as to insure respect for the object of their assembly and the utmost edification from its pursuit. The admission test for membership was the requirement to sing at sight any piece from the society library; and this test was administered between the first and second acts of the evening's performance, then and there, in hearing of all the members. The society had implicit belief in the choral music of the olden time, and contemned the foreign trivialities of the day as degrading to art and derogatory to England. It was instituted, therefore, to preserve the former in substance and in practice. The Madrigal Society made many migrations from tavern to tavern, and underwent many upheavings in its rate of subscription. It has now degenerated into a community of gentlemen presided over by an Indian Maharajah, who hold eight monthly meetings at the Freemasons' Tavern during the year, at which dining is the first essential, and music follows with the desert, in abnegation of the primitive law against simultaneous supping and singing, and who pay, besides the charge for dinner, an annual subscription of more pounds than shillings of the original quarterage, when the gatherings were six and a half times more frequent; but it is still a monument of the musical love and skill of the people proper in the very year, 1741, when Handel wrote the "Messiah" for Dublin, because London did not countenance him, and he was thus compelled to seek in Ireland for opportunities which he could not obtain here.

Of a totally different constitution from that of the Madrigal Society are the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, the Glee Club, and the Concentores Sodales, founded respectively in 1762, in 1787, and in 1798: the first by some of the gentry who had a fancy to spice their cakes and ale with the savor of song; the second by Dr. Arnold and Dr. Callcott, for the purpose of drawing attention, and thus the patronage, of the wealthy to their art; and the third by William Horsley, under the godfathership of the scholarly Samuel Webbe, with the more professional, if not more practical, object of promoting vocal composition.

The glee was now developed into a special class of writing, as distinguished from the madrigal, the ballet, and the part song, but it lost its etymological gleesome character and became more frequently heroic, pastoral, amatory, or even pathetic, than convivial; nay, the anomalous epithet "serious glee" is not of rare application, as who should say lugubrious mirth or doleful jollity, and so at best make but a sad joke or a sorry jest.

Upon the whole, although the glee be admitted as a class of composition essentially English, it is a class in which we have no great occasion for pride, since, as a class, the excellent pieces which form the minority of its instances are too exceptional to give specific dignity. Musical England has been "under a cloud"—I confess while I bewail it—ever since she has been governed by kings and queens and princes who have spoken German as their native speech, or been the sons or daughters of German fathers or German mothers or both; and the English glee may be at best regarded as a rainbow on the cloud, giving promise of the renewed fertility of our native land after the drying up of the deluge.

The nature of the glee indicates, to some extent, that of the clubs established for its professed cultivation. The first object of all these clubs was to dine. The next was to listen to, not to participate in, the performance of glees, rounds, and catches. The next was to award prizes for compositions in classes, which prizes—as a matter of course—have not always been gained by the most meritorious pieces offered in competition. The character of these pieces is, in many cases, such as to suit the after dinner temperament of that order of gentlemen who considered themselves unworthy of the title if they went to bed with less than two bottles of wine within their waistcoats. It is vain-glorious, mock heroic, bibulous, or sentimental, so as to fit it to the several stages of bottledom of those who heard, and the several degrees of inward complacency of those who sang it. The facility of the production of such pieces is as clearly evidenced as the fecundity of the composer, in the fact that on one occasion Dr. Callcott sent into the Catch Club the extraordinary number of one hundred several works to compete for its annual prize: a fact which so incommoded the umpires that the Club prohibited any candidate from submitting more than twelve pieces on any future occasion. Ladies had no admission to the festivities of these institutions, and the treble parts, when there were any in the glees, were sung by boys, who, it is to be hoped, derived better musical than they could moral advantages from their share in the evening's proceedings.

All this while, from Queen Anne's time downwards, when the court and fashion had their Italian opera, when the workers of the town had their madrigalian suppers, with an occasional country excursion, of which music made the chief pleasure, and the festive gentry made the patronage of glee-singing a pretext for their convivial meetings, our song-writers, however disesteemed, were adding to the nation's wealth by the multiplication of their simple melodies, successively characteristic of the days in which they were written; and they thus kept alive in the heart of the people the enfeebled but never yet extinguished love of music. Each and every of these composers has contributed his store to the joyousness of Englishmen, and thus to their welfare.

Had I space to comment upon each, I might name many musicians, productive and executive, whose talent brightened the early years of the present cen-

tury, who would be better regarded here had they been born elsewhere, and better known in other countries had not their doings, like their birthplace, been shut out from the European continent by the seas that surround us. More than any of these is honored that of Sir H. R. Bishop, who made himself master of the circumstances of the moment, met the time's requirements when no one else had the skill or the will to do so, and in a few years of rapid productivity, such as has rarely been matched, planted a reputation that will long be kept green by the multitude of favorite pieces which still nourish its root.

Bishop domiciled the glee upon the stage, restored to it its instrumental accompaniment and its dialogical, if not its dramatic, character, and gave to it, if not also restored—for my belief is that ladies shared the performance of the first Commonwealth specimens—the advantage of female voices. The voice of woman is to music what her smile is to society; it gives nerve and clearness to the most salient points of the harmony, and brightens the melodious surface. The usage of the theatre induced the first employment of women singers in Bishop's concerted music; the music being appropriated to them was available for private performance, and society, reversing the proverb, showed that where there is a way there is a will, in adopting the music directly it came within reach. It is too true that Bishop retarded the re-awakening among us of the musicality which the manners of the four Georges had lulled. He retarded this by flattering the ignorance to which the public was degraded, in mangling the masterpieces of foreign schools to reduce them to the level of untaught comprehension, instead of teaching the people through the gentle lesson of their winning beauty; and he further retarded it by contracting his own genial capabilities within the Chinese shoe of convention, instead of permitting their natural expansion so that they might draw upwards the popular intelligence. The world's gratitude is due to him, however, for having socialized the musical art, for having given the opportunity, and thus revived the custom, for women and men to conjoin together for mutual pleasure in musical performance. It is, I feel, largely if not wholly due to the charm and to the practicability of this composer's glees, that family meetings for music became common, then extended themselves into minglings of several families, and have now grown into the greater and smaller choral institutions that aid to elevate the nation by disseminating a knowledge and rekindling the ancient love of art in every city and town, if not yet in every village and hamlet throughout the country.

It is more than thirty years ago that madrigal singing, with its old choral multiplicity of voices, became a feature which always proves to be the most interesting at public concerts. Then followed the importation and instant adoption of German part-songs, which are reproductions, I will not say imitations, of the precise form and character of those that were written and sung in England two hundred and fifty years before. The revival of madrigals incited our young musicians to contrapuntal study. The revival of part-songs stimulated their freer thought to seek expression, and to find it, in modern phraseology, characterized by the modern harmonic resources from which this springs.

The Philharmonic Society was established in 1813, and it has done much to arouse the musical sense of its limited number of subscribers. It has done yet more for art in eliciting, by express commission, from Beethoven, from Mendelssohn, and from several other masters, some of the best of their works. The existence of this Society and the result of its operations are alone negatory of the aspersions which it is the aim of these remarks to contradict. A shorter lived and less respected institution, the Society of British Musicians, began, in 1834, its good work of encouragement to native artists and guidance to those who knew not how to appreciate them, by its defiance of the prejudice which had spread by this time from the upper to the lower classes. Musical organizations have multiplied in later years with growing benefit to the musicianship of the country, most important, though not most successful, among which have been those expressly devoted to the lyrical drama in our native language. It must not be overlooked, as an important incident in the art history of these later times, that in 1822 was established, and in the following year was opened, our Royal Academy of Music, which gave a strong impetus to musical study and has proved a valuable arena for its pursuit. Thence have emanated musicians that adorn every department of the art, and there germs of musical promise are in course of cultivation.

Mr. John Hullah enjoys a deserved esteem for his share, under the auspices of the Council of Education, in the popular culture of the last eight and thirty years; but it is perhaps a question whether the large assumptions of persons, otherwise well educated, who have gleaned a minimum of musical knowledge through the means he has rendered easily accessible, be not an evil to art far greater than the good that has been wrought among the common people by his teaching, and that of his pupil-teachers.

One more institution demands mention because it begins to command a very wide respect. This is the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, which, however its instructional means, has manifestly the effect of disseminating musical knowledge among the masses—an effect mainly due to the zealous activity of its leaders. Let me adduce, with thankful pleasure, a fact that is more than a year old, in evidence of the useful working of these friends of art. At a multitudinous assembly of the disciples of this singular system, a piece of music which had been composed for the occasion, and had not until then been seen by human eyes save those of the writer and the printers, was handed forth to the members of the chorus there present, and then, before an audience furnished at the same time with copies to test the accuracy of the performance, forty-five hundred singers sang it at first sight in a manner to fulfil the highest requirements of the severest judges. The pretense is too foolish to have any weight, that in a town where such a feat was possible, there was not a vast amount of fondness and aptitude for music among the public at large, from whom, or from its lower ranks chiefly, the members were gathered of this ready-reading choir. During these last hundred and fifty years, the royal and the noble of the land have despised our language and disregarded the music associated with it, and the world at large has followed in their footsteps, until their affected mincing gait has shuffled out of use the firm, honest tread of an Englishman. The people are now beginning to think for themselves in defiance of the prejudice which, from within or without, has overgrown them like a fungus; and at their volunteer musical drillings, as at their volunteer rifle drillings, they are gaining power and confidence to stand erect and march by the strength of their own conviction.

Meantime, our Italian Opera has, for a second time, become twofold, and so, by force of rivalry and partisanship, more than doubled its pernicious art influence. A considerable minority of the composers whose works are there performed are Italians. A minority of the compositions were originally set to the Italian language, and those which are translated suffer materially from the traduction, in the sound, the accent, and the very sense of the misappropriated words, and in the perversion of the author's design in misfitting them to the uses of the Italian stage. A large majority of the vocalists who present these distorted works of art are not Italians, and the several German, French, Swedish, American and English singers—who some of them may not understand the language they have to utter, and many of them cannot pronounce it—would be heard to better advantage each in his own native tongue, if not in one that was familiar to his audience.

It would now be a pleasure to speak of the English musicians of the matured and of the rising generation who are at present working in the midst of us. A few words, however, would not do justice to their separate claims upon general sympathy with their various endeavors in the cause they have on hand and at heart; and other reasons besides the bounds of space render it impossible to enlarge upon their merits. I will only aver that such men are, and refer to public experience of recent years for warrant of the country's right to trust in them.

My allusions have been all to vocal compositions, because such works are generally more accessible than the instrumental music of former times; and such men have more directly addressed the nation at large than those who wrote for the gratification of persons skilled in some particular department of musical art. I have spoken only of secular music, as being specially the music of the people. English Church music is distinct alike from the Roman and the Lutheran. The excellent merit of that produced during the first two centuries after the Reformation, before Hanoverian influence demoralized as much the Church as its art-accessories, is only unacknowledged where it is unknown, and only unadmired where it is misunderstood.

Two obstacles impede our recovery of that character which formerly was as freely accorded us by stranger nations as it was fondly nourished at home: our character for music, whose dark age set in in the very days when our character for painting began to dawn—the days of Hogarth, Thornhill, and Ramsay. The first of these obstacles is the belief in the fallacy that the English language is not good for singing, and the consequent affectation of our private, and alas! some of our public vocalists, to prefer singing in Italian, by the injurious practice of which they forfeit the ability to make themselves interesting or even intelligible when they attempt the enunciation of their mother tongue. The other obstacle in the way of our musical resuscitation is the inefficient rudimentary instruction that too often clogs the after career of artists and amateurs. Ill-educated in first principles, they are frequently incompetent to the simplest tasks of their art, though they pretend to feats of which well-schooled practitioners are diffident. It is not to be wondered at that taste is on a par with teaching, and that persons like bad music who know nothing of musical elements. This faulty tuition is not the consequence, but the cause of our low musical level, since it is not administered—would that I could say otherwise—only by English instructors.

These two serious obstacles must give way to the force of time, when the people will become regenerate, when the love and the talent natural to them will find free scope, when we shall no longer allow, and foreigners will no longer acquiesce in, the prejudice that "the English are not a musical people."

Musical Convention at Worcester.

The Worcester County Musical Convention commenced its sessions in Washburn Hall, on the 19th, and the afternoon was given to vocal exercises and general practice from "*The Triumph*," under the guidance of Mr. Geo. F. Root. Despite the rain the class was larger than upon any previous occasion, and the parts better balanced. In the evening Mechanics Hall was used and Rossini's Stabat Mater was rehearsed under the direction of Mr. Solon Wilder, the singers working at it with a will. Tuesday was a bright and beautiful day, and the class was largely increased; faithful study continued through the day with the exception of the time given to the public as the "*Social Hour*," at which several resident singers made their appearance. In the evening the Stabat Mater was again put in rehearsal, the chorus still larger and of better material than at any previous Convention. Wednesday brought its study hours upon the Creation and Stabat Mater, and a rehearsal of the selections for Mr. Root's concert in the evening. The "*Social Hour*" opened with a fine organ solo, Batiste's "*Offertoire of St. Cecilia*," by Mr. Howard E. Parkhurst; an organist of unusual ability for one of his years, bearing the true stamp of genius in his meritorious performance of everything he undertakes. He was followed by several members of the class, Miss Jennie Keyes, the light ballad singer from New York, and Mr. James Whitney, the favorite tenor from Boston. A hard, disagreeable rain commenced towards night, putting the streets in the worst condition, but not dampening the energies of the singers, who came out in large numbers at this first concert of the week. The chorus numbered nearly three hundred; well-balanced, well-trained, and in their strength capable of something worthier than the programme set before them.

With so large and efficient a chorus, and with so grand a support as our noble organ, some sterling work should be produced at every public performance, which would make both singer and auditor experience a sense of satisfaction. When the church tune book is withdrawn from our musical conventions they cannot fail to rapidly receive the character of festivals. The chorus is yearly improving in material, it prefers bending its energies to something great, and there is a growing desire in the community to have this feature set aside, which, well enough in its place, is engrossing too much time at these musical gatherings, where real musicians are assembling in larger numbers year by year. The public demands the change and we trust its wishes will soon be gratified. Mr. Root made from his new book, "The Triumph," selections best calculated to show the character of the work, and conducted his chorus ably, seated at the piano, with Mr. Parkhurst at the organ. The soloists were Miss Keyes, Mr. Whitney, and several members of the class. Mr. Whitney sang a pleasing song of Millard's, with ease and grace. Mr. C. C. Stearns played for an organ solo the overture to Martha, with fine orchestral effect, and excellent control of its difficulties. The grand feature of the evening was the eight-hand piece, "*Les Contrastes*," by Moscheles, performed by Messrs. B. D. Allen, Howard E. Parkhurst, G. W. Sumner, and Henshaw Smith, with rare fidelity and success; a noble performance truly! One that told in every strain, and left a deep impress upon the audience; its accurate, skilful interpretation made every one *feel* its greatness. Weber's "*Invitation to the dance*" arranged by Otto Dresel, was also played later in the evening, by these same pianists, of any one of whom Worcester may well be proud.

Thursday claimed its share of practice, setting aside its "*Social Hour*," which was better this day than previously. Mr. Littlefield of Stoughton, pes-

sessor of a nice tenor voice, sang with good understanding a song, which received merited applause. Mr. F. S. Davenport followed with an organ solo, which was well performed, with the exception of a want of readiness in the arrangement of the stops; but as he is really a fine musician, we think it must have been owing to the impossibility of using the organ for practice during the week. Mrs. Monroe gave a selection well adapted to her voice and style, "*The Lord's Own Day*," by Otto, and Mrs. H. M. Smith made her first appearance in the midst of great applause, singing Eckert's "*Swiss Echo Song*," with her usual delicacy and sweetness. In the evening the audience was a good one, but the rain thinned the attendance considerably. Those who braved the storm were well paid, for it proved one of the finest concerts ever given in this city. In point of chorus singing it surpassed any previous performance here, owing mainly to the fact that the chorus was formed of experienced, reliable singers, who with the sure aid of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, felt confident of success, and won it. Mr. Parkhurst opened the programme with Bach's Praeludium in E minor, with noble success, bringing out the grand themes with remarkable clearness and strength. His second selection was the Adagio from Mendelssohn's 2d Sonata; its strange, mysterious beauty brought out with fine expression. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were warmly welcomed, and played the overture to "*La Fille du Regiment*," and an arrangement for quintet of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, with that breadth of tone, and exquisite finish which mark the playing of this artistic little band. Mrs. Smith sang "*Lo here the gentle lark*;" a song full of embellishments, which admirably displayed her wonderful vocalization, and sweetness of tone. She received an encore and answered with an original song very feelingly sung. Mrs. Cary (her first appearance,) won admirers in her song "*Blue Eyes*," but her rich contralto voice told to better advantage in the "Stabat Mater," where she proved herself the artist that she is. Dr. Guilmette sang "*It is enough*," from Elijah, with that rare appreciation of oratorio music which makes him so admired, and Miss Keyes and Mr. Whitney sang a familiar duet. Stabat Mater was produced with grand effect. The chorus *felt* the music and threw their hearts into it, the excellent support of the Quintette Club incited them, and the organ (Mr. Parkhurst) and piano (Mr. Davenport) made a grand background. It was a greater chorus than Worcester ever saw in her hall before, and the performance was marked by precision and promptness. The solo parts were all fine. "Quis est homo" was delicious, sung by Mesdames Smith and Cary. Messrs. Whitney and Guilmette sustained their solos admirably; the latter singing some strains nobly, but he is too apt to resort to an *abandon* that produces unpleasant quality of tone. His *Pro Peccatis* contained some masterly points. The chorus "Quando Corpus," was extremely fine; peculiarly difficult to sing with good effect, it can be wondrously beautiful, or a confusion of discords. It was a nice, artistic performance by a rare quartet of singers. The concert closed with the magnificent *Inflammatus*, solo and chorus, which was grand in its effect. The concert was a perfect success and one long to be remembered.

Friday afternoon brought the long looked for Symphony Concert by the Orchestral Union of Boston. The hall was filled with an eager, expectant audience, but there was a shade of disappointment as the programmes were overlooked, for the music was not the kind to give the deep satisfaction they had sought. The Symphony was Haydn's in D; a nice composition, beautiful in some of its movements, but not as satisfactory as the one in G, which charmed the great audience last Fast afternoon. Pity, but the general expression was one of disappointment that the Symphony was not as long nor as great a work as people had anticipated. Of course the whole programme was finely performed, and in a certain sense enjoyed; but when the people are craving music of a higher tone, why not raise the standard? Mrs. Smith, Miss Keyes and Mr. Whitney were the vocalists; Mr. Eichler, conductor, and the pianist, Mr. B. D. Allen, whose accompaniments are always so artistic as to claim a large share of the attention of an audience. In the evening came the closing performance, with Haydn's *Creation*. The large chorus, the efficient orchestra and the great organ, with talented soloists, made a grand finale to the musical week.—*Palladium, Oct. 28.*

A Word to Musical Novelists.

It is an awkward thing in real life to find that you have been complimenting an author or composer on the excellence of another man's work. "I assure you, Jones, it's the best thing you ever did." "Yes," replies Jones, "but it isn't mine; that fellow Smith wrote it." Novelists and authors generally—but especially novelists—are fond of praising Weber for the melody known as "Weber's Last Thought," which, Weber being dead, does not, perhaps, matter very much as far as he, personally, is concerned. Nevertheless, "Weber's Last Thought" was not composed by Weber, but by his friend Reissiger. Weber liked the melody, and often asked Reissiger to play it to him; but that was all: and it was enough and more than enough for the speculative publisher by whom "Weber's Last Thought" was engraved and brought out. We are reminded of these facts, which ought to be better known, by a passage in Henry Mürger's posthumous novel, "Le Roman du Capucin," in which the heroine, after praising Verdi, and observing that one of his phrases "recalls the manner of Weber," adds that the latter's "Dernière Pensée" is "worth all the melodies of the Italian maestro," &c. This is hard upon poor Verdi, who, immeasurably inferior as he may be, and no doubt is, to Weber, at least ranks a little higher than Reissiger.

Alexander Dumas, who admits somewhere that he neither knows nor cares anything about music,—he says, indeed, that it is "the most disagreeable form of noise that he is acquainted with,"—does not, by reason of his total ignorance, and worse than ignorance, in that respect, abstain from introducing musical incidents into his novels. Thus, in "La Femme au Collier de Velours," he makes Hoffmann play the waltz known in France as "Le Désir" ("Sehnsuchtswaltzer" to the said "Femme au Collier de Velours" (she has been guillotined, and her head is only kept on her body by a velvet collar), and attributes the piece to Beethoven, just as Mürger attributes Reissiger's waltz to Weber. The truth about the waltz played by Alexandre Dumas's Hoffmann to Alexandre Dumas's headless woman is, that it was not written by Beethoven at all. The principal motive is by Schubert, to which the same unprincipled music-publisher who christened it "Sehnsuchtswaltzer" added sixteen bars by no one in particular. Such tricks are seldom played upon the authors of books. Nevertheless, a work by Alexandre Dumas himself, and one of his best,—"Pascal Bruno,"—was treated in somewhat similar fashion in England. It was given into the hands of Mr. Theodore Hook, who translated it, and published it with his own name attached to it as "editor," and without any author's name at all. Stendhal, too, had a passion for stealing other men's works and passing them off, not precisely as his own, but as the productions of an imaginary "Beyle," or an equally imaginary "Bombet." It is now well known that for his studies on Haydn and Mozart, and for all the materials of his very fallacious "Life of Rossini," he was indebted to the Abbé Carpani. He could not quite make up his mind to plunder Carpani for his own personal glorification, but he apparently saw no harm in giving what he took from Carpani to fictitious personages of his own invention. Stendhal's publishers could be trusted to do the rest; and now Carpani, attired in the French garb, arranged for him by the pretended "Beyle," is sold at Michel Lévy's as pure Stendhal.

To return to our subject. Let us warn novelists of musical tendencies against the common mistake of supposing Schubert to be the composer of the song attributed to him under the title of the "Adieu." Sentimental heroines are always playing Schubert's melodies to their lovers, or to themselves in their lovers' absence; and if the novelist does not happen to have read Gospodin Lenz's capricious and fantastic, but highly valuable and interesting work, entitled "Beethoven et ses trois styles," he is apt (as more than one has already done) to fall into the error of making the young woman go into raptures about "Schubert's 'Adieu,'" which is no more Schubert's than Schubert's waltz, published under the title of "Sehnsuchtswaltzer," is Beethoven's, or than Reissiger's waltz, published under the title of "Weber's Last Waltz" and "Weber's Last Thought," is by Weber. Balzac was fond of Schubert, or at least of Schubert's name. But we fancy he introduced music into his admirable books only as a means of effect, and knew no more of the art than the great mass of novelists, including Charles de Bernard, whose ideal of the irresistibly seductive in music (see "Gerfaut") is the "Duke de Reichstadt's waltz" played as a duet,—bass by the lover, treble by his friend's wife. It is, after all, more permissible to regard Schubert as the composer of a song which has always been associated with his name, and which is quite in his style, than to represent a sensible and almost virtuous woman as losing her head (her heart is already gone, under the influence of one of Strauss's waltzes. The real composer of "Schubert's Adieu" was, according to the author of "Beethoven et ses trois styles," a German, or Russo-German amateur, M. de Weyrauch, who wrote the melody in question at Dorpat (Livonia) in the year 1820. The poem to which he set the melody was not called the "Adieu" (once more a music publisher's invention!) but "Nach Osten." A Russian amateur singer introduced the air to the Musical Society of Paris, and being asked who wrote it, replied "Schubert," either because he knew no better (Signor Mario who sang the "Adieu" last season at a concert, Mr. Benedict accompanying him, still fancies it by Schubert), or, as the ingenious Lenz suggests, "because he thought the Parisians would be much obliged to him for sparing them the difficulty of pronouncing one more German name."

If "books have their fates," it is at least not often the fate of a book to get ascribed, through the carelessness or stupidity of a publisher, to an author who would never have thought of claiming it. It is otherwise with musical compositions, and M. de Weyrauch's "Nach Osten" having been published, sold, and generally adopted as "Schubert's Adieu," will, to all appearances, continue to be so known until it is forgotten altogether. The same sort of thing has often taken place with dramas, but then dramatists are often deliberately dishonest. Authors, as a rule, are honest. Composers are unfortunate.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 26.—The Kellogg concerts, three in number, and matinée, were so successful musically and pecuniarily, that Mr. Strakosch has decided to give two Kellogg opera nights. The performances are to take place in the Academy of Music this evening and on Wednesday evening. Miss Kellogg was assisted at each of her concerts by Signori Lotti, Perelli, Susini, Mons. Alard (cellist) and by Mlle Topp (pianist). The general impression with regard to the cantatrice seems to be that she sings fully as well as she used, while in manner she has not improved. She seems to be more self-conscious (even self-consequent) than of yore, and to have lost that charming freshness and unassuming demeanor which were once her attractive characteristics. All this, be it understood, is a general impression, for the truth of which I am unable to vouch from personal knowledge.

Steinway Hall was opened to the public with a grand orchestral concert under the direction of Theo. Thomas, on Saturday evening. The hall, during the summer months, has been remodelled and decorated in an elegant and tasteful style, the important task having been confided to the care of Mr. Henry Beck, a distinguished European architect who was engaged expressly for the purpose.

"The old Orchestral platform has been converted into a large and permanent stage, enclosed on either side by elegant Proscenium boxes, from which abut small balconies supported by columns forming an alcove over each of the 15th Street doors. The left of these boxes serves as a screen for the organ (necessarily placed in that corner of the hall) while that on the right is intended for ordinary occupation. The left of the proscenium is surmounted by a large medallion, in which is placed an alto-relievo bust of Beethoven, the corresponding one on the opposite side being occupied by one of Mozart. Midway of the rear wall, in two large alcoves, are placed two statues larger than life size; the one on the right being symbolical of Poetry—that on the left of Music. These statues were imported from Berlin, and are remarkable for their grace and beauty of design and execution, and also from the fact that but one other copy of either exists. There are many improvements in the interior construction of the hall, in the shape of minor details tending to the comfort of the auditory and the performers; among them are large additional and improved methods of ventilation."

All these improvements occupied many weeks of weary labor, and were made at an aggregate cost of $25,000. The Steinways receive some reward for their liberal outlay in the admiring appreciation of the public and the very evident fact that this is one of the most elegant Music Halls in this, or perhaps any other country. It certainly surpasses anything which I have seen in Paris or London.

To return to Mr. Thomas's concert on Saturday evening. The attractions were an orchestra of 45, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mme. La Grange, Mr. F. Bergner and (last but not least) the new English dramatic reader, Mrs. Scott Siddons. The programme included the following old favorites:

5th Symphony, C minor.....Beethoven.
1st Concerto, E minor.....Chopin.
Mr. Mills.
Ouverture, "Melusina".....Mendelssohn.

The orchestra, albeit a little weak in the last movement of the Symphony, played remarkably well. Mr. Mills was less excellent in the Concerto than might be wished, and his new composition (called, for some occult reason, "Fairy Fingers") is utter trash. Mme. La Grange sang an aria from *Don Giovanni* in a style which was sufficiently good, but would have been far better if she still possessed even a remnant of her formerly magnificent voice. Mr. Bergner played a 'cello solo with quiet excellence. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who is a grand-daughter of the famous Mrs. Siddons, read the first part of Tennyson's greatly over-rated "May Queen," and the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." Mrs. S. is a lady of a little more than medium height, with a poetically beautiful face and a form of grace and elegance. Her reading is something wonderful, and she needs only a deeper and richer voice to be superb. Her conception of the two selections, so widely different in character, had something of positive genius and was entirely novel. Her reception was most warm and earnest and was a farewell augury of her professional success on this side of the Atlantic.

The Philharmonic Society will give its first concert on Saturday evening, November 28th. There will be six in the series (instead of five as heretofore), and they will occur in the months of November, January, February, March, April and May. One of the attractions offered is "Manfred" with Schumann's Overture and other music, the text being declaimed by Edwin Booth. Will give further particulars in my next letter.

I regret to say that, apparently, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has come to grief; at least the concerts are "suspended" during the present season, on account of the lack of adequate pecuniary encouragement in the shape of subscriptions. One of the Brooklyn papers of a recent date has a long article upon the subject in which the writer deplores "the situation" and gives the Brooklynites a sound verbal castigation. I quote a paragraph:

"We are going to let one of our best institutions (which has done us more good than half the churches in Brooklyn) utterly perish because we will not pay ten dollars apiece to keep it up."

Rather more truth than poetry in that hit. F.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 27.—I enclose the programme of the first concert of this season given by the Cecilia Society last evening. It embraces several fine compositions rendered here for the first time; and it is due the Society to say, that with regard to choice programmes they rank foremost in this city.

Chorus from the Oratorio "Elijah".....Mendelssohn.
Aria for Soprano from the Christmas Oratorio.....Bach.
Miss Fanny Riefstahl.
Nocturne for Piano, No. 2. Opus 32.....Chopin.
Miss Sophy Werner.
"Oh, weep for them," from the Hebrew Songs of Lord Byron, for Chorus and Solo.....Hiller.
Chorus—Andante. Soprano Solo and Chorus. Chorus and Solo—Moderato.
"The Crusaders." A dramatical poem by Carl Andersen, for Chorus and Solo.....Gade.
First Scene: "In the Desert."
Chorus.—Pilgrims and Women.
Peter Eremit—Basso Solo.
Rinaldo—Tenor Solo and Chorus.—"Song of the Crusaders."
Peter Eremit—"Basso Solo and Chorus—"Prayer."
"Themes russes," for Piano.....L. de Meyer.
Miss Sophy Werner.
Two Quartettos for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Basso. Oehlenschlaeger.
a. Evening Song.
b. Scotch National Song.
Chorus from "Elijah".....Mendelssohn.

The Chorus is not as large as might be desired for the sake of a more extensive cultivation of a high standard of Music; but the execution of the choral works is neat, prompt and expressive. The leader, Mr. Geo. Schneider, is an artist of fine taste. The Society recently issued a circular, stating that they will give five concerts this winter. Among the list of new compositinns enumerated I notice several works which probably have never been performed in this country, viz.: "The Crusaders" by Gade, "Oh weep for them," from the Hebrew Songs of Lord Byron, by Ferd. Hiller, very effectively performed at this concert; "Hero and Leander" by Vierling, and the latest sensation in Germany, "A *German* Requiem" by Brahms, which by reliable critics is pronounced to be a highly important composition.

The "Maenner-Chor" Society, with Mr. Andres as leader, gave a fine concert some weeks ago. The Harmonic Society has not been heard from yet this season. X.

NEWBURYPORT.—Having been for years a constant reader of your Journal, it has been a source of pure enjoyment to witness your settled policy of maintaining the claims of classic music, and also your thorough disapprobation of "clap-trap" and the musical humbugs of these "later days." Hence it occurred to me that some account of the Musical Festival conducted by Mr. C. P. MORRISON, which was held on the 14th, 15th and 16th of October, might interest you and your readers.

The Festival was ushered in by the rendering of the 42nd Psalm (Mendelssohn), with a carefully trained chorus of say 150 voices; the Recitatives and Arias being sustained by professional talent from Boston. Afterwards the beautiful Choral, "Sleepers, Wake!" was most effectively given, and also "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater."

On Thursday evening were presented selections from "Elijah," also, Chorus, "How lovely are the messengers," (St. Paul), and Chorus "The Glory of the Lord," from the "Messiah."

Friday morning the Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave a chamber concert of a purely[?] classical character. The programme included Quintet in C-minor (Mozart), Scherzo from the "Reformation Symphony," Andante and Scherzo from Quartet in E, op. 44, (Mendelssohn), and Scene, Duet and Chorus from Romeo and Juliet (Gounod). A large and intelligent audience greeted these gems of Chamber music with appreciative demonstrations.

On Friday evening Mr. Morrison presented the *Creation* (entire), with the same soloists as above and a chorus of 180 voices. The solos during the Festival were given by Miss Julia E. Houston, Miss Addie Ryan, Mr. Wm. Winch, Mr. H. C. Barnabee, Mr. John F. Winch, with Mr. Howard M. Dow at the Grand Piano. On the evening of the *Creation* the Orchestra consisted of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by August Heindl (Contra Bass).

The several programmes were interspersed with lighter music without pandering to a vitiated taste.

The festival passed off pleasantly and was well attended.

It may not be improper to express my high appreciation of Mr. Morrison, irreproachable in his private character, a hard student of the old masters, a superior organist; to these qualities he unites in a happy degree that "*savoir faire*" so necessary to "conduct" with success. Lovers of pure music cannot withhold the encouragement he certainly deserves.

ORGANIST.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 7, 1868.

Music at Home.

The fortnight past, like those before it, offers little matter for our Concert record,—some good things, to be sure, but scattering and miscellaneous. But now at length one of the all-absorbing crises of the national life is past; the great election is decided; we breathe freely again; we shall have peace. Thank God! the brutal element is not to have the upper hand in shaping the destinies of this great nation; the temples of Art are not to be overthrown, new temples will be built, the worship in them become more sincere and pure. Now we have hopes for Music; the musical "season" will begin.—The musical occasions claiming mention since our last report are soon disposed of.

SENORITA FILOMENO's "Grand Sacred Concert," at the Music Hall, on Sunday evening, Oct. 25, was well attended. The programme contained good things, besides others that were trivial and in no sense "sacred"; but the pieces were too long, too many, and too miscellaneous, while the audience was too much of that unmusical, *encoring* kind, which, thinking more of the person than of the music, more of the moment's pleasure in a single piece (or single phrase or note sometimes) than of the concert as a whole, goes on recklessly lengthening out what was already too long and pulling it all out of symmetry, —gorging itself with sweetmeats at the very beginning of a long bill of fare.—These remarks do not apply to that particular concert alone, but more or less to all miscellaneous concerts purposely addressed to miscellaneous audiences. And so it is the uniform experience of musical culture, that the more deeply and truly musical any one becomes, the more sure is he to yawn at the very thought of a miscellaneous concert, or any concert wherein the programme is not determined by purely artistic instead of personal motives of display or business. And none the less because there may be good things in the programme; the good things never sound quite right brought into such false relations; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, for example, in a great medley, so-called "popular" Concert, though played by Camilla Urso herself, as we have sometimes heard it, sounds no longer like itself, but takes a certain character of unreality from this heterogeneous companionship, and seems strangely demoralized and disappointing. A musical masterwork must be heard among master works, at least amid congenial surroundings.—We make no apology for this digression (as it may seem to some) upon the much neglected art of programme making.

That Mendelssohn Concerto was the principal piece chosen by the young Chilian maiden for the exhibition of her virtuosity as a violinist. No one could but feel wonder at the correct, even, almost easy manner in which she went through the whole three difficult long movements, without mistake or faltering, always in good tune, and entirely from memory. This was a rare achievement, and as such had to be admired. But admiration of the achievement did not necessarily carry with it the musical enjoyment proper to that noble composition. A child's interpretation of a work, of which a mature artist never feels that he has quite brought out all its meaning, cannot well satisfy the musical desire as such; nor can it be the child's own interpretation; it must in a great measure have been learned mechanically from others. You are not brought into live contact with the music after all, you do not realize it, you perceive its cold *simulacrum* only and curiously wonder at the imitation. Indeed it was not the right task for a child, nor could any even greater success of mere execution make it so. One great drawback was the want of power; the tone was often feeble, so that the

ear had to take on credit from the eyes many a rapid phrase or passage which it could not half hear; parts of the picture, though it was doubtless all there, were most faintly pencilled. But this, we are convinced, was much the fault of a poor instrument; such a talent certainly deserves a good one. In the second part, the young lady played Variations by Alard, her French teacher, on *Anna Bolena* themes. For a Piano solo she played again the first movement of Chopin's E-minor Concerto, and played it, we thought, better than we have heard her do before.

Next in interest,—chief no doubt with many—was the first public appearance, since her return from studies with the great French tenor, Duprez, of Miss ANNA GRANGER, one of our Boston sopranos, who sang a French version of the well-known Scena and Prayer from *Der Freyschütz*, a *Sancta Maria* (rather commonplace) by Faure—the French baritone, we suppose, whom we remember as the best Don Giovanni that we ever heard,—and in the *Quando corpus* Quartet by Rossini. Her voice, like her face and whole appearance, is bright and *prononcé*, clear and brilliant rather than particularly sympathetic, though pleasing and of good volume, evenly developed through a large compass, freely delivered and gracefully managed. The singing has been characterized, rightly no doubt, as of the French school, which has its merits, chiefly those of sharp outline and a certain outleaping and elastic ease and freedom. It brings out the voice effectively, but is apt to treat the music rather strangely; thus, what sense or music was there in so altering and disguising with new turns and cadences, hacknied and sentimental, out of keeping with the style of Weber, a melody so peculiarly his own, so perfect in itself? The latter part was brilliantly executed; and the other pieces, given more simply, showed the singer to good advantage. Miss Granger must take high rank among our sopranos.

Other vocal pieces in this concert were: "*Fac ut portem*" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, sung in the warm contralto and pure style and feeling of Mrs. CARY; the tenor solo "If with all your hearts," from *Elijah*, delicately rendered by Mr. WHITNEY; Handel's "Why do the nations rage," by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN; and "*Quando corpus*" by the four. The great Organ opened each part, played by Mr. THAYER.

A novelty in this concert was the appearance of an Orchestra, of some 30 musicians, all said to be of Boston, yet whose faces on that stage we had not seen before. They were under the direction of Mr. D. C. HALL, well known as the leader of one of our best bands. It was rather a green orchestra, to be sure, and yet did not get along so badly; we have heard worse performance from bands more experienced and having reputation. The not very "sacred" overture to "The Poet and Farmer," by Suppe, and the accompaniments to the Mendelssohn Concerto, were played at least without hitch and in good tune; and one of their number, Mr. O. A. WHITTEMORE, showed himself a superior solo player on the clarionet. But what makes that first appearance noteworthy is the proof it furnished that there are musicians enough in Boston, outside of those who hitherto have done all the ortral work, and (what is better still) outside of all "Protective Unions," pledged to mutual tyranny of rules regarding prices, &c., to make up another orchestra, small indeed, but with all the usual departments represented. Here then we see at last the possibility of two orchestras, as well as the means of supplementing the great orchestra. For in this quiet little beginning of a new movement we may read the promise of something good in due time, if it be wisely cherished and conducted, not in the spirit of opposition, but simply in the spirit of freedom and improvement.

MRS. FLORA E. CARY. The Benefit at Chickering's arranged for this estimable lady and true artist by her friends, took place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27. The audience was of the best and numerous, though it did not entirely fill the hall. The selections, as we have shown before, were choice, and so were the performers. The concert was opened and closed by pieces for two pianos played, with ripe artistic sense and fineness, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD and J. C. D. PARKER: namely: Schumann's lovely theme and Variations in B flat, and the "*Hommage à Handel*," by Moscheles, which is always interesting, Handel-like in some parts, in others just as unlike as possible, with light, ear-tickling melody.

The Violin playing of Mr. LISTEMANN was admirable in all the points of execution, and full of fire and feeling. He works out every intricate, fine, figurative passage with rare subtlety and distinctness; the outline is never blurred or distorted; the light and shade finely graduated; the tone pure and true and musical, though of a slenderer quality than we should have expected from a pupil of Joachim. The man and his playing make an impression of refinement, genuine and from within, assuring you that the still fire of artist enthusiasm burns there. We have rarely heard the Andante and Variations of the "Kreutzer" Sonata, which he played with Mr Parker, so satisfactorily rendered. We should think Mr. Listemann would lead a Quartet well. His solo pieces: the *Ballade et Polonaise* by Vieuxtemps, and Hungarian Airs by Ernst, were more wonderful in the performance than interesting in themselves,—particularly the latter, which was full of extravagances, and not in keeping with so quiet and sincere a programme.

The singing was all by Mrs. CARY herself, and that was all the listeners desired. She never was in better voice, and entered heartily and happily into the spirit of the gems of song which she had chosen. Chief of these was Mozart's "*Deh vieni*," from *Figaro*, with introductory Recitative,—a piece which always suits her admirably. The two songs by Franz, so opposite in character: "*Er ist gekommen*" and "*Auf dem Meer*;" the two by Mendelssohn: "Though far away" and "*Neue Liebe*;" the romantic little Water-sprite song of Dessauer, called "Enticement" (*Lockung*), with its well contrived accompaniment, and Mr. Parker's "Angel's Call,"—all awakened a desire to hear them over again.

The two Conservatories have each given a Chamber Concert during the past week to their pupils and friends, at Chickering Hall. That of Mr EICHBERG's "Boston" Conservatory had for programme: Sonata in F, for Violin and Piano, Beethoven; Song from Handel's "Jephtha;" Andante from Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, arranged for violin, piano and cabinet organ; Largo from a Sonata by Bach for Violin with Organ; Song; March from *Athalia*, Mendelssohn.

The programme for the "New England" Conservatory (Mr. TOURJÉE'S), last Tuesday, contained: Polonaise op 22, by Chopin; Song by Franz; *Ballade et Polonaise*, for Violin, Vieuxtemps; *Elisir d'Amore* Fantasia, by Thalberg; Rondo from *Sonnambula*; *Airs Hongrois*, violin, Ernst. The violinist was Herr Listemann.

NEXT IN ORDER are, first the two concerts of Miss LOUISA KELLOGG in the Music Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week,—one of them past ere this appears. Of course the seats have all been taken by crowds eager to hear and see the American prima donna fresh from her London triumphs. Miss TOPP, the pianist, adds a great attraction; and also there are Sig. LOTTI, the tenore, and PETRILLI, baritone, who, as well as Herr WENZEL KOPTA, the violinist, makes his first appearance here.

The first SYMPHONY CONCERT of the Harvard Musical Association comes on Thursday next, at 3½ P.M., when the Music Hall will undoubtedly be filled,—although it is very far from true, as has been so currently and positively reported, that *all* the seats are taken for the season. The Hall has 2,500 numbered seats, a good third part of which are open still to purchasers. Mr. ZERRAHN, who should reach home to-day or to-morrow, having been away during the rehearsals, this first programme has been studied under Mr. EICHBERG, who will accordingly conduct the concert, and who holds the place of Vice-Conductor. Three or four of the promised musicians having disappointed us at the last moment, the number of the Orchestra may be more safely reckoned at *sixty*, instead of 64 as stated in our last. The programme has a stately opening, as becomes the beginning of such a series of concerts; the first part consisting of two grand works of Beethoven: the Dedication Overture, op. 124, in C, and the "Heroic" Symphony. In the second part Miss ALIDA TOPP will play Chopin's first Concerto, in E minor, and the Overture to *Oberon* with its magic mellow horn will wind up the whole.

PHILADELPHIA. We have already alluded to the feasts of chamber music announced by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn and by Mr. Charles H Jarvis. Here are the programmes in full. Mr. Wolfsohn, assisted by Mons Colonne, violinist, and Mr. Rudolph Hennig, violoncellist, spreads out six tempting bills of fare, as follows:

1. *Matinee, Nov. 20.*

Sonata, Piano and Violin, (A minor), Rubinstein; Ave Maria, Shakespeare Serenade, Schubert—Piano Transcription, Liszt; Elegie, Violoncello, Bazzini; Sonata, Violin, Viott; Trio, (op. 97, B Flat Major), Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Beethoven.

2. *Matinee, Dec. 18.*

Sonata, Piano and Violin, (op 4, Kreutzer) Beethoven; Cavatina, Romanze, Violoncello, Raff, Goltermann; Fantasie, (op. 49, F minor,) Piano, Chopin; Morceaux de Salon, Violin, Spohr; Trio, (B flat major,) Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Rubinstein.

3. *Matinee, Friday, January 15th*, 1869.

Sonata (A major), Piano and Violin, Raff; Concerto (Adagio), Violoncello, Molique; Des Abends, Traumes-virren, Fantasie Stücke for Piano, Schumann; Tarantelle, Violin, Schubert; Trio (C minor), Piano, Violin and 'cello, Mendelssohn.

4. *Matinee, Friday, February 12th*, 1869.

Sonata (A minor), Piano and Violin, Schumann; Air d'Eglise, Violoncello, Stradella; Variations Serieuses, Piano, Mendelssohn; Air Espagnole, Andante, Violin, Roberecht, Haydn; Trio, B flat, Schubert.

5. *Matinee, Friday, March 12th*, 1869.

Sonata (F major,) Piano and 'cello, Beethoven; Chaconne, Violin, Bach; Nocturne, (D flat major), Impromptu, (G flat major), Piano, Chopin; Le Reve, Violoncello, Goltermann; Trio, (D minor), Schumann.

6. *Matinee, Friday, April 9th*, 1869

Andante and Rondo, (B minor,) Piano and Violin, Schubert; Air, Abenlied, 'cello, Bach; Fantasia, (C major, op. 17,) Piano, Schumann; Andante, Romanesca, Violin, Mendelssohn, Baillot; Trio, (C minor,) Piano, Violin and 'cello, Raff.

Mr. Jarvis' soirées are likewise six in number, and as they are to be in *Natatorium* Hall, no doubt they will go on *swimmingly*. His violinist will be Mr. Gotthilf Guhlemann, and for violoncellist he too announces Mr. Rudolph Hennig; and here is *his* list of good things:

November 28th.

Sonate—op. 45, B. flat—Piano and 'cello, Mendelssohn; Violin Solo—Concerto in A minor, No. 22, Viotti; Piano Solo—Ballade G Minor, op. 23, Chopin; Violoncello Solo—Adagio, Schuberth; Trio—in D, op. 70, Piano, Violin and 'cello, Beethoven.

December 12th.

Piano Sonate—op. 53, C major, Beethoven; Violoncello Solo—Concerto A minor, Goltermann; Piano Solo—Rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt; Violin Solo—"Chaconne," J. S. Bach; Trio—Piano, Violin and 'cello, D Minor, op. 49, Mendelssohn.

January 9th, 1869.

Grand Sonate—Piano and Violin, C Minor, op. 30, Beethoven; Violoncello Solo—Romance, Franchomme; Piano Solos—a, Etude in E Minor, Henselt; b, Nocturne in D flat, Chopin; Violin Solos—a, Kinderlied, b, Caprice in B flat, Etude, David; Quartet—Piano and Instruments, op, 47, Schumann.

February 6th, 1869.

Piano Sonate—op. 106, in D, Hummell; Violin Solo—Caprice, Hauser; Piano Solos—"In der Nacht," "Traumes Wirren," Schumann; Violoncello Solo—"Elegie," Bazzini; Trio in B. flat—op, 99, Piano, Violin and 'Cello, Schubert.

March 6th, 1869.

Sonata—Piano, op. 22, G Minor, Schumann; Violoncello Solo—"L'Infidele," Lindner; Piano Solos—*a*, Etude in C♯sharp Minor, op. 25, No. 7; *b*, Etude in A Minor, op. 25, No. 11, Chopin; Violin Solo, 9th Concerto, Adagio—Rondo, Spohr; Trio in E Major—Piano, Violin and 'cello, Mozart.

April 3d, 1869.

Sonata—Piano and 'cello, op. 69, Beethoven; Violin Solo—Romance, op. 60, F Major, Beethoven; Piano—Deuxiéme Concerto, F Minor, op. 21, Larghetto—Allegro vivace, Chopin; Violoncello Solo—Adagio, Molique; Quintet—Piano and instruments, op. 44, Schumann.

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NEW YORK. The *Weekly Review* makes favorable report of the first concert of the Liederkranz:

The programme was very fine, denoting taste and discrimination. Many were the enjoyments derived from the music and from most of its rendering; and in this latter respect we must not omit to mention the orchestra, composed of amateurs. Considering the task they had essayed—no less than the performance of three parts of Beethoven's symphony in C minor—the result must be pronounced highly satisfactory, reflecting great credit upon the leader of the society, Mr. A. Paur. The vocal performances, including Schumann's cantata, "Page and King's Daughter," were also creditable, though the last-named composition offered many technical difficulties as well as those of conception and style. The "Page and King's Daughter" consists of four ballads, written at a period in the life of the master which was by no means a happy one. The impression produced by the work was, on the whole, unfavorable; but this was partly owing to the fact that the orchestral accompaniment was supplanted by one for the piano. To musically illustrate such subjects, as laid down in these four poems by Geibel, the orchestral coloring is indispensable. The soloists of the concert, Mrs. Zimmermann, Miss Ferrichs, Miss Pfaffman, and Messrs. Lotti, Steins, Ferdinand von Inten, and Wenzel Kopta, distinguished themselves in their respective spheres. Mr. Inten made his first appearance before a New York audience. He is one of the latest arrivals from Germany, and in every respect a promising one. In fact he already stands in the foremost rank of our pianists. He has a great amount of solid technical power, which he uses with tact and discrimination. His touch is good and can produce varied shades of expression. His conception is poetical, and if he does not always carry out his intentions, he gives abundant proof that at no distant day he will do so.

The Berge Choral Union, formed and conducted by the distinguished organist, Mr. William Berge, announces that the rehearsals for the season have commenced, and are held for the present, on the Tuesday evenings of each week, in the Sunday school rooms in the basement of St. Ann's Church, for Deaf Mutes, No. 9 West Eighteenth street. An augmented chorus, among whom are to be found some of the finest musical talent in the city, will be presented this season. For the season of 1868–9, four concerts will be given at Trenor's Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street. The first concert took place last Tuesday, when Mr. Berge's Mass, No. 3, Mendelssohn's cantata, "Hear my Prayer," and Mr. Berge's Jubilate, No. 1, were performed. The second concert, Dec. 22d, promises: Beethoven's "King Stephen;" Meyerbeer's "The Penitent," and baritone solo with chorus; for the third, Mercadante's "Seven Last Words," Beethoven's opus 80, Fantasie for chorus, orchestra and piano, (solo pianist, Bernardus Boekelman); and the fourth, Chipp's oratorio, "Job."—*Ibid.*

The London *Athenæum* says:

We drew attention some weeks ago to the wide range of music presented during the past three or four years by some of the American societies. It is a good sign for the future that the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association are to be increased in number this winter. The people of Boston have been so thoroughly familiarized with the great masters that there is now comparatively little classical novelty to be brought before them for the first time. But it appears that Haydn's genial symphonies have lately been shouldered out of the way by the more imposing creations of Beethoven, only three or four specimens of the genius of the originator of large orchestral works having been brought out in as many years. The Harvard Association cannot do better than give their subscribers copious draughts of Haydn, if only as an antidote to the unwholesome influence [!] of Schumann and his followers.

The Handel and Haydn Society of the same enlightened city entertains the project of giving Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," while the best chamber music will be brought to a hearing by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. All this speaks well for the musical cultivation of our Transatlantic brethren.

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The plot of M. Flotow's new opera, "The Two Composers," appears from a short sketch given in several of the French papers to be of the very slightest. A certain Kapellmeister, attached to some German princelet, is so jealous of rivalry that it is the object of his life to keep all other composers at a distance. But he is induced by his daughter to retain the services of a young musician of talent, and he ends by bringing out his rival's opera and giving his sanction to a union with his child. It is said that the librettist, M. Genée, has had a hand in the composition of the music, in order that the title of the opera may be doubly justified. Surely this is laborious trifling.

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Abbé Liszt has completed a Requiem for male voices with organ accompaniment; and M. Gade is engaged on a new work for chorus and orchestra.

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LEIPZIG. The first Gewandhaus concert took place on the 8th ult., Carl Reinecke conducting. The selections were: Cherubini's *Anacreon* Overture; Recit. and Aria from Spohr's *Faust*, sung by Frau Peschka-Leutner; Violin Concerto, op. 26, by Max Bruch, played by Concertmeister David, (first time); Recit. and Aria from Weber's "*Silvana*." Concert piece for violin (op. 20) by Camille Saint-Saëns.—*Part Second.* Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.—(Our friend Zerrahn was probably a listener.)—Bruch's Concerto is spoken of as a work of "great artistic *noblesse*." It is dedicated to Joachim.

In the second concert M. Saint-Saëns, from Paris, was to play a piano composition of his own; Frl. Ritter, of the royal opera at Munich, was to sing; and the orchestral pieces to be Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* Overture, and the first Symphony (B flat) of Schumann. Joachim was promised for the third concert (Oct. 22), and a new Symphony by Bruch.

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OPERA IN GERMANY. The pieces performed in some of the chief cities during the first half of October were as follows:

BERLIN. Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin*; Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Grenada*; Meyerbeer's *Africaine*; do. *Robert*; Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris*; Meyerbeer's *Prophete*.

VIENNA. Donizetti's *Lucia and Lucrezia Borgia*; Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*; *Faust*; Wagner's *Lohengrin*; Meyerbeer's *Africaine*; Verdi's *Bal Masqué* and *Trovatore*.

MUNICH. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; Weber's *Oberon*; Auber's *Le Maçon*; Spohr's *Jessonda*; Meyerbeer's *Robert*; Flotow's *Stradella*.

DRESDEN. *Lohengrin*; Mozart's *Seraglio*; Verdi's *Trovatore*; Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*; Gluck's *Orpheus*.

LEIPZIG. *Robert le Diable*; *Fille du Regiment*; Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène* (!); Weber's *Oberon*; Mozart's *Zauberflöte*; Gounod's *Faust*; Auber's *Maçon*; Boildeiu's *La Dame Blanche*.

COLOGNE. *Stradella*, *Hugenots*; Der Freyschütz; *La Dame Blanche*; Adam's "Postilion;" Trovatore; Zauberflöte; William Tell; Fidelio.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Angel voices. Song and Cho. 3. B♭ to f. *J. R. Thomas.* 40
A very sweet and "sacred" song.

Italian Guinea pig boy. 2. B♭ to f. *Pratt.* 30
Sung by Lingard, and is a nice song to amuse children.

Above a star is falling. (Es fallt ein Stern. 5. A to *g* *Franz.* 30

Twa lovely een. (Ihr Auge). 5. A to f sharp.
These two belong to the 2d series of Franz's songs. Perfect in their way, and that way a good one, they need no further praise.

The Milkmaid in the Morning. Song and Cho. 2. C to *g*. *Magoun.* 30
Charming. Original. Simple. Refreshing.

Little Nell. 3. E♭ to e flat. *Linley.* 30
More about Nell's grandfather than about Nell. Beautiful music to the well-known poem.

Bitter Beer. 2. F minor to f. *Edwards.* 30
Sung by Lingard, in the character of the "languid swell" who was so revived by the bitter beer. Good lager—temperance song.

Walking in the Park 2. C to e. 30
Melody of "Walking in the Zoo," which is a favorite already. Rather funny story about Cousin Loo, and the "cheerful Cockatoo."

The Wickedest Man in N. York. 2. B♭ to f. *T. Pastor.* 30
The W. M. as seen from Tony Pastor's point of view. One of the passing "songs of the times."

Instrumental.

Electric Spark. Galop. 3. E♭. *Fernald.* 35
"'Spark'-ling and bright."

Summer Reveries. 6 Idyls. *G. D. Wilson.*
Of these are published,
A night in June. 4 A♭. 50
Morning. 4. E♭. 50
The Shepherd Boy. 3. G. 50
Three very agreeable results of Mr. Wilson's "Idyl" dreaming, last summer. They embody much graceful music, the first containing sweet "night thoughts," the second a bright resume of musical thoughts appropriate to the new and fresh day, and the third a simple and pretty Shepherd's song.

Polka animosa. 3. E♭. *Biedermann.* 35
Has fuller harmony than is usual in polkas. So much the richer!

Good Templar Schottisch. 3. E♭. *Winter.* 30
A spirited piece. Play it in your lodges.

Galop. Fleur de Thé. 4. G. *Ketterer.* 60
One of the favorites in a new opera, which has a sort of mixture of French and Chinese music.

Fleur de Thé. Galop. 3. D. *Russell.* 40
The same melody, more simply arranged.

Capt. Jinks' Quickstep. For Brass Bands. 1.00
Champagne Charlie. " " " " 1.00
Brass bands all over the country will please notice and purchase.

Books.

Exercises for training the Female Voice. *Madame Seiler.* $2.00
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 721. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1868. Vol. XXVIII. No. 18.

The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

(Continued from page 338).

I.

ANALYSIS OF SOUND.

Professor Helmholtz has sought the explanation of the *timbre* or quality of sounds in a phenomenon which had long been known, but which no one, before him, had sufficiently fathomed. Suppose a vibrating string, of a piano for example, tuned to a certain note; and let us call this the *fundamental sound*. Now listen closely (any one can easily make the experiment) to the sound given out by the string while it is in full vibration: with a little attention you will soon hear two or three notes much higher, much feebler, which seem like distant echoes of the fundamental note. It seems as if the vibration of the visible string caused invisible strings to vibrate sympathetically: of these invisible strings, the first, as if it were smaller by one half, vibrates twice as fast; the second, three times smaller, vibrates three times as fast; another, four times smaller, four times as fast, and so on. To the principal voice respond distant voices, fainter and fainter, higher and higher in pitch. By exercising the ear well, one comes to hear always above each simple note this choir of *harmonic* notes; such is the name given by the physicist to these sounds, which correspond to numbers of vibrations two, three, four times greater than that of the fundamental sound.

Yet these invisible strings, as we have learned, are but a pure hypothesis; in reality it is the material vibrating string subdividing itself, spontaneously, freely, into two, three, four, five parts, after having produced the fundamental sound under the first impulse which has set it vibrating in its whole length. The parts, continuing to vibrate like distinct strings, gives the series of harmonic sounds.* All these vibrations are superposed one upon another without contradicting each other at all: to make it comprehended, there is no need of citing the beautiful theorem of Fourier on what the geometricians call the superposition of little movements: we have only to think of a buoy floating on the water; with docility it mounts, subsides, inclines, lifts itself at at the will of every wave, of every wind; in the same way the minute molecule obeys at the same time several undulations, some slow, others rapid; the total movement which results from it may represent an indefinite sum of distinct movements.

* "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique*" Par Auguste Laugel. Paris, 1867.

* The series of *harmonics* comprises the octave above, the fifth of that octave, (the two parasitical notes which ears but little practiced hear most easily), then the double octave, the major third and the fifth of the double octave. After these six notes a dissonant note offers itself, which springs from the spontaneous division of the string into seven parts: when this note makes itself heard too, it gives a somewhat harsh sound. Of the three notes which follow, in ascending series, two only fall within the scale of consonances. It is not necessary to pursue this series farther, which, in theory alone, has no limits; for, as these harmonic notes ascend more and more above the tonic, they rapidly lose in intensity.

The phenomenon which I have just described is only a particular case of a general phenomenon. Every body becomes, while it resounds, the centre of several independent systems of sonorous waves, to each of which corresponds a note. Still it would be a great error to suppose that the higher tones (*over-tones*) which add themselves to the fundamental note always form with it a choir agreeable to the ear. Nature does not trouble herself about our sensibility: all her sounds in reality are discords. The parasitical notes which form the complement of a sound have been called *harmonics*, because they have been observed first in the case of vibrating strings; and even in this case the name is almost improper: the first harmonics, it is true, fill the places of the perfect chord (keynote, third and fifth); but the seventh and the ninth note above no longer belong to the musical consonances which our hearing instrument affects. Most sonorous bodies make us hear, besides the fundamental sound, certain parasitical notes absolutely discordant and not entitled to the name of harmonics.

It is none the less true that we should consider every sound in general as accompanied by a cortége, a choir of upper notes, more or less faint and obscure. The ear receives a total impression, in which the effect of the tonic necessarily predominates. It decomposes, it is true, the complex vibration which it perceives into its simple components, each of which corresponds to a particular note; but the impression of the sound remains one in spite of this analysis; for, so soon as the clavier or keyboard of the auditory apparatus has received all these vibrations, which are produced and involved in one and the same undulatory movement, the synthesis is re-made in the nervous centre in which the acoustic nerve terminates, and the multiplex impressions are blended in one sole sensation.

The ear, in spite of its sensibility, or rather in the very ratio of that sensibility, is not the apparatus best adapted to the systematic analysis of sounds; it cannot detect with certainty, nor classify all the component notes in a complex sound. Rarely can physical science trust to the direct observation of the senses; it has to find some apparatus whereby the phenomena may be simplified, so that the elements which constitute them may be studied one by one.

If the physicist wishes to effect the decomposition of all sounds at will, he must have at his command an apparatus which fulfils two essential conditions. His instrument must let him hear a simple note, and it must not allow him to hear any of the notes which envelop it or dominate it in the compound sound. This delicate problem Helmholtz has solved, and in this manner:

All sounds, he says, are not equally rich in elementary notes. If vibrating strings are extraordinarily fruitful in harmonics, most bodies render much less complex sounds. To this number belong stretched membranes, metallic rods, tuning forks. Their acoustic poverty can be still augmented by putting them in communication with a hollow box, whose own proper resonance swells out a single note at the expense of the others.

Everybody knows that the fundamental sound of a diapason (tuning fork) is swelled and the discordant notes smothered by placing it on a sonorous chest of suitable dimensions. In these conditions, only one elementary note, of the diapason, disengaged from every parasitic note is audible. A membrane stretched over a drum acts in the same manner. The resonance of the drum having the effect to swell one note and smother the others, an apparatus of that sort may enable us to detect, by the echo that it yields, the meagre and always simple note which it produces of itself; it will begin to be strongly agitated the moment that the air brings to it the movement that belongs to it; for nothing is more contagious and more sympathetic than sonorous tremor. That in these circumstances a membrane or a tuning fork vibrates spontaneously, is a fact of almost vulgar experience. Apply the bow to a string, and the flux of air will soon draw as it were a sigh from a neighbor string attuned in unison. Raise the hammers of a piano-forte and sing a note with force, the piano will respond. Singers, they say, have broken glasses by holding out with force for a long time the note which answers to their natural vibration. Two tuning forks mounted upon sounding boards are in accord: I set one in motion, the other will move; but if I let but a drop of oil or wax fall upon one of them, the molecular harmony will be broken, the echo will not respond. A membrane stretched over a sounding box or drum, then, will betray, in the midst of an exterior cacophony, the only note that responds to its own proper vibration; it will be like a man who, deaf to all other noises, has an ear for one alone.

Helmholtz has availed himself of the properties of membranes in making of them true *analyzers* of sounds. Cut a bottle horizontally at about the middle of its height, take the top part which has been cut off, stretch a skin over its largest opening, and you will have the singular acoustic apparatus which Helmholtz calls a *resonator*. The air penetrates the bottle by the neck; but, whatever noise may traverse it, the membrane will not tremble unless there mingle with the noise an undulation which can harmonize with its natural vibration: one note, always the same, will set it in motion; all others, whatever their intensity, will leave it motionless.

This coarse *resonator*, however, is not the one which Helmholtz has employed in his experiments: for a membrane he takes the tympanum of the ear itself, and he applies there hollow globes of glass or copper, which serve for the sonorous bottle or resonator. These globes, of variable size, all have a pierced point, like the queue of a pear, which penetrates into the ear; on the opposite end of the pear a circular orifice is opened for the entrance of the air.

The membrane of the tympanum closes the delicate point of the resonator when it is applied

to the ear: now, each of these great hollow pears possesses its own fundamental note, according to the dimensions of the ball and to the size of the aperture. When you introduce the point of one of these pears into one ear, taking care to stop the other, you are condemned to hear one single note alone: each new resonator is like a new ear constructed only for one sound. In the midst of the loudest concert, all other notes seem smothered, while the note of the resonator leaps out with force each time that it recurs in the harmony; what is more, one can seek for it and find it in the vaguest and most indistinct of noises, in the whistling of the wind, in the tumult of a crowd, in the murmur and the babble of the running waters. The resonator is a veritable reactive, which always detects the sound that properly belongs to it; and so it allows those physicists, whose ears are the least sensitive to fine musical shades, to make a multitude of experiments which formerly were interdicted to them; it puts the most delicate acoustics within reach of the hardest ears. Such is the sensibility of the instrument, that it not only begins to vibrate when a neighboring body sings its fundamental note: it is set in vibration also by a deeper sound accompanied by a *harmonic* with which its own note can accord. This ingenious instrument lends itself, then, admirably to the study of the harmonic notes; faint as they may be, it finds them, draws them out from the sonorous medium in which they are drowned.

With a series of these *resonators*, differently tuned, Helmholtz succeeded in analyzing all sounds, just as light is decomposed by mechanical means, prisms of glass for instance. He has divided sounds by opposing to them resonators differing in form and size. The sounds of most musical instruments are composed of partial notes of various intensity; these component notes are blended in the ordinary sensation, which spontaneously forms their synthesis; but one can isolate them, can pick them out in a manner by using these artificial ears adapted each to only one vibration.

(To be continued).

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music as a Part of Education.

Long before King Daniel soothed the irritability of Saul with his harp, or Miriam sang to her timbrel, the power of music was acknowledged. Indeed, as this faculty seems inherent in human nature, it must have been coeval with man. No nation has existed that has not delighted in sound. The savage tribes of Africa and the Asiatic hordes, who make night hideous with their barbaric instruments, take great enjoyment in their discords. It is music to them and a prolific sense of happiness.

It is a remarkable fact that Greece, the cradle of the arts, produced nothing that was really valuable in music, although, such as it was, it gave pleasure, was an accomplishment very much in fashion, and served as an accompaniment to give greater effect to the meaning of their poets. In the kindred art of dancing there was very great variety, but "Music, heavenly maid, was young," too young to be interesting.

Some progress had been made in the art before the age of Alexander.

Terpander, the father of Greek music, who lived three hundred years prior to this era, increased the compass and power of the lyre by the addition of three strings.

The much vexed question of the merits of Greek music, one upon which so many critics have brought all their learning to bear with no satisfactory results, will we suppose never be answered. Dr. Burney, one of the best modern authorities, writes: "All I can say is, that no pains have been spared to place the Greek melodies in the most favorable point of view; but, with all the light that can be thrown on them, they have a rude and inelegant appearance." To a modern ear the Greek airs are tame and monotonous, and as harmony was not understood, the effect is bald and bare. The other fine arts attained a wonderful perfection, but no Apelles, Phidias or Ictinus was found to develop music.

After counterpoint was invented, she laid aside her swaddling clothes and grew into maturity, but did not develop into a goddess until fostered by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart. Opera had no being until the sixteenth century, when Ferdinand I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, with the aid of some gentlemen of his court, warmed into life and cherished in its infancy this product of the refinement of ages. Instrumentation, of which we have such solid examples in the works of Beethoven and such brilliant ones in those of Rossini, has now reached a climax of excellence.

Although our proficiency in the arts does not warrant us in making a comparison with their condition in Greece, there is a slight similarity in the inferiority of our music until lately with our sculpture and painting. Thirty years since, American sculptors took the lead in Europe, and our painters were on a par with the continental artists, Allston indeed surpassing all his contemporaries. Music then was in a youthful condition. A friend who is a composer, having lived for many years in Italy, on his return not long since found himself at the representation of Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul;" he was entirely surprised at the improvement in the power of rendering music and the public appreciation of fine compositions.

I think the public are not sufficiently aware that we have been living for the last thirty years in a great musical revolution. Before that time there were sometimes opportunities of hearing celebrated players and singers, and at rare intervals the opera visited us. Oratorios also were now and then performed. Through the zeal of a few public spirited gentlemen, the symphonies of Beethoven found utterance in America. Church music was, generally speaking, in an inferior condition. Even in our large cities the only dependence often was on amateur performers, and in our towns and villages, the violoncello, violin and flute (those unecclesiastical looking instruments) were to be seen in the choir. Now, all this is changed. No longer a leader stands in a conspicuous situation, waving his hand and sometimes having recourse to a pitch pipe for the note, the shrill sound of which was a signal for indecorous laughter. Great attention is paid to sacred music, and our trained organists and choirs improve the public taste and render the services very attractive.

The introduction of music into our public schools is most important, as its influences are humanizing and refining. Let any one go into a school and watch the children when they begin to sing, and he will appreciate what a rest and recreation have been afforded them. The scholars, weary of their books, shut them and join with all their hearts in the song. The power of making a noise is dearly prized by children, and a harmonized noise they enjoy. On the forte passages, where they can give full play to their lungs, their enjoyment dimples their cheeks and brightens their eyes, weariness disappears and after this renovating process the return to study is not unwelcome. The interval has given repose to their brains and made the hard task of keeping still, easier. How much more attractive music makes the home of the poor, and what a pleasure it is to hear young voices singing in the street! Even, now as I write the singing of part music by two young servant girls, brought up in an asylum, reaches me, showing great correctness in time and tune. There was nothing of this formerly.

Another very pleasant feature in our musical progress is the training of voices for the chorus singing in oratorios. This privilege now is widely granted, and many of our respectable mechanics, shop girls and trades people, when their daily work is over, can not only listen to masterpieces of the best composers, but can take part in giving effect to them. If we reflect upon the time which must be spent in neighborly meetings for practising and regular rehearsals, we shall see that many evenings are redeemed from idleness and dissipation by this comparatively new source of enjoyment.

Conservatories of Music have lately sprung up and serve to spread still more widely the knowledge of music. From these Conservatories go forth teachers to all parts of the Union.

We still have much to learn. There is an antagonism between the light and severe schools of music, which is hurtful and unnecessary. The Puritan wishes nothing but strictly classical music, while the Cavalier rejoices only in emotional melodies. Some are in favor of German music exclusively, while others worship at the shrine of Italian opera. It is the part of education to give a taste for all that is good in different styles. As well might one in going into a gallery of pictures refuse to enjoy the works of Titian because they preferred the severer designs o Michel Angelo, or deny any merit in the Dutch school because they had an exclusive admiration for Raphael's Madonnas. If German music has more of the head in it, Italian has more of the heart [?] One who really understands music in a wide sense must find excellence in both. All nationalities have their musical characteristics, which are as distinct as their languages. The melancholy Russian airs, the spirited Hungarian, and weird Polish melodies, gay French songs and stately Spanish measures, when good of their kind, give pleasure to the cultivated ear.

Some musical critics find discouragement in the fact that the mass of the people prefer frivolous music. Offenbach's effeminate melodies delight them. The tendency no doubt at present is to the sensuous. This is only for a season. We have really made so much progress that standing still for a time and even retrograding will not materially injure us.

So long as we have music in schools (even should we be flooded with new compilations of old music, bits stolen from Mozart, Haydn, &c., vamped up with new names and fitted to words which they suit as ill as kingly robes do a beggar), we shall improve.

We may have too many Conservatories and some of them may be purely money making affairs, still good will be educed from them.

One-sided Germanism may prevail, but the seeds of harmony are sown broadcast, and we are reaping and shall continue to reap in abundance a musical harvest which will afford food for our imaginations, serving to neutralize the effects of too great devotion to business and the engrossing cares of every-day life.

We live in a remarkable century. Steam and electricity have become the slaves of men. Stereotyping has increased the number of our books and newspapers. Ether soothes pain and tranquilizes suffering, while our material comforts increase yearly. The making music a part of education may be considered its crowning glory.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

[From the Nation.]

Mr. Emerson's New Course of Lectures.

BOSTON, November 4th, 1868.

The readers of the *Nation*, who are interested in all good things, will perhaps like to hear a word of Mr. Emerson's new course of lectures now going on in

Boston. The announcement that such a pleasure is coming, to people as old as I am, is something like those forebodings of spring that prepare us every year for a familiar novelty, none the less novel, when it arrives, because it is familiar. We know perfectly well what we are to expect from Mr. Emerson, and yet what he says always penetrates and stirs us, as is apt to be the case with genius, in a very unlooked for fashion. Perhaps genius is one of the few things which we gladly allow to repeat itself—one of the few that accumulate rather than weaken the force of their impression by iteration? Perhaps some of us hear more than the mere words, are moved by something deeper than the thoughts? If it be so, we are quite right, for it is thirty years and more of "plain living and high thinking" that speak to us in this altogether unique lay preacher. We have shared in the beneficence of this varied culture, this fearless impartiality in criticism and speculation, this masculine sincerity, this sweetness of nature which rather stimulates than cloys, for a generation long. At sixty-five (or two years beyond his grand climacteric, as he would prefer to call it) he has that privilege of soul which abolishes the calendar, and presents him to us always the unwasted contemporary of his prime. I do not know if he seem old to his younger hearers, but we who have known him so long wonder at the tenacity with which he maintains himself, even in the outposts of youth. I suppose it is not the Emerson of 1868 to whom we listen. For us the whole life of the man is distilled in the clear drop of every sentence, and behind each word we divine the force of a noble character, the weight of a large capital of thinking and being. We do not go to hear what Emerson says so much as to hear Emerson. Not that we perceive any falling off in anything that was ever essential to the charm of Mr. Emerson's peculiar style of thought or phrase. The first lecture, to be sure, was more disjointed even than common. It was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had at last tried the desperate expedient of *shuffling* them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting stars, a jumble of creative forces. The second lecture, on "Criticism and Poetry," was quite up to the level of old times, full of that power of strangely subtle association whose indirect approaches startle the mind into almost painful attention, of those flashes of mutual understanding between speaker and hearer that are gone ere one can say it lightens. The vice of Emerson's criticism seems to be, that while no man is so sensitive to what is poetical, few men are less sensible than he of what makes a poem. Of the third lecture (and I have heard but three) I shall say something by and by.

To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern-pictures, on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England, made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sat so long that we had grown well nigh contented in our cramps. And who that saw the audience will ever forget it, where every one still capable of fire, or longing to renew in them the half-forgotten sense of it, was gathered? Those faces, young and old, a-gleam with pale intellectual light, eager with pleased attention, flash upon me once more from the deep recesses of the years with an exquisite pathos. I hear again that rustle of sensation, as they turned to exchange glances over some pithier thought, some keener flash of that humor which always played about the horizon of his mind like heat-lightning, and it seems now like the sad stir of the autumn leaves that are whirling around me. To some of us the long-past experience remains as the most marvellous and fruitful we have ever had. Emerson awakened us, saved us from the body of this death. It is the sound of the trumpet that the young soul longs for, careless what breath may fill it. Sidney heard it in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," and we in Emerson. Nor did it blow retreat, but called to us with the assurance of victory. Did they say he was disconnected? So were the stars, that seemed larger to our eyes, still keen with that excitement, as we walked homeward with prouder stride over the creaking snow. And were *they* not knit together by a higher logic than our mere sense could master? Were we enthusiasts? I hope and believe we were, and am thankful to the man who made us worth something for once in our lives. If asked what was left? what we carried home? we should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way. Or we might have asked in return what one brought away from a symphony of Beethoven? Enough that he had set that ferment of wholesome discontent at work in us. There is one, at least, of those old hearers, so many of whom are now in the fruition of that intellectual beauty of which Emerson gave them both the desire and the foretaste, who will always love to repeat—

> "Che in la mente m'è fitta, ed or m'accuora
> La cara e buona immagine paterna
> Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
> M'insegnavati come l'uom s'eterna."

I am unconsciously thinking as I write of the third lecture of the present course, in which Mr. Emerson gave some delightful reminiscences of the intellectual influences in whose movement he has shared. It was like hearing Goethe read some passages of the "Wahrheit aus seinem Leben." Not that there was not a little *Dichtung*, too, here and there, as the lecturer built up so lofty a pedestal under certain figures as to lift them into a prominence of obscurity, and seem to masthead them there. Everybody was asking his neighbor who this or that recondite great man was, in the faint hope that somebody might once have heard of him. There are those who call Mr. Emerson cold. Let them revise their judgment in presence of this loyalty of his that can keep warm for half a century, that never forgets a friendship, or fails to pay even a fancied obligation to the uttermost farthing. This substantiation of shadows was but incidental, and pleasantly characteristic of the man to those who know and love him. The greater part of the lecture was devoted to reminiscences of things substantial in themselves. He spoke of Everett, fresh from Greece and Germany; of Channing; of the translations of Margaret Fuller, Ripley, and Dwight; of the *Dial* and Brook Farm. To what he said of the latter an undertone of good humored irony gave special zest. But what every one of his hearers felt was that the protagonist in the drama was left out. The lecturer was no Æneas to babble the *quorum magna pars fui*, and, as one of his listeners, I cannot help wishing to say how each of them was commenting the story as it went along, and filling up the necessary gaps in it from his own private store of memories. His younger hearers could not know how much they owed to the benign impersonality, the quiet scorn of everything ignoble, the never-sated hunger of self-culture, that were personified in the man before them. But the older knew how much the country's intellectual emancipation was due to the stimulus of his teaching and example, how constantly he had kept burning the beacon of an ideal life above our lower region of turmoil. To him more than to all other causes together did the young martyrs of our civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives. Those who are grateful to Mr. Emerson, as many of us are, for what they feel to be most valuable to their culture, or perhaps I should say their impulse, are grateful not so much for any direct teachings of his as for that inspiring lift which only genius can give, and without which all doctrine is chaff.

This was something like the *caret* which some of us older boys wished to fill up on the margin of the master's lecture. Few men have been so much to so many, and through so large a range of aptitudes and temperaments, and this simply because all of us value manhood beyond any or all other qualities of character. We may suspect in him, here and there, a certain thinness and vagueness of quality, but let the waters go over him as they list, this masculine fibre of his will keep its lively color and its toughness of texture. I can never help applying to him what Ben Jonson said of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke." Those who heard him while their natures were yet plastic, and their mental nerves trembled under the slightest breath of divine air, will never cease to feel and say—

> "Was never eye did see that face,
> Was never ear did hear that tongue,
> Was never mind did mind his grace,
> That ever thought the travail long,
> But eyes and ears, and every thought,
> Were with his sweet perfections caught."

J. R. L.

Musical Correspondence.

Paris, Oct. 21.—The musical season, it may be said, began last Sunday with the first of a series of eight classical concerts, which will be given, one each week, at the Cirque Napoléon. The name of M. Pasdeloup appears in the prospectus only as director of the Orchestra, but it is well known that for these concerts we are indebted chiefly to his good taste and unabated hostility to the prevailing Offenbach-analian mania.

If the programme on this occasion is a foretaste of what we may expect in future, we have indeed much good music to come. Voici:

Overture de Ruy Blas..... .... Mendelssohn.
Symphonie en *la* ....Beethoven.
Andante cantabile et menuet... .. .. .. Haydn.
Fragments des "Maitres Chanteurs." (Ire Audition) R. Wagner
Entr'acte du 3d Acte. Valse. Entrée des Maitres Chanteurs (marche).

The distinctive feature of the day was, of course, the Symphony in A, the noblest of the nine, and, perhaps, the greatest ever composed. After no number of hearings can one be said to have exhausted the interest of this great work, or to have fathomed its depths. It is difficult to admire one part of it more than another, but perhaps precedence should be given to the Andante, in which a succession of chords and harmonies, almost unearthly in their grandeur, is unrolled through measure after measure, augmenting in solemn beauty to the close.

This sublime chant, conveying no sense of insignificant personal grief, seems rather to lament the downfall of a nation. No wonder that there are those like Mendelssohn who could not hear it without weeping.

Afterwards, to relieve this shade of sadness, what could have been better than the *Andante cantabile* of Haydn, whose music no one can help loving? This fresh and dainty little pastoral was executed in masterly style, and so perfectly was the audience in sympathy with the players, that, at every rest, there ran throughout the vast throng of hearers that suppressed murmur which in a crowd is the highest testimony of delight, and with the close of the first part came an encore which was not to be denied. The second part too is hardly less charming, where the 'celli come in with their quaint little minuet, continued just long enough to excite the curiosity of the hearer. It is as if one were permitted to witness some rustic merry-making—some happy scene of innocent pleasure in which he longs to take part.

The *Ruy Blas* Overture, or as Mendelssohn jestingly called it, "the Overture to the Theatrical Pension fund," is interesting both on account of its merits and for its somewhat curious history.

With all due respect to the composer of the Overture to "Tannhäuser" and the prelude to "Lohengrin," I may safely say that it has never been my misfortune to hear anything more chaotic and utterly devoid of sense than the fragments from the "Maitres Chanteurs," which were here publicly performed for the first time. It is not always wise to criticize a piece at the first hearing, but I cannot believe that any one having once listened to this "music" would ever be so rash as to venture upon a second Audition. To describe it is impossible; I can only say that the characteristic features of the Liszt and Wagner school are here exaggerated seemingly to the last degree. The *Valse*, it is true, begins in a manner quite musician-like and spirited; but after the first two measures the *motif* vanishes into thin air, and the remainder is all sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. If such is to be the music of the future, then the future will witness a decline in art such as has not occurred since the deluge.

At the conclusion of the performances M. Pasdeloup was unanimously recalled; an ovation was due him for the manner in which the Symphony and Haydn's Minuet was executed.

At his theatre he intends subjecting us to a course of Gluck, Spontini, Mozart, Cimarosa, &c., &c., of which I will write at a future date. At the Opera, *L'Africaine* and *Hamlet* are the attractions. At the Theatre Italien we have Mme. Adelina Patti (as people *will* call her) and the young débutante Signorina Ricci. A. A. C.

Oct. 26.—The concert of the Cirque Napoleon yesterday (the second of the popular series) was hardly less interesting than that of last week. The selections were as follows.

Struensée, tragédie de Michael Berr, musique de Meyerbeer.
Ouverture.
L'Auberge du Village.
Le Rêve de Struensée.
Marche funèbre.
La Bénédiction,—Dernier moment.
Fragment de la Symphonie Wallenstein (I re audition). M. Jos. Rheinberger.
Scherzo.
Le Camp,—chanson des Orangistes du temps de la Reformation,—Sermon du capucin.
Symphonie en sol mineur ..... Mozart.
Allegro,—Andante,—Menuet,—Final.
Entr'acte des Maîtres Chanteurs (Meditation..R. Wagner.
Fragments du septuor. ..... Beethoven.
Thème et Variations,—Scherzo,—Final.
Exécutés par MM. Grisez (clarinette), Espeignet (basson), Mohr (cor), et tous les instruments à cordes.

It will be remembered that Meyerbeer's *Struensée* music, (or a part of it) was performed at our Musical Festival at New York last May. However much one may feel inclined to dispute Meyerbeer's claim to the name of a *great* genius, no one I am sure will deny that this Overture, Rêve, Marche, Chorus, Polonaise, &c., are full of beauty and interest. The vocal part was not given on this occasion.

Very different from the great Beethoven Symphony in A is that of Mozart in G minor, and yet, great as is the former, the latter suffers from the comparison no more than a quiet Lancashire landscape would suffer from being compared with one of our own White Mountain scenes.

The Scherzo, &c., from Rheinberger's "*Wallenstein*" merit another hearing.

The "Meditation" from "des Maîtres Chanteurs" served to confirm, rather than to modify, the opinion based upon a hearing of the *Vorspiel* in New York, and of the (literal) "fragments," given at M. Pasdeloup's first concert, an opinion which I have already expressed. From this *tintamarre* what a refreshing change to the Beethoven Septuor, in which a theme of the briefest and simplest description is repeated so many times without growing wearisome. Just as certain little words may be said time after time, and in a thousand different ways, without losing their charm.

At the conclusion of the concert M. Pasdeloup was recalled to the platform and received a hearty round of applause. A. A. C.

Nov. 2.—Already the concerts at the Cirque Napoléon are become an institution, and the dense throng filling the circus from floor to ceiling, the familiar faces of the Orchestra and the cheerful figure of M. Pasdeloup with his *archet* for a baton (which he knows how to use so well that it is a real pleasure to see him recalled to the platform, as he invariably is at the close of each performance), are things to be looked forward to from week to week. Among the hearers, too, one becomes accustomed to seeing day by day the same faces, and there is a grateful sense of companionship in this. And how pleased and attentive the hearers are! Long before the premonitory rap of the baton there is a silence so profound that one might hear the folding of a lady's pocket handkerchief, nor is that rasping abomination known as a whisper tolerated.

The selections for the third concert were as follows:

Overture de Lorelei. ..... V. Wallace.
Suite d'orchestre, op. 101, I re audition ....Joachim Raff.
Allegretto un poco agitato. ..... Mendelssohn.
Hymne ..... Haydn
Par tous les instruments à cordes.
Symphonie en ut mineur ..... Beethoven.

In listening to the *Lorelei* overture one thinks of the sad life of the composer, of his fruitless journey to Paris, and of his death in poverty and obscurity.

The new Suite by Raff is a noble work, for which one hearing is by no means sufficient; it was applauded, but not as enthusiastically as it should have been. Perhaps they were impatient for the Allegretto of Mendelssohn, which was encored with so much warmth that it had to be repeated, entire, despite the length of the programme.

The idea of executing morceux of chamber music by a full orchestra, massing the tones as the flowers are massed in the garden at Kew, is said to have originated with Habeneck, the founder of the society "des concerts du Conservatoire." In this case the selection was a happy one, and the Hymn of Haydn sounded well, but I think that in most instances a quartet or quintet will sound best when executed according to the intention of the composer.

The Symphony of Beethoven was well rendered. A short time since I heard this Symphony in England, but under very different circumstances: there the orchestra was weary and dispirited, and, with this, added to the chilling influence of a provincial audience (worse, if possible, in England than in America), I could hardly recognize its usual grandeur. But now how grandly it sounded,—from the Allegro, which Berlioz has compared to the sufferings of a great soul which has become a prey to despair,—through the profound sadness of the Adagio, to the Triumphal march in the finale, when the soul of the poet-musician seems to cast off the chain "wherewith we are darkly bound" and to ascend to the heavens. A. A. C.

New York, Nov. 9.—In my last letter I promised to give—in the next—farther particulars with regard to the winter campaign of our Philharmonic Society. Ole Bull, Camilla Urso, S. B. Mills, Richard Hoffman, Mme. La Grange, Mme. Parepa will be among the soloists, while the Symphonies to be played will be Beethoven's 1st and 3d (Eroica), Schumann's 4th, Mendelssohn's 5th (Reformation), one by Haydn, and two movements from one of Schubert's posthumous and unfinished works. The only novelties will be Liszt's "Symphonic poem" called "On the Mountain," two Overtures, one to Hamlet by Gade, and the other to Semiramis by Catell, and lastly Hiller's 2nd Piano forte Concerto in A.

The *N. Y. Citizen* has an erudite musical editor. In a recent issue of that journal I find the following paragraph having reference to Theo. Thomas and his concerts at Central Park Garden: "Mr. Thomas has given us a 'Handel night' and a 'Liszt night,' why will he not give us a 'Chopin night'?" The writer would scarcely have stultified himself in this way if he had been aware of the fact that (with the exception of the concertos, &c.) Chopin wrote no orchestral music. Verily the Citizen man is a brilliant critic.

It is with great regret that I announce the death—which occurred a few days ago—of Edmund Remack, a well-known and able journalist. He had for some time been editor of the *N. Y. Abend Zeitung*, and had contributed largely to other journals both here and in Europe. His musical criticisms were always carefully and impartially written, and were exceedingly accurate and able. As a man he was beloved by a large circle of friends, to whom he had endeared himself by the unfailing geniality and admirable social qualities which were in a marked degree his characteristics. By them and by the writer of these lines, who knew him intimately in another country, his loss will be sincerely mourned. Mr. R. was about 35 years of age, and the immediate cause of his demise was physical exhaustion brought on by excessive literary labor.

It is announced that Pike's Opera House has been sold to the Erie R. R. Co. for the trifling sum of $850,000. If this be indeed true, the days of Opera Bouffe are numbered, as far as that locality is concerned, and Mr. Bateman will be compelled to pitch his tent elsewhere. Just now, however, he shows no intention of leaving, and "La Belle Helene," which has been brought out with great splendor, is having a fine run. As you may be aware, another of Offenbach's operas, "Genevieve de Brabant," is in full blast at the Theatre Français, while Italian opera is as dead as a door nail, and our "Academy of Music" stands a desolate looking monument to the folly of the stockholders. It is currently reported that Max Strakosch means to try his hand there at a short season with Mme. La Grange, Miss Kellogg, Miss McCulloch, Mrs. States, Brignoli and Antonucci, so that Irving Place will be galvanized into life for a short time.

Mr. F. L. Ritter, our well-known composer, is to give a concert in Steinway Hall on the evening of Nov. 26th. The programme will be chiefly composed of his own productions and will include the Symphony which was played at our Musical Festival last Spring and which made such a favorable impression in musical circles here. F.

Nov. 16.—It seems that rumor had misstated the name of the manager of the short season of Italian Opera which will commence this evening. Max *Maretzek*—that old musical war horse—is the man, and not Strax Makosch, as Mr. Hopkins's paper calls him. The season opens with "Il Trovatore" this evening, to be followed by "Fidelio" on Tuesday, and "Robert le Diable" on Wednesday. Mme. La Grange, Brignoli, and Mme. States are to be principal stars, while there are whispers of Miss Kellogg later in the week. Seven performances will constitute the campaign.

Mr. Theo. Thomas commences his Symphony Soirées on Dec. 12th. Last winter these Soirées were given at a loss, I am told, of something like $500.

"Oh it is pitiful,
In a whole city full
Taste there is none."

Or at least there is not enough to enable Mr. T. to to pay his expenses. Notwithstanding this fact, he goes nobly on in his good work and merits the thanks *and money* of all lovers of true Art.

Mr. J. E. Haner, assisted by Mme. La Grange, W. J. Hill, G. W. Morgan, Mr. Eben and Mr. Colby, gave a concert on Thursday evening, in Steinway Hall. Mr. H. is an "American pianist" who has been studying in Europe for some years.

Mr. H. was afflicted with that peculiar condition of nervousness technically known at "stage fright," and consequently did not, probably, do himself justice. He has some ability, and with several years of thorough practice might achieve notable results. As it is, however, his playing is somewhat crude and heavy, and his touch is not excellent. Mr. Haner played two compositions, which exhibited no particular originality, and it is manifest that composition is not his forte. The assisting artists added somewhat to the interest of the concert, and Mr. Morgan, of course, gave us the inevitable "Wm. Tell."

The Arion Society gave a capital entertainment at the same hall on Saturday. I quote the principal numbers of the excellent programme:

Overture, Medea ..... Bargiel.
Allegro de Concert ..... Bazzini.
W. Kopta.
23d Psalm....G. ..... F. Schubert.
Polonaise, op. 22 ..... Chopin.
S. B. Mills.
Overture, Leonore ..... Beethoven.

Mr. Kopta played the attractive Allegro in a very easy, fluent style and his double note passages were artistically done. His tone is, unfortunately, a little thin, but his execution and expression are artistic and praiseworthy.

Mr. Mills was at his best in the superb Polonaise,

and his charming treatment of the Andante Spianato was most enjoyable; just enough abandon, just enough expression, everything accurately balanced, and the whole ably executed. I have never heard the Andante so well played, and I desire to record the fact that Mr. M's playing *moved* me for almost the first time. My *head* almost always admires his ability, but my *heart* is rarely touched. The *Chopin Polonaise* was played by Mr. Mills—not—*Mr. Mills* played the Chopin Polonaise. Mr. M's individuality was—as it should have been—subordinate to that of the composer.

The orchestra played fairly, except in the short prelude to the Polonaise, and *that* was shocking. F.

Music Abroad.

Music in Leipsic.

THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERTS—THE SINGERS AND CONDUCTORS—NEW WORKS—THE MUSIC HALLS, &c.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

LEIPSIC, October 12, 1868.

The event of the last week in musical circles was the opening of the Gewandhaus concerts. It seems needless to say anything in praise of an orchestra whose reputation is already world-wide. To say that every piece was rendered with a precision and delicacy which left nothing to be wished for, will give to one who was not so fortunate as to be a listener but a slight idea of the wonderful beauty of the whole performance. The infinite exactness and variety of shading of the violins far exceeded anything that I had imagined possible—partly owing, I am told, to the fact that the leader was Concertmeister David, whose presence has a wonderful influence over the violinists.

The concert opened with Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon." This master, though belonging undoubtedly to the old school of music, will be one of the last to be put in the shade to make room for younger ones. All true lovers of the art will always rejoice in his sound, pure style, as did Beethoven himself in his time. The other orchestral piece was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which was loudly applauded, showing that he will ever be the favorite with an appreciating public. At different periods the *tempi* of this symphony were changed by the composer himself, so that much license is permitted as regards the rendering of it. The *vivace* of the first movement was played a trifle more slowly under Capellmeister Reinecke's direction than I have hitherto heard it, and I thought it was owing to this change that so many new beauties were revealed in a composition which I had always considered before as perfect.

Madame Peschka-Leutner delighted the audience with two arias that we seldom have the good fortune to hear: *Die stille Nacht entweicht*, from Spohr's "Faust;" and *Er geht; er hört mich nicht*, from Weber's "Sylvana." It seems to be rather from the unfinished text of these operas, than from want of beauty in the music, that they have never been favorites with the public. At its first production in Berlin, 1814, "Sylvana" failed to meet with any favor.

The text of "Faust" has little in common with Goethe's poem, except the mere names of the characters. The very trifling character of the libretto has somewhat blinded the Germans to the pleasing character of the music, and it is very seldom given.

Madame Leutner is a great favorite with the Leipsic opera going public, and they are already lamenting that she is so soon to be lost to them. It will be difficult to find in Germany another singer who unites so much artistic feeling with such perfect execution. She must have felt that she was gathering fresh laurels on Thursday evening, to take with her as mementoes of the appreciation of the public here, when she met with such a warm reception, and was so generously applauded and recalled at the Gewandhaus by probably the most critical audience in all Germany.

Concertmeister David, so long celebrated as leader, composer and virtuoso, and so intimately associated for years with Mendelssohn, treated us to two novelties, viz.: Concerto for violin, op. 26, by Max Bruch, and Concertstück for violin, op. 20, by Camille Saint Säens.

Max Bruch (Capellmeister at Sondershausen), though still very young, is acknowledged as one of the best composers in Germany, and his "Loreley" and other works have awakened a lively interest among artists here. In this concerto he shows an independence of conception, great clearness of expression and exquisite instrumentation. Although the composition of Saint Säens exhibits hardly as much talent as the concerto just spoken of, it is still full of fine harmonic combination, and artists here consider that he is destined to take a high rank as composer.

It is indeed a gratifying recognition of talent, that such a renowned artist as David considered the composition worthy of being brought out in the Gewandhaus. This building, which has been made famous by the concerts, was built in 1740, by Schmiedlein. It is always spoken of as the old Gewandhaus, but since living here, where so many buildings have been standing for four or five hundred years, this one seems to belong among the modern ones. It extends from the Neumarkt to the Universitäts street, and is four stories high; with its dingy black walls, and all the lower windows covered with iron grating, it might readily be mistaken for a prison, and certainly does not suggest anything connected with the fine arts. Nevertheless, the merchants conceived the idea of uniting the artistic with the practical, and built a little concert room in the upper part of it. The merchant Zemisch was the leader in establishing the concerts, which have been in existence since 1743, and have from the first been devoted principally to the production of heavy,[?] classical music. There was more enthusiasm with regard to these concerts, and for music in general, in Leipsic, under Mendelssohn's direction, than at any other time.

This hall will seat about six hundred persons, and two thousand more, at least, wish for the privilege of a seat, and wish in vain. These seats are held by families, and considered hereditary property, and are so zealously guarded by their owners that if a family give up their right to seats for a season the tickets still bear their name. Several reasons are alleged for the steady persistence with which the managers cling to this old hall, instead of building one that shall meet the demands of the community.

A friend tells me that they are unwilling to give up this hall, lest some other orchestra should take it, and with it the name of Gewandhaus, and the present orchestra lose a portion of its prestige. Another reason offered is, that in this hall the acoustic properties are so good; but certainly as skilful architects can be found now as lived a century ago.

These concerts are the fashionable reunions of Leipsic, and the ladies appear in full evening costume. Their toilettes would quite put in the shade those in the dress circle of our New York Academy.

Adjoining this hall, communicating through a small door, is an ante-room containing a hundred or more seats, where "we outsiders" are allowed to listen to this music without even a distant sight of the orchestra or the privileged audience, the little door being filled with the happy few who secured the pleasure of standing here by being present on the instant the doors were opened.

The audience listen with breathless attention. Such intense silence, so long continued, was remarkable. In spite of all the charms of life in Germany, it is very difficult to be always tolerant of the conservatism and lack of enterprise which exist here, and in this instance I almost lost my temper at the absence of comfort in the arrangements.

The Conservatorium building is connected with the Gewandhaus, and opens on the court. Lessons for the new year began on the 11th, and the students number one hundred and seventy. There have never been so many at any time since Mendelssohn founded the institution, in 1843. A new professor is added to the list for piano and harmony, Dr. Paul, an artist of very high position here. The vacancy occasioned by Hauptmann's death has never been regularly filled until now, when his classes are given to Richter.

The expense of living here is so much less than in America, that I am astonished more students of music do not seek this town. Besides the instructions offered, every opportunity is afforded for hearing the best music, and from time to time the most renowned artists, so that any one with the slightest aptitude for music cannot fail to profit by a sojourn here.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. The *Times* (Oct. 31) gives the following report of the first five concerts:

That Mr. Manns's orchestra plays better that any other concert orchestra in England is by this time sufficiently notorious; and—allowing for the advantages the continual presence of the nucleus of it, that is to say, of the Crystal Palace orchestra proper, which may be heard practising symphonies, overtures, &c., every day of the week, indisputably gives him—the credit is mainly his.

Since writing about these concerts we have heard much that is old and good, with much that is new, if not uniformly good. We have heard, for example, the *Eroica*, perhaps, without excepting even the colossal "No. 9," the mightiest of Beethoven's symphonies; we have had the two movements from Schubert's projected Symphony in B minor (a Crystal Palace discovery), which the oftener they are given the more deep becomes the regret that a work so rich in promise should have been left unfinished; we have had the fiery overture which Mendelssohn wrote off, *currente calamo*, for Victor Hugo's play of *Ruy Blas*, and the more delicate and finely-knit overture which (in 1833), displeased with an overture upon the same story by Conradin Kreutzer, he composed for the "*Fair Melusine*;" and we have had Beethoven's incomparable *Coriolan*—better fitted for the play of Shakespeare than for the *Trauerspiel* of H. J. von Collin. These were among the old things that are good. Among the new things must be reckoned the music to the procession of the "Mastersingers," from Herr Wagner's "comic" opera, recently brought out at Munich; a concert-air ("The Sailor's Bride") by Herr Johannes Hagar, composer of an oratorio called *John the Baptist*, which created anything rather than a lively impression when introduced by Mr. Hullah, some eight years ago, at what was once "St. Martin's Hall;" one of the *entr'actes* from *Der König Manfred*, an opera composed by Herr Reinecke, actual director of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic; a new part song ("Echoes") by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and yet another fragment from Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, which was combined with the music already known (including the exquisite "Ave Maria!") from that unhappily incomplete opera. Mr. Sullivan's part-song, which is pleasing and unaffected, might have been better executed. The "Vintagers' chorus," from *Lorelei*, instinct with genuine melody and characteristic life, was unanimously called for again; and the result would have been even happier had it been possible to divide the singers into two departments on either side the orchestra, so as to realize the full antiphonal effect designed by the composer. It is consoling, by the way, to know that there exists from Mendelssohn's intended opera still another piece (a march and chorus) all but complete, for a speedy hearing of which we may safely look to those who direct musical matters at the Crystal Palace. The pieces we have enumerated were all included in the programmes of the second and third concerts; and from them we may single out, as in every way remarkable, the performances of Beethoven's *Eroica*, the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and the overture to *Coriolan*. The *Melusine* of Mendelssohn (perhaps the most difficult of all overtures to play with the requisite finish) we have heard still better given by the Crystal Palace orchestra. There was also singing, more or less attractive, by Mlle. Enequist, who did her utmost for Herr Hager's *scena*, Mme. Rudersdorff, who, though indulgence was asked for her on account of indisposition, gave great effect to the trying solos in *Lorelei*, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Nelson Varley—besides a very admirable performance of Ernst's *fantasia* on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, by our young and gifted English violinist, Mr. Carródus.

The programme of the fourth concert, which, in spite of the unpropitious weather, drew a large audience on Saturday, was as follows:

Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro" ..... Mozart.
Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 97 ..... Schumann.
Aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen ..... Mozart
Aria, "Robert le Diable" ..... Meyerbeer.
Romanza, "Nulla da te bell' Angelo ..... Benedict
Variations from Quartet in C ..... Haydn.
Lied, "Die beiden Grenadiere" ..... Schumann.
Valse, "Nella calma," "Romeo and Juliet" ..... Gounod
Ballad, "The Pearl Diver" ..... Frank Mori.
Overture, "Masaniello" ..... Auber

Though in all probability Mozart never heard his very genial and animated overture played so fast, it is no less probable that he never heard it played so well. Every delicate *nuance*—as the French express it more pointedly than we can—was attained to a wish; and the *crescendos*, that here and there confer so much piquancy upon certain passages, were managed in perfection. Indeed, if the Crystal Palace orchestra does anything in particular better than any other orchestra with which we are acquainted, it is the *crescendo*, or gradual increase from soft to loud, and the *diminuendo*, or gradual decrease from loud to soft. Of these peculiarities of execution, however, and more especially of the last, the overture of Mozart, (which was enthusiastically encored, and, perforce, repeated) presents few examples when compared with the symphony of Schumann, which, as Mr. Manns causes it to be delivered, seems in a great degree made up of them. This extraordinary work, and extraordinary it is in every sense, was now heard

for the first time at the Crystal Palace, though by no means for the first time in England. It appears to us, in some respects, the best, and, in others, the least, admirable of the four symphonies which its aspiring composer gave to the art. The first movement ("*Lebhaft*")—or as the Italians say, "*Vivace*") is, perhaps, on the whole, fuller of beautiful, yet only half-expressed ideas than any movement from his pen; the second ("*Sehr mässig*"), which, like the last, was meant by Schumann to assume a popular character, is—in spite of certain traits wherein the wish to do more than under the circumstances would be desirable becomes evident—as frank, straightforward, and clearly made out as such a movement ought to be; the slow movement in A flat that follows, and the "*Feierlich*," or religious *fête* music, inspired, as Schumann himself informs us, "by the grand ceremonial of the installation of the Archbishop as Cardinal in the Cathedral of Cologne," coming directly after, are much less to our taste, exhibiting, as they do, the last especially, that striving to be Beethoven, without the power to be anything like Beethoven, which is so frequent a characteristic of Schumann in his orchestral writings. In the *finale* we can see very little more than, to employ a homely simile, "much bruit and little fruit." Nevertheless, criticism set aside, all those who are minded to hear and judge impartially for themselves, are beholden to Mr. Manns for bringing forward this symphony by a master the opinions about whose deserts seem likely to differ perpetually, and for so truly careful and impressive a performance of it. To conclude—it was listened to with decorous attention from beginning to end, each movement finding its admirers and evoking applause more or less hearty, the second, which stands in the place of *Scherzo* and which we remember being encored at Signor Arditi's concerts, in the late Her Majesty's Theatre, bearing away the palm. The Symphony in E flat, as one of the maturest examples of its amiable composer's genius, should be heard again; and the sooner the better. The variations from Haydn's quartet, built upon the theme of the "Austrian Hymn," which tradition gives also to Haydn, was performed by all the string instruments of the orchestra. Although this and other movements from Haydn's quartets have been played after the same fashion at the famous Conservatoire concerts in Paris, we cannot think that the precedent is a good one, or one which it is advisable to accept and follow out at the Crystal Palace. Haydn never intended anything of the sort. Moreover, he wrote symphonies enough for the orchestra, not more than about a fourth of which have been heard from since his time; and to these it would be far better to have recourse. Besides, to be minutely critical, there are no double-basses in Haydn's quartets; and the addition of double-basses, the pitch of which is an octave lower than the violoncellos, appears to us unwarrantable liberty. Apart from these considerations, the execution was marvellously precise and finished, serving at any rate, to show that all the fiddles, big and little, in Mr. Manns's orchestra, are right good fiddles, capable of playing "solo" if required. The variations were loudly encored, and repeated from the beginning. Had Mr. Manns any special reason for putting Mozart immediately before and Haydn almost immediately after Schumann? It was hardly fair to Schumann.

At the 6th concert to-day, we are promised, among other things, Haydn's *Surprise* symphony, the overtüre to *Der Freischütz* and (first time) Ferdinand Hiller's Concert overture in A, together with violin solos by Herr-Sternberg and Madame Osborn Williams. Meanwhile an entirely unknown Symphony by Schubert (No. 6, in C major) is in preparation, as an ante-Christmas *bonne bouche*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 21, 1868.

Rossini.

The greatest musical genius, and in his way the greatest composer, of modern Italy, has passed away at last. As a creative artist he has been dead a quarter of a century. During that time he has lived in Bologna and Paris, the theme of countless anecdotes, some true, some silly, some too good not to be true, an indolent voluptuary, pleased with himself, his fame, and full of *bon-hommie* to all, flattered and himself a flatterer, genial and hospitable and charming no doubt, but never once in all his life, except perhaps in the first acts of *William Tell*, really in earnest. Next to Mozarts, as clear an instance of spontaneous genius as ever lived. In wealth and beauty of melodic inspirations, in perennial freshness of invention and facility of work (except as it went against the grain of so indolent a nature), he was beyond comparison with any of the Italian opera writers who have come after him;—Bellini, in his more earnest but more limited way, ranking the next. But with this sovereignty of talent he was still a trifler. No wonder Beethoven said of him, when his sensuous, seductive strains invaded Vienna: If his master had boxed his ears oftener, he might have made a great composer!

There has been one other *great* Italian composer in the present century,—Cherubini, who died, also in Paris, in 1842. With half the earnestness of Cherubini, what would not Rossini, with his far more fertile genius, have become! A significant thing of both of them is, that they were drawn more and more into the great serious, central current of German music. Cherubini was absorbed into it wholly; Rossini in his last opera, *Tell*, composed things worthy almost of Beethoven; and later, in his conversations with Ferdinand Hiller, reported by the latter, and translated some years since in this Journal, he not only deprecated the importance attached to his *Stabat Mater*, but gave in his allegiance fully to the *Dii majores* of the tone-world, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c.; for he was frank and candid, as he could not help being appreciative.

—But we have not time now to pursue this theme. Does it not show how near great musical genius is to the heart of the world, that Rossini died last Saturday, and on Monday, thanks to the Atlantic Cable, every leading newspaper of America contained a biographical obituary! We give place to two of them; first from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

The greatest of the Italian musical composers, Gioacchino Rossini, died on Saturday last at his villa in Passy, near Paris. His health had been for some time declining, and his death was expected, owing to his great age. He was born at Pessaro, February 29th, 1792, so that he was nearly seventy-seven years old; though, as he could only calculate his birthday once in four years, he had the habit of playfully counting his years by the Leap Years. His parents were strolling musicians, and he began his musical career with them as a child, developing a fine ear and voice, which led to his being placed in the Lyceum of Bologna for a thorough musical education. The Abbe Mattei was his instructor there in composition. When only 16 years of age, a symphony and cantata, called *Il Pianto d'Armonia*, was played at Bologna; and two years later his first opera was produced at the San-Mosè Theatre in Venice. It was called *La Gambiale di Matrimonio*, was in only one act, and had but moderate success.

Several other operas afterwards appeared, but the first successful one was the *Inganno Felice*, produced when he was only twenty years old. He wrote many others in his youth, the most successful of which were *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeria* in 1813; and *Il Turco in Italia* in 1814. His other greatest operas were produced as follows: *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* and *Otello*, 1816; *Cenerentola* and *La Gazza Ladra*, 1817; *Mosè in Egitto*, 1818; *La Donna del Lago*, 1819; *Maometto Secondo*, 1820; *Semiramide*, 1823; *Le Comte d'Ory*, 1828, and *Guillaume Tell*, 1829. The two last named were written for the Grand Opera of Paris, of which Rossini was made Director by Charles X. Since the production of *Guillaume Tell*, its author has written no operas, and the only important work he has given to the public is the *Stabat Mater*, produced in 1841. Some vocal pieces, including the exquisite hymns known as *La Foi*, *L'Espérance* and *La Charité*, and several rather unworthy compositions for state occasions in Paris, are all that the genius of Rossini has vouchsafed to give to the world of late years.

Some of his earlier operas were written for the prima donna M'lle. Colbrand, whom he afterward married. He separated from her, and after her death in 1845, Mme. Olympe Pelissier, who had lived with him as his wife, assumed his name. He has lived in Paris and Passy since 1825, sharing with the veteran French composer Auber (his senior by eight years), the homage of all the musical pilgrims to the French capital. His hospitality to true artists and his genial humor have been proverbial. He has seemed willing to let his reputation rest chiefly on his *Guillaume Tell*, his most elaborate work, in which there was a happy blending of the German and Italian styles. Its production was like the founding of a new school, of which Meyerbeer immediately became a zealous disciple. In latter years Gounod and others of the French composers have followed in the same style. It is understood that Rossini leaves many unpublished musical works, which may probably be given to the world by his executors. His death will doubtless be the occasion of many solemnities in Paris and in all parts of the world where his works are known.

There is too much truth, though, in the following from Mr. Dana's New York *Sun*:

He was a man of prodigious genius, a man also of prodigious indolence. God gave him the greatest talent vouchsafed to any lyric composer of this generation, and for thirty-eight years he has hid that talent and denied the world all fruits therefrom. He was a gourmand and a voluptuary. His years were spent in ministering to his own vanity and his own bodily comfort, mostly that of his palate. When he was young and poor he worked, never consecutively or faithfully, but mostly on emergencies. Having an opera to compose, and six weeks in which to compose it, he passed four of them in idleness, and then by the aid of his fertile genius did the work in the remaining two. His ideas flowed with an astonishing rapidity. He asked only for pen, paper, and a fit libretto, and, these before him, never hesitated for a moment as to what he should write. He would compose in bed, and so incredible was his laziness, and so great the fertility of his invention, that when a fine duet that he was writing, and had almost finished, slipped off the bed and beyond his reach, rather than get up for it, he took another sheet and composed another duet entirely different from the first. At the age of thirty-five, at the very crown of his life, and in the ripeness and fullness of his great powers, he suddenly broke off work, threw down his pen, and gave himself up to idleness and ease.

Up to this time he had composed thirty-eight operas and some minor works. Most of them have fallen into oblivion; the names only are remembered. The unpublished scores are in the libraries of the opera houses scattered over Italy.

The lack in Rossini's character was conscience. He was not only not conscientious in what he did, but he was not even serious for the most part. As the "Barber of Seville" called for neither conscientiousness nor seriousness, only for genius in musical composition, he was in it absolutely successful. It stands first and foremost of all the comic operas ever written. As the "Stabat Mater"—most touching, sad, and beautiful of the noble hymns of the Roman Church—called for deep solemnity of feeling, and a devotional and conscientious treatment in accordance with the religious feeling that pervades the words, and as Rossini had not these to give, we find the emotions of the Virgin Mother at the foot of the cross expressed in strains of meretricious beauty perfectly at variance with the spirit of the text. The Madonna is simply theatrical, a stage Madonna tricked out with half serious arias and concerted pieces. Rossini himself was ashamed subsequently of his own levity. We are not now denying the beauty of the music; that, of course, is beyond question. We refer to it simply to illustrate our conviction that the composer did not usually work seriously, or in a manner to entitle him to the highest place in the temple of fame, which, had he chosen, he might have won. Sometimes, however, he threw his real soul into the work. In "William Tell," his last opera, he fairly showed that great things were possible to him, and serious things. Alas for the lovers of music, and for his own reputation with posterity, that having once risen to this height he should have thrown himself down in supine sloth, and that the world should have at last to confess that in his death it met no loss.

Music at Home.

Symphony Concerts. A more worthy and impressive opening of another noble series (the fourth),

than the concert of Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 12, could hardly have been desired. Expectation, nourished and assured by three steadily improving seasons, was at the height. Very nearly 1500 season tickets to the ten concerts had been eagerly taken, to 1300 of last winter. All were punctually in their seats, and the Music Hall revealed few empty places. Nor does increase of numbers seem at all to let down or unsettle the tone of musical good behavior; it is still the best listening crowd that can be found; manners well up to concert pitch; "expressive silence" everywhere; less of coming in late, or shifting about, far less of going out early, than ever before; quality keeps up with quantity. On the other hand, the orchestra appeared in fuller proportions and in better trim. Organization has done its work there; a common pride and pleasure in the noble music animates them. There were just 62 instruments; 12 first violins, headed by Schultze, including the brothers Listemann—a great accession; 10 second violins; 9 violas; 6 violoncellos; 7 double basses; 18 wind instruments.

The very first strong chords of Beethoven's grand and really religious Overture, in C, op. 24, called the "Dedication of the House," made the rich sonority of the full orchestra felt at once. And throughout the concert the *ensemble* was satisfying beyond any past experience here except the great Festival in May. That overture, though written for the opening of a theatre, was truly a sublime and fit "inauguration" (we may use the abused word for once) of a season of concerts of so high an aim. The two excellent bassoons did their running passage near the beginning finely, and were not as usual quite obscured by the noonday blaze of trumpets; the horns and all the wind band, in their individualities, were as nice and true as one could hope; the violins keen, fine and searching, the middle strings warm and rich, the basses round and massive; the intentions of the music were in the main brought out significantly; both stately prelude, deep and tender places that recalled the *Leonora*, and finally the swift, emphatic, nervous Handelian fugue, in which all the voices work themselves up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. It was certainly creditable to the conductorship of Mr. Eichberg, considering the very short time he had had to establish a fair understanding between himself and the musicians; against him was the want of routine and therefore some nervousness; but for him, manifest in this, and still more in the Symphony, a fine musical perception, a vitalizing earnestness and real feeling of the music.

We can truly say, and we believe it was the general feeling, that never before have we enjoyed the *Eroica* so keenly. For the first time, that only one of the Beethoven Symphonies really made its mark in Boston. The whole audience felt it, felt its unity and grandeur, felt the *lift* of its great thoughts and rhythm. The rendering was unequal, to be sure. In the finale of the *Marcia funebre*, despite the earnestly bespeaking gestures of the Conductor, some of the instruments balked and the soft, short chords were blurred. But the low multitudinous murmur of the Scherzo, exciting, as of crowds on the eve of a glorious revolution, and the breezy proclamation of the four horns in the Trio, told significantly. Best of all, the last movement, with its variations,—(we heard it likened to the dropping of a few seeds in the ground—the theme—and the springing up and spreading in the variations to a giant tree), was indeed superbly played.

After this stately introduction a short ten minutes rest, and then the radiant face and form of Miss Alide Topp, surer than she knew of an enthusiastic welcome, appeared upon the stage. The orchestra was hardly as happy in the accompaniment of Chopin's E-minor Concerto, as in the purely orchestral pieces,—short time for rehearsal was the only reason; but she played it wonderfully well; a little stiffly in the beginning perhaps, from nervousness, creditable to her musical feeling; but that soon wore off. The delicate Romance was exquisitely breathed upon the the canvas, and that most bright, vivacious, piquant, thoroughly healthy Rondo finale was irresistible. Chopin is sometimes sickly, but not here; a glorious composition from first to last, so interesting at every point that you scarcely think of its swift, bewildering intricacies—thanks to the three fine renderings we have had of it within a twelve month!—The ever welcome Overture to *Oberon* closed the concert with great spirit.

The second concert will be next Friday, Thursday being Thanksgiving. Then Mr. Zerrahn will be welcomed back to his Conductor's post. He arrived home in time to be a pleased listener last time. The programme stands thus: Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony (second time in Boston); the great soprano Scena and Aria from "Fidelio," in which Miss Anna S. Whitten will make her first public appearance since her studies abroad; Sterndale Bennett's Overture: "The Wood Nymph," the pendant to his "Naiads," (first time.)—Part II. Haydn's Military Symphony (first time here for many years); Songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn; Weber's "Jubilee" overture.

The two Kellogg Concerts, a fortnight ago, were personal ovations, for the young prima donna always had her host of admirers, here as elsewhere, and the reports of her successes in the London operas have lifted her, we dare not guess how high, in their imagination. We heard the first concert, which had all the faults of concerts in which the person passes for all, the music for a secondary matter. That is, it was of medley composition (aggregation, rather); there were intolerable waitings and delays in it, and still more intolerable encores; and there were things given in answer to encores, which savored of claptrap and courting of cheap adulation. "Sweet Home," for instance, might do, rarely, for a great Queen of Song to indulge an audience with; for an absolute sovereign can condescend to such familiarity with the dear people, just as the Russian serfs might call their Empress *Mütterchen* (to use the German of Janauschek's play); but it does sound affected in anybody less; though in this case it was simply and well sung. And that kissing song, where the little lips went out and about to all the audience, was in bad taste.

Miss Kellogg returns to us the same as ever, only a little healthier in appearance; with the air of self-consciousness exaggerated and with elaborate conformity in make-up to the last bad extremity of fashion, which to an artist should be vulgar. The sprightliness of manner, the thousand little personal appeals and coquetries, charming to many, are still hers. The voice too is essentially the same, only less worn than when we heard her last, and her execution facile, finished, graceful as of old, perhaps even more so. She is full of cleverness, no one can question; a very accomplished singer, though it does not seem to be in her nature ever to become a *great* one. Her best effort that evening was Mozart's "*Voi che sapete*." The duet from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," with the baritone, Sig. Petrilli, was interesting, and the *Romeo and Juliet* waltz of Gounod brilliant and decidedly in character.

Refreshingly natural and charming, both in dress and look and manner, was the appearance of Miss Topp, who played two things by Liszt: his *Etude* on Paganini's *Campanella*, (with the "*Gnomen-reigen*" for encore,) and the first Hungarian Rhapsody, as she only plays them. Herr Wenzel Kopta showed himself a very skilful virtuoso of the violin, in pieces by Vieuxtemps and Paganini; tone fine and slender, but pure; execution finished; fond of extravagances. Herr Lotti, with sweet, small German tenor voice, sang *Adelaide* tastefully, only too slow in the last part, besides a song and duet from *Martha*. Sig. Petrilli is a fair baritone. The concert closed with the familiar trio from Verdi's *Attila*.

Miss Kellogg returns, with the same assistants, to give two more concerts in the Music Hall, to-night and to-morrow night.

Oratorio begins next week. In successive days after the Symphony Concert, we are to have *Judas Maccabæus* on Saturday evening, and *Elijah* on Sunday. Mr. Zerrahn is on hand to conduct, and the Handel and Haydn chorus is strong in numbers, full of zeal, and has been well drilled by Mr. Lang, who will be at the Organ. Several new singers will lend interest. In *Judas*, Miss Anna Granger, who divides the soprano solo with Miss Houston, Mrs. C. A. Barry (formerly Mrs. Cary), takes the contralto, Mr. James Whitney the tenor, and Mr. H. Wilde (new comparatively) the bass. In *Elijah*, besides Miss Houston, Miss L. M. Gates will make a first appearance as soprano; contralto, Mrs. Barry; tenor, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, who is said to have greatly improved; basses, Mr. J. F. Winch, for the first time as Elijah, and Mr. H. Wilde. A full orchestra of course.

Mrs. Ronn, whose card appears in this paper, is an English lady of character and culture, the widow of a distinguished professor and man of science in New Brunswick. She brings unquestioned references, and we trust will readily find occupation both as an organist in some church, being trained in the English service, and as a teacher of the piano forte.

Baltimore.—The Messrs. Chickering & Sons, with characteristic liberality and zeal for musical culture, have presented one of their noble Grand Pianos to the "Academy of Music of the Peabody Institute of the city of Baltimore,"—the new institution over which our townsman, Mr Southard, has been called to preside. The Baltimore *American* which publishes the correspondence between the Messrs. Chickering and the Trustees of the Academy, also speaks well of the progress which Mr. Southard has already made in drilling an orchestra for the winter concerts.

Philadelphia.—We have already alluded to the awakening interest in classical music in the old Quaker city. Not content with all those fine Chamber Concerts, and the Orchestral entertainments half classical, half popular, the music lovers there have set to work in earnest to establish something solid and permanent, like our own Symphony Concerts. The *Bulletin* says:

We have alluded already to the fact that a movement was on foot to establish a Philharmonic Society in this city, and we are glad to announce that the efforts of our best musicians in this direction have been crowned with success.

The Philharmonic Society has been inaugurated in accordance with the oft expressed wishes of leading connoisseurs and professors, for the establishment of a Musical Association similar to that of the same name in New York and London. Its primary object will be the dissemination of pure taste, through stated performances of the very highest order of compositions, vocal and instrumental; nor will its efforts for the elevation of Philadelphia's musical prestige ever be relaxed. It is proposed to furnish the public with four concerts at the Academy of Music, and three rehearsals before each concert at Horticultural Hall, with a highly drilled and well appointed orchestra of not less than fifty each season, on the terms elsewhere set forth; and to intersperse the concerted music with brilliant solos by first class artists, both vocal and instrumental.

The first concert will be given on the evening of Saturday, January 16, 1869, with the following programme:

Symphony in A. Op. 67 Four movements. Beethoven
Orchestra.
Overture, "Lurline".. ..... W. V. Wallace.
Concerto, Violin Op 64 E minor. (Three movements.
Orchestral Accomp.) ....Mendelssohn.
Mme Camilla Urso.
Concerto, Piano, Op. 21 F minor Larghetto and allegro vivace. (Orchestral Accomp.).. .....Chopin.
Mr C. H Jarvis.
Overture, "Jubilee".. . .. .Von Weber
Conductor, Mr W G Dietrich

The first Public Rehearsal will take place on Friday, January 1st, 1869, at 3 o'clock, P. M. at Horticultural Hall.

The following gentlemen are officers of the society, Chas. R. Dodworth, President; V. Von Amsburg, Vice President; Ludwig A. Tschirner, Treas.; C. A. Braun, Librarian. Directors—Charles H. Jarvis, M. H. Cross, H. L. Albrecht, Carl Wolfsohn, G. Mueller, C. Plagemann.

The third orchestral matinée of Messrs. Sentz & Hassler gave the Philadelphians a first hearing of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," who appear to have received it with indiscriminate, unbounded admiration, and are calling for a repetition. It was preceded by Mehul's overture to *Joseph*; Ernst's *Elegie*, played by W. Stoll, Jr.; and a Serenade for Horn and Flute obbligato. The two movements of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony in B minor called forth equal enthusiasm in a preceding concert. Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony was the great feature of the fourth matinée; followed by a Strauss Waltz, a flamboyant dance and march, and the debut of a violoncellist, of which the *Bulletin* says:

The most attractive of these afterpieces was the violoncello solo by Mr. Rudolph Hennig, who made his debut in Philadelphia at this concert. Mr. Hennig played with most exquisite grace and feeling, and established himself at once in the favor of his audience. He is destined to be very popular, and he richly deserves to be. He certainly is without an equal in this city now, and we question if he has ever had a superior among our resident musicians. His playing is characterized by breadth and strength of tone, by unusual power of expression, by delicacy and pathos, and by a depth of passionate feeling which belong only to a genuine, devoted artist. Mr. Hennig will play at Mr. Wolfsohn's concerts during the winter.

Another of these matinées began with Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," but, as if alarmed at its own boldness, proceeded to fling sops to Cerberus in the shape of a Cornet solo, a quadrille from *La Grande Duchesse*, (!), &c.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society gave its first public rehearsal on the 13th inst., when Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 "Eroica," "Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantasique," and Gade's overture "Hamlet," were performed—the latter for the first time in America.

During the coming season six concerts will be given, each preceded by the usual three preliminary public rehearsals. The following orchestral works will be performed under the direction of Mr. Bergmann.

SYMPHONIES.

No. 1 in C.....Beethoven.
No. 3 "Eroica," E flat .....Beethoven.
Symphony, E b.....Haydn.
No. 5 "Reformation, in D".....Mendelssohn.
(First time by the Society).
No 4, D minor..... .....Schumann.
Two parts from unfinished Symphony.....Schubert.
(First time by the Society).

SYMPHONIC POEMS.

"On the Mountain" (First time in America).....Liszt.
"Ideale" (First time by the Society) .....Liszt
Two parts from "Symphonie Fantasique".....Berlioz.
The whole Music with Choruses and Declamation to "Manfred" (first time).....Schumann.

OVERTURES.

"Hamlet" (first time in America)..... .....Gade.
"Semiramide" (first time in America).....Catell.
"Iphigenia".....Gluck.
"Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven.
"Faust".....Wagner.
Concerto No. 2, in A [first time in America).....Hiller.
"Melusine".....Mendelssohn.
Three parts from "Suite".....Bach.
(First time by the Society).

The following eminent artists have expressed their willingness to assist at the different concerts: Mme. LaGrange, Mme. Parepa Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Mme. Urso, Herr Ole Bull and Mr. S. B. Mills.

Mr. Edwin Booth, the distinguished tragedian, has consented to deliver the soliloquy of "Manfred," from Byron's poem, and the choral parts will be performed by the Liederkranz Society.

For the rest, it would seem that Offenbach has it all his own way in New York; this last vulgar fashion not only kills the chances of true opera, but keeps all other music in abeyance. Thus, the *Evening Post* says:

It is confessed in musical circles that the season just opened will hardly be as brilliant as some of its predecessors. The givers of concerts are timid and dubious. Facts prove that the public prefers the glittering gaiety of the Opera Bouffe to the more sedate attractions of the concert room. The engagement books of the leading halls show that they are not in as much demand this winter as usual.

Of the concerts that are announced a majority are by local musicians and musical professors, who will, to a great extent, depend for patronage upon their personal friends. They offer programmes, however, which ought to be attractive to the general public. At Mr. Hauer's concert at Steinway Hall, this evening, for instance, Mme. La Grange and Mr. W. J. Hill will sing, Mr. Kopta will play the violin, and Mr. Morgan will play the organ, besides the pianoforte performances of the beneficiary.

On Saturday night the Arion Vocal Society will give their annual concert at Steinway Hall, with their full chorus and an orchestra of sixty, under Carl Bergmann. Mr. Candidus, the solo tenor of the society, will sing several selections which, to the musician, will be interesting from their immense difficulty. Kopta will be the solo violinist and Mills the pianist.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th, there will be a concert at Steinway Hall, for the debut of Miss Henrietta Markstein, a little girl pianist of whose precocious skill marvellous stories are told. She will be supported by other performers of ability.

Next Sunday night Ignatz Pollak, a baritone who has been frequently heard in the concert room, will give a concert at Steinway's, where, indeed, all the musical entertainments of note—excepting the Philharmonic Concerts—will take place. He has secured the assistance of Gazzaniga to sing, Urso to play the violin, and Hendrichs, the German tragedian, to give recitations. The combination is a good one, and will probably bring out our Teuton citizens in large force.

A concert is talked of for the evening of the 21st, for the benefit of the family of the late Edmund Remack. Theodore Thomas gave a concert last night, with two orchestras, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; and announces a similar concert in Newark next Tuesday night.

It is expected that the Harmonic Society will give the usual Christmas performance of the "Messiah" this year, though no special arrangements have yet been made. Brooklyn is soon to have, at its Academy of Music, a performance of the "Creation." Miss Brainerd, Mr. Simpson and J. R. Thomas having been engaged as the leading singers.

As yet Mr. Harrison has made no announcements as to the expected series of oratorio performances at Steinway Hall; but probably later in the season the Harrisonian oracle will speak. In the meantime, there are signs of renewed vitality in the two leading choral societies of this city—the Harmonic and the Mendelssohn; but there is no apparent possibility of the fusion of these two respectable but limited associations into one choral society which would be worthy of the metropolis.

Mr. Maretzek's plans for a brief opera season of one short week would lead a foreign reader to suppose that New York was a provincial town, only occasionally visited by operatic artists. His company, with the exception of the prima donna Cellini, whose name is new to us, shows an array of familiar lyric performers, who will attract audiences through their merits rather than their novelty. It is rumored that if Miss Kellogg joins the troupe the season will be prolonged, and that Auber's latest opera, "Un Jour de Bonheur," will be produced, together with something new from Flotow's pen. Next week Verdi, Beethoven and Meyerbeer will be the reigning composers, and as opera will be given on alternate nights in Italian and German, all tastes ought to be gratified. Mrs. States, whose powerful voice attracted favorable comment during the opening season at Pike's Opera House, will now be heard for the first time in the Academy of Music. Orlandini takes the place of first baritone, so long and satisfactorily held here by Signor Bellini. Hermanns is the best basso in Maretzek's troupe, and it would be unreasonable to ask for a better. We wish for Maretzek every possible victory in his forthcoming skirmish on his old battlefield.

In the line of French Bouffe there is little to say that is new. At the French Theatre Mr. Grau finds that "Genevieve" is drawing crowded houses, and that among his singers who have been less widely noticed than the leading names, Mme. Guerretti is attracting special attention, from the purity of her vocal style and the charming quality of her voice. This lady is the wife of Alard the violinist, and is a treasure that adds greatly to the success of "Genevieve." The serenade of the first act, *En passant sous le fenêtre*, has become a popular melodic favorite, and, with the hunters' quartet and the Tyrolean trio, is the most admired portion of the opera.

Mr. Bateman's troupe are giving this week the "Belle Helene" at Pike's Opera House, Tostée nightly securing a double encore in the *Mari Sage*. Next week the "Barbe Bleue" will be revived, with Irma and Aujac in their original characters. Offenbach's "Perichole" is promised at this establishment. The opera house will remain intact, notwithstanding the change of proprietorship in the main building. Talking of opera bouffe, we may add here that the Worrell sisters expect soon to bring out an English version of "Barbe Bleue" at the New York Theatre.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS. The *Advertiser*, of our neighbor city, tells us, what hosts of musical friends of the beneficiary will be glad to know, that:

The Concert at Union Hall, last Friday evening, complimentary to Miss Noyes, the booker of Ditson, the music publisher, Boston, was a great success, the hall being crowded—the audience being composed principally of Bostonians—and the gentlemen and ladies whose names appeared on the programme rendered their parts in a satisfactory manner. The ladies who appeared were Miss Addie S. Ryan and Mrs. D. C. Hall, and Messrs. Barnabee, W. W. Davis, G. Gove, J. W. Cheeney, T. P. Ryder, and Professor Wallach.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Pie Rondo. (C'est un pâté). 3. G to *a*. "*Genevieve.*" 40

Pity me! (Bon ermite.) 3. G to *g*. " 40

The Ruddy Day awakes. (Tyrolienne). 3. G to *a*. 40 "*Genevieve.*" 40

Fair Genevieve with nuburn hair. (Couplets de la mèche. 3. F to f. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Duet of the two Men-at-arms. 3. F to *g*. " 30

Beneath my ladies' window. 2. G to *g*. Serenade and duet. "*Genevieve.*" 30

Still from "Genevieve," which contains a large number of agreeable melodies. The Pie Rondo is one of the greatest favorites. The second is the comical supplication to the Hermit of the Ravine. The third, a very spirited Tyrolean trio. The fourth, the curious tale of the change of color in the lady's pretty hair. The fifth, the Men-at-arms duet, which is very good, and, in the opera, supremely funny, and the sixth the very favorite serenade, which cannot fail to please.

The Nobbiest one at last, 3. D to e. *Batchelder*, 30
The Ladies. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. *Porter.* 30

Old Hats. 2. E*b* to f. *Pratt.* 30

Sweet Isabella. 2. D to e. *Legbourne.* 30

Four songs of that kind which is very saleable, uniting a fair amount of wit and humor with very whistle-able melodies. "The Nobbiest one" struts proudly through his little piece. Not so the heart-broken vender of old hats, who lost both his love and his money, as did the suitor of fair Isabella, who sings his woes in double rhyme. "The Ladies" is a graceful effusion on a well worn, but still always attractive subject.

Come into the garden, Maud. 3. B*b* to f. *Miss Lindsay.* 40

Tennyson's sweet words with equally sweet music.

Let this brow on thy bosom reclining. 3. B*b* to *g*. *F. H. Jenks.* 35

Sentimental and pleasing.

Lo, I am with you alway. 3. A*b* to *a* flat. *Blake.* 35

A solo, duet, and quartet, with beautiful words, and is a sweet, consoling sacred piece.

I wouldn't if I could. 2. C to f. *Pratt.* 30

Quite a bright little thing, and will please.

Instrumental.

Wild Wave Quickstep. 2. E*b*. *Adams.* 30

Spirited and dashing, like a wave.

Gondellied. 3. A. *Spindler.* 35

Has the crisp elegance characteristic of the composer.

Gendarmes Polka. 3. G. "Genevieve." Arr. by *Knight.* 30

Drogan Schottische. " " 30

Contain a few bright airs from the Opera, which seems to be made up in a great measure of dancing tunes set to music.

Revue Melodique. Zampa. 4 hds. 4. *Beyer.* 75

Good arrangement from a melodious opera.

Potpouri. Don Giovanni. 4 *Wels.* 75

A capital arrangement.

Moonlight. Polka Redowa. 3. A*b*. *Wellman.* 35

Pretty music. Pretty title.

Oberon. Fant. Brillante. Op. 86. 5. C. *Leybach.* 75

Very graceful, with plenty of cadenzas, light arpeggios, &c.

Grand Duchesse Quickstep. For Brass Bands. 1.00

Well-known favorite.

Flying Trapeze. For Brass Bands. 1.00

Very popular.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 722. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 19.

The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

(Continued from page 346).

I.

ANALYSIS OF SOUND. (*Completed*).

It is necessary to distinguish between the *impression* and the *sensation* of sound. The impression results from the communication of a material movement to a part of the nervous system; the sensation refers this movement to the presence of an external object. The first is entirely passive, the second can receive an education more or less complete, can become blunted or refined by force of will. In the midst of a concert what are we interested to distinguish? The different instruments, violin, flute, clarinet, bass, &c.; this we soon learn to do. In a noisy conversation, it is important to us to refer the voices to persons; habit renders this labor easy to us; but if it is absolutely necessary to us to recognize sounds of different origin, it is of no use to analyze a particular sound into all its component notes; such analysis would only bring trouble into our sensibility. If we had by force of attention acquired the privilege of decomposing all sounds, this perpetual division would prevent our perceiving the phenomena of the outward world as easily as we do by hearing.

The manifold impressions made upon the nervous system by a note escorted by its harmonic parasites (overtones) are usually blended in a single sensation. To the analysis of this sensation we must bring a very great attention, a certain power and intensity of abstraction to detect in it the different impressions that compose it; this can be done, however, and the experiment is as interesting to the philosopher as to the physicist. Strike, for example, *Do* on a piano where the hammers have been raised so as to give the strings full freedom: listening attentively, you will not be slow to hear two upper notes, scarcely perceptible at first, but soon growing more distinct, (namely, the *Sol* of the octave above and the *Mi* of the double octave). These notes, which one would say were echoes, answer to vibrations three times, five times more rapid than those of the fundamental *Do*. The vibrations of double and quadruple rapidity, answering to the octave and the double octave, are much more difficult to follow. To make the experiment more easy, you must put into the ear beforehand, by playing it separately, the harmonic note which you are seeking to hear.

One might believe, since one hears best that which he wishes to hear, that there is some mental illusion in this phenomenon; but such incredulity is easily undeceived. Take a fine metallic string: in vibrating, it will spontaneously divide itself into two, three, four, five parts, to give all its harmonics; the points of division are called *nodes* and remain immovable in the relative movement. Between two nodes is placed what is called a *belly*, that is a point where the vibratory force draws the string as far as possible out of its primitive position. This being understood, let us suppose the string in full vibration, so as to give all its harmonics (and it can be made to yield as many as sixteen at a time); it will be easy to suppress certain ones of them at will, by lightly touching with the finger or with a pencil those points of the string where theory has already told us that the bellies corresponding to these harmonics must be found. If I touch the middle of the string, all the harmonics of the odd numbers disappear; if it be touched at one third of its length, the numbers 3, 6, 9 will fail. One can vary and modify this experiment *in infinitum*, can press more or less lightly upon that point of the string which he wishes to smother, can make the sound pass by successive gradations from the fullest *timbre* to the thinnest, can enrich it or impoverish it at will; the ear follows all these metamorphoses with docility. It no longer perceives the harmonics after they have ceased to sound; these therefore have an absolute reality, quite independent of the subjective sensations of the observer.

The stringed instruments are the richest in harmonics; in most of the wind instruments, and above all in the human voice, it is much more difficult to hear them. Yet Rameau had already very clearly detected them in the voice of man.* He had remarked that the fundamental sound is escorted by two acute notes, the fifth of the octave and the major third of the double octave. Indeed it is to this great musician that we owe the expressions, *fundamental sound* and *harmonic sounds*. He endeavored to base the whole theory of music upon this phenomenon of multiple resonance, and to deduce from it the formation of the gamut and even the principal rules of harmony. His work unfortunately was destined to remain imperfect; for, without mechanical means for analyzing sounds, he knew too little of harmonics and, in the lack of science, was obliged to grope his way in the direction where his profound genius and rare delicacy of perception urged him. Helmholtz has completed the imperfect work of the French musician: his instruments furnished him sure guides to harmony; the analysis of sounds becomes now as easy, as precise, as it was before vague and difficult.

Organ builders for a long time had felt the necessity of swelling the harmonics of the fundamental notes. Organ pipes by nature are comparatively poor in overtones; so when it is desired to give a good deal of brilliancy and power to a note, they reinforce it with a special accompaniment composed of from three to seven pipes of tin tuned to the ratios of the harmonic consonances, that is to say, an octave or a fifth apart (in Italy they also use the third). This ensemble of pipes which sound together is called a *furniture*, or *mixture*, and is employed in the full organ. It gives to the ear the sensation of a single note, the lowest one of the assemblage; the acute harmonics or *overtones* only have the effect of enriching, seasoning the sound, of giving it a livelier *timbre*. Up to this day, the theory of the *furnitures* had remained an enigma for the physicists as well as for the organ builders: it is very well explained since Helmholtz has demonstrated experimentally that every musical sound is analogous to the sound of a furniture or mixed stop in an organ.

The knowledge of the overtones necessarily remained sterile so long as they were taken for fleeting echoes, irregular, so faint that the ear need not concern itself about them. We now know that they play a preponderating part in the phenomena of sound, that they give it quality, *timbre*, or what may be called color. One makes but a grey and colorless music (*musique grise*) with instruments which only give a fundamental sound, as membranes, tuning forks, strings which are hampered in their movements, large stopped organ pipes; but we get *colored music* from cords freely vibrating, from organ pipes reinforced by mixtures. Each sound, then, is full of harmonics, and the impressions come in a crowd upon the auditory apparatus.

One is surprised, when he sets to work to study the overtones, to find them sometimes so sonorous; we must not deem them weak because we have some difficulty in distinguishing them, for this difficulty is less due to the weakness of the vibrations than to a phenomenon at once physiological and psychological. We have no difficulty in referring different sounds to different instruments; but it is not enough to say that experience has permitted us to distinguish them without effort; we must consider that a thousand material circumstances aid us there incessantly. On different instruments, the same note has variable phases of intensity; it leaps out and slowly dies away on a piano; it swells itself out in a wind instrument; on the violin, especially when the artist is maladroit, a series of little interruptions add a certain snarly quality. Each instrument, each voice moreover follows a particular rhythm: the notes, here rapid, light and airy, are there slow and solemn; the intervals differ also; sometimes the notes leap, bound freely, sometimes they mount and descend deliberately. In short, in every instrument the production of sound is accompanied with little characteristic noises. The bow of the violin frets and scrapes; the air whistles round the apertures of wind instruments; the dry noise of the keys of a piano mingles with the vibrations of the strings. Our sensibility is habituated to all these shades, and these circumstances explain why we habitually distinguish their sounds, even in unison; but let the finest ear listen to two notes produced in physical conditions *absolutely identical*, at an octave apart from one another for example, and the ear, astray, will think it hears only the lowest sound; the upper note will be lost, swallowed up in the lower note.* The natural ear has little aptitude for separating the harmonic notes; so it constantly happens with the best musicians to be deceived

* "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique.*" Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867.

* *Elements de musique.* Lyon, 1762.

by an octave. The famous violinist Tartini,† who had pushed the theory of music very far, has carried too high by an octave a great many tones which spring from the concurrence of two sounds.

(To be continued.)

* Helmholtz proved this by the experiment of making the air vibrate in two decanters, to the mouths of which were attached india rubber tubes through which he forced the air by a bellows. When the decanter tuned to the lowest note began to vibrate, it produced a smothered note, of which the timbre recalled the sound of the diphthong *ou* (*oo* in English). When the two decanters vibrated together, the fundamental sound was always heard; only the addition of the second sound, which was the harmonic octave of the first, gave to the total sound the timbre of *o*.

† *Traité de l'harmonie*, 1754.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony."

In 1830 Protestant Germany was preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the "Confession of Faith," presented by Luther and Melancthon to the Emperor Charles V. at Augsburg. It was almost inevitable that Mendelssohn, then but twenty-one years of age, should take advantage of such an opportunity for conspicuously employing his talents and extending his fame. At all events he set about writing a symphony, avowedly intending it for performance at Leipsic on the occasion of the festival. The work was done in good time, copied at Weimar (where Mendelssohn was staying on a visit to Goethe, just before starting for Italy) and—there is no reason to doubt—sent to Leipsic in due course. But unforeseen events induced the composer to alter his plans. The proposed rejoicings greatly irritated the Catholic section of the population, and to such a height did party spirit rise, that disturbances took place in several of the principal cities. These events led to a general forboding that the *fête* would not be allowed to take place quietly, and therefore, in the exercise of what must have been a wise discretion, Mendelssohn withdrew his symphony till it could be heard under more auspicious circumstances. Nearly two years and a half passed by, however, before a favorable opportunity presented itself. In the meantime the work had been rehearsed at the Paris Conservatoire, and for two months the composer was in expectation of its immediate performance. To this suspense the advent of the cholera era put an effectual, if untoward ending, and the honor of first playing the "Reformation" symphony eventually fell to the lot of Berlin, where it was given in November, 1832, at a concert for the Orchestral Widows' Fund. Immediately after being produced with so much difficulty, it was withdrawn for reasons the exact nature of which can only be guessed. The balance of probability is clearly in favor of Mendelssohn's dissatisfaction with his work, and his consequent intention to make improvements he never found time even to commence. But difficult as it is to tell why the composer refused to publish the symphony, the conduct of his executors in keeping it back for twenty years is far more inexplicable. In the one case there is a choice of reasons, in the other, so far as the public can see, there are no reasons at all.

Seldom has a symphony been sketched under more favorable conditions than those Mendelssohn enjoyed in the present instance. Designing to commemorate a leading event in a great religious revolution, the scope and plan of the work were too obvious to be mistaken. There could be no other way of adequately fulfilling its intention than by illustrating the downfall of the old and the rise of the new faith. But this was not all. Each faith had its representative music, which supplied the composer with a facile means of expression. On the one hand were the ancient and impressive melodies of the Catholic Church, on the other the vigorous and stirring *Volkslieder* which the tact of Luther so skilfully turned to account. Here were materials ready for use not likely to be overlooked by any writer of a "Reformation" symphony, much less by Mendelssohn, whose discrimination was on an equality with his musical genius. The work, it need hardly be said, is precisely what these considerations would suggest. It depicts the rise, progress and final success of rebellion against the ancient faith, personifying both the old and new order of things by help of distinctive melodies closely connected with each. Hence it follows that the meaning of the symphony is far more clear than is usual in cases where it has been left unexpressed in words. Only one movement, as will presently be seen, is at all ambiguous, and even that is susceptible of an interpretation, having probability obviously on its side. How far this intelligibleness increases the interest with which the work is heard we need not stop to show.

The symphony is divided into three parts, and subdivided into seven movements, of which two belong to the first part, one to the second, and four to the last. It opens with a short Andante (in D major) written so as to resemble a diapason piece for the organ in the seriousness of its style and the imitative character of its construction. By this Mendelssohn might have intended to depict faith as yet undisturbed by doubt or agitated by conflict. What that faith is he very soon makes clear, for the wind instruments in unison give out an ancient Catholic response, which breaks in upon the interweaving harmony of the strings with striking effect. The phrase thus used to symbolize the old religion is thoroughly characteristic, and once heard can hardly be forgotten. Its announcement, however, does not disturb the peaceful progress of the Andante, which soon terminates as calmly as it began. But this proves to be only an ominous quiet before the coming of a storm; for the opening bars of the second movement, an Allegro con fuoco in D minor, at once give the signal for conflict. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the skill with which the subject has here been treated by the composer. Listening to his music, one shares to some extent in the excitement of the struggle, while the ever-recurring Catholic response, as it soars above the din and turmoil, sounds like the warcry of a chief. The first and second subjects of the movement are finely contrasted, and their treatment down to the minutest details is of the most masterly order; but the main interest centres in the representative melody of the ancient faith. Heard or suggested throughout, it becomes more and more imperative towards the close, as if it would command peace with the voice of authority. But the effect is altogether the reverse. The "coda" of the movement is the climax of the struggle, and one of the most stirring "crescendos" in the whole realm of music brings the Allegro to a passionate close, leaving the mind in doubt as to what the final result will be.

The second part of the symphony—a Scherzo in B flat, with Trio in G—has been variously interpreted. But if there be room for dispute as to its meaning, there is none as to its beauty. The themes have so much of the ingenuousness and unstudied grace of a little child, that a little child can understand and appreciate them as readily as a cultivated amateur. In this simple and natural loveliness a clew might be found to the composer's meaning. It is as if, weary of conflicting creeds, he turned to look upon the fields and flowers, and to listen to the songs of birds; finding in them the peace and rest denied elsewhere. But whatever may have been Mendelssohn's idea, the Scherzo will be popular as much for the welcome contrast it affords as for its own inherent charm. Both at the Crystal palace and St. James's Hall it was encored with every mark of approval.

The last great division of the symphony opens with an Andante in G minor, which seems to embody a prayer for supreme guidance in the midst of so much doubt and incertitude. The theme—broadly phrased and wonderfully expressive—is given to the violins, and forms a very striking feature in the work. No more pathetic music was ever written, even by Mendelssohn himself. Presuming it to be a prayer, the answer is not long delayed, for after a slight reference to the second subject of the Allegro, the reason of which is not very obvious, the flute solo gives out (in G major) the representative melody of the Reformation,—the well known *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*. (It may be worth while to note here that the composer has adopted the original form of the chorale, and not that made familiar by Bach and Meyerbeer). The grand old air, thus heard alone, and on one instrument, comes like a response from the skies, and its introduction is perhaps the most impressive that could be conceived. Presently the wood wind join in harmony, followed by a portion of the strings; which thenceforward accompany the progress of the melody. At its close an Allegro vivace commences (also in G major), having the theme of the chorale for its subject. The musical embodiment of a purer faith is broken up in this short movement, and distributed among the instruments, snatches of it being given out, now here, now there, while the violins keep up an agitated accompaniment. At last the full orchestra announces the finale,—an Allegro maestoso, in D major, of such a character, so rich in imagination, so masterly in construction, and so skilfully carried out, that one can with difficulty believe it to be the work of a mere youth. In this wonderful movement Mendelssohn evidently designed to illustrate the triumph of the Reformation over all obstacles. These we may take to be represented by the first subject, a fugue on a capital theme, the appearance of which is answered by another subject full of the confidence of victory. At the close of the latter *Ein' feste Burg* reappears, and thenceforward constantly asserts itself. Occasionally it seems to be lost in the maze of sounds, but only to be heard again with added distinctness. Thus the result is never long doubtful, not even when the fugue enters a second time in a more elaborate guise than before, for the chorale triumphantly pursues its course unimpeded by the novel obstacle. The advance of the fugue, like the charge of the "Old Guard," is the last struggle of the old faith and the peroration at once begins. Grandly, and with ever-increasing interest, it is worked up, till at length the entire orchestra joins in delivering the opening bars of the Lutheran tune, and thus proclaims the success of the reformed belief.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Church versus Stage.

BY GEORGE W. TRYON, JR.

Many of your readers who have a predilection for theatre-going were probably considerably startled upon reading in the newspapers, of a few days since, the report of a meeting of a "Ministerial Union" at Chicago. The reverend gentlemen composing this assemblage made a sweeping attack on the opera and the drama, as the very hot beds of sin, where the devil had spread his most splendid lures to tempt the eye and ear and understanding of man, and where his infernal harvest far exceeded in abundance his gleanings from whisky or gambling hells. They presented a terrible picture of the indecency of speech and action encouraged on the public stage, of its licentiousness invested with romance, of its crimes rendered heroic, and of the scandalous lives of those who follow the profession. One gentleman stated that he was very fond of music and enjoyed hearing an opera, but was compelled by these serious considerations to forego the pleasure; another denounced in no measured terms the modern drama, and particularized certain plays as utterly unfit for Christian eyes to see or Christian ears to hear, and concluded by moving an appeal to the Illinois legislature to interpose the strong arm of the law in prevention of future exhibitions of a like character.

Now these terrible charges, if wholly sustained, may well cause thinking people, at whatever cost to their pleasure, to refrain from countenancing the drama by their presence and support; but if false, then have these gentlemen deliberately, not to say wickedly, inflicted an injury on the thousands who obtain their bread by the practice of the dramatic profession, besides awakening the doubts of professing Christians, and provoking anew the taunts of

"narrow-mindedness" and "bigotry" from those living without the fold of the church.

It seems certain that the charges are partially true, because it cannot be imagined that reverend gentlemen would denounce certain dramatic entertainments by name, to the manifest injury in reputation and purses of all therein interested, unless fortified by actual autopsy. Let us then admit *a priori* that these charges are partially proven, which we can the more readily concede in the cases particularized, by the concurrent testimony of the most respectable of the laity, and proceed to examine whether there is sufficient warrant for their general denunciation.

Here some of your readers may be inclined to discontinue perusing this paper, thinking that "ever since its origin, intolerance and old fogyism have been the bane of the church, and consequently, warnings like the Chicago manifesto have long since ceased to have weight with people of liberal minds; that the clergy, with few exceptions, have ever opposed obstinately every progressive movement in the world of thought and knowledge; that, almost eternally occupied as they are with the petty feuds about sects and ceremonies, they occasionally turn like an angry cat to spit impotently at the world at large." Now this is unfortunately the language and belief of a large number of people, and it may perhaps contain just as much truth as the tirade against the drama; but recrimination, at all events, is not justification, and since the charges have been preferred against the latter, it behoves us to consider them soberly, and endeavor to ascertain the nature and extent of the evil and then to apply the remedy.

We must for the sake of brevity assume that *mere* amusement, if innocent, is good for man because conducive to his happiness; that the precious capacity for happiness has been bestowed on man by his Creator, and that consequently innocent amusement has Divine sanction.

Now no one can say that he has not frequently heard vile expressions uttered upon the stage, and applauded by people who would be disgusted at hearing them elsewhere, and who would be ashamed to repeat them; but no one will, on consideration, charge this as an inherent and incradicable vice connected with the theatre, when he recollects that managers and actors simply cater to the wants of their patrons. Thus then the performers are tempted and the audience is the tempter. On the hypothesis that the drama is not inherently evil, the remedy for this vice is a plain one,—it is that Christian people shall make it a duty *to encourage* such dramatic entertainments as do not conflict with the cause of public morality.

These very persons, clergymen and others, who refrain entirely from attending theatres and opera houses are generally persons of great moral and social weight in the community; their countenance and support would cause a healthy reaction in the tone of theatrical performances and in the taste of theatre-going people. Moral expressions are assuredly quite as deserving of applause as immoral ones, decent actions and respectable lives as indecent and disreputable ones: then, if we pay the actor as well for being decent as he is paid for being scurrilous, licentious or blasphemous, *perhaps* we remove the temptation which his poor human nature has been incapable of withstanding, and *certainly* we turn the great populace from the evil ways which the Chicago meeting denounces.

Are the lives of singers or actors uniformly disreputable? We can answer, as can and will admit many of those who consider the theatre a place to be shunned, that such is by no means the case; that there are many bright examples of musical and dramatic ability of the first order joined to every christian and social virtue—that even many of these ladies and gentlemen are professing christians, supporters of churches and foremost in every good deed. And we may truly admire these, while we pity more than condemn their less steadfast fellow-professionals, when we recollect the temptations with which *we* have encompassed them, and especially that instead of extending to them the hand of sympathy and friendship, we coolly exclude them from the social circle; or, if we admit them to our homes, it is with a reservation—as a dainty gathering in of skirts from contact with an unclean thing—that is far more galling than utter neglect.

Since, then, there are actors of respectability, let our reverend clergy at Chicago and elsewhere by way of experiment, countenance instead of denouncing them, and they will be surprised at the contagiousness with which good as well as evil example will spread among singers and actors, as well as among other classes of the community.

Is the influence of the drama necessarily evil? To this it may be answered, that besides the hundreds of laymen who have written plays in which are found only the most ennobling and elevated language, over three hundred English clergymen, alone, have engaged in dramatic composition. It may be urged further, that so well persuaded are the clergy of the efficacy of theatrical appliances in assisting to awaken the holiest emotions of the human breast, that they practically do, and have availed themselves of the advantage of decorating the simple word of God which they preach with the gorgeous frame-work o architectural display, paintings, statuary, sublime music, and solemn ceremonial; that they rehearse their discourses and practice the arts of modulation and gesticulation. Even more, from the times of ancient Greece religious dramas have always formed a portion of public worship, and in our own day, in our own country, the Roman Catholic church has not disdained to avail itself of the drama as a means of depicting more vividly and impressively scenes in the life of our Lord, than could be accomplished by the aid of mere speech.

Thus, then, the drama is recognized as a great power that can, and too frequently does, exercise a malign influence upon mankind, but *which can be diverted to the very best purposes.* *

That the drama, and especially the opera as an amusement, offers surpassing attractions, must be admitted; that its influence is correspondingly great must be also conceded—so great indeed is it as to raise the question whether onslaughts upon it like that of Chicago are any less absurd or likely to have any other result than that following Don Quixote's attack on the windmills. Why, Mr. John Bartlett's book of "Familiar Quotations," shows us that of phrases in common use among the people—expressions which for good or bad have reached their hearts and brains and are influencing their thoughts and actions, Shakespeare has furnished nearly three times as many as the Bible.

Now are the representations of all operas and dramas now extant attended with evil, or have some of them good influence? The latter, by those who attend the theatres (and they only *can* testify) will be claimed at once. Who has not felt on beholding "Macbeth," that the terrible punishment of remorse which crime entails is conveyed far more vividly in this tragedy than pulpit eloquence could picture it?—who has not wept and felt elevated and bettered by the touching picture of filial love in "Lear"? Who has not felt his very soul and marrow penetrated during the grand prayer in the last scene of "Faust"?

——"Ah!" says the clergyman, "that is a point against the drama. Prayers are sung and spoken by actors for money, who have no heart in what they are saying, save the desire to impress and please their audience. It is simply blasphemy to pray in such a place."

To this it may be answered, that God is everywhere, that all places are alike sanctified unto Him; that the clergyman alike with the actor, rehearses his prayer and is paid for its delivery; that any petition to God, or indeed any use of His name, in other than a reverential sense and for a good purpose is blasphemy; but it is no worse in the theatre than in the pulpit, in the walks of daily life or in our literature. And in judging of this matter, we cannot perceive the material difference between the moral novel, in which the hero or heroine is allowed to pray with the full concurrence and hearty commendation of both clergy and laity, and the dramatic representation of the same story, except that the latter must increase the wholesome effect which is supposed to emanate from the former. In many dramas prayers are introduced upon occasions when the aim or moral of the story does not justify them, and such plays ought to be shunned and condemned by all christians—both audience and actors; but there are on the other hand notable instances where prayer, especially when clothed in sublime music, has sounded efficaciously in the theatre. Let those who doubt this, watch the emotion depicted on the faces of an entire audience during the delivery of Margueret's prayer in the last scene of "Faust." But the *present* tendency of the stage is at any rate towards evil, and it is rapidly degenerating. We have indecent librettos set to music of that trashy style that the gamins of the street most affect—music not a whit superior to "Dixie," "Bully for You," "Not for Joseph," *et id omne genus*, together with immoral sensation dramas and vulgar ballets; and the gamins go to hear and see these, and duly advertise them in the streets, and then respectable people go, and are duly disgusted, yet being of feeble resolution they yield to the charms of alluring advertisements and go again "just to see what *this* play is like," and each time that a new play is brought forward under the same suspicious auspices, do they go, and return disgusted; yet each time does their money and their presence contribute to the success of the vile thing.

If the people who in despite the warnings of your own and of other independent and respectable journals have persisted in going to see the "Grande Duchesse," "Lottery of Life," "White Fawn" or the "Black Crook;"—if these people, I say, had not put their money into the coffers of the managers, "just to see for themselves whether it was as bad as represented;" none of the recent disgraceful and demoralizing batch of plays could have kept the stage long enough to repay the expense of their production; and if people would refuse to hear in French or Italian, that which is unfit to hear in English, the whole batch of operas with vile librettos would be swept out of existence.†

Thoughtless people and people with a predilection for evil, go to see these plays, and religious people propose to correct the growing degeneracy and immorality by deserting the theatre altogether—thereby yielding the victory to their adversaries. If his nobility had remained around the person of Louis XVI instead of seeking safety in disgraceful flight, the horrors of the French revolution would have been avoided!

Here, then, is the chance for our Chicago friends and their brethren to work *real* good—to correct the abuses of which they complain. They have only to charge gallantly into the breach that is, the theatre, saying to their flocks: "Follow us; go not to see the 'Black Crook' or La Belle Helène,' but let us profit by the lessons conveyed in 'Faust' or 'Macbeth.'" Or why should they not say to their congregations, as an eminent New York divin has done.

* Whenever we use the word drama we include of course, all that style of music that is specially composed and adapted to illustrate declamatory and dramatic action as well as spoken plays.

† What a contrast do the operas performed by the Richings American Opera Troupe present to the same operas given under the auspices of foreign companies! In the former indelicate language is amended, indelicate action never seen, and from the principals to the choristers you feel that you are in presence of ladies and gentlemen who have too much self-respect to earn ephemeral reputation at the expense of decency.

"It is good to have pleasure, if it is harmless! Let us enjoy the sweet music of 'Fra Diavolo,' or 'Maritana' or 'Crown Diamonds,' or 'Martha.' Let us laugh at 'Crispino' or the 'Barber.' Let us have reproduced before us in the semblance of reality the tragic story of 'Marie Antoinette,' the wily statesmanship of 'Richelieu,' the homely Knickerbocker legend of "Rip Van Winkle'"?

The conclusion which we have endeavored to establish by our arguments is this:—

That the drama, and especially the opera, has an immense influence on the people, and, conversely, the people make it what it is. That influence is so great that opposition cannot destroy or even materially weaken it, but it is perfectly controllable. Its present tendency is bad, but it can be made effective for good ends, and the only way to make this change is to restore the singer or the actor to the place in the community which his talents entitle him to occupy, place him on a par with the clergyman, the doctor and the teacher, as a benefactor of mankind. Treat him as a christian gentleman should be treated, and he will assuredly prove his title to the position. For the rest—Support enthusiastically all good plays and condemn unreservedly all bad ones.

Rossini.

(From the London Daily Telegraph, November 16.)

"It will be poor Rossini's turn next," is said to have been Auber's remark when he learned that Meyerbeer was dead. The Frenchman backed his own healthy activity against the indolence of the Italian, sure that it would get the better of that, as it had already overmatched the feverish restlessness of the German. Meyerbeer, when he died four years ago, had reached the allotted term of three score years and ten; Rossini was two years older, and Auber twelve. Although Berlin was the natural head-quarters of the Prussian General-Musikdirector, he was so frequently attracted to Paris, and detained there so long by anxious preparations to bring out the long expected "Africaine"—whom he was doomed never to see Queen it upon the stage—that the French capital became to Meyerbeer a second home. Rossini—disgusted with modern Italy, which preferred political freedom to the cultivation of art, and which had shown scant patience with the veteran royalist musician—had taken refuge in the beautiful city where he was most honored, and among people whose flippant cynicism sorted well with the tone of thought which to the facile Southerner had become a second nature. Auber, of course, could be nowhere at his ease save on the beloved boulevards which had been the scene of his long succession of triumphs, and which he had never left since, some seventy years ago, he tried life in a London merchant's counting-house, and found it not at all to his liking. So the three greatest composers of their time, all jealousy laid aside, were constantly seen in each other's company; and they were so intimately associated in the public mind that people began to think they could not live apart, but that the passing bell of one would sound the last summons of the other two. But Auber knew himself and his colleague better. Both were, of course, affected by Meyerbeer's sudden death, especially Rossini; but both continued to enjoy life to the uttermost. It is but a few months since Auber, now eighty-six years old, brought out a new opera, and he is still the most indefatigable theatre-goer in Paris—the city, *par excellence*, of theatres. Rossini, although he continued his resolution to publish nothing except occasional *pièces de circonstance*, went on constantly composing, and still gathered round him the most charming *prime donne* and the cleverest men; so that his *salon* became the very centre of artistic Paris—the meeting place of all that was brightest in every art. When he was attacked with bronchitis, a few weeks ago, his health became a matter of more solicitude to the Parisians than that of a great statesman would be to us. Bulletins were issued at frequent intervals, signed by four of the most famous physicians. The most expert of surgeons was deputed to perform an operation which, unhappily, had become necessary. Men of genius—such, for instance, as Gustave Doré—made it their business to watch by the bedside, never leaving the illustrious musician night or day. The Minister of Fine Arts made daily official inquiries for the patient; and deputations travelled all the way from Pesaro to wait upon the dying moments of the great man whose birth had shed eternal lustre upon their distant home. But, though such affectionate homage, such tender reverence, must have brought supreme solace to the weakened giant—must have soothed his aching limbs and brightened his fading eyes—no skill and no care could ward off the approach of imperial Death. The words of Auber were verified at last; and while he himself was still hale and hearty, the great crisis fell upon his friend: on Saturday night it came to be "poor Rossini's turn."

Rossini's life has been to all appearance as happy as it was long. Born of poor parents, mere strolling musicians, he must have had in his early years just enough of suffering and privation to make him appreciate, with tenfold intensity, the flatteries, the triumphs, the luxuries which, from the time he came to man's estate, were poured into his lap. His gifted nature enabled him to acquire fame and fortune without any of the sacrifices which those jealous mistresses demand from ordinary men. His facility was from the first all but incredible; of this there are instances innumerable. A lady of Bologna, to whom young Rossini is attached, wishes to have an air that is sung by Mombelli. Rossini applies to the singer for a copy, and the famous tenor refuses to give it. The denial is useless; for Rossini, going to the theatre that evening, retains in his memory every note, and sends to the singer, as well as to his lady-love, a transcript of the score, exact in every note. Mombelli thinks that such an enemy had better be conciliated, and gives Rossini a commission for an opera. From the first, therefore, his very opponents pave the way for his future glory. Again, Rossini is composing in bed. The sheets of music fall to the ground; he is so lazy and comfortable, that, rather than get up in the cold to pick them from the floor, he composes another duet! Again, "Mosè in Egitto" is brought out at Naples, and being too good for the thoughtless public, is concluded on the first nights to empty benches. One morning the author of the libretto, Signor Tottola, calls on Rossini, and brings with him the words of a prayer which, he suggests, shall be sung by the Israelites before crossing the Red Sea. The composer, surrounded by his friends, reads the words, likes the idea, goes into the next room, and returns in a few minutes with the music of "Dal tuo stellato soglio," the most sumptuous and vividly dramatic of all operatic choruses. "Mosè" is given the following night, with this addition, and even the thoughtless Neapolitans are beside themselves with delight. Libretto after libretto being refused by the Roman censors, "The Barber of Seville" is at last proposed. Rossini knows that Paisiello's opera is a great favorite; but he sets to work on his task, and in a fortnight has set Beaumarchais' brilliant comedy to an inseparable accompaniment of light-hearted, full-throated melody—a long peal of musical laughter. The opera, to the disgrace of the Romans, is hissed the first night. Rossini gets up in the orchestra, and cries out aloud to a friend in the house, "Never mind what they say; the music is good." Sure of its ultimate triumph, he is so indifferent to the opinion of the hour, that on the second night of performance he goes quietly to bed instead of to the theatre, and is awakened out of a sound sleep by a serenade of the fickle audience whom his "Barber" has transported into a state of ecstacy.

He is cracking jokes with some friends while writing music. He has made them laugh so much that they are curious to know on what droll subject he is engaged. One looks over his shoulder and discovers that he has been scoring the famous trio in "Guillaume Tell," the most intensely pathetic, the most poignant in its burst of heart-broken anguish, of any in existence. An admirer compliments him on his unparalelled facility, and he waives aside the flattery with the quiet remark, "*Je n'ai jamais été de ceux qui transpirent en composant.*" It is this full knowledge of himself and complete confidence in his powers, combined with his unrivalled ease in composition, which have led to his being credited with almost omnipotent faculties. A man who did whatever he attempted better than anybody else and without apparent trouble, was naturally supposed to be able to do whatever he pleased. There may be exaggeration in the thousand stories which have him for the hero, but there must be fire to account for the quantity of smoke. Rossini was as universal in his sphere as Shakespeare himself. Nothing came amiss to him. The most reckless joviality, the most delicate fancy, the tenderest passion, and the deepest feeling dropped with equal ease from his all-capable pen. He could acclimatize himself at will in every region. Knowing no more of Switzerland than did Schiller, author of "Wilhelm Tell," Rossini could transport himself by the clairvoyance of genius to the very scene of his drama, and every bar of his greatest work is brightened by the keen air that blows across the Lake of Lucerne. He is like our dramatist, again, in being emphatically a man of the world, and a man of his own time. Hence his uniform success, wherever he might be. When he began to write, it was the fashion in Italy to care more for feats of vocal skill than for dramatic truth; hence the brilliant florid passages with which all his early works are overlaid. But when Rossini established himself in Paris, and found that Frenchmen, actors all by instinct, gave most thought to the *vraisemblance* of the stage, he completely transformed his style, and brought out a masterpiece that conquered all his rivals on their own ground. There is not a *roulade* in all "Guillaume Tell." Had "Semiramide" or "Otello" been written for the Paris stage, the noble melodies which they contain would have been unencumbered with the embellishments that, like the verbal quips in Shakspeare's plays, are the result of the fashion of the age. In one respect the Southern—we were about to say the Pagan—Rossini differs *toto cœlo* from our Northern dramatist. He has a classic horror of the horrible. He chooses, by preference, light and sparkling subjects; but when a tragic theme engages his attention, as in the operas we have just named, he veils all dreadful deeds with a garment of beauty. Would that Verdi and his other disciples could pluck this Pagan secret out of Rossini's still open grave! A sensualist in life as in art, the author of "Guillaume Tell" refused to labor any more for the public that at first slighted his greatest work; and at the fateful age of thirty-seven he closed his artistic career.

Genius, like rank and fortune, has its duties as well as its privileges; and there can be no excuse for this wanton waste of Heaven's choicest gifts. It is deplorable to think how much the world might have gained in brightness during his nine-and-thirty years of self imposed silence, had Rossini chosen to emulate the unceasing activity of Auber. But it must be recollected that, when the Italian author ceased to write, he had already brought out forty-eight works, and that he did not cease writing until he had attained the age which has marked the limit of productiveness of so many men of genius. Thirty-seven has been the most fatal of all ages; and though Rossini, as a composer, has since then been almost dead to the public—his "Stabat Mater," though published since "Guillaume Tell," was written much earlier—he has not been dead to his own musical genius. He might refuse to publish, but a man of his nature could not help writing. To compose must have been to him as natural as it was to eat, or drink, or sleep. All his manuscripts have been preserved with religious care, and they will soon, we presume, be given to the world. Now that he is dead in the flesh, he will begin to live again in the spirit. Such men can never really die. Every time that a new work penned by the fingers that are as yet scarce cold in death, comes to public performance, the spirit of the master will float over the music that he has made. Nay, every time that one of his masterpieces is played, its author will be there; and those who have known him will, through his music, see a reflection of his kindly smile, and hear an echo of his genial voice. The makers of music can always be summoned at will from the spirit-world. Much more though he might have done, Rossini has certainly done enough to make us call him again and again from his earthly rest. In the true sense of the word, he is immortal. He has filled with exquisite melodies, with heavenly harmonies, the very air we breathe; and the echoes of his music will be wafted through all the future.

Musical Correspondence.

Paris, Nov. 8.—The following are the selections performed to-day at the Cirque Napoleon.

Symphonie en ut majeur.....Mozart.
Adagio de la Symphonie "l'Ocean".....Rubinstein.
Ouverture de Concert (op. 7). Ire Audition .....J. Rietz.
Prelude du 5e Acte de "l'Africaine".....Meyerbeer.
Songe d'une Nuit d' Eté.....Mendelssohn.
Ouverture.—Allegro appassionato.—Scherzo.—Nocturne. Marche.

It is a noteworthy fact that Mozart's three finest symphonies seem to have been composed in one year (1788.) They are those in E flat, and G minor, and the above mentioned in C major, which (and particularly the finale) is written in the happiest vein.

Had M. Pasdeloup wished to offer a practical demonstration of the difference between genius and talent, he could have done no better than to place the Rubinstein Adagio as it was placed—immediately after this Symphony:—

The prelude to the last act of *l'Africaine* is the finest piece of orchestral composition contained in that work. It was encored,—as it almost always is at the Opera.

The Midsummer Nights' Dream music is too well known to need description, and I will merely say that, whereas an American audience would have encored the Overture or the Wedding March, the Parisian one payed that tribute to the Scherzo, which is by all odds the finest part of the music.

The most important musical event which I have to record is the re-opening of the Theatre Lyrique, which took place a short time since. I have in a former letter stated that M. Pasdeloup would here administer to the public a counter-irritant against the operetta, but it remains to give a few details. We are to have first (or soon) Mozart's *Idomenée*, Gluck's *Armida*, Wagner's *Rienzi*, and Boieldieu's *Deux Nuits*-also *Oberon; Euryanthe; Si j'etais Roi; Griselda;* the *Brasseur de Preston*, &c. Then Cherubini's *Deux Journées;* Gluck's *Iphigénie;* Halevy's *Fée aux Roses;* Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto;* Nicolo's *Colin et Jeannot;* and more of the same *genre*.

Among the artists of the troupe are Mons. Schroeder and Masson, with Montjanze, Montaubry, Troy, and Meillet. A. A. C.

Nov. 15.—On the facade of the new opera-house, between the busts of Auber and Scribe, stands that of ROSSINI. The inscription underneath is preceded by the date of the composer's birth (1792), and is followed by a blank space.

This blank may now be filled, for the illustrious Mäestro died on Friday, the 13th inst., at Passy.

For several years past his health has visibly declined, and during the present autumn it became such as to prevent his coming to Paris according to his usual custom. During the past fortnight, his illness became such as to occasion the gravest doubt of his recovery—so that the announcement of his death gives rise to sadness, rather than to surprise.

It is not always that a composer lives to reap the reward of his genius—but assuredly this has been the case with the author of *Guillaume Tell* and *Il Barbiere di Sevilla*—names familiar to our mouths as household words.

In fact most of the works to which he owes his renown were written and became famous two score years ago—and during the latter half of his life, he produced (excepting the Opera *Tell*) little that may be deemed worthy of the hand which penned the immortal "Barber."

Within the past few weeks the Opera last named has been on the boards both at the Theatre Italien and at the Theatre Lyrique.

At the Grand Opera we have had "Hamlet:"—"Herculaneum," and last, but not least, the *reprise* of the *Huguenots*, which took place on the 13th. The representation was by no means a brilliant success. Madame Levielle, (as Urbani) sang abominably. And the tenor, Villaret, being unable to appear, the role of *Raoul* was, at the eleventh hour, taken by another singer, M. Colin:—who, however, acquitted himself well. Mme. Sasse too was admirable as Valentine.

The programme of M. Pasdeloup's fifth Popular Concert to day contains two Symphonies; Haydn's in D, and that of Schumann in B flat.

The B-flat Symphony is the best of Schumann's works. It cannot be heard and comprehended without the reflection that the true rank of the composer is not yet justly recognized, not only by the public but by musicians and critics

This case is by no means uncommon; and has its parallel in the fact that the greatest of poets is, today, comparatively unread and unknown in his own country. But happily the greatness of Robert Browning and of Robert Schumann are established facts—which in their own good time will not fail to assert themselves.

It does seems strange however that, notwithstanding all the noble things which Schumann said and wrote in Beethoven's favor, the followers of the latter composer should be foremost in aspersing the merits of the former—yet such is too often the case—as though every word added to Schumann's fame were a detraction from that of Beethoven! I am glad to learn that Boston will during the ensuing season follow up its good beginning by presenting to the public Schumann's Symphonies in B flat and E flat. A. A. C.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—On Wednesday evening, 18th, Miss Henrietta Markstein, a young pianists of some sixteen years, made her début in Steinway Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Wenzel Kopta (violin), Mme. De Lussan, and an orchestra of 25, under the direction of Carl Bergmann.

Miss Markstein, who exhibited a commendable self-possession and nonchalance, belongs to the long list of prodigies, and they are to be deprecated. The system of forcing immature talent upon public attention is unwise, in that it is unsatisfactory to the listener and very injurious to the performer. This young lady, however, showed some ability in execution, which future application will of course develop more fully. This was a portion of her programme:

Overture, "Oberon,".....Von Weber.
Capriccio, B minor, op 22 ..... Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"....Mendelssohn
Grand Fantasia (Piano) "Lucia".....Prudent
Rhoprodie Hongise.....Liszt.

Miss Markstein's strong point is force; her weaknesses are *elbow* playing, and an indiscriminate use of the pedals. In the Capriccio—which was of course her most ambitious solo—she displayed a remarkable accuracy in keeping with the orchestra, and her self-composure was of great service to her. Each of her selections was heartily encored by the large audience.

Mr. Kopta played two solos with his usual excellence. One of them "The Witches' Dance," seems to be revived as a concert attraction, for Mr. Mollenhauer was to play it at a concert in Irving Hall on Saturday evening, and Camilla Urso was to do likewise on Sunday evening. This may—I suppose—be regarded as a legitimate result of the Ole Bull mania which raged so fiercely last winter.

On Saturday evening a "Memorial Concert," to the late Edmund Remack, took place in Steinway Hall. The attractions of the programme were suited to all tastes; there were piano solos, violin, and organ solos, instrumental duets, recitations, and a little operetta by Offenbach (!) called "Lieschen and Fritzchen," in which Mlle. Tostee and M. Dardignac were the actors. The programme opened with the *Marche Funebre* from the *Eroica* Symphony and terminated with *the* organ solo from G. W. Morgan: its name I should prefer not to *tell*. Madame Agatha States, Mme Lumley, Sig. Ronconi, Sigs. Randolphi and Pollak, Messrs Mills and Pfeiffer (pianists), a part of Theo. Thomas' orchestra, and the Mendelssohn Union contributed, in their several capacities, to the success of the entertainment, which must have resulted in pecuniary benefit to the family of Mr. Remack. I had nearly forgotten to say that two little children—Joanna and Willie Hess—played, in very neat and pretty style, a duo for piano and violin, which was received with unbounded applause.

The short season of Italian Opera which was commenced on Monday evening last will be continued during the present week: thus far, the works represented have been *Il Trovatore*, *Fidelio*, *Robert*, *Der Freischütz*, "Sicilian Vespers," and *Ernani*.

Mr. Thomas has issued the prospectus for his Symphony Soirées and the scheme includes many novelties: beside works by the better established authors, there will be much music of the "future" school—or, as "Mercurius" calls it, in playful reference to the prominence therein given to the triangle—the *geometrical* school. F.

Nov. 30.—On Thursday evening (Thanksgiving), Mr. F. L. Ritter gave a concert in Steinway Hall: the programme was selected entirely from his own compositions, and he was assisted by Mr. Kreissmann (of your city), the N. Y. Harmonic Society, Mr. E. J. Connolly and an orchestra of about 40: I quote the programme:—

1st. Symphony in A major.
3 "Hafis" Songs (from the Persian).
Scena ed Aria.
Overture to Othello.
3 "Hafis" Songs (from the Persian).
46th Psalm.

The Symphony was first publicly performed on Saturday evening, May 23d, during our Musical Festival, and impressed me most favorably upon that occasion: this impression was confirmed by hearing it a second time and I can only repeat my opinion—given in my letter of May 25th—that "it was unquestionably the most thoroughly fine symphonic composition which has ever been written on this side of the Atlantic:" its excellencies are musician like treatment, careful instrumentation and some fine harmonic changes; its faults are an occasional lack of continuity, a tendency to Mendelssohn ideas (particularly in the Minuet and horn Trio), and the unpleasant fact that the closing movement has nothing whatever to do with the rest. Despite its faults the Symphony is enjoyable and well worth hearing.

The Songs were well sung by Mr. Kreissmann and some of them are very beautiful: in construction and form they are modelled after those of Schumann and Franz, but are in no sense imitations: one of them—called "Ich dachte dein"—has a charming accompaniment which was gracefully played by Mr. Connolly.

The "Othello" Overture—performed at the 2d Philharmonic concert last season—seemed more attractive this time and was played in very good style,

The 46th Psalm—first produced some two years ago—is in itself attractive and effective, but its performance was not excellent, and it was evident that the chorus had not been sufficiently drilled: and why will the tenors of the Harmonic Society persist in *howling* in such an atrocious way? Can nothing be done to tone down their vocal obtrusiveness? I would suggest a reform in that direction.

Mr. Ritter's audience numbered perhaps 1000 and was, I know, attentive, and, I hope, appreciative.

On Saturday evening, occurred the 1st Philharmonic Concert with this programme:—

Symphony No. 3, Eroica. .....Beethoven.
Aria "Lascia ch'io pianga" .....Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Overture, Hamlet .... N W Gade.
Scena, "Che faro senza Eurydice" .....Gluck
Miss Phillips.
Symphonie Fantastique (2 parts).....Berlioz.

The *Eroica*, with its interminable *Marche Funebre*, was well done by the "orchestra of 100," and the Scherzo was quite above praise: the crescendos and diminuendos were carefully graduated and the general effect excellent.

The "Hamlet" Overture opens with a subdued march in C-minor, and subsequently is succeeded by a stirring vigorous Allegro in the same key: a lovely episode in A flat is soon introduced, and this eventually reappears in E flat: there is also an enchanting little fragment in B major—taken by the wind instruments—but this soon disappears and again comes the Allegro, which is worked up to a climacteric conclusion, and then—after a pause—comes the slow, subdued march, which terminates with a long roll of drums and an immense crescendo, and thus endeth the Overture.

The Handel Aria—which Miss Phillips sang at the 4th Brooklyn Philharmonic last winter and also at Mr. Morgan's concert—depends for its effect upon well sustained tones and correct expression, and Miss Phillips—need I say—sang it most admirably, and also Gluck's charming "Che farò." Miss P. deserves to be complimented for her wisdom in having selected solos devoid of the usual opportunities for vocal gymnastics, and dependent upon the voice and not the execution of the vocalist.

The Academy was crammed with people and the audience behaved—for a Philharmonic one—with

unusual decorum: again must I enter my protest against the abominable chandelier in the centre of the building; by its numerous flaring gas jets incalculable injury is done to one's eyes.

At the 2d Concert—on Jan. 9th, 1869—will be given a Symphony in B flat by Father Haydn, Overture to Semiramide by Catell, and Liszt's Symphonic Poem "On the Mountain:" Camilla Urso and S. B. Mills will also appear.

Theo. Thomas commenced—last evening—a series of Sunday evening Concerts, to be given in Steinway Hall. I append a portion of the first programme:

Overture, Euryanthe.....Von Weber.
Andante from "Surprise" Symphony.....Haydn.
Scherzo from "Reformation".....Mendelssohn
Finale, Don Giovanni.....Mozart.
Overture, Tannhäuser.....Wagner.
Marche Triumphale, "Schiller,".....Meyerbeer.

Mme. Gazzaniga sang twice, and the little Hess children—who made ther début at the Remack concert—played their duo quite prettily, while Master Willie also executed a violin solo in promising style.

The instrumental selections were—as will be seen—very attractive and were played with the vigor, earnestness, and perfection of detail so eminently characteristic of Mr. Thomas's well trained orchestra.

The short season of Italian Opera closed on Saturday with a matineé: the works performed during the week were *Don Giovanni, Fra Diavolo, Ballo in Maschera, Robert le Diable, La Traviata*, and "Sicilian Vespers." It will be observed that during the fortnight's campaign *six* of Verdi's works were performed, while only one of Mozart's had that honor. F.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 28.—To our already numerous musical societies, we have recently had another addition by a split in the old "Mænner-Chor" Society. They have separated into a new "Mænner Chor" with Mr. Andres as leader, and, the "Orpheus" with their old leader, Mr. Barus, at the helm. Both of these Societies have recently appeared in concerts with better programmes than in old times, following in this respect in the van of our Cecilia Society. Last night the "Orpheus" gave a concert with a chorus of some sixty members, an Orchestra, and Mr. Barus as leader. The programme, which I subjoin, was quite promising:

Overture to Rienzi.....Rich. Wagner.
Dies iræ.....Mozart.
The Quartets sung by Madame Marie Gerold, Miss Katy van Wordragen and Messrs. F. Helmecamp and H. J. Gerold.
Air from Elias.....Mendelssohn.
Sung by Mr. Adolph Pitton.
Fair Ellen.....Max Bruch.
The Solo parts sung by Mme. Henriette S. Kitchell and Mr. Max Drach.
Overture to Euryanthe.....C. M. v. Weber.
Air from Faust.....Gounod.
Sung by Mme. Henriette S. Kitchell.
Scene and Finale from Lohengrin.....Wagner.
The Solo parts sung by Mme. H. S. Kitchell, Miss Mary Glennon and Messrs. F. Helmecamp, Max Drach, H. J. Gerold and S. Kraus.

The execution, I feel constrained to say, was, exceedingly poor. We of late, unfortunately, have been made somewhat accustomed to inaccurateness in some of our most pretentious home concerts; but this last performance really capped that sort of experience and was apt to make a quiet, well meaning listener somewhat rebellious. Mr. Barus generally receives so much praise, that he can afford to be told, that, if he continues in such a way, he will entirely jeopardize his musical reputation. Neither can it be said, that there is any excuse in this instance, for the old, everlasting apology, that "Orchestra rehearsals cost so much money" will certainly not hold good,—if in any case, where high Art is involved,—when the want of sufficient rehearsals produces a slovenly performance almost from beginning to end. Better, a thousand times to have no Orchestra, and instead, precision and character in the performance.

I mention these things here because I suppose them to be of general application, and that Cincinnati is not the only city where such experiences are had.

The Concert given by the new "Mænner Chor" Society some weeks ago, was a pleasant contrast to the above performance, or rather mis performance of their old brethren. Mr. Andres had insisted upon good, thorough rehearsals, and had chosen fine compositions of a simpler kind, and the result was a really satisfactory and enjoyable concert.

The Harmonic Society promise a concert in January. They have a fine chorus, and it is only to be hoped, that it will be more thoroughly drilled than is their wont. The fact is, amateurs need to be reminded all the time, that a chorus of the largest size, and the finest voices "in the world," *without precision in the performance*, produce a very poor artistic result. X.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 5, 1868.

Second Symphony Concert.

(*Friday Afternoon, Nov. 27*).

Reformation Symphony, in D minor, (Posthumous). Mendelssohn.
Andante and Allegro.—Scherzo.—Andante —Andante and Allegro (On Luther's Choral).
Recitative and Aria—(Soprano) from "Fidelio." Beethoven.
Miss Anna S. Whitten.
Overture, "Mbe Wood Nymph," ("Die Waldnymphe"). Bennett.
Military Symphony, in G.....Haydn.
Adagio and Allegro.—Allegretto —Minuet and Trio.—Presto.
Songs:
a. "Loin de toi".....Mozart.
b. "Wanderlied".....Mendelssohn.
Miss Anna S. Whitten.
Jubilee Overture.....Weber.
CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

These concerts do not begin to lose their hold upon the truly music-loving public; and that public still shows increase of numbers and of interest. The Music Hall was almost crowded. Our principal Conductor, fresh and strong, from his successful European tour, was very warmly welcomed as he came upon the platform and resumed his baton. The orchestra, slightly reduced in the string department for a couple of concerts by the absence of the Quintette Club, was yet in good force and discipline, so that few passages in the fine programme suffered in the treatment. It cannot be said yet, to be sure, that all the wind instruments are unimpeachable; seldom are they so in any orchestra; even in the Gewandhaus ("we heard it with our ears") the horns do sometimes stammer and sound coarse; but we may certainly congratulate ourselves upon a marked improvement in our wind, especially in the bassoons, which one can single out and follow with delight, and in the wood corps generally.

The Reformation Symphony was clearly rendered and, on the whole, made more impression than it did in the Festival last May, when it was played here for the first time. Still, in spite of all the London eulogy, and the elaborate and for the most part clear and sensible synopses of its ideal plan and course of thought which leading critics there have written (several of these we printed in January and May last, and we give another to-day), we find ourselves confirmed in the opinion that those critics greatly overestimate the work, and that it cannot take rank as an equal with the other Symphonies of Mendelssohn. No doubt he knew what he was about when he withheld it from publication. The fact that it did come to performance once, in Berlin, two years after its composition; that little or nothing is known of the impression made there by it; that it never had another hearing during the author's life, who was then only twenty-three, and that he forbade the publication, would seem to be strong proof that he did not regard it a success. The subject was a great one, the poetic plan a happy one and clearly traceable, as these London interpreters have shown; but the musical consistency and clearness and felicity is less apparent, save in parts. The musical mould seems rather to contain than to embody the poetic thought; the musical mould is an after-thought, not vital with and one with the poetic thought, as body with the soul, produced by one creative act. The young genius of twenty-one had written the Fairy Overture and the *Hebrides*, and other fine imaginative creations, but was he equal yet to such a task as this? The ambition was noble, the interest in the theme sincere; perhaps if he had waited until after he had composed the *Paulus* and the Hymn of Praise, he would have been ripe and fully furnished to essay a theme so great as this. This we can imagine to have been his own reflection afterwards.

Still the Symphony is interesting and has much fine music in it, as it could but have. What we find most unsatisfying is the peculiarly symphonic portion, the first movement. It seems to us confused, uncertain somewhat in its treatment, lacking musical decision and outrightness, with an almost sickly wavering between major and minor, and to hang such a murky cloud over the conflict which it describes, that you succumb to doubt and heaviness entirely, see no foregleam (more than an instant), feel no quickening thrill, no heavenly *lift* of a great hope beyond—the far off dawn of the new day that shines and glows throughout the darkest struggle in the Joy prophet Beethoven.

The Symphony describes the conflict of the old faith and the new; the old is typified by an old Catholic response, stern and imperative (a sort of "Thus saith the Lord"), which rings through the first movement; the new by the Lutheran Choral: "*Ein feste Burg*," which triumphs in the finale. But nowhere are the two themes brought together face to face; nowhere in the one movement is there hint or reminiscence of the type reigning in the other; which is perhaps a not insignificant comment on the musico-poetic unity of the work.

In the short Andante prelude, however, we have the whole situation sketched, only with a somewhat puzzling lack of musical continuity, or development as from a germ. First four bars of shadowy, antique organ counterpoint; then suddenly, you wonder what it has to do with it, a smart heraldic outburst of all the reeds and brass in full chords, also for four bars;—perhaps this means the dawn of the new, soon swallowed up in clouds and forgotten. Again the organ strain and trumpet strain, on another key; and soon, with crossing of parts in harsh discord, the old Response clashes into the midst of the more hopeful strain; then gets the whole field and proclaims itself in thunder tones, once, twice, in unison, each time followed by a sweet prayerful strain of the strings, ending *pianissimo* on the dominant. The Allegro, now in D minor, with its stern, repressive main theme, against which all the turbulent elements murmur and rebel, and its more fresh and cheerful second theme, which somehow does not seem to tell enough;—and heard all through the din, now high, now low, now in this instrument, now that, the immitigable tones of the old Response, like the shout of the despotic leader, is certainly exciting and suggestive of tremendous struggle; but as we said before, it is too confused, too gloomy, to be musically edifying; and it appears to end with the crushing out of hope, after once leading back to a delusive momentary dream of peace (the little strain that ends the prelude).

The charming piece of all, a perfect little poem in itself, though out of all obvious connection with the rest, is the Scherzo, which is happy and fresh as any Minuet and Trio of Haydn,—sure to delight any audience, when played so nicely as it was that day. Perhaps sufficient explanation is found in the turning away of the weary mind from hopeless battle of opinion and disorder to the sweet scenes of nature, of unambitious rural life.

The short Andante, which preludes to the Finale,

has been well termed a prayer. But it is a very weary, sick, sad prayer; another Song without Words, and not much unlike many he has written, in which the melody is sung by the violins, and nearly all the accompaniment is done by strings. With just a hint at the cheerful second theme of the Allegro, it comes to a close in G major, the sub-bass holding out while a high flute, bird-like, sings the first notes of the Choral, the reeds soon joining and making harmony How this goes on and takes possession of the whole, how strangely it is varied and fragments of the old tune passed from instrument to instrument; how splendidly the *Allegro Maestoso* leads off, grandly riding over the turbulent waves with its two triumphal themes; how a fugue theme sets in (you may know it by its identity with the first notes of "Though thousands languish" in *Elijah*) and struggles with the Choral, until that wins the field and floods all with light, is better told than we could do it in the articles to which we have alluded.

It occurs to us, and this is all we have to add, that this Symphony must be regarded as wholly exceptional in form, and as consisting really of only *two* parts, with a gay, refreshing interlude between. The first part, in which the idea of the old faith predominates, includes the Allegro with its short Andante prelude. The second part, the triumph of the New, with its Lutheran Choral, has likewise its short Andante prelude, the song without words, whose prayer for peace it answers. Suppose the curtain dropped between the two, while for interlude and recreation we are vouchsafed that happy Scherzo.

The new thing of the programme was the romantic Overture by Bennett, his op. 20, of which Schumann wrote, when it first appeared, in 1839: "The only infelicitous thing about it, as it seems to me, is the name '*Die Waldnymphe*.' I know, one cannot wound a composer more than by criticizing his child's name, for he in his opinion ought to know best what he was after, and we may suppose that he hit upon the name 'Wood Nymph' in view of making a companion piece to his earlier overture 'The Naiads.' But the title is by no means strikingly appropriate or favorable to the work. I would have preferred the general name of *Ouverture pastorale*, or something of the sort. But minor considerations aside, the Overture in its wondrous delicate and slender articulation lifts itself high enough above others of its sisters, breathes the purest, clearest poet life." . . . "Bennett is a piano player *par excellence*, and, however skilfully, with fine selection, he knows also how to deal with various instruments, still his favorite instrument always looks out from his orchestral compositions."

"The Overture is charming; in fact, Spohr and Mendelssohn excepted, I know no living composer who, for loveliness and delicacy of coloring, has the pencil so at his command as Bennett. Even the fact that he has overheard and caught much from those two artists, is easily forgotten in view of the masterliness of the whole, and it seems to me that never before has he so given himself up to himself, as in this work. Only try it measure by measure; what fine, firm web from beginning to end! Instead of those handbreath gaps so common in the production of others, how closely, intimately all is knitted here together! Yet the Overture has been reproached with its great breadth; it is the case more or less with all of of Bennett's compositions; it is his way, he finishes down to the smallest detail. Moreover he frequently repeats the same thing, and even note for note after the middle of the movement. But try to alter without injuring it: it will not go; he is no pupil to be benefited by advice; what he has thought, stands fast and is not to be pushed aside."

Truly the overture, so well rendered as it was with its many niceties and difficulties, appeared to justify the good things here said of it. It is indeed a delicate tone-poem, and romantic in the best sense. Yet, as it has not the qualities that smite and take by storm, its quiet beauties may not have been so generally appreciated as they would be upon more acquaintance.

The quaint and homely old Haydn Symphony, thirty years ago far more familiar here than it has been of late, must have been enjoyed for its hearty healthiness, as well as its perfect grace and naturalness, the art concealing art; the easy, elegant, logical, complete discourse of one with whom music was the mother tongue. Why called "military" we do not know; but if he had undertaken to throw into a symphonic picture the lively pleasures of the camp, could he have done it better? The formal prelude, then the little allegro theme, at first so blithely chirruped in a high octave by the flute and pair of oboes, and the gay and careless second theme; these with all their wheelings and countermarches, their involutions and their evolutions, so labyrinthine and so clear, the same figures ever repeated and yet ever with a difference, all keeping step so brisk and buoyant and precise;—you can almost see the trim little heroes with their gay uniforms and cheery faces. Here the arts of counterpoint and imitation become spontaneous, natural form; and there are happy surprises, sudden changes of key, &c., to stimulate the interest afresh. More sportive gayety and social *abandon* reign in the Minuet and Trio and the Finale *presto*; while the marchlike second movement is full of military pomp and stateliness, hinting of the din of battle once after a trumpet signal. How much Haydn does with happy little thoughts, never far-fetched, and very simple means! The very qualities, which in a long work like the "Creation" grow monotonous and wearisome to us, within the moderate frame of such a Symphony are sure to fascinate.—To hear the rich, full, highly colored, stirring Weber overture after it, was to feel at once the difference between the older and the more modern instrumental art; the former so intrinsic and sincere, the latter so much more highly spiced, still borrowing new means to enhance effect, and therefore having a great advantage in the first appeal to a miscellaneous, especially a young audience. Yet Weber had also creative genius, and the Jubilee Overture is a grand work, closing a concert fitly after nearly two hours listening. As we grow older, we somewhat *blase* music hunters, we come back with a fresh, sweet joy to Father Haydn.

Miss WHITTEN made an excellent impression, verifying all that we had heard of her fine voice and talent and of the good purpose to which she had been studying abroad. She won favor from the first by her quiet, modest, ladylike demeanor, her tasteful simplicity of dress, her unaffected interest and absorption in her music. In the Scena from *Fidelio* she had a most exacting task before her. Not without some trembling did she essay the first notes. But it was soon manifest that she had voice, sweet, plentiful and sympathetic to a rare degree, of good compass, and of power enough for the delivery of such great music. And she had well learned the use of it; the method and the style were admirable. It was honest, noble and expressive singing; womanly and full of feeling, in refreshing contrast with the false pathos by which so many public singers court encores from audiences un-fit, un-few. It was expression without exaggeration, prompted from within. It was musical in the sincere sense, and all were pleased to feel that we had really *a singer*, one who sings for music, who will sing for us, on good occasions, and whom the cheap successes of Italian opera will not be likely to seduce from us. For plainly her direction is that of pure, high Art, and her love is of good music. We do not say she realized in that piece all the power she indicated. There was the drawback of natural timidity at the start; nor could she trust her voice at the fullest after a week or two of hoarseness, which may account for her taking one or two of the highest strong notes with some little difficulty; nor were the low tones quite so clear and positive as the rest. Moreover there was enough unsteadiness in the very difficult horn part of the accompaniment to embarrass any singer. Yet all this passed for inconsiderable alloy in a performance the charm of which as a whole was so genuine. Her singing of the tender little Mozart melody went to all hearts, and the livelier song of Mendelssohn had equally its characteristic treatment.

ORATORIO.—The Handel and Haydn Society opened their season with two of the noble works, that wear so well, last Saturday and Sunday evenings:—a supplementary musical Thanksgiving. The house is divided about *Judas Maccabaeus*. We are of those who like it and find it among the most welcome of Handel's Oratorios. It is so heroic, fresh, felicitous and positive; such hearty, unmisgiving music, fitting the tone to the thought with such quick, sure stroke, and driving the nail home so lustily. He wrought in a happy hour, and satisfied himself and us, with brief, exhaustive treatment. Few oratorios weary us so little; and yet many call it dull, and common place, and formal, and old fashioned! It is the heroic oratorio *par excellence*, in music as in words, and we often wondered why it was not sung more during the Nation's fiery trial.

The performance on Saturday was hardly of average excellence. Some of the ringing, easier choruses went evenly and grandly, but in others, voices hesitated or strayed, as in the intricate middle portion of "Resolved on conquest," "Fallen is the foe," &c. We were struck too by some stridulous quality in high soprano passages, and coarseness in the tenors, compared with our recollection of the Festival chorus. The overture was well played, but too often the orchestra were rough and over loud. Perhaps it was much owing to the fact that Mr. ZERRAHN, who was so welcomed back to the helm where he had made good his right through voyages as formidable as that which brought him back to us, had not had the rehearsing of the work.

The solos were more fortunate. Miss HOUSTON, in uncommonly good voice, though once or twice we thought she had gained more in power than sweetness, gave much of the soprano recitative with true dramatic character and force, and sang the Air "From mighty kings" with great effect. Mrs. BARRY has not changed her warm contralto voice, nor her artistic style with change of name. She entered fully into the spirit of the Air: "Father of Heaven," which opens the third part, that calm, deep melody of gratitude, whose beauty, we fear, is not half appreciated. And the Duet: "O lovely Peace," owes sweetness to her.

Miss ANNA GRANGER has a fresh, bright, out-leaping voice, as we have said before, suited more to gay and brilliant things than to the melodies of deep interior life. She is a good singer in her way, executing all smoothly, lightly and distinctly, phrasing the music well and losing not a note, nor slighting one, though she is indistinct in verbal utterance. She had in *Judas* a couple of pieces suited to her; thus in "So shall the lute" she executes the roulades with more clean-cut evenness and freedom than any of them; her "sprightly voice sweet descant ran" indeed. Mr. WHITNEY, tenor, sings and recites expressively, when he may do so quietly, but some parts brought too great a strain upon so delicate an organ. In the air: "Sound an alarm," he won a signal victory. Mr. WILDE, as Simon, sang a little stiffly, but has a good sonorous bass voice and an intelligent delivery.

Elijah went much better in the choruses, some of which seemed never more superb, though that of the "fiery chariot" is not quite perfect yet, and there was elsewhere the usual lack of softer shading. The orchestra again rough and careless. Miss L. M GATES shared the soprano solos with Miss Houston, and in "Hear ye Israel" gave proof of a fine, flexible voice of large range, sweetness, and easy, free delivery. That she appears to enter deeply into the spirit of such music we can hardly say. Miss HOUSTON and Miss BARRY both sang with characteristic care and fervor. Mr J. F. WINCH took for the first time the part of Elijah, much of it quite successfully, with better low bass tones but less artistic style throughout than Mr. Rudolphsen. Mr. WM J. WINCH has large tones, not without sweetness; but voice and manner seem as yet unripe for the tenor solos in *Elijah*. He must have credit for a conscientious, earnest effort, with no air of pretence.

CROWDED OUT.—Our notice of a charming Concert given by the Orpheus Club, with Miss RYAN, Mr. KREISMANN and Mr. LEONHARD, at Chickering's, in aid of an excellent charity, the Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners. Next time.

New York. Here are the programmes announced by Mr. Theodore Thomas for his five Symphony Soirées at Steinway Hall:

First Symphony Soirée, December 12.

Overture, Semiramis, (first time).....Catel.
I. Motet. O God, when thou appearest, } (first time) Mozart.
II. Have mercy, O Lord, } (first time) Mozart.
III. "Glory, honor, praise, and power." } (first time) Mozart.
Chorus and Orchestra.
Concerto, G, Op. 58.....Beethoven.
Piano and Orchestra.
XXIII. Psalm, Op. 132 (first time).....Schubert.
Chorus for female voices and Orchestra.
Symphony, No. 1, B flat. Op. 38.....Schumann.

Second Soirée, January 16, 1869.

Faust, Ein musikalisches Characterbild, Op. 68, (first time).....Rubinstein.
Orchestra.
Frühlings-Phantasie, Op. 23 (first time).....Gade.
Vocal Quartet, Orchestra and Piano.
Symphony, No. 7, A, Op. 92.....Beethoven.

Third Soirée, February 13.

Overture, Scherzo, Finale, Op. 52.....Schumann.
Double Chorus, Fratres ego enim.....Palestrina.
Fantasie, C minor Op 80.....Beethoven.
Piano, Chorus and Orchestra.
Ungarische Zigeunerweisen, Piano Solo.....Tausig.
Symphonic Poem, Tasso.....Lizst.

Fourth Soirée, March 13.

Suite in Canon form, Op. 10.....Grimm.
String Orchestra.
Motet: I wrestle and pray (first time).....Schumann.
Eight part Chorus.
Symphony, E flat, Op. 28 (first time).....Max Bruch.
Gypsy Life, Op. 29 [first time].....Schumann.
Chorus and Orchestra.
Overture Tannhäuser.....Wagner.

Fifth Soirée, April 3.

Festival Overture, Op. 50 [first time].....Volkmann.
114th Psalm: When Israel out of Egypt came. Mendelssohn.
Eight part Chorus.
Fantasie, for Orchestra and Piano obligato [first time]
.....Otto Singer.
Symphonic Poem, Prometheus [first time].....Liszt.
Nachtlied; Op. 108 [first time].....Schumann.
Chorus and Orchestra.
Symphony, No. 6, Op 68, Pastorale.....Beethoven.

Our correspondent in another column, tells us of the concert given by that earnest and accomplished musician and composer, Mr. F. L. Ritter. The *Weekly Review* pays the following tribute to his "Hafis" songs, and to the way in which they were sung:

Great interest was felt by the audience in the Hafis songs, as well as in their delivery by Mr. August Kreissmann, from Boston. These songs are written in the true vein of Robert Franz, and perhaps show more of the real talent of the composer than anything else he has written. The words are most beautiful specimens of Persian poetry, once made famous in Germany by Daumer's translations, of which, most likely, Mr. Ritter availed himself. The composer shows in his illustrations poetical sentiment, true adherence to the meaning of words, and yet a fine appreciation of what is due to form. They are by no means easy as to execution; but Mr. Kreissmann showed himself the true artist in overcoming the difficulties of conception as well as in conveying the meaning of the poet and composer. He was entirely successful with the audience; even to such extent that an encore of two of the songs was demanded and partially responded to by him.

As to the Philharmonic concert, instead of calling Beethoven's *Marcia funebre* "interminable," as our correspondent does, most of the critics ascribe that impression to a more likely cause. Thus the *Sun* says:

Different ideas prevail as to the time in which the dead march that forms the second movement should be taken. There are those who think that a higher expression can be given to the idea by retarding the time so that the sentiment of the movement is changed, and instead of being a march it becomes a sort of elegy, a musical "In Memoriam." Mr. Bergmann is evidently of this way of thinking, and led it accordingly with excessive slowness. The movement is marked for the metronome at 80. It may possibly have been led at that *tempo*, though we doubt it. Certainly, it lost in force by being taken so very slowly, and the theme was almost as it were drawled out, so reluctantly did the notes follow each other. In the middle fugued passage this effect was especially noticeable, and one felt a nervous desire to have the time quickened, and an inner consciousness that it must absolutely have been intended to be played faster.

The same writer speaks thus plainly of the "programme Symphony" by Berlioz:

This is a work so full of eccentricity, so utterly defiant of precedent, so extravagant and grotesque, and the composer of it is so persistently lauded as a great genius, that we give it more than a passing notice. Without an explanatory key it would be impossible to understand. The composer has furnished us this key in the story of a young musician who, being in love, and also in despair, seeks to poison himself with opium. He takes an underdose, and instead of dying has visions, and these visions form the subject of this symphony.

This singular jumble of volcanic passion, delirious anguish, jealous fury, and religious consolations, shepherds' songs, thunder, and funeral march, is sufficiently extravagant when considered in plain prose; when it comes to be expressed by a large orchestra, the effect becomes truly startling to the American mind. Frenchmen have got 'used to it. Lamartine, Rousseau, George Sand, Eugene Sue, and their novels, have quite accustomed them to it. . . .

For our own part, we like neither the thing expressed, nor the manner of its expression. The ideas lack continuity and grace and well defined form, in the first place; in the second, the orchestra is not well kept together, and bizarre combinations of instruments are made, the effect of which is far from agreeable. It would be very easy to go into detail in regard to this, but we only instance the case of the duet between the oboe and the kettledrums as illustrating what we mean. The effect of the whole piece is fragmentary, and while it is exceedingly interesting as a study of instrumentation, of which Berlioz is a wonderful master, we cannot hope that this school of composition will ever prevail to any great extent. The march to execution, however, was full of fine sombre orchestral color, and the musical figure solemn and melodious, which reminds us to say that there was something a little sepulchral in having three funeral marches in one evening—that in Beethoven's symphony, another occurring incidentally in the overture to Hamlet, and the third by Berlioz, just referred to.

Baltimore.—The Academy of Music of the Peabody Institute, under the directorship of Mr. L. H. Southard, had its first Orchestral Concert on the 21st ult. It was given in a hall described as being much like our old Boston Melodeon in size and acoustic effect. Mr. Southard had the hearty co-operation of all the best musicians of the various theatres, &c., of the city, and seems to have succeeded in organizing out of these materials a permanent orchestra of 44 instruments (12 violins, 4 tenors, 4 'cellos, 3 double basses, and a full complement of wood and brass). The Concert was considered a complete success, the fruits of thorough rehearsal showing in the execution of the following programme:

Symphony in C minor. Op. 5.....N. W. Gade.
Overture, to Don Giovanni.....Mozart.
Serenade and Allegro Giojoso. Op. 43.....Mendelssohn.
The Piano part by B. Courlaender,
Professor in the Academy.
Concert Aria, Ah perfido.....Beethoven.
Sung by Mrs. Holland.
Overture to Semiramide.....Rossini.

The second concert, to-night, offers: Symphony in E flat by Haydn, Overtures to *Freyschütz* and *Le Siège de Corinth*, &c.

Philadelphia.—On receipt of the news of Rossini's death, the Germania Orchestra changed its programme and gave a Rossini Matinée, of which the *Bulletin* says:

The programme was well arranged to exhibit the lamented composer's various styles. The overtures to the *Italiana in Algeri and La Gazza Ladra* gave the graceful, brilliant ideas of his youth, while the overture to *William Tell* showed the mature brain of manhood, engaged upon work that was at once heroic and romantic. Selections from the *Stabat Mater, Semiramide* and the romance from *William Tell*, as a cornet solo for Mr. G. Dunn, made up the rest of the Rossini selections, and it is due to Messrs. Wm. Stoll and G. Mueller to express the great delight they afforded in the duo from *Semiramide*, on the clarinet and bassoon. The noble Funeral March from Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony was happily introduced in the programme and well played by the orchestra, which was, throughout, well directed by Mr. Wm. G. Dietrich.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Mr. James M. Tracy, pianist, and the "Tracy Quartette," of Rochester, gave a Soirée lately at St. Cecilian Hall. The piano pieces were Weber's *Concert-Stück*, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, (that of the Andante with Variations, the *Marcia funebre*, &c.), and a Sonata in C by Weber. The quartets were vocal, from the familiar German part-song collections.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Lillie May. Song and Chorus. E*b* to e flat. *Max.* 30
A very sweet, simple ballad.

Ah, from my heart. (Ah, de mon coeur). 2. G to *g*. "*Genevieve.*" 30
Sifroy becomes sentimental, but his feelings take a strange turn from his becoming suddenly sick. Comic.

Christmas Bells. 3. F to *g*. *J. Hincke.* 30
A nice semi-sacred song for a Christmas festival. Get it in time.

When Sammy comes home. 2. D to e. *Hunt.* 30

The Funny Man. 2. E*b* to f. *C. E. Pratt.* 30
Two very good and very laughable songs. Sammy is away "where the elephants fly and the crocodiles roar," but the very funny man is at home. Good melodies.

Don't put your foot on a man when he's down. 2. C to e. *Marsden.* 30
Good in every way. Good wholesome words, good poetry, good music.

Hear I the Music ringing. (Hör ich das Liedchen). 4. E minor and major to *g*. *Franz.* 30

Sun and Dove. (Die Rose, die Lilie). 4. F sharp to e. *Franz.* 30
Exquisite one verse poems by Heine, most charmingly melodised.

The Sea hath its Pearls. Voice, Piano & Flute. 4. F to *a*. *Lachner.* 60
Also entitled, "Nachts in der Cajüte. The words are translated by Longfellow, and the whole is full of rich, deep feeling.

Beneath my Ladies' Window. 3. E to f sharp. "*Genevieve.*" 30
Already noticed, in the key of G, but here transposed a third lower, for the accommodation of voices of limited compass. A great favorite.

Gentle Lillian Gray. 3. B to f. *Mori.* 30
Very sweet and pleasing ballad, with a good chorus.

The Bell goes a-ringing for Sai-r h! Song an t Cho. 2. C to *g*. *Hunt.* 35
One of the best. Sai-rah is much to be pitied, but she sings a very amusing song.

Instrumental.

Tea Song Polka Redowa. "Genevieve." 2. G. *Knight.* 30

The Page's Song. Galop. " 3. F. " 30

Ballet Galop. " 3. C. " 35
Three very bright arrangements, including some of the most popular airs of the opera.

Cruel Mary Holder Quadrilles. 3. *Pratt.* 40
Includes, among other popular airs, "The Galloping Snob," and "I'm a twin."

Georgie Dean Schottisch. 2. *Vuas.* 30
Very neat and pretty.

Isolina Grand Waltz. 4. C. *J. S. Knight.* 60
A very brilliant affair.

Derniere Amour. (Last love.) Maz. Sentimentale. 5. A. *Pattison.* 50
A soft and gentle piece, with arpeggios and cadenzas tastefully interspersed.

Books.

The Opera Bouffe. A Collection of Vocal and Instrumental pieces from Offenbach's "Grand Duchesse," "Belle Helene," "Orpheus," "Barbe-Bleue," and "Genevieve de Brabant." Boards. 2.50. Cloth, 3.00
We have here a book of 225 pages, filled with the music that has been so popular within the last year or two. There are 14 pieces from the "Duchesse," 8 from "La Belle Helene," 7 from "Orpheus," 13 from "Barbe-Bleue," and 8 from "Genevieve," about equally divided between vocal and instrumental music. These include 5 potpouris, which, in themselves, present in a condensed form, a sort of review of the operas. A brilliant book!

Solfeggi. By *Mikseh.* 60
" " *Mazzoni.* 2.00
Valuable materials for trainers of voices.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 723. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1868. VOL. XXVIII. No. 20.

Rossini.

[Among all the obituary notices, whether of the French or English press, we have seen nothing better, probably shall see nothing better, than those few words in the London *Musical World*, evidently from the heart and pen of its editor, Mr. J. W. Davison].

On Friday week Gioacchino Rossini died, aged 76.

"Neither the sun nor death," said Rochefoucauld, "can be looked at steadily;" and, while the grave has hardly closed over its prey, we are as unable as unwilling to write critical biography. The time for that will come. Meanwhile it is more congenial to indulge in whatever fancies may be suggested by the event which has taken away an illustrious man.

The giants of music are almost extinct. One by one those who made the first half of this century forever famous have departed, and now Auber stands alone, last of his race. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schumann, Meyerbeer and Rossini have successively been stricken down by the enemy which comes equally to all. It would be bad philosophy to mourn over what Swift called "a thing so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death;" but these departures of men whose presence filled the world, leave a blank indeed. They do not, however, affect us alike. Of the composers just named, some were called away in the midst of work, having to lay down the pen and leave their task unfinished, at the bidding of resistless fate. In these cases submission is hard. We think of what might have been had Mendelssohn, or Schubert, lived on through twice his years; how he would have enriched the world by many a beautiful and imperishable creation. To see such possibilities vanish forever, and not to complain, requires a sublime faith in the ordering of things possessed by very few. But in other cases we can be more reconciled. "After labor cometh rest," and there is a fitness, which analogy everywhere makes us recognize, in the falling asleep of an old man whose life's task has been accomplished. So, now that Rossini, having lived six years beyond the "three score years and ten," and done all the work he had to do, rests finally, acquiescence in an event so natural—we had almost said so happy—is far from difficult. Such a death—to use the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor—"is like the descending of ripe and wholesome fruits from a pleasant and florid tree." Thoughts of this kind, however, do little to qualify our sense of the great gap which Friday week's event has made. While living, Rossini was a link between us and an heroic age wherein he played the part of a hero. More than that, his presence was a glory to the generation that has lost him. He stood among the contemporaries of his later years like a grand old oak among a crowd of saplings, or, like Jupiter among the minor gods. Auber apart, there is nothing now but saplings, and the *Di minores* have Olympus to themselves.

We can look with complacency at the long life just terminated. It was an example of the unbroken sunshine in which some favored mortals bask. Almost without effort Rossini became famous. From the time when he wrote his first opera, to the day when *Guillaume Tell* consummated his work and his renown, he travelled an easy and flower-strewn path. Content with the success thus achieved, he lived in keenest enjoyment of whatever it brought, the centre of a circle which included all that was famous in literature and art. A career such as his excites no strong emotions, and possesses no absorbing interest. It can be looked at as one looks at a pastoral landscape, or at the summer sea. Unfortunately, but few chances of making such a comparison are afforded. Pastoral landscapes and summer seas, are common realities, but Rossini's life verges upon the ideal. Most often the man who achieves anything great has to tread a weary path, now and then to fall, and, it may be, to despair of rising. In such a case the struggle is in proportion to the prize; the scars of conflict to the laurels of victory. But of experience like this Rossini had little or none. There were few obstacles in his way, and those he encountered fell down before him, like the walls of Jericho before the Israelitish trumpets.

Happily in keeping with his history are the works which will preserve Rossini's memory green throughout all future time. His music reflects the joyousness of the life he led. Bright, sparkling, *even in its melancholy like the grief of a child behind which laughter is ever lurking*, it will always be the cause, as it is the result, of happiness. Such harmony between a composer's works and his circumstances or temperament is not rare. The individuality of Haydn, of Beethoven, and of Mendelssohn, for example, stands out vividly in their respective creations. Art is the better for this, because, served by many minds, it embodies every variety of sentiment, and becomes as cosmopolitan as humanity itself. Leaving to others all grave and serious thoughts, Rossini became, because he could not help it, in some sort the Democritus of music. Let those who think lightly of him on that account, think lightly, also, of the ordinance which has made laughter as natural as tears, and far more pleasant.

The genial old master is dead, but not his influence. They sang a Requiem over his body on Thursday in the Madelaine, pleading in accents dictated by himself for "eternal rest." In one sense, however, there can be no rest, eternal or other, for Rossini. Ages to come, the composer who has just disappeared from our midst, will exert an active influence over the minds of men. They may write "*Hic jacet*" on his tomb, never on his works.

(From the London Times.)

Rossini.

The death of a man who has influenced his art and his times like Gioacchino Antonio Rossini cannot be passed over with merely a passing record of the fact. The illustrious musician departed this life on Friday night, the 13th inst., at his apartments in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

The biography of Rossini has been written over and over again, although no really valuable life of him, accompanied by a judicious critical survey of his works, can be said to exist. The latest and most comprehensive—*G. Rossini, sa vie et ses œuvres*, by M. Alexis Azevedo—which originally appeared in a French musical journal called *Le Ménestrel*, and has since been published in a volume, by the proprietors of that journal, for the benefit of the "Association des Artistes Musiciens" in Paris, is, after all, but a sort of historical rhapsody, a studied eulogy from end to end, in which even more than justice is done to Rossini, and less than justice to other composers of deserved celebrity. Rossini, however, stands in need of no such one-sided panegyric. Several of his operas will only perish with the art of music itself, while, perhaps, scarcely one of them could be searched without revealing something made up of the durable stuff that sets time and fashion at defiance.

Rossini was born on the 29th of February, 1792, at Pesaro, formerly belonging to the Papal States, now a part of the kingdom of Italy; and consequently died in his 77th year. We shall hardly be expected to give a criticism in detail of his life and works, nor can we glance at his early studies or at his early productions before his commencing his brilliant career in the field of dramatic music, which must wait a better opportunity. Rossini's master in counterpoint and composition was Stanislao Mattei—himself a favorite pupil of the famous Padre Martini. His first opera, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, produced at Venice in 1810, is now forgotten; while scarcely more than a quartet and the overture are known of his second—*Demetrio e Polibio*—given at Rome a year later. Nor have more than a very few pieces from his next seven operas (including *L'Inganno Felice* and *Pietro del Paragone*) escaped oblivion. These, written with almost unexampled rapidity (all in 1812, or thereabouts) gained for their author no solid reputation—little, indeed, beyond that of almost unparalleled facility of production. The opera which first made him famous was *Tancredi*, brought out during the Carnival of Venice at the Teatro Fenice, in 1813; and this was followed, some months later, by *L'Italiana in Algeri*, at the Teatro San Benedetto, in the same city, and with a success in no degree inferior. By these two works the young composer had shown himself equally a master of *opera seria* and *opera buffa*. His style, too, was now thoroughly matured, and what has ever since been recognized as the school of Rossini—a school which has found more disciples, good, bad, and indifferent, than probably any other in any art—may be said from that moment to have declared itself. *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeri* still live, and are still revived from time to time; nor is there much chance of their being irrevocably laid aside, whatever progress dramatic music may make toward evil. Their melodies, ever fresh and beautiful, alone would save them, apart from the fact that, after their manner, they are *sui ide* works of art. The vogue thus obtained by Rossini was hardly sustained by his next opera, *Aureliano in Palmira*—Milan, 1814—which was almost exclusively a success for Velluti, the famous *evirato*; but it was, if possible, increased by *Il Turco in Italia*, composed for the Scala, in the autumn of the same year, and at once accepted as a worthy pendant to *L'Italiana in Algeri*. *Il Turco* was followed by an *opera seria*, entitled *Sigismondo* (Venice, 1815), of which nothing, except an air (afterwards introduced by Madame Pasta in another work), has survived, and *Sigismondo* by *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra* (Naples, 1815), which even Spohr, who owned little affection for the Italian school, tells us, in his *Selbst Biographie*, contains some of Rossini's best music. At any rate *Elisabetta* had an enormous success, and is specially remembered as the opera in which Rossini first set the example of writing his own ornaments and "*fioriture*," which previously, in accordance with long custom, used to be either prepared or extemporized by the singers themselves. The overture, borrowed by the too frequently indolent genius from *Aureliano in Palmira*, is the same now invariably performed before *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the original overture to which last is now never played. Among the singers in *Elisabetta* were Manuel Garcia, the famous Spanish tenor, the father of Malibran, and Isabella Colbraad, who afterwards became Rossini's wife. The San Carlo, where it was produced, was at that time considered the first lyric theatre of Italy. *Elisabetta* was followed by *Torvaldo e Dorliska* (Rome, 1815), an *opera seria*, which failed, and *Torvaldo e Dorliska* by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rome, 1816—at the Teatro di Torre Argentina), an *opera buffa*, which was hopelessly condemned on the first night, but now, more than half a century later, is perhaps the most popular of all operas except Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The history of *Il Barbiere*, and its first performance, when not a note of the second act could be heard, in consequence of the turbulent opposition made by the friends of Paesiello, its triumph at the second performance, and the attendant consequences, are too familiar to all who interest themselves in musical matters to need repeating. Nor can we do more than state that *Il Barbiere* was successively followed by *Otello* (1816—Teatro del Fondo, Naples), *Cenerentola*, (1817—Rome), and *La Gazza Ladra* (1817—the Scala, Milan.) Happily each of these works, which materially increased their author's fame, endures and is likely to endure. To these succeeded *Armida* (Naples); *Adelaida di Borgogna* (Rome); *Mosè in Egitto* (Naples); *Adina*, on the same subject as Boieldieu's *Calif de Bagdad* (Lisbon); *Ricciardo e Zoraide* (Naples); *Edoardo e Cristina* (Venice); *La Donna del Lago* (Naples, 1819); *Bianca e Falliero* (Milan); *Maometto Secondo* (Naples); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rome); *Zelmira* (Naples); and *Semiramide*. Among the foregoing some

two or three are wholly unknown in England. *Maometto* subsequently became *Le Siège de Corinthe*, and *Mosè* became *Moïse*—both re written and greatly extended for the Grand Opera in Paris. *Ricciardo* afforded the first idea of that florid *bravura* style afterwards brought to perfection in *Semiramide*. *Semiramide* itself, popular to this day, and the last of Rossini's purely Italian operas (his last, indeed, composed in Italy), was first played at the Fenice in Venice, February 23, 1823, with anything but the success that has universally attended it since.

After going to Vienna, and—much to the chagrin of Beethoven, who was nothing if not German—turning the heads of the fickle Viennese, Rossini visited London. How the great Italian, who sung and played just as well as he composed, and was not less prepossessing as a man than gifted as a musician, was everywhere welcomed and fêted in the English capital, may be remembered by many still living. Into his career as director of the Opéra Italien in Paris, where, after much opposition, both interested and disinterested, his music had acquired extraordinary popularity, where he had composed the charming little opera of *Il Viaggio a Reims* (for the "*fêtes du Sacre*" of Charles X.—June, 1825), subsequently developed into the yet more fascinating *Comte Ory*, where, in *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Moïse*, he had given colossal dimensions to two of his earlier Italian works, and where on the 3d of August 1829, he crowned the edifice of his glory with his immortal masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, we cannot possibly enter; nor is it necessary to say one word about the universally popular *Stabat Mater*, a masterpiece in another style. Enough that, from the production of *Guillaume Tell* until the day of his death, Rossini, though it is known that he has written, more especially of late years, a great many pieces of various descriptions—among the rest the famous *Stabat* (1832) some sacred choruses, and, very recently (1864), what he modestly styled a "*petite messe*," of which every one speaks in raptures—he has published, or allowed to be published, very little. What were the actual reasons for his comparative cessation from labor his most intimate friends would find it difficult to explain, for he himself could never be brought to talk seriously on the subject. The loss to art through the obstinate reticence of so great a genius may be readily imagined; but he had purchased leisure by hard toil and working of the brain enough to wear out a stronger frame.

Rossini's first wife (Colbrand) died at Bologna in 1845, and two years later he married Mdlle. Olympe Pélissier, his second. From 1836 to 1847, he lived in retirement at Bologna, occupying himself with agriculture and painting, and employing some of his leisure in teaching Alboni, then a promising young girl, to sing. Thence he moved to Florence; and in 1855, his health being much impaired, by the advice of his doctor, quitted Florence for Paris, which he never afterwards left, dwelling during the summer in a villa he had built for himself at Passy, and during the winter in apartments in a house at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. At Paris, where, after a time, his health was completely restored, he was the object of attention and solicitude from high and low, enjoying, as one of his enthusiastic admirers says—"une véritable royauté intellectuelle, consulté, écouté, admiré comme jadis Goethe et Humboldt, s'occupant de tout et de tous avec une activité, une solicitude, une bonté, dont il faut renoncer à l'idée." The description is but simple truth. Rossini was sought out and courted, not merely on account of his fame as a composer, but for his wit, his humor, his amiability, and general goodness. With him has departed one of the most remarkable geniuses and one of the kindliest spirits of the nineteenth century.

Gioacchino Rossini.

(From the Orchestra).

Seventy-six years ago, on a day which only falls numerically once every four years, the wife of a strolling horn-player in Italy gave birth to a child afterwards destined to hand down a name imperishable in the annals of song. The Swan of Pesaro, as he came to be called, was born in the then States of the Church, of parents inured to the poverty inherent in a wandering musician's life. His mother was a singer in a humble operatic way; his father a player in the orchestra. The fine flexible voice and musical attainments of young Rossini were soon turned to good account; for when only ten years old we hear of him taking the second horn with his father, and making one of the chorus in these nomadic performances; and subsequently he was employed to sing in the churches of Bologna. In that city, when his voice broke at the age of fifteen, he was placed under the tutelage of the Abbé Mattei, who taught him the principles of harmony and composition, but, in defiance of the general rule, refused to allow him any books. Instead of working at first principles, and so building up a system from its foundations, Mattei set before his pupil the best compositions of the great masters, taught him to analyze them, and explained the various steps by which they had been created. But youthful genius burst the trammels of scholastic discipline. "Do I now know enough to compose an opera?" asked the impatient student; and a reluctant assent being given, young Rossini set to work, not in precise defiance of his preceptor's theories, but with an intuition which in many instances forestalled them. It was a time when Italian art was on the wane, when the great old school was left without a representative, when Cimarosa was dead, and when there was not enough ability to supply the fierce need of Italy for music; not enough masters for the ready audiences. Into this gap Rossini plunged, after only a twelvemonth's study of musical science under his clerical teacher. In 1808, the lad of sixteen years old produced a symphony and cantata—his first-fruits, which have perished. In 1810 his first opera, equally forgotten, was brought out at the San Mo-è theatre in Venice: a one act trifle which was favorably noticed as the work of a clever boy, but which has gone the way of the many immature efforts of young geniuses. By the time he was twenty, however, Rossini had gained popularity by the production of various Italian operas, and shortly after that age (in 1813), his name resounded throughout the world as the composer of "*Il Tancredi*," the melodies of which (especially "Di tanti palpiti") spread wherever street organs, itinerant bands, or the human voice could reach. The fascination of Rossini's light and brilliant music indeed soon became universal, influencing even a German public to the detriment of their own great composers then flourishing—among them Beethoven himself. The success of this opera fired the young composer's soul, and roused his ambition and enormous productiveness. For the next ten years Rossini continued to produce with wonderful rapidity, though unfortunately quality and quantity did not always go together. About 1814 he entered into an arrangement with the manager of the San Carlo Theatre, at Naples, by which he was to receive a salary of about £500 a year, and to produce in return about three operas annually. One of the first of the works produced was the well-known "*Elizabetta, Regina di Inghilterra*," which, despite some faults, still holds the stage. In rapid succession were produced "*Il Barbiere*," "*Otello*," "*La Cenerentola*," and "*La Gazza Ladra*," besides an immense number of songs, symphonies, and cantatas. Each of these operas, as it was produced, was the signal for a fresh outburst of enthusiasm in favor of the young composer. To this rule there was only one exception. "*Il Barbiere*" had been treated only just before by the veteran Paisiello, who was exceedingly popular amongst his fellow-countrymen, as well as in the country of his adoption—France. Hence, when Rossini's daring to compete with Paisiello on his own ground was announced, a strong party of champions of the latter determined to oppose it by all means in their power. On the first night of the opera the curtain drew up before a thoroughly prejudiced audience, which hissed piece after piece as it was performed. The opera seemed to be a total failure; but on the second night the impartial public were his judges; their verdict established the work as a triumphant success, and it has ever since been universally accepted as one of the few masterpieces of comic opera, and one of the two greatest works of its composer.

At Milan, in 1817, were produced "*Cenerentola*" and "*La Gazza Ladra*"—the last one of the most telling and delightful among Rossini's many works. "*Mosè in Egitto*," which he wrote for the San Carlo theatre, in 1818, is unknown to the English lovers of opera in its original form, owing to its Scriptural subject; but under a disguise it has been given as "*Pietro l' Eremita*," and as "*Zora*." A similar but more successful change was effected in the case of "*Maometto Secondo*," which failed at Naples, but was subsequently adapted, in France, to the story of the siege of Corinth, and is still played under the title of "*L'Assedio di Corinto*." For the San Carlo Rossini produced "*Mosè in Egitto*" and the "*Donna del Lago*"; but in 1822 he put an end to his engagement with the manager. His marriage followed; and then, having been invited to superintend the production of his opera "*Zelmira*," at Vienna, he left Naples for that city in 1822. Here he remained for about a year, producing "*Semiramide*"—the most German in feeling of all his works—in time for the Carnival of 1823. The work obtained an immediate success amongst the people for whom it was written, but it has never shared the popularity of the composer's other works, either in Italy or in England. From Vienna Rossini came to London, where it seemed as though the musical public could not do enough to testify their admiration. He stayed for five months, and on his departure carried away a substantial proof of the British love of his art. In that short period he received for lessons and concerts no less a sum than £10,000. From London Rossini went to Paris. For the Grand Opera there, on the occasion of the famous "Oath of Charles X.," he produced a *pièce d'occasion*, entitled "*Il Viaggio a Reims*." Two years later he recast, as stated, the "*Maometto*," and produced "*The Siege of Corinth*;" then followed the "*Comte Ory*," and in 1829 was produced the final and crowning triumph of the composer, "*William Tell*."

His reception in England was in strong contrast with the opinion first formed of him by the French. Dating January 24, 1824, Ebers, the author of "Seven years of the King's Theatre" thus speaks of the opening of the season with "*Zelmira*." "The opera was Rossini's, and that composer, along with his wife, Mme. Colbran Rossini, having been engaged for the season, the composer himself took his seat at the pianoforte during the first three nights of the performance. The reputation acquired by Rossini gave a powerful attraction to his name, and his appearance in the orchestra was loudly welcomed." And Lord Mount-Edgcumbe in his "Musical Reminiscences" speaks of the ardent fêting which the composer enjoyed in society. He "was so much engaged in pleasures and convivial meetings, as well as singing with great profit in private, that he neglected his engagement with the theatre and did not complete the opera he was to have composed." Curiously enough, the French reversed the judgment of their neighbors and of the world at large. They did not care for Rossini; they even hissed the "*Guillaume Tell*," as a work too German! This indignity, and the silly reason assigned for it, broke Rossini's patience; and in his rage he vowed never to write for the stage again. With him *ira* was no *brevis furor*; he kept the threat only too well: his masterpiece (and he then knew it to be that) was his last opera. He would trust no more the fickle judgment of the multitude, and he ceased to produce, so far as the stage was concerned, in the very prime of life, at the early age of thirty-seven. But scorn of "the many-headed brute" was not the only reason connected with this fatal vow; he was growing rich, and independent of public opinion. His wife had brought him a very large fortune, and the sums paid to him annually for the representations of his operas were amply sufficient for the maintenance of his household even on a somewhat extravagant scale. In addition to this property, Charles X. had bestowed upon him a pension of 20,000f. annually, with the honorary title of "inspector general of singing in France." There were no duties attached to the office; but in the warrant for the appointment a clause was inserted providing, that should circumstances ever render its abolition necessary, a pension of 6000f. should be assured to the maestro. Such a circumstance occurred soon after in the abdication of the King. His office was abolished, and Rossini set himself to plead with the liquidators of the civil list for the settlement of his pension. While this process was going on he of course remained in Paris, and it is said, that in order to induce the commissioners to take a favorable view of his case he lived with all the externals of the most abject poverty. As soon, however, as a decision was given in his favor he retired to a palace which he had purchased at Bologna and had fitted up with all the luxury that money could command. The trick has often been cast in his teeth by hostile critics, but the French public forgave him the *ruse*, and tried to make up, by adulation as exaggerated as their former censure, for the indignity put upon him by a Parisian audience and a Parisian press on the production of the "*William Tell*." He had already experienced how fickle the popular judgment might be, when he was staying at Vienna, in the zenith of his reputation. It was at a banquet given by him there in honor of his wife, his art, and his cook; for Rossini was a voluptuary in all things. The spread was worthy of Lucullus; and in the midst of the guests' discussion of the best wines and viands, shared by the most brilliant wits of the Austrian capital, a huge crowd gathered outside the house, attracted by the fame of the composer and the announcement that he and his friends intended to give a musical performance on the balcony. Great was the disappointment of the multitude on hearing that no such performance was likely to take place; and Rossini good naturedly offered to gratify them since they were bent on having an *al fresco* concert. A piano was placed upon the balcony, and the maestro, with his table napkin hanging from his button hole, sat down and sang a ritornello from "*Elizabetta*." The audience applauded lustily; "Viva! viva! sia benedetto! ancora! ancora!" was vociferated with all their might by a thousand voices. David and Mlle. Eckerlin then advanced and sang a duet, which was followed by the same plaudits and the same entreaties to con-

time. Nozzari succeeded with a cavatina from "*Zelmira*," and then the maestro wrought the enthusiasm of the assembly to a climax by singing, with his wife, the admirable duet from "*Armide*," "Cara per te quest' anima." He intended that the delicious accents of the duet should close the concert, and attempted to retire amid the applause which followed it. His intention being perceived, however, the cries of "Bravo!" were changed for others of "Fora! fora! il maestro!" and he was obliged to advance to the border of the balcony and bow his acknowledgments to the excited multitude. A cry of "Cantare! Cantare!" then proceeded from all sides, and the maestro replied by singing in his gayest manner the famous melody from "*Il Barbiere*"—"Figaro quà, Figaro là." This ended, he considered the matter carried far enough, and retired into the interior, ordering the shutters to be closed and the lights upon the balcony put out. But though *he* had had enough of it, the crowd had not, and when it perceived that there was no hope of the concert being continued, it became enraged beyond all bounds at the disappointment, and gave vent to its fury by throwing brickbats at the windows of him in whose favor, only a few moments before, it had witnessed so idolatrous an enthusiasm. Had it not been for the intervention of the police, it is probable the outrage would have been carried to a serious extent. No bad illustration of the favor of a mob.

Since the production of "*William Tell*" Rossini has given little to the extra-dramatic world; beyond a cantata here and there, a couple of masses, and a *rechauffé* of an old opera under the name of "*Robert Bruce*," nothing of interest came from his pen, save the "*Stabat Mater*," in the long interval between 1829 and 1868. The thirty nine years have been devoted to gastronomy, to the cultivation of *bons mots*, and the adulation of artistic society. In 1855 he settled down in Paris, and up to his death became the centre of an adoring coterie. He bent his mighty genius to the cracking of jokes and the inventing of dishes. Something of laziness or of premature sterility must have mingled with that early pique, for certainly Paris tried hard to obliterate the memory of his wrong. He received the homage of a sovereign; he was dubbed "divine"; his little traits and mildest wittiricisms were chronicled in the newspapers with an assiduity and an hyperbole of which only French journalists are capable; he wrote exaggerated compliments in the albums of young lady artists; and thus he lived, in the midst of his medals and orders and flatterers and scores, until he caught that attack of bronchitis which on Saturday, November the 14th, put an end to his life and plunged Paris into mourning. The Sunday art papers in that capital came out with a black edge and contained the most effusive expressions of regret. In the language of one of them, "Death has opened to Rossini the way to that Empyrean where the Greeks placed their demigods; Paris is hastening to render to the dead a funeral which can only be an apotheosis and the preface of immortality."

But exaggeration apart, no one denies to Rossini the respect due to his great worth. The testimony of no less a man than Mendelssohn may be recorded among the cloud of witnesses who confess Rossini's geniality and greatness. In a letter from Frankfort, in July, 1836, Mendelssohn wrote thus:—"Early yesterday I went to see Ferdinand Hiller, and whom should I find sitting there but Rossini, as large as life, in his best and most amiable mood. I really know few men who can be so amusing and witty as he, when he chooses; he kept us laughing incessantly the whole time. I promised that the St. Cecilia Association should sing for him the B minor Mass, and some other things of Sebastian Bach's. It will be quite too charming to see Rossini obliged to admire Sebastian Bach; he thinks, however, 'different countries, different customs,' and is resolved to howl with the wolves. He is enchanted with Germany, and when he once gets the list of wines at the Rhine Hotel in the evening, the waiter is obliged to show him his room, or he could never manage to find it. He relates the most laughable and amusing things about Paris and all the musicians there, as well as of himself and his compositions, and entertains the most profound respect for all the men of the present day—so that you might really believe him, if you had no eyes to see his sarcastic face. Intellect, and animation, and wit sparkle in all his features and in every word, and those who do not consider him a genius ought to hear him expatiating in this way, and they would change their opinion."

Rossini's illness for the two days before his death was a slow agony, and he suffered a real martyrdom. His body was literally on fire, so greatly did the inflammation consume him. From time to time he moaned out—"I burn; ice, ice!" and this was really given him as a final solace. He sometimes took the hand of his wife, who never left his bedside, and covered it with kisses. Together with the name of Mme. Rossini, which he was almost always uttering, that which he most frequently pronounced was Jean, an old attendant who had shown great devotedness to his master. Moreover, some friends never ceased succeeding each other in waiting on him; namely, MM. Vancorbeil, Michotte, Perazzi, Ivanoff, S. Pamburini, and Dr. Fortina. Mme. Rossini, revising her first decision, had allowed the Abbe of S. Roch to have access to the dying man, who confessed to him. On Friday, at two, the Curé of Passy administered extreme unction, and half an hour after the patient lost consciousness. A laborious breathing alone indicated that life remained. At ten at night he uttered his wife's name, and that was the last word he spoke. At eleven he was thought to be dead, and a light was passed close to his eyes; but the upper lids opened. A little after midnight he expired.

The following list of Rossini's chief productions may be of interest:—

	A D
Il pianto d'Armonia (Cantata)	1808
Symphony for the Orchestra	1809
Quartet, two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello	1809
La Cambiale di Matrimonio (Opera)	1810
L'Equivoco stravagante (Opera)	1811
Didone Abbandonata (Cantata)	1811
Demetrio e Polibio (Opera)	1811
L'Inganno felice (Opera)	1812
Ciro in Babilonia (Opera)	1812
La Scala di Seta (Opera)	1812
La Pietra del Paragone (Opera)	1812
L'Occasione fa il Ladro (Opera)	1812
Il Figlio per Azzardo (Opera)	1813
Tancredi (Opera)	1813
L'Italiana in Algeri (Opera)	1813
L'Aureliano in Palmira (Opera)	1814
Egle e Irene (unpublished Cantata)	1814
Il Turco in Italia (Opera)	1814
Elisabetta (Opera)	1815
Torvaldo e Dorliska (Opera)	1816
Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Opera)	1816
La Gazzetta (Opera)	1816
Otello (Opera)	1816
Teti e Peleo (Cantata)	1816
Cenerentola (Opera)	1817
La Gazza Ladra (Opera)	1817
Ariadne (Opera)	1817
Adelaide di Borgogna (Opera)	1818
Mose in Egitto (Opera)	1818
Ricciardo e Zoraide (Opera)	1818
Ermione (Opera)	1819
Edoardo e Cristina (Opera)	1819
La Donna del Lago (Opera)	1819
Cantata for the Royal fête at Naples	1819
Bianca e Faliero (Opera)	1820
Maometto Secondo (Opera)	1820
Cantata for the Emperor of Austria	1820
Matilde di Shabran (Opera)	1821
La Riconoscenza (Cantata performed for Rossini's benefit at Naples	1821
Zelmira (Opera)	1822
Il Vero Omaggio (Cantata	1822
Semiramide (Opera)	1823
Sigismondo (Opera)	1823
Il Viaggio a Reims (Opera)	1825
Le Siége de Corinthe (Opera)	1826
Mose (Opera)	1827
Le Comte Ory (Opera)	1828
Guillaume Tell (Opera)	1829
A Mass	1832
Les Soirées Musicales	1835
Four Indian ariette	1841
Stabat Mater	1842
Faith, Hope and Charity (Three Choruses)	1843
Robert Bruce (Opera)	1846
Scenes to Pen the Ninth	1847
Mass composed for M. Pillet-Will	1864
Cantata performed by 800 singers and instrumentalists at the Distribution of Prizes at the Paris Exhibition	

(From the Athenæum.)

Gioacchino Rossini.

The last man of genius but one who belonged to the greatest musical period that Europe has yet seen,—the contemporary of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Paer, Mayer, Zingarelli, Donizetti, Pacini, Bellini, M. Auber, Paganini, De Beriot, Ernst, M. Moscheles, Hummel, Chopin, MM. Liszt, Thalberg, and a score of other artists, whose place there is small present chance of being filled—almost, it may be added, the greatest man of genius in the glorious list—Rossini—born at Pesaro on the 29th of February, 1792, died on the 13th of this month, in Paris. His health had been failing for some time past; his mortal illness, which lasted for some fortnight, we are told, was terribly painful. Everything that science and devoted ministration could do to alleviate his sufferings and to prolong his existence was done, but in vain.

For the moment, it is impossible to do more than group together a few facts and characteristics regarding the life and works of one of the most original artists, in every sense of the word, who ever enriched the art he practiced. There is no want of anecdotes, correspondence, of personal recollections, within easy reach, such as will make a complete and distinct biography of Rossini, one full of interest and instruction; but the duty of the hour is simply, in a few words, to assemble a few of the known facts of his brilliant and singular career. This week it must suffice to state that Rossini was a native of Pesaro; one of a family of obscure musicians, the son of a very beautiful woman, doomed to struggle into life and celebrity under the conditions of poverty and meagre instruction. His first master, he told Ferdinand Hiller, was one Prinetti. But he seems to have mastered the secrets of music almost by instinct. His joyousness of temperament, seconded by a prodigious memory, encouraged him in boastful contempt of "rule and governance," in apparent contempt of thought and labor. The tale goes that, after having taken some dozen lessons in counterpoint from Padre Mattei, he asked his professor whether he had learnt enough to enable him to write operas; and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, flung down his exercise book, and busily and boldly set to work for the stage. This, however, is possibly an exaggeration of the facts. There are persons born so richly organized that they can dispense with the study which is necessary to men of genius of the second order. So far as his own words can be relied on, Mendelssohn, whose amazing technical command of the pianoforte was only one of his myriad attractions, never hammered away as a child at the keyboard, though he commanded it like a ripe, strong man while he was yet a mere boy. Mozart, again, got into counterpoint, without learning it under the Abbé Vogler. The fact that these examples have been abused and pleaded by the arrogant and the lazy has nothing to do with their historical truth.

Rossini, at all events, had no mistrust in assaulting the theatre of his country at a very early age. There were singers in those days; and the boy, being an exquisite singer himself, was tempted to lavish his genius on the vocal portion of his operatic music, careless of dramatic interest—not very scrupulous as to instrumental ingenuity. The orchestras for which his early operas "La Scala della Seta" and "Il Pietro del Paragone," were composed, belonging to such small theatres as were accessible to him, must have been paltry enough. There was no temptation for one so sensuous, so abundant in melody as he was, to study, to refine, to meditate new combinations. And yet there is nothing in the orchestral music of any country more provocative, more original, more various, than the introductions to Rossini's overtures—as, for instance, those to "L'Italiana," "La Gazza" "Il Barbiere," "Tancredi," "Cenerentola," "La Donna," "Semiramide," "Le Siége de Corinthe" (with its glorious march), and "Guillaume Tell." In the first quality, which every overture should possess, that of commanding attention from the very first stroke of the orchestra, they are only equalled, not exceeded, by the overtures of Weber. As his curtain-tunes proceed, the composer's habitual carelessness, in filling up every prelude by recent, becomes evident. On the other hand—though here, also, too little solicitous as to repetitions of known forms—he watched his singers rigorously; and not without reason. Many, if not all, of the florid embroideries which are lavished over his opera songs, and which by stupid hearers have been confounded with the original idea underneath, were expressly noted down by himself, in order to deprive his executants of their right of private judgment. It is certain that the ornamental passages and cadenzas noted in Rossini's music have a style which nothing can supersede, nor replace without certain loss.

It is impossible, for the moment, to range according to order the amazing series of his Italian operas, poured forth during a period less than twenty years in duration. Among these were "L'Italiana," with its incomparable "Pappataci" *trio* for three men, and its nobler *finale*, "Pensa alla Patria,"—"Bianca e Faliero," with its pompous duet, and its quartet with chorus, "Ciel il mio labbro,", not exceeded in climax and excitement by the *finale* added by him to "Mose" ("Mosè") for the opera at Paris—"Tancredi," with "Di tanti," scribbled down in haste while the rice for the Italian's dinner was scalding—and its two superb duets,—"Il Barbiere," the comedy of Beaumarchais, which, told in the most delicious of melodies, to the most perfect of dramatic forms, will never die, so long as remains on the stage the echo of a singer, or the shadow of a lover, or the spark of one of the rare old buffoons of the Italian theatres. This "Barbiere," by the way, had at first a contested success, Paisiello's setting of the same story being then in possession of favor. But after a night or two the work had won its place, and such a brilliant renown for its writer, as even in their best days neither Paisiello nor Cimarosa had altogether ever mastered. Rossini's early works were poorly paid, for "rights of authors" there were none, at least in Italy and managers could do such unheard of things as embezzling the privilege of representation by purloining a copy of a score; but they produced enough to satisfy the careless wants

of the young Pesarese. He became at once the favorite of his countrymen, and more, of his countrywomen. Besides being a great genius and having a ready wit, such as few have commanded (which a thousand anecdotes remain to attest), he was singularly handsome, and successful as a man of intrigue and gallantry. To the last (it may be remarked in passing), Rossini kept his wonderful freshness and poignancy of repartee—his charming though often sardonic courtesy of manner, and that pair of eyes, at once clear, tender and searching, which must, in the heyday of his youth, have been found resistless by the passionate ladies of his own country.

Italian opera after opera was poured out by Rossini with every conceivable variety of success. Some of those the best known may be grouped without reference to chronology. Among comic operas, "La Cenerentola," with its introduction, its concerted piece, "Questo e nodo," and its finale *rondo*, and "Matilda di Shabran," otherwise "Corradino," rich from beginning to end in melody, though weighed down by the absurdities of its story. Among sentimental operas, "La Donna," the music of which is as a breath from the hills of our north country, and (be it marked) essentially different in color from the Swiss music to his "Guillaume Tell" and "La Gazza." Among works of a higher flight, "Zelmira" and "Semiramide," and, best of all, "Otello," the last act of which is, probably, the highest expression of Italian tragic music in existence, because it the simplest—an act preluded by yet another of those exquisite introductions to which we have referred, and in its tremendous tragic passion sustained by merely two persons with a pathos and an audacity which there is no overpraising. Desdemona's willow song (how wonderfully was it rendered by Pasta and Malibran!) is not more truly dramatic than the frenzied final duet, where every brilliancy of vocal resource is enlisted in the service of the jealousy, despair, and death agony of the scene. If this marvellous piece of dramatic conception, where the wildest passion is combined with a beauty as symmetrical as that of the Greek statues, is now thought slow and cold by those who will swallow any amount of Verdi bombast or of Wagner trash, it may be that the great art of operatic singing and acting has died out.

He died in easy circumstances. He was twice married; the first time to Madame Colbran, a renowned Neapolitan *prima donna* of his day, somewhat past her prime. For this lady he wrote his "Zelmira," and she accompanied him to England; when Prince Leopold's Concerts, at Marlborough House, were "the rage" in our world of fashion; when Almack's was in full glory. What a by-gone time does this simple statement recall! There is probably one only of that brilliant society still in the world—Lady Palmerston, then Lady Cowper. The stories of Rossini's vain glory, during his invasion of England, are countless. Who has not heard of his speech to the beauty standing between him and the Duke of Wellington—"Madame, how happy should you be, to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe"? At these Marlborough House Concerts he sang. Rossini was a second time married to Madame Pelissier, who survives him.

The great *maestro* is to be interred to-day, by his own express desire, in the cemetery of Père La Chaise, after a stately service at La Madeleine. It would be needless and premature to speak of the provisions of his will as regards the art he loved so dearly and so superbly adorned; and the less so, since the amount of matter for recollection and anecdote are already so abundant. H. F. C.

Music Abroad.

Frankfort-am-Main. — Perhaps the most interesting event, in the highest musical sense, which has occurred in Germany of late, was the "Fiftieth Year Jubilee of the Cecilia Society," held in the last week of October. The "Cecilia' is the choral society of which Mendelssohn was so fond, and of which he speaks in his Letters. It is probably the most earnest and high toned oratorio society in the world, though not the largest, and its chorus singing the best that can be heard anywhere. We may congratulate our friend Dresel on finding such a pleasure in store for him, the first thing, on his welcome among his relatives and so many old musical friends as that Jubilee had drawn together. We translate from the *Signale*:

"Two days full of festal jubilee and purest joy now lie behind us,—two days which could not have flowed by more beautiful and more untroubled. The festival began on Wednesday morning (Oct. 28) with some vocal pieces of Mozart, Bach, and the two deceased directors of the Cecilia, Schelble and Messer, in the banqueting hall of the Saalbau. The Festival address was made by Dr. Eckhard, president of the Society, who reviewed the different phases through which the Society had passed. Then came the presentation of gifts to the *Jubilar* (for example, a splendid Bechstein grand piano, on the part of another musical society, the *Museum*), of deputations of societies from other cities, &c. Some 30 honorary guests were present; we observed, among others, Ferd. Hiller, the three Lachners, Goltermann, Brambach, Krause, Wolf, Schetterer, Bruch, Rust, Klein, Reiter, Hasenclever, Mangold, Mickler, Levi, Schlösser, Marfpurg, Vogt. For the grand evening concert they had selected Bach's B minor Mass, as a symbol of the direction to which the Cecilia most fondly dedicates itself. And indeed it may well be proud of this achievement; a more perfect performance (if there be such a thing as perfection) can hardly be imagined. The enormous difficulties with which the work abounds were overcome with the ease of play; the light and shade was admirable, the sound of the whole chorus, alike in forte and piano, ravishing. Of the solo singers (Mmes. Bellingrath and Joachim, Herren Otto and Schultze) we must signalize Frau Joachim and Herr Otto; Master Joachim played the violin solos (*obbligato*) which occur in the Mass. Add to this our excellent orchestra, which played that evening with peculiar fervor, and you must admit that we have had, in the strictest sense of the word, a model performance, for which we cannot be grateful enough to Carl Müller, the director. Thursday assembled the Society, its guests and many friends in the great Hall at a banquet, in which 500 persons took part. The festival concluded with a ball, and you may form an idea of its magnificence when I tell you that nearly 2,000 people were in motion in the *Saalbau*."

The second "Museum" concert presented a faultless rendering of a Haydn Symphony in D, Beethoven's B-flat Symphony, and the *Hebrides* overture. The reporter is not so much pleased with the manner in which Herr Wallenreiter, of Stuttgart, sang Beethoven's *Liederkreis*, as well as that by Schumann on poems by Eichendorff. The second Quartet Soirée gave the A-major Quartet of Schumann, the E-flat Trio of Schubert, and Mozart's Quartet in F.

Joachim and his wife, the distinguished contralto singer, took part in the third Museum concert (Violin pieces by Bach and Schubert; Schubert's great piano forte Duo, which is symphonic in the grandeur of its ideas and plan, arranged for orchestra by Joachim, &c.) On the 9th Nov. Joachim and Fr. Lachner took part in a charity concert (Violin Concerto by Bruch; Schumann's *Genovera* overture; Cantata by Marcello, &c.)

London.

Crystal Palace. At the concert on Saturday afternoon the chief feature was an unknown Symphony of Schubert—No. 6, in C major—for the first production of which in England (and it has been played nowhere else) we are indebted to the spirit of research which induced the Crystal Palace directors to send one of their most valued servants to Vienna, in order to examine the MSS. of the now universally-sought Viennese composer and obtain possession of whatever seemed most interesting. Each piece from the rich unpublished collection that Mr. Grove was fortunate enough to procure has turned out a real treasure—a thing the loss of which would have been a loss to art. The Symphony in C, in genuine musical interest, is equal to any composition of Schubert's with which we are acquainted. It has, moreover, the peculiarity, strange in Schubert, of being of a lively and cheerful character from beginning to end. How it was performed by the admirable orchestra which Mr. Manns directs so well, we need hardly say. The whole symphony, in its way a masterpiece, was rapturously received, and will be doubtless heard again very shortly. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Leonora*, which respectively began and terminated the concert, were both played in perfection, and the first was uproariously encored. A young pianist, Miss Marian Buel (pupil of Mr. W. G. Cusins), produced a marked impression by her extremely neat, tasteful, and wholly unaffected performance of Mendelssohn's very difficult *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor (with orchestral accompaniments), a well-known *Gavotte* from one of the *Suites* of J. S. Bach, and a *Scherzo* from a MS. sonata of her own composition. *Mus. World, Nov.* 28.

These Crystal Palace programmes certainly exhibit great variety. In one the Organ was employed; a Bach Fugue and Mendelssohn Sonata figuring in the same company with a Beethoven Symphony (in B flat), Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* and Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* overture, arias from Mendelssohn, Rossini, Spohr, Meyerbeer, &c. The *Times* thinks the organ experiment entirely successful, "thanks to the admirable playing of Dr. Stainer."

In another (Nov. 14), the overture to *Euryanthe*, Mozart's Parisian Symphony, the *Dinorah* "Shadow Song," Beethoven's Choral Fantasia (with Hallé for pianist), Handel's "Angels ever bright" (Mme. Sherrington), a part song by Sullivan, and piano solos by Henselt and Heller, led to a close in Schubert's "Song of Miriam," for solo and chorus. This Cantata was a novelty in London, though it has been sung years since here in Boston, and the entire music published in this Journal. We are glad to see it so highly appreciated. The *Times* critic says:

Schubert's cantata we know apart from its interpretation (a very bad one) by the Crystal Palace Choir, and, therefore, it is possible to speak confidently about it. The words, let us premise, are by Grillparzer, and the music was written in 1828, in which year it was first performed, eight months prior to the charming composer's untimely death. Schubert left it unscored, but his friend Franz Lachner has supplied the omission with all needful reverence, and the work is now a complete thing. Not so only, but it is a thing of beauty which we welcome, and shall not willingly give back to the obscurity from which it has been rescued. Everybody knows that Handel treated the story of Israel's deliverance from Egypt once and for all. His majestic music stands, and must always stand, alone and unapproachable. But, putting it aside, then it is possible to open heart and arms to the lesser, but still great, utterance of the Viennese master. Milton sang the glories of Paradise without closing the theme to smaller men. Therefore, if any Schuberts be living now—which we doubt—let them take heart of grace, and set the "Song of Miriam" once more. But we must return to *the* Schubert and *his* version of the heroic theme. First of all comes an *Allegro giusto* in C major, "Strike the cymbals, harps be sounded," which—besides commencing exactly like "The trumpet shall sound"—is marked by a thoroughly Handelian simplicity and directness of purpose. To it succeeds an *Allegretto* in F major, "Out of Egypt, on before us," in which, as in the opening movement, a soprano solo and chorus are used with much effect. The graceful and flowing theme of this movement is admirably in contrast with an episode on the words:—

"Ocean's creatures gazed in wonder,
Crystal walls on either hand."

It would be difficult—out of Handel—to surpass the originality with which these lines are treated. The music set to them fascinates as only the music of a heaven-born genius can. An *Allegro agitato*—still, like every movement in the work, for soprano solo and chorus—follows on the words beginning "But from far array of battle." This is comparatively weak, but its shortcomings are amply condoned by an episode, "But, hark! that hissing, wailing, murm'ring," which leads in magnificent style to an *Allegro moderato* in C minor, "'Tis the Lord in all His anger." Here Schubert has to describe the overthrow of Pharaoh's chariots and his horsemen. Right well he handles the tremendous story; rising, now and then, to a height which makes us more than ever regret "the deep *misfortune* of his taking off." After this "fine frenzy," an *Andantino*, in E minor, peculiarly Handelian in structure, comes as a relief. Its theme, given first to the solo voice, is repeated in chorus; a curious and weird effect being produced by a two-part canon on the octave, beginning "Dreadful sea, so deep and boundless." The first chorus is then repeated with the addition of a fugue on the words "God has shown his power unbounded." Poor Schubert! One might almost be pardoned for dropping a tear over this last effort. Such mingled

strength and weakness—weakness not his fault—at the close of a brief but laborious life, is as touching as anything in his pitiable history. The work, however, closes well, and leaves an impression only to be accounted for by that genius which may be helped, but never depends upon technical knowledge.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The eleventh season opened at St. James's Hall, on the 16th, with a very attractive programme, and, as is now invariably the case, was attended by a large and appreciative audience, the space gained by the removal of the organ being fully occupied by the additional company in the orchestra. The instrumental pieces consisted of Mendelssohn's stringed quartet in D major (Op. 44, No. 1), Boccherini's sonata in A major, for violoncello and pianoforte; Beethoven's sonata in E flat (Op 7), Mozart's quintet, for clarionet and strings; Dussek's sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin; thus comprising a specimen of first-rate excellence, of almost every school of classical chamber music with which the enterprising conductor of these concerts has familiarized the London public. Even if the older school of pianoforte music was not on this occasion directly represented, we had traces of it in the melodious passages of the allegro of Boccherini's sonata, which, though of course mainly representing the later Italian style, recalled, in part, the simpler phrases of Handel's pianoforte music. To dwell on the excellence of the performance of these pieces would necessarily be to repeat, for the eleventh time, what has been said during the ten preceding seasons. We would, however, specially single out the exquisite finale of Mendelssohn's quartet, *Presto con brio*: the allegro in Boccherini's sonata; the final allegretto in Mozart's quartet, not necessarily as exhibiting a superiority in the performance, but from their surpassing beauty affording the highest gratification to the listener. It would be unjust to omit the mention of Herr Pauer's admirable performance of Beethoven's sonata, and of the melodious sonata of Dussek, in which he was most efficiently supported by M. Sainton. The vocal music comprised a song of Benedict's, "I know a song," and one by Schubert "The young nun," in the first of which Miss Edith Wynne received an encore.—*Choir, Nov. 28.*

The programme of the second concert (on Monday last) was as follows:—

Trio, in D major, op 70, No. 1, piano, violin and 'cello. Beethoven.
Song "Ave Maria," Miss Edith Wynne.....Schubert.
Sonata in G, violin, piano acc..... .....Porpora.
Sonata, in F, No. 18, piano alone ....Mozart.
Fragments of unfinished quartet—strings...Mendelssohn.
Song, "I know a song,".....Benedict
Septet, in D minor, piano, flute, oboe, horn, viola, 'celio and contra bass..... .....Hummel.

Hummel's septet is not only the finest show-piece of its very industrious composer, but one of the finest show-pieces ever written in which the pianoforte has a leading part. That it was safe in the hands of so good a musician and practised a pianist as Herr Ernst Pauer, backed as he was by six such skilled performers on the other instruments as Messrs. Radcliffe, Barret, Wentland, Henry Blagrove, Reynolds, and Piatti, we need scarcely add; nor is it necessary to describe the satisfaction with which the entire work was listened to by the audience, who applauded each movement as became them. Porpora's violin sonata (introduced for the first time), is interesting as a specimen of a master who was the great Joseph Haydn's first instructor. The finest of the four movements into which it is divided is the third, an animated and ingeniously developed *fuga*. The concluding *aria* is pretty, but the rest is somewhat dry. The whole is full of those "trills" for which Porpora was notoriously famous, and with which, on a special occasion, a certain Emperor of Austria was so mightily diverted at Vienna (where Porpora habitually resided). The sonata was superbly played by M. Sainton, from end to end, and the distinguished Toulousian fiddler was recalled to the platform at the conclusion with applause the hearty unanimity of which showed how welcome to all was his re-appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts. The pianoforte accompaniment played (how we need not say) by Mr. Benedict, is not the composition of Porpora, but of Ferdinand David of Leipsic. Mozart's Sonata in F is one of the most masterly and beautiful compositions dedicated by that wonderful genius to the pianoforte, or, as in his time it was called, the "clavecin." Herr Pauer deserves no less credit for his taste in selecting such a work than for the careful steadiness with which he played it from beginning to end.—*Times, Nov. 24.*

Musical Correspondence.

Music in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—When reading in your valuable Journal the notices, furnished either by correspondents, or culled from our daily papers, of the various concerts, especially of Chamber music, which are given in our city, it has not unfrequently occurred to me, that as an old concert attendant and one who is much interested in seeing a pure musical appreciation cultivated here, I should like to bring to your notice a series of concerts, heretofore somewhat private in their character, which, however, have exerted a very powerful influence in educating the musical taste of our city. I allude to what are known, in a limited circle, as PARLOR CONCERTS, which were instituted nine seasons since by a lady well known as a teacher of the piano.

Freely expending her time, strength and money, and always engaging the best talent the city could supply, with the one object kept steadily in view of advancing the musical taste, she has with unflagging patience and perseverance, and in spite of innumerable difficulties, steadily pursued her path. This singleness of purpose, sinking deeper and deeper into the unfathomable depths of artistic thought and development, has year by year extended the circle of its influence, until the parlors, in which the concerts were first given and from which they have received their title, could no longer hold those who were anxious to attend, and it was found necessary to divide the company and give each concert twice. As this involved double trouble and increased expense, last season Miss Jackson was induced to take a small Hall, where not only the whole number of subscribers could be accommodated, but invitations extended to many members of the profession who were showing an interest in the progress which this work, begun in so unpretentious a way, had made.

But although the concerts of the eighth season were found to be quite equal to any of the same character given in the city, the aim was not yet reached, namely, the permanent formation of a superior STRING QUARTET CLUB, for without this it was felt no further progress could be made.

How was this to be accomplished? There was but one way,—the idea was a bold one, especially for Philadelphia, but it was promptly responded to when proposed, and in the course of a few weeks $900 was subscribed, in sums of $50 and $25, and Ferdinand David, of Leipzig, was written to, to recommend a young violinist fully capable of leading and conducting a string quartet.

The result of this effort was the introduction into our city of Mr. Gotthilf Guhlemann, who not only brought with him his Leipzig diploma as a superior violinist and pianist, but who has most satisfactorily verified it on the two occasions on which he has appeared before the public. The first of these was at a Matinée given to a choice audience of between three and four hundred, who were invited to hear him shortly after his arrival here, when he played in a highly artistic manner Lipinski's Concerto Militaire for Violin, and Chopin's Concerto in E minor for Piano. His power as an able quartet player was also seen in the admirable rendering of one of Haydn's string quartets. But be it remembered that in this quartet it was not the first violin taking the lead and the other instruments following after, but it was one perfect whole emanating from those four instruments as the expression of the ideas of the master mind who had created them.

At the first of this season's Parlor Concerts, given on the 21st of this month at Natatorium Hall, the programme presented to a highly appreciative audience was: Haydn's string quartet, No. 10; Etude and Gondellied for Violin, by F. David, played by Mr. Guhlemann; a vocal male Quartet Serenade, by Abt; Andante and Variations by Handel and Valse by Chopin for Piano, both played by Mr. Guhlemann; Romanza for Violoncello by Franchomme, played by Mr. R. Hennig, late of New York, and now a member of the Parlor Concert Quartette Club, a violoncellist of uncommon ability, both as respects the quality of his tone, his depth of expression, and his facility of execution; two songs by R. Franz and Carl Polko, for soprano, and Beethoven's glorious D major Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Seldom has a programme been interpreted to an audience in so truly artistic a manner as this one. The satisfaction seemed universal, and I felt that now indeed Philadelphia had taken a thorough step forward in musical culture, and that, if this string quartet, composed of Messrs. G. Guhlemann, Wm. Stoll, Jr., Theo. Boettzer and R. Hennig, would continue through the winter to study as it has done through the past eight weeks, it will be ready to rival any in the country. For this good work, then, for the establishment of a thoroughly artistic string quartet club is a good work for music, we must thank the Parlor Concerts, and by the way, as I write, I remember that it was also through their influence that your valuable friend, Mr. Otto Dresel, was a few years since invited to this city to give some of his delightful Piano Concerts, and that the last night he was in the city, after he had finished his own concerts, he gave one of these very Parlor Concerts, where I listened to him with the most intense satisfaction.

What shall I say then in conclusion? Simply this, that singleness of purpose in a good cause, no matter how unostentatious it may be in its beginning, if persevered in, must result in permanent good; or, in other and better words, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." PROGRESS.

Mr. F. L. Ritter's Concert in New York.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 1.—On the evening of Nov. 26th, the lovers of true music in New York were enabled to hear a concert of which every number in the programme was artistic. No virtuoso playing, at the expense of real musical sentiment; no arrangements of popular airs; but the selections, all from the works of Mr. F. L. RITTER, were full of poetical feeling and scholarly writing. The programme was as follows:

First Symphony, in A major.
Larghetto. Andante. Menuetto. Allegro molto.
Hafis Songs [From the Persian]
a) "Als ich zum ersten male dein Angesicht erblickte."
b) "Zwei Paradieses-Lauben."
c) "Ich liebe dich."
d) "Wie Engel hauchen."
Mr. August Kreissmann.
Scena e Aria (with orchestral accompaniment), "Alfin nui ia concesso."
Mme. Raymond-Ritter.
Overture to "Othello."
Hafis Songs:
a) "Ich liebe dich."
b) "O wehle nicht so wunderschön."
c) "Ich will hin in die Sterne."
Mr. Kreissmann.
The Forty-sixth Psalm.
Mme. Ritter and Chorus.

These selections were wisely made and presented the genius of Mr. Ritter in many different aspects. The Symphony in A is a solid and noble work. The theme of the Andante, in particular, is beautiful, and the graceful Menuetto unites the clearness of a theme that Bach or Haydn might have written to the rich coloring of modern instrumentation. The Hafis' Songs, tender and oriental, were beautifully sung by Mr. Kreissmann, of your city. Mme. Raymond-Ritter interpreted the impassioned scena from "Alfieri's "Antonio e Cleopatra," a dramatic and effective composition, but needing more than one hearing for complete understanding; and the solos of the Psalm. The "Othello" overture is indeed a wonderful work. It is more a "symphonic poem" than an overture; no mere preparation for Shakespeare's tragedy, but rather, in its large proportions, a resumé of the whole plot. A clear, manly theme, *alla marcia*, seems to belong to Othello himself, while a gentle and sweet motif suggests Desdemona. Iago appears to have no distinct theme appropriated to him, but we trace his subtle influence in a motif which finally results in a masterly fugue, progressing with a fatal sureness, rising to the climax of the overture, then a lamenting melody, and all is finished.

The Psalm abounds in noble effects, from the melody and calm beauty of the aria: "There is a river," to the striking imitation of the double chorus, "The heathen raged." It was finely sung by Mme. Ritter, and the Harmonic Society provided the chorus, supported by an orchestra and Mr. E. J. Conolly, organist. The effect of the chorus was injured by a harshness of tone and unsteadiness in the voices, as also by that disregard of the more delicate shades of forte and piano, against which our oratorio directors, everywhere, struggle vainly. The orchestra played for the most part well, although we must except the extraordinary misunderstanding at the close of the first Aria in the Psalm, which, but for Mme. Ritter's musician-like steadiness, would have entirely spoiled its effect. We would also give Mr. Conolly credit for his sympathetic pianoforte accompaniments to the Hafis' Songs.

Such was Mr. Ritter's concert, and we rejoice to have been in New York to hear it. E. S. J.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal.

SIR:—In giving the programme of my recent concert, your N. Y. correspondent "F," having most singularly, but no doubt, unintentionally, omitted the name of Mme. Ritter, who so ably assisted, while at the same time mentioning all the other persons concerned, allow me to record here, not only that my wife sang the Scena ed Aria (set to words adapted by her from Alfieri's "Antonio e Cleopatra") with orchestral accompaniment, and the solos in the 46th Psalm, but also that I composed those works expressly for her voice and vocal resources.

I am, Sir, yours truly, F. L. RITTER.

NEW YORK, DEC. 14.—On Saturday evening Mr. Thomas gave his 1st Symphony Soirée, with Herr von Inten (pianist), the Mendelssohn Union, and orchestra of fifty.

Overture, "Semiramide".....Catell.
3 Motets, (Chorus and Orchestra.....Mozart.
4th P. F. Concerto, G, op. 58.....Beethoven.
23d Psalm, op. 132.....Schubert.
1st Symphony, B flat, op. 38.....Schumann.

The *Semiramide* Overture is now in rehearsal by by the Philharmonic Society for 2nd concert and is, in my opinion, a mediocre production, unworthy of a place on Mr. Thomas's programme.

The 23d Psalm was performed for the first time at the concert of the Arion Society, and of course was sung at that time by male voices, whereas in the present instance a female chorus was substituted. It is a delightful composition and the instrumentation is peculiarly attractive.

Mr. Von Inten, who played the charming Beethoven Concerto from memory, exhibited quiet composure, an excellent technique, and a thoroughly artistic spirit; but he lacks force, and his hands seem incapable of accomplishing that which his heart and head so evidently feel and understand.

The concert closed with the very beautiful Schumann Symphony in B flat. I gladly take my position among the advocates of Schumann, and can say with truth that to *me* his music *means* more than does that of any [?!] other author. If the most steadfast upholder of the ancient (perhaps because it *is* so) can listen to the Larghetto of this Symphony without seeing and feeling that Schumann stands in the very foremost rank of the brotherhood of *genius*, then I can only say that from my heart I am sorry for him.

Of the general performance I am reluctant to speak, for I can say but little in praise. The wind instruments were unaccountably and exasperatingly *kinky*, as likely to hit wrong notes as right ones. The strings were infinitely better. As for the singing, the Motets went moderately well; but in the 23d Psalm the female chorus was hopelessly "*draggy*" and uncertain as to the proper volume of voice. The audience numbered some 1200 and was, mainly, a seriously and earnestly attentive one.

Here is the programme of Mr. Thomas's 2d Sunday evening concert, (Dec. 5).

Overture et Scherzo, op. 52.....Schumann.
Notturno, "Midsummer Night's Dream"...Mendelssohn.
Grande Fantasie, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
Overture, "Robespierre".....Litolff.
Ballet de la "Reine de Saba".....Gounod.
Marche Hongroise, "Rakoczy".....Berlioz.

Mme. Gazzaniga and the little Hess children again appeared and were cordially received. Master Willie plays the violin with an *aplomb* which would do credit to many an artist of greater age and experience, and his tone is wonderfully strong and clear.

On Sunday evening Mr. Thomas gave his 3d Sunday concert, with the following orchestral selections:

2 movements from Posthumous Symphony....Schubert.
Caprice, op. 12.....Weber.
Grande Fantasie, "Robert".....Meyerbeer.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini.
Allegretto, 7th Symphony.....Beethoven.
March of Victory.....Liszt.

The soloists were the same as at the last concert, and were greeted with the usual favor. The two movements from the Schubert Symphony are very charming and were very popular here last winter, for they were given at one of the Brooklyn Philharmonics, at one of Mr. Thomas's Symphony Soirées, and also at several of the Sunday Evening Concerts. This season they are to be played at one of the N.Y. Philharmonics. F.

PARIS, Nov. 22.—The attraction at the Theatre Lyrique during the past week has been the ever delightful "*Il Barbiere*"; but often, from all this light and warmth and music, the wind would wander to the dreary caveau of the Madeleine, where the body of the composer was laid prior to interment. On Friday the remains of the *maestro* were removed to the church of the Trinity, where on Saturday, the 21st inst., the obsequies took place. The music performed at the church was as follows:

Morceau du Stabat.....Rossini.
Soli by Tamburini, Gardoni, Mlles. Nilsson and Bloch.
Duo du Stabat.
Mme. Alboni and the Marquise de Caux (Patti).
Pro peccatis. [Sung by Faure].
Lacrymosa.....Mozart.
Stabat, de Pergolese. [Sung by Mlle. Nilsson.
Pie Jesu.....Rossini.
Sung, [without accompaniment] by Mmes. Krauss, Grossi, Mlles. Nicolini and Aguisi.
Prière de Moise.
Soli by Mmes. Alboni, La Patti, Nilsson and others.

Three hundred executants, pupils of the Conservatoire, artists, and celebrities, took part in these exercises.

At the Pére la Chaise the funeral orations were pronounced by C. Doucet, Amb. Thomas, D'Ancona, Perrin, St. Georges, and Elwart.

One of the journals in commenting upon the ceremonies says: "Mlle. Nilsson a chanté le Stabat de Pergolese, avec une voix pleine de larmes." Not badly said, certainly, although the expression "tears in the voice" is not new.

At the Cirque Napoleon to-day we had the *Eroica* Symphony, Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture, Overture to "William Tell," *Andante religioso* (Mendelssohn), and *Marche Hongroise* (Berlioz). The playing of the orchestra is not always unexceptionable, but the *Tell* Overture was performed in a manner which I have never heard equalled.

At the Theatre Lyrique this evening we are to have "*Il Barbiere*," the overture to *Semiramis*, &c.

"William Tell" was announced for to-day at the Grand Opera, but owing to the illness of one of the singers, it is postponed. A. A. C.

PARIS, Nov. 29.—The musical events of the week past have been as follows: At the Grand Opera two representations of the *Huguenots* with Mme. Hamakers (debutante) as Urban, and on the 28th inst. a "representation extraordinare" of "Guillaume Tell," on which occasion a bust of Rossini crowned with cypress was brought forward amid great applause. At the Italian Opera, where Patti reigns, we have had a *reprise* of *Semiramide* and a performance of *Linda di Chamounix*, while at the Theatre Lyrique Rossini's *Barbier* and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* have been the attractions. Apropos of the work last mentioned, the following words of Berlioz, written many years ago, are not without their significance at the present day. In speaking of Spontini's *Vestale* he says: "The proper rendering of such a work requires choruses who know how to sing and to act; a powerful orchestra; a leader of great ability to conduct and animate them; and above all it demands that the executants shall be penetrated by the sentiment of expression; a sentiment which is, to-day, almost extinct in Europe, when the most monstrous absurdities become wonderfully popular, and when the style which is the most trivial and false is the one which has in the theatres the best chance of success."

The testament of Rossini contains the following clause:

"I request that, after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded at Paris—and exclusively for the French—two prizes, of 3000 francs each, to be given annually, the one to the composer of the best musical work—religious or lyrical—in which, melody, so neglected to day, is to be adhered to; and the other to the author of the words, prose or verse, to which the composition shall be applied; these must be perfectly adapted to the music, and at the same time be in accordance with the laws of morality, to which writers do not always pay sufficient attention."

At M. Pasdeloup's popular concert to-day the Reformation Symphony of Mendelssohn and Mozart's E-flat Symphony were performed. A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 19, 1868.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The third Symphony Concert (Dec. 10) had the usual attentive, sympathetic audience, and appeared to give even more than usual pleasure. This was the programme:

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.
Aria, "Erbarme dich," with Violin obbligato, from the Passion Music (according to St. Matthew).....Bach.
Mrs. C. A. Barry and Bernhard Listemann.
Violin Concerto, ("Hungarian"), in D minor. (First time in this country).....Joachim.
Bernhard Listemann.

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann.
Songs, a. "Wandl'ich in dem Wald des Abends"..Franz.
b. "Song of Spring".....Mendelssohn.
Mrs. C. A. Barry.
Symphony, in D, (No. 2, Ed. of Breitkopf and Hartel.) Haydn.

The "Coriolanus" Overture, brief as it is, one of the greatest works of genius, aglow to the very core with concentrated thought and passion, concise, swift, fatal as Macbeth, was more successfully rendered than we have heard it here before. The shock of the abrupt, fiery chords came with electric suddenness and precision; the gloomy agitato of the leading theme, and the unspeakably tender beauty of the episodical motive, had the fine accent and the light and shade they needed. In the time that one could speak or think of a tithe of its beauties and touches of genius, the brief, swift, marvellous creation has gone by, and it is a chance if many a listener, intent as he may have been, and spell-bound, has had time even to remember how this or that tender phrase of a reed instrument or horn, winding so naturally into the midst of the scene, stole with a subtle and delicious warmth to his heart. The overture was composed for a drama of a poor German play-wright; yet it is Shakespeare's Coriolanus none the less; and as the angry chords grow fainter and more fitful at the end, till they die out amid murmured fragments of the troubled first theme, you feel the type of a strong, proud, wilful life storming itself away and falling spent, annihilated, in the struggle with the higher powers.

Fitly, after those implacable chords, followed the plea for mercy in the Bach aria: "*Erbarme dich.*" Mrs. BARRY sang it in these concerts two years ago, but now for the first time with

the proper accompaniments, namely the quartet of strings as Bach wrote it, and his organ part (incongruously replaced before by the piano) written out by Robert Franz for a pair of clarinets and bassoons. These accompaniments were smoothly played, much better than before, and yet not quite subdued enough for the contralto voice, which, kept in the same range of tones, does not easily stand out in full relief against the instruments, or, rather, figure as an independent instrument among the rest, unless it be one of exceptional weight and strength, which Mrs. Barry's voice is not. Sweetness, purity, a certain sincere, soulful quality, constitute the charm of her tones and her singing; it is more refined than powerful, more genuine than (in the common sense) effective. She sang the broad, sustained, trying melody, so tender and contrite, with great artistic beauty and expression; and, if some hearers could not at once find themselves at home in music so long kept unjustly from them, there were many into whose hearts it did sink deeply and was richly, quietly enjoyed. The effect was only slightly troubled by just a shade of difference in pitch, chiefly noticeable at the outset, which we think must have been owing to some overwrought and anxious intensity on the part of the violin obbligato, forcing the tone up a trifle. Still the part was beautifully played by Mr. LISTEMANN; a little nervous he might well be, any one might be, on the eve of his own solo, a formidable task indeed, besides that it was really his debut here before a classical, exacting audience.

The Concerto by the great violinist Joachim, "in the Hungarian manner," of which we heard now, for the first time, the first and principal movement only (the whole would have occupied an hour) proved a very interesting work. To all the technical difficulties and intricacies of a piece calculated to show all that modern virtuosity can do, it unites fine originality, deep feeling, and unbroken logical consistency through all its apparent freedom of form. There is a long orchestral prelude, in a wild and melancholy vein, relieved by a sweeter strain, prefiguring the two principal themes,—one quaintly Hungarian and sad, the other cheerful and serene and very lovely,—which the solo violin takes up and varies and develops with exhaustless energy and wealth of fancy. Like a swift mountain stream it now smoothly glides, now shoots a precipice, now foams and frets over the rocks and pebbles, but keeps up ever the continuous flow; the surprises are as natural and graceful as they are unexpected; each new phrase or flowery figure seems to unfold of necessity from what goes before, and all from the first germ. The orchestration, too, enriches and illustrates charmingly, often employing very modern combinations and effects, without being at all far-fetched or meretricious. Mr. Listemann was fully equal to the interpretation of it. All he lacks is that largeness of tone which so distinguished his master, the composer himself. But a purer, truer and more subtly penetrating tone we never hear. His execution in every kind of passage is of consummate evenness, purity of outline, and fine distribution of accent. He plays with remarkable energy and fire, wholly absorbed in the music. Whether in the eloquent and feeling statement of the main theme, or in the lovely episode in thirds and sixths, or in the rapid runs and *fioriture*, or in the large, self-accompanying passages, especially the very ingenious and interesting cadenzas, all was masterly and riveted the general attention. The orchestral task, too, by no means easy, was happily achieved. Mr. Listemann was enthusiastically recalled. We hope there may yet be a chance to hear *the whole* of this noble Concerto.

Schumann's overture to his one opera, *Genoveva*, deep, subtle, tender, almost mystical in feeling, yet refreshed with breezy horn passages, has been given each year in these concerts, and still improves upon acquaintance. It is surely one of the best of romantic overtures, and this time was remarkably well played.

The songs with piano (Mr. J. C. D. PARKER) were beautiful in themselves, and very sweetly sung by Mrs. BARRY; especially the quiet, tender melody from one of the last sets by Robert Franz. The beauty of the accompaniment, however, with its imitations and polyphonic subtlety, would be more appreciated in a smaller room. Ditson is to publish it with English words. The "Song of Spring," one of the last composed by Mendelssohn, being more buoyant and vivacious, naturally told more on the audience, coming as it did too after so many serious pieces mainly in minor keys. But it was not the best piece for the singer, and it lost some of its brightness by being set down from the original key of A.

A perfect recreation after that serious programme was Haydn's genial and delightful Symphony in D, one of the twelve composed for Salomon in London. From beginning to end it is full of exquisite felicities, and they consist, as usual with Haydn, in the art of making the most of a few simple, happy thoughts, by reflecting, multiplying, modifying their faces as it were in a thousand mirrors. But this is a mechanical and lifeless simile, whereas the Symphony is all alive and human. How every instrument gives back the word with its own coloring and characteristic comment! how charmingly the themes are passed from voice to voice! how the melodic impulses inspire even the slow basses, horns, fagotti, so that each gets his share and figures in the foreground of the discussion, and yet without the slightest importunity! This old Symphony was, once, many years ago, familiar in Boston, but few knew how rich and beautiful it was till now. For never before was it played here by such an orchestra, never with such delicacy, such light and shade, such spirit. Mr. ZERRAHN's careful rehearsal had removed all the dust and cobwebs from the old picture and restored it in its fresh and glowing colors, its clear, perfect outline. It was most heartily enjoyed. Verily the *art* of Symphony was as perfect in this first great symphonist as it has ever been; this, with his sunny, childlike nature, makes him enjoyable even after Beethoven and Schubert. The revival of Haydn's Symphonies in these concerts, among other good fruits, has had the effect to create a demand at the music stores for four-hand and eight-hand piano arrangements of them. They are played and studied together in many houses; and this is the very best sort of musical culture for our young piano-players. In this connection, too, we may allude to the excellent service which Mr. LANG has been doing, now for the third winter, in assembling a hundred or two of his pupils and their friends on the Thursday preceding that of each concert, and, with the aid of a brother pianist (Mr. PERABO), playing over the entire programme to them with historical and analytic explanations. Such is the educational influence of the Symphony Concerts.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, who has but a short time to stay with us, having accepted an operatic engagement for some years abroad, gave a concert at the Music Hall last Saturday evening, which was one of the best of its kind, the miscellaneous. The "gems" of song and instrumental solo, chief attraction to the many, were grouped within an uncommonly good "setting," to-wit an orchestra, conducted by Mr. B. J. LANG, which opened the concert with the first movement of the "Italian Symphony," and closed it with Beethoven's early and genial overture to the Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus," which it was a treat to hear after many years. Both works were nicely played, and with spirit; so were the accompaniments to solos. Our noble Contralto never was in better voice, and was richly enjoyable in Rossini's *Di tanti palpiti* and the duet from *Semiramide*, interesting selections just now, and suited to her best voice and manner. The recitative to the former piece was nobly delivered. There was much serious beauty and pathos in her opening piece, "Adieu de Marie Stuart," by Niedermeyer. Each of these efforts called forth enthusiastic applause, followed by that fatal fruit of encores, English "ballads," which sound better elsewhere than in a public concert room. Miss GRANGER's frank, bright, true voice, fresh and birdlike, *without* "a tear" in it, or any affectation thereof, revelled prettily in the French Nightingale air from *Les Noces de Jeanette*, and bore its part well in the *Semiramide* Duet. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN sang a Romanza from *Maria di Rohan* with good voice and style; and Mr. MACDONALD, whose tones are sweet, showed more power and spirit than he had before seemed capable of, in an Italian recitative and romanza by Arditi. Miss ALICE DUTTON played Mendelssohn's *Serenade and Allegro giojoso* (piano with orchestra), neatly, conscientiously and tastefully, only needing more force, which she will gain with time. Liszt's Fantasia, too, upon the Sextet from *Lucia* she played from memory, and with sure mastery. Her modest, simple manner prepossessed all in her favor. Mr. LISTEMENN's violin playing was wonderful, but his selections hardly worthy of so fine an artist. That "Sclavonic" Fantasia by Vieuxtemps, is but an incongruous, tedious string of extravaganzas; but there were enough loud listeners to insist upon a double dose of it. The "*Rondo de lutins*" by Bazzini, a Scherzo Fantastique, was more enjoyable for its comical originality, or novelty at least. Mr ARBUCKLE played an entire Violin Air and Variations by De Beriot on his cornet, with remarkably good tone and expression, as well as finished execution; but it was too long, taken with all the childish encoring which sought to devour the whole time of the concert with each mouthful.

ORPHEUS MUSICAL SOCIETY. The unpretending little concert, given without advertisement at Chickering's, Nov. 19th, in aid of the "Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners," had a good deal of solid merit. The part-songs, all well sung, were Mendelssohn's "*Türkisches Schenklied*" and "*Wasserfahrt*;" Kreutzer's "*Der Tag des Herrn*;" and two by Gade, new ones here: the first "*Das Reh*" (The Roe), really a composition of rare beauty and skill in the working of parts, the second a merrier one, "The Students." Miss RYAN sang Schubert's "Wanderer" and a couple of interesting songs by Ferd. Hiller, very acceptably. Mr KRUSSMANN, the able director of the Club, was in capital voice and sang a couple of Franz songs ("*Die Rose, die Lilie*" and "*Wenn der Frühling auf die Berge*") in his best style; also the genial "Vivat Bacchus!" duet of Mozart, with Mr SCHRAUBSTADTER, who also sang three of the simpler Franz songs with a true feeling. Mr. LEONHARD contributed the C-sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven (the "Moonlight"), a movement from Schumann's Op. 12 and an Etude by Chopin, entering fully into the spirit of each and with full power to interpret.

CHRISTMAS WEEK will not want musical recognition, and of the highest kind. On Thursday Afternoon (Christmas Eve), a Symphony Concert, when will be given a new Haydn Symphony, in B-flat, one of his best; the Mozart Concerto for two pianos, (Messrs. LANG and PARKER),—for the first part. Part II. Beethoven's second Symphony in D, (the one nearest related to Haydn and Mozart); then the Cradle Song from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and his rejoicing Aria: "*Frohlocke, mein Herz*," both sung by Mrs. BARRY; and then the fairy overture: "Midsummer Night's Dream." Besides the Christmas allusion of these last three pieces, the programme has the interest of tracing a historical progress in instrumental composition; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn.

On Saturday evening, the Handel and Haydn Society give the "Messiah," with the welcome aid of Miss PHILLIPPS and Miss WHITTEN; and on Sunday evening, "Elijah."

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will reach home in time, it is hoped for the Symphony Concert, and will begin their annual Chamber Concerts at Chickering's Hall on the 5th of January (Tuesday evening).

Brookline, Mass.—The Choral Club, of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Kreissmann, of which we made mention last year, gave another social soirée at the house of one of its members on Monday, 7th inst. The programme, for its rare and sterling character, deserves record among the hopeful signs:

"O bone Jesu"..... .....Palestrina, 1529–1591.
"Jesu dulcis memoria"..... Vittoria, 1540–1605.
Mottette, "I wrestle and pray".....J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.
Duet, "Idomeneo".....Mozart, 1757–1791.
Romanze, Violin and Piano.....Beethoven, 1770–1827.
Salve Regina.....Hauptmann, 1792–1867.
Motette, "Beati omnes qui timent"
Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.
Chorus, "How lovely are the Messengers," (St. Paul)
Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "He watching over Israel," (Elijah).
Kyrie..... Robert Franz, 1815.
Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord"..Mendelssohn.
Four-Part Songs.....Mendelssohn.

Worcester, Mass. has had a couple of Symphony Concerts, of which the *Palladium* reports thus:

Worcester is greatly indebted to the Grand Army organization for the two splendid concerts which made Dec. 5th a gala day. A driving snow storm kept the timid ones at home: but the braver ones were amply repaid, for a richer feast of orchestral music Worcester never had. The attendance at the afternoon concert was small; only about three hundred present, but they were all *true* lovers of music, who felt that they would have been great losers by allowing the elements to conquer them, thus depriving them of their soul's food. The programme was a nice one, finely rendered by choice performers from the Harvard Musical Association, [!] under the sure guidance of Mr. Zerrahn, who is so mighty a power in the orchestral world. The two movements of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor were beautiful; serving as a reminiscence of its inspiring interpretation at the great May Festival; the Allegro, with its lovely themes so wondrously worked up, and the Andante of so touching and impressive a character, leaves a longing for the fulfilment of Schubert's great idea. It is a noble work, and those who were absent missed a rare treat. Haydn's Military Symphony put all in a sunny, happy mood, the first part so thoroughly Haydnish in its character, the last so inspiriting in its martial ring. Miss Anna S. Whitten was the vocalist for both concerts; a possessor of one of the freshest voices given to the public for a long time; round, smooth, evenly developed, and of great sympathetic quality; she has a fine style, splendid execution, good intonation, and has her voice in excellent control. Her selections were all choice, and all finely given. She is well deserving of all the laurels she has won, being in every way a remarkable singer.

Evening brought Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, but alas! to how few; for with great want of forethought, (catering for a Worcester audience) it was placed first upon the programme, and amid the constant hurrying for seats, loud tramping of boots, and ceaseless chatter of busy tongues, two-thirds of this grand work were wholly lost to the greater part of the audience, through the stupid fault of tardiness, which is alarmingly on the increase.

Farmington, Conn.—Mr. Karl Klauser and his assistants still pursue their steady, quiet work, as they have done for years, in the cause of sound musical culture, at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School. For years too we have chronicled the choice programmes of classical Chamber music, which they have had performed there once or twice a year by the best artists from New York and other cities. And now we have those of the 35th and 36th Soirée and Matinée, given on the 2nd and 3d of this month.

I

Trio, C.....Haydn.
Messrs. Von Inten, Matzka and Bergner.
Sonata, Piano and Violoncello, A, op 69. ...Beethoven.
Messrs. Von Inten and Bergner.
Polonaise, C sharp minor, op. 25. }
Ballad, A flat, op. 47. }.....Chopin.
Mr Ferdinand Von Inten.
Trio, D minor, op. 49..... Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Von Inten, Matzka and Bergner.

II.

Trio, B flat, (Köchel, No. 502).....Mozart.
Sonata, Piano and Violin, D minor, op. 21..... Gade.
Sonate, Piano, D minor, op. 31, No. 2 ..... Beethoven.
Trio, F, op 80..... ..... Schumann.

Of the interpreters, Messrs. Matzka and Bergner, of New York, are well known. The pianist, Mr. Von Inten, is new, and, we are told acquitted himself admirably; neat in his technics and of a fine musical nature, just the pianist for chamber music. Besides the pieces on the programmes, he played things of Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, &c., "gracefully, tenderly, and very neatly, cleanly."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A "Classical Rehearsal" (the fourth) was held at Cottage Hill Seminary on the 5th ult. The selections were Beethoven's E-flat Trio, op. 20, for piano, violin and 'cello, played by Messrs. L. Meyer, Brandt and R. Goerdeler; "With verdure clad," by Miss Emilie Paige; Schubert's Serenade, transcribed for violoncello; Beethoven's Romance for Violin; a Song by Kücken, with violin obbligato; and a couple of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, played by Mr. Goerdeler. The Trio was divided, and the whole of the rest of the programme inserted between its two halves!

Vassar College. The lady teachers, under the direction of Prof. F. L. Ritter, and with the aid of Messrs. Matzka (violin) and Bergner ('cello), gave a soirée on the 15th, in which the following pieces were played or sung: Trio in C minor, op. 1 (piano, violin and 'cello), Beethoven; Two-part Song, "The May Bells," Mendelssohn; Sonata for piano and violin, Mozart; Air, "Lascia ch' io pianga," Handel; Sonata in D, op. 58 (piano and 'cello), Mendelssohn; Duet: "Sull' aria," from *Nozze di Figaro*, Mozart; Trio in B flat, Mozart.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club win wonderful endorsements "out West." A Cleveland critic says they "have long been acknowledged as having *reached the acme* of musical culture in this country;" "the members of the Club are above criticism from ordinary mortals," &c. Surely that writer is no ordinary mortal.—That the Club, and their lady singer, Mrs. H. M. Smith, are meeting great and deserved success everywhere on their tour is a matter of course. But it is to be hoped that "the acme" of perfection is not yet fully reached by any mortal, ordinary or extraordinary; it is well to have a goal some way before us if life is still to be worth living for.

Beethoven's Last Moments.

The *Gratzer Tagespost* contains a letter by the hand of the famous composer, Anselm Hüttenbrenner, (communicated by his son, Colonel Peter Hüttenbrenner), which the former had addressed to the United States consul, A. W. Thayer, in Vienna, on Beethoven's last moments, so differently related by the different biographers. The following form the principal portions of this most interesting epistle:—"When, on the 26th of March, 1827, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I entered Beethoven's bedroom, I found there Hofrath Breuning, his son, and Mrs. van Beethoven, the wife of Johann van Beethoven, landed proprietor and apothecary, of Linz, and besides, my friend, the portrait painter, Joseph Teitscher. I believe that Professor Schindler was also present. These gentlemen, after a while, left the composer in his death struggle, and had little hopes of finding him yet alive on their return. During the last moments of Beethoven there was no one in the room except Mrs. van Beethoven and myself. After Beethoven had lain from three o'clock in the afternoon, when I came, breathing hard in his agonies, yet without consciousness, till above five, a flash of lightning, accompanied by a violent clap of thunder, came down and lighted up the death chamber (there lay snow in front of Beethoven's house) with a dazzling glare. After this unexpected phenomenon, Beethoven opened his eyes, lifted up his right hand, and for several seconds looked upwards, his fist clenched and with a very serious, threatening countenance, as if he meant to say, 'I defy you, you hostile powers! Avaunt, God is with me!' when his raised hand fell back upon his bed, his eyes half closed. My right hand lay under his head, my left rested on his chest. No more breath, no more motion of the heart! It is not true that I had asked Beethoven to take the dying sacraments, but I did, at the request of the wife of the late musical publisher, Thomas Haslinger, cause Beethoven to be asked in the most delicate manner by Jenger and the landed proprietress, Mrs. van Beethoven, to fortify himself by the taking of the Lord's Supper. That Beethoven said to me (who was not even present on March 24, 1827, in the forenoon, when he took the Viaticum) the words, 'Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est,' is pure invention. Nor did Beethoven, I am sure, make use of such an expression, so utterly contrary to his straightforward character, to any one else. On the other hand, neither did Mrs. van Beethoven relate to me on the dying day of her brother-in-law, that after he had taken the Viaticum he had said to the priest, 'I thank your Reverence, you have brought me comfort.'"

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Afar in the Distance. (Der Wanderer). Voice, Piano and Violin, or Flute. 4. G. *Kalliwoda.* 75
Quite effective and graceful. German and English words.
Angel Minnie. S'g and Cho. 2. E*b* to f. *Sargent.* 30
A fine ballad.
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Song of the Stromkerl. 3. F to f. *F. Boott.* 30
Two bright and sweet songs.
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Beautiful sentimeot and good music.
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The style in which it is done. *Vivian.* 30
Shant I be glad when Sally comes home. *Egerton.* 30
Tomy Dodd. *Clarke.* 30
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Any Ornaments! " 30
A capital sextet of songs, all comic, although the third is queerly pathetic. Tommy Dodd will take with the boys, and the lady calls for "Dada" in a most hilarious manner. All have good melodies. Songs of this nature hardly need the marking of the pitch, &c., as they are almost universally easy, and of limited compass.

Instrumental.

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" " Quadrille. 3. " 40
" " Lancer's Quad. 3. " 40
" " Potpouri. 3. *Russell.* 75
Music from the Frenchy Chinese opera, and is all peculiar and piquant.
Bird whistle Waltz. 3. B*b*. *Pratt.* 30
Melody of the song of similar name. Pretty.
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Well arranged and brilliant.
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A one page, simple and pretty waltz.
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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 724. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1869. VOL. XXVIII. No. 21.

The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

(Continued from page 346).

II. THE INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC.

From what precedes we may conclude that musical *timbre* results from the fusion of acute notes more or less numerous, more or less intense, with a fundamental sound. This important discovery gives the means of characterizing the rôle of the various musical instruments, and of establishing in some sort the harmonic hierarchy among them. I begin with the instruments whose sonority is not only poor, but even locked up in perpetual discords. Bells, tuning-forks, harmonicas, drums and tambourines offer few resources and but a perilous employment to musicians. The sounds drawn from them are accompanied by super-acute parasites in discord with the fundamental note. I have told how this defect may be corrected in the tuning-fork (*diapason*), by placing it before a sound board. Then it gives but one vibration, one simple sound, always the same, and it has in the orchestra but one perfectly well-known kind of utility.

It would not be so easy to smother the dissonances of a bell; all the art of founders is applied to finding empirically a form such that the upper notes shall not jar too much with the fundamental note. Meanwhile an accurate ear finds little pleasure in the chimes of which certain cities are so proud. Their music is false, and these perpetual dissonances, whose perpetual return brings out their harshness in still stronger relief, torture a sensibility at all delicate. The bell, it is true, has been employed in operas to produce certain dramatic effects; but then it best fills its part when it throws a sort of lamentable confusion into the whole orchestra.

Membranes offer few resources for harmony. Yet modern composers have strangely abused the kettle drums, and frequently their roll is heard entirely out of place. The ordinary drum serves to vigorously mark the rhythm of a march; the tambourine accentuates the measure of a rapid dance; but these, it must be confessed, are instruments of savages, and musical science can despise them.

The most docile instruments to harmony will always be the vibrating strings: with a few violins, Mozart, Beethoven, lift the human soul to the loftiest heights of musical emotion; nothing thrills our inmost being so profoundly, nothing imparts an impulse, an *elan* so full, so noble, as the rich and powerful accords of an orchestra of stringed instruments. Hence the lyre is still the symbol of grand harmony, of that which combines sounds and not noises, that which has a soul in fact; hence the violin, the viol, the harp are, with it, the only attributes which painters give to music. For the same reason Domenichino, in a celebrated picture, has not hesitated to show us Saint Cecilia playing the double bass. The stringed instruments are divided into two classes: in the first, the strings are pinched or struck; in the second they are rubbed, fretted with a bow. To the first class belong the piano, the harp, the guitar, the lyre, and the violin when played *pizzicato*. The strings pinched or struck give out a sound very rich in harmonics (overtones); the number and intensity of these depend upon the way in which the string is agitated, the point at which it is agitated, and finally upon its thickness, its stiffness and its elasticity. On the harp and the guitar, it is pinched with the finger; on the lyre they use a ring or plectrum. On the piano, the string receives a lively blow from a hammer. The greater the shock, the more does the live force impressed upon the string tend to multiply harmonic undulations there. Hence there is advantage on the piano in employing heavy and very elastic hammers which rebound with force. The makers know that the composition of these hammers has the most direct influence on the *timbre* of the instrument. With a good piano, one easily hears the first six harmonics of each note; the seventh fails to be heard, because the makers suppress it in choosing a convenient point where the hammer may strike the string.

As we have said, we have only to suppress a vibration to determine a node at one of the points where that vibration would necessitate a belly. Touch, for example, the middle of the string, and it will not be able to vibrate in its whole length, nor by thirds, nor by fifths, &c. On the piano, the hammers are so placed that they strike the strings at points placed somewhere between the seventh and the ninth part of their length. The experience of two centuries has led the makers to adopt this empirical rule, and theory demonstrates that it has precisely the effect of suppressing, or at least considerably weakening, the seventh and the ninth harmonic, both of which are in dissonance with the tonic. In the high octaves the strings are very short and very stiff, and they are struck still nearer to the extremity to leave more liberty to the development of harmonics and give brilliancy to the sound. On these upper parts of the instrument the harmonics are generated with difficulty on account of the extreme tension of the strings; but, in the middle and lower parts, it happens that certain harmonics are more intense than the fundamental sound itself. The touch has a marked influence on this phenomenon; hence there is no instrument whose *timbre* is so variable, so supple, so personal as that of the piano. Under skilful fingers, it lends itself to the most different effects, and seems to assume different voices at the artist's will.

The contact of the bow on strings determines vibrations whose theory is not so simple as in the case of a simple shock. The harmonic notes spring forth always with facility under the gentle torsion of the bow. The fundamental note thus obtained is relatively more powerful than that of a piano or a guitar; the first six harmonics remain more feeble; but on the other hand the more acute, from the sixth to the tenth, are very distinct, which gives a more piercing brilliancy to the total sound. Everybody knows that the strings of the violin communicate their vibration to a sonorous box, made of thin and elastic wood, which plays the part of a *resonator*. The quality, the *timbre* of sounds depends not only on the stroke of the bow, but also on the more or less perfect elasticity of the sonorous chest, on the most delicate *nuances* of its curves. A bad player will snatch but dry and gritty sounds from one of those violins which artists venerate and dispute the possession of: a good violinist will easily succeed in drawing from a mediocre instrument sounds tender, rich and undulating.

Let us turn to another order of instruments, the wind instruments. In some, the current of air breathes against a sharp edge; in others, it sets in vibration a sort of elastic tongue, which is called a *reed*. To the first class belong the flutes and a numerous category of organ pipes. In the flute, the mouth of the artist launches a current of air upon the sharp edge of an orifice in a cylindrical tube. In organs, we see square pipes of wood open at the top, or cylindrical tubes of tin which are closed; these great columns of air are set in vibration by the jet of wind against a sharp wedge. The air receives a series of shocks upon this wedge and produces a sound which is the confused mixture of a multitude of notes. The column of air, filling the office of a resonator, appropriates and swells out those notes, among the rest, whose vibrations agree with its own; in developing themselves these notes soon silence the little murmur about the orifice, and then you only hear, from a distance especially, the powerful harmony of its dominant. The *timbre* of the pipe depends then on the number and the intensity of the harmonics which it is fitted to produce. The slenderer the tubes are, the more easily can the imprisoned column charge itself with vibrations; on the contrary, the more they are enlarged, the more difficulty has the column in subdividing itself, and the more predominance is given to the fundamental note alone. Hence the registers composed of fine and slender cylinders represent, so to speak, the stringed instruments in the majestic orchestra of the organ; such registers are called the *violin principal*, the *violoncello*, the *bass*, the *viola*. They furnish a rich and colored sound, in which one may distinguish as many as six overtones. In the largest pipes the overtones vanish; in what are called the *principals* or *diapasons*, whose timbre it is that essentially characterizes the organ, the fundamental note predominates, grave, soft, yet powerful, and the overtones are reduced to a secondary rôle. In registers of wooden pipes you hear only the octave with a trace of the high fifth: all the rest have disappeared.

The particular character of wind instruments depends upon the swiftness of the jet of air, which has a direct action on the fundamental note; by launching the wind more and more swiftly we obtain, not more or less intensity of the same note, but a succession of harmonics. Hence it

* Translated for this Journal from "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique*" Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867

will not do to count upon the wind to obtain the shades of *piano* and *forte*; to swell or diminish the sound, there is no other means but to change the registers, to employ now the most resounding, the most richly *timbred*, now the more soft and the more veiled. The organist, then, meets with special difficulties in expressive playing; he cannot modify the accent except by discontinuous jerks. Thus the organ is not suited, like the stringed instruments, to a certain impassioned music, which nurses the musical sensibility, caresses and envelops it in supple and, as it were, live embraces. On the other hand, what majesty there is given to its play by the plenitude of notes, which, so long as they are held, preserve the same power! How well those masculine, resolute, patient voices, in which you never feel a human emotion, suit an austere music, which seeks its effects only in learned combinations of harmony! The impersonal character of the organ makes it the religious instrument *par excellence*; there is something more implacable in its roarings and its thunders than in those of an ordinary orchestra; and in its sweetest and most tender melodies one often feels a strange serenity, a strange detachment from human passion; the trouble becomes terror, the pleasure ecstacy. Raphael, wishing to paint sacred Music, shows us Saint Cecilia offering to heaven a little set of organ pipes which she holds in her hands: at her feet lie, in disorder and half broken in pieces, instruments of profane music, viols without strings, tamborines, triangles, &c.

In the *reed* instruments, the vibrations are produced by a little tongue, which trembles under the current of air coming from a bellows or the lungs. This means is used in certain registers of the organ, in the *harmonium*, in the clarionet, the oboe, the bassoon. The human lips themselves perform the function of a membranous reed upon the horn, the trombone, the ophicleid, and the brass instruments in general. What characterizes the sound in these last instruments is the intensity of the most acute harmonics; hence their hard, crying, piercing *timbre*. One might call the brass the instruments of dissonance; hence they should be used only in an orchestra; they are condemned to an accessory part, and we must beware how we allow that part to predominate.

To sum up the whole matter: Does the musician want a soft sound, without force, poor in harmonics, he has the flute. Does he want sounds full, but clear, and yet softened, he has the piano, the open organ pipes, certain notes of the horn. Does he want a hollow sound, such as results from the isolation of the *odd* harmonics (3, 5, 7), he has the stopped pipes of the organ. Does he want a nasal sound, where there are also none but *odd* harmonics, but where the most acute predominate, he has the clarionet. Does he want sounds expressive, penetrating, rich, he has the stringed instruments, the hautboy, the bassoon. Finally, does he want sounds shrill, hard and reverberating, he has but to choose among the instruments of brass.

Robert Schumann.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

There is some analogy between the history of Schumann's music in England and that of his artistic life. The composer whose genius has battled so long for recognition made a weary search before he found out where his strength lay. As the schoolboy of Zwickau, devoting spare hours to the piano; as the law-student of Leipsic and Heidelberg, mixing up music and jurisprudence; and as the pupil of Friedrich Wieck, laboring at the key-board so hard as to disable a finger, Schumann was groping his way into the light, with confused ideas of its whereabouts. But when Dorn had opened up to him the entire field of musical expression, the light was found, and Schumann saw himself the prophet of a new artistic faith. In modern times poets establish journals, and by means of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* the young composer founded a propaganda which is working still, because the world is not yet converted. He preached down forms and exalted idealism; he demanded that music should be liberated from the trammels of precedent, and be free as his own fantastic imagination. Schumann was desperately earnest, and tried hard to reduce his theory to practice. But he found this more difficult than either its conception or its advocacy. Nevertheless, he worked on through what was really a "storm period," with painful devotion. His earlier compositions show how visionary were the ideas on which he hoped to base the canons of art, and of what mental licentiousness he had to get rid. For the creed that, in his young enthusiasm, Schumann set himself to preach, though in part true, was in greater part false. His intensely poetic temperament demanded a complete idealization of that which after all has largely to do with the real. He could not bear to see the genius of art restrained like a hobbled Pegasus. By so much did Schumann's passion get the better of his reason. He mistook music for a branch of metaphysics.

It was not surprising that even so earnest an advocate of an exaggerated truth should come to see its real proportions, for Schumann was, above all, conscientious. As the ardor of youth abate his sight grew clearer; moreover, the charm of Mendelssohn's purity and sweetness began to work upon his mind. It may be, also, that the influence of a gifted wife had something to do with the manifest difference between the first and second periods of his career. At any rate, the date of his first symphony (1841) marked the beginning of a series of works which, though strongly individual in conception and treatment, shows that the composer had made a compromise with the dogmas he would once have overturned. The old leaven was still apparent, but not less so now Schumann had come to look upon the older masters as other than prophets of an effete dispensation. In the union of highly original ideas with acknowledged modes of expression which marks his second period lies Schumann's strength, and hence the works written between the dates of his first and fourth symphonies will determine the place he must definitely hold. Earlier he was a dreaming enthusiast, later a hypochondriac.

We mentioned at the outset that there is an analogy between Schumann's career and the history of his music in England. Such a man could not arise without drawing to himself a few disciples, between whose active enthusiasm on the one side and the passive unbelief of the great majority on the other a long contest would inevitably take place. In this respect Schumann stands alone. Haydn and Mozart, with their unfailing melody and transparent treatment, Mendelssohn uttering his poetical thoughts in most mellifluous numbers, and Schubert touching every heart with piquant simplicity or melancholy grandeur, were promptly welcomed by the English public; while Beethoven was only rejected for a time when he uttered the "dark sayings" to which, even now, few posses a key. Schumann, on the contrary, has had to fight for every step towards public favor, and the conflict is not half over yet. We charge nobody with unfairness or prejudice in this matter. The fault, if fault there be, lies with Schumann himself, who chose, or was impelled, to write, caring less for the beauty of his work than for its faithfully reflecting certain trains of thought or emotional conditions. He could have taken no more certain means of arousing wide-spread distrust, if not dislike. The sticklers for form would have nothing to do with one who made form subservient, while those who wished to be pleased without effort of their own turned away from music the meaning of which—if it had any—required patient seeking out. The vitality of Schumann's creations under circumstances like these is an argument in their favor. That cannot be an insignificant thing, about which the entire musical world has contended for years, and still contends with unabated earnestness. But vitality may legitimately mean something more to the composer's disciples. They may take it as an earnest of final success. As with men, so with movements—if infancy be outlived, the chances of maturity are favorable. Twenty years have passed since Schumann wrote the works upon which his fame will rest. That those works are not only living now, but exciting more attention than ever, warrants a hope as to the future bright enough to satisfy their most exacting advocate.

It is evident that Schumann has been making not a few English friends of late. Some who stood aloof at first, and demanded to know the stranger before they trusted him, have permitted friendship to take the place of suspicion. Others, who honestly objected to him for what they considered faults, have since discovered merits on account of which they more than tolerate the sinner. And others again—a far larger number—who merely echoed the cry of the hour, begin to quaver in their accents. Much of this result is owing to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which Schumann has been exhibited through evil as well as good report with a constancy that deserves success. Happily for the composer, Messrs. Grove and Manns—each in his way as great an enthusiast as ever was their common idol—possess exceptional resources, and are able to do their work in the most perfect manner. For example, the production a few weeks back of the Symphony in E flat was worth a hundred essays upon its composer's genius, and made an impression not likely to be soon effaced. Schumann's advocates may well be proud of the work in question, for it is an example which goes far to establish their case. Of its character and purport the master himself has told us somewhat. The Rhine and Cologne Cathedral had each a part in suggesting the five movements composing it, three being due to the national river, and two to the religious edifice. Schumann gave the former a popular cast, and never more successfully proved the elasticity of his powers. Both the opening *Vivace* and the closing *Allegro*, not less than the quaint *Scherzo*, strongly reflect the composer's individuality, yet they are as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as could be wished. Nothing by Schumann is more unlike the popular idea of the master. It is rollicking, sunshiny music, which might suggest the (operatic) revels of Rhenish grape gatherers. The other movements are hardly so satisfactory. The inconsequential musing of one who rambles through a Gothic cathedral is apparent in the *Andante*; while the *Religioso*, though here and there interesting, conveys the notion of a man struggling with ideas beyond his power of expression. But, these things notwithstanding, the entire work is calculated to make every impartial mind avoid a hasty judgment of its composer. The claims of a man able to write the Symphony in E flat must not be refused a thoughtful hearing.

The domain of music is a wide one, and affords ample room for Robert Schumann. Even if this were not so, room should be made for one who comes with such independent thought and original expression. If any have to remain outside, let them be the manufacturers of music after other men's patterns, of whom we have enough, and to spare. But the author of Schumann's four symphonies—of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, &c.—should be welcomed as one who speaks, because having something new to say. His speech may be strange, but that of itself is no reason for rejection or even doubt.

G. Rossini.

(From *Le Ménestrel*. Translated for the *Musical World*.)

The death of Rossini has been the European event of the week, so much so, indeed, that the

obsequies of Rothschild, the great king of finance, passed by almost unnoticed. This striking and universal homage rendered to genius is a public testimony of the noble emotions engendered by music, which has become, in France as well as in Germany, an art profoundly national, affecting the popular masses equally with the highest strata of society. The venerated likeness, and the biography of Rossini, cried about the streets at five centimes a piece, found their way spontaneously among the people, while the members of the fashionable world seek for the least relics of the great man, and rival each other in their efforts to possess them. The name of Rossini is heard on all lips; it is in the air, like some magic vibration to which no human being can remain indifferent. The reason is that no man ever achieved a fame more popular, and, at the same time, more aristocratic than Rossini's. The strains of the Swan of Pesaro are graven in the memories of all, and will ever remain so. They are indelibly incrustated in high comedy and in grand drama. The music of the *Barbiere* and of *Otello* will live as long as Beaumarchais and Shakspeare. But let us leave to the voice of one endowed with the due authority, with eloquence, and with a conviction of the truth of what he utters, the task of sketching in, with bold strokes, the portrait of this mighty musical genius; let us at once make room for the words pronounced by M. Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the tomb of the great master whose loss France deplores as deeply as Italy. J. L. H.

Oration of M. Ambroise Thomas.

"My emotion is profound, and I should find it difficult to overcome this extreme agitation which I now experience, were I not borne up by the thought that I am speaking in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the Institute.

"By doing me the honor of entrusting to my care the formidable mission of representing it at this moment, the Academy wished that the expression of its regret—this public act of solemn homage—paid by it to the colleague it was so proud of possessing, should come from the lips of a musician, the most humble and the most fervent of Rossini's admirers.

"Gentlemen, when we behold a man of genius disappear from among us, when we see one of those lights expire which have illumined an entire age, the most eloquent praise of all would be, perhaps, to incline ourselves in mournful silence.

"I shall not attempt, therefore, to trace the life and the works of Rossini; others will perform that immense task; but, at this hour of our last farewell, it becomes the Academy to remind you of the attractive influence this extraordinary man exerted upon his art.

"Springing from the beautiful Italian school; endowed with a fertile imagination; and animated by the most brilliant intelligence, he enriched the stage, from the very commencement of his career, with works of incomparable vigor and brilliancy.

"Who does not remember the astonishment, the disputes, the storms, his appearance excited in Italy? But by what triumphs were those conflicts followed! The noise of them soon spread through all Europe, and Europe became enamored of his luminous genius, and welcomed the successful innovator.

"It was by the external form which he possessed the art of giving to his works, and by the variety of his striking rhythms, and, also, by the marvellous skill with which he brought out to the best advantage the talent and the charm of great singers, that he earned the title of an innovator.

"This superiority alone, and the universal favor then bestowed upon Italian singing, even in its excesses, would have sufficed to make Rossini the great enchanter of the world.

"His rapid and prodigious renown, due to the seductions of a school of art which will never entirely escape the reproach of sensualism and frivolity, would, perhaps, have not endured so long, if to the attractions of this external form there had not been united beauties of a higher order. Dramatic life and movement; truth of character; abundance and clearness of ideas; harmony of proportion; elegance and charm of style—such are the beauties which Rossini has scattered through his works, which he thus stamped with the impress of a great master.

"If, in light music and in comedy, he has often proved himself inimitable, to what a height has he not attained when treating the most severe subjects? With what nobility of sentiment and with how powerful a hand has he not traced the most grandiose scenes! His last dramatic masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, written expressly for France, displays to brilliant advantage and in the most admirable unity the elevation of his thoughts, the richness of his imagination and the majestic serenity of his style.

"From the remembrance and consideration of Rossini's works, ought we not to day more than ever to derive a salutary lesson?

"How was it that this marvellously gifted melodist became a thinker and a great musician? It was by studying assiduously the models of every school; it was by giving his mind up more especially to Haydn and to Mozart, whom, during all his life, he absolutely worshipped, that this man of spontaneous genius subjected himself to healthy traditions, and acquired that sense of the Beautiful, that love of form and of grand lines, and that knowledge of architectural order, which render works of art imperishable.

"Let no one be mistaken! Under an appearance of scepticism, Rossini concealed an artist of deep faith; those who saw him during the years of his retirement, years so well filled up, and so productive, as people will soon discover; those who were fortunate enough to enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the delicacy of his wit and the amenity of his character; those persons know with what interest he followed the movement of musical affairs, and how correctly he judged the period of trouble and bewilderment through which our art is passing.

"He looked forward calmly to the Future; everything about him, even to his smile, announced his confidence in the triumph of the immutable principles of the Beautiful.

"He had a right to reckon on the equitable judgment of posterity, and to believe, with us, in the immortality of his works!

"Gentlemen, one word more, one more act of homage, rendered not only to the great genius but to the man of heart! Desirous of leaving a last testimony of his love of art, and of his sympathy for France, his adopted country, Rossini recently founded two prizes of three thousand francs, to be awarded every year in his name, one for a piece of poetry, and the other for a musical composition, lyrical or religious.

"The Academy will take pride in being connected with this noble and generous thought. In the name of the young artists of France, who alone will be allowed to compete, let us at once give expression to a feeling of lively and profound gratitude.

* * * * * *

After these last words of M. Ambroise Thomas, words greeted by prolonged marks of approbation, we will place before our readers the actual text of this double legacy, bequeathed by Rossini:

THE ROSSINI PRIZE.

Testamentary Directions.

"I desire that, after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded, at Paris, and exclusively for Frenchmen, two prizes, of three thousand francs each, to be awarded annually for ever: one to the composer of a piece of religious or lyric music, the composer being bound to pay particular attention to melody, so neglected at the present day; and the other to the author of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be wedded, the said words being perfectly appropriate to the music, and the laws of morality, to which authors do not always pay sufficient attention, being observed in them. These productions will be submitted to the consideration of a special committee, chosen from among the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the committee shall decide which of the competitors shall have deserved the prize, called the 'Prix Rossini,' to be awarded at a public meeting, after the performance of the piece, either in the building of the Institute, or at the Conservatory.

"It has been my wish, in bequeathing this legacy, to leave to France, a country from which I received such kindness, a testimony of my gratitude, and of my desire for the perfection of that art to which I consecrated my life. G. Rossini."

We must also inform our readers that, by the same will Rossini, being equally anxious to consecrate his entire fortune to music and musicians, bequeathes all his property eventually—comprising the proceeds of the sale of his *objets d'art*, instruments, and curiosities—to his native town Pesaro, for the purpose of founding a Conservatory, which, like, by the way, the two prizes founded by him, shall bear his name.

Otherwise, except two small legacies to relations, and the twice twenty Roman crowns given by him, *ab irato*, to the city of Bologna, there are no particular testamentary directions. He leaves his widow for her life his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, together with his actual fortune, and the complete collection of his manuscripts and posthumous works, which will constitute quite another fortune. His admirable Mass, composed for his friend, Pillet Will, would alone suffice to do so. One thing may be confidently asserted, namely, that this monumental work, scored by the hand of the master himself, will render him a second time celebrated in a department of music in which his immortal *Stabat* has already placed him so high.

This admirable Mass was not heard at Rossini's funeral service; the prayer from *Moise* set with Latin words, fragments of the *Stabat* combined with fragments from the respective *Requiems* of Jomelli, Pergolese, and Mozart—Mozart, for whom Rossini entertained so deep an affection, and whom he used to call the master of masters—had to be given instead. Jomelli's "Libera" was selected on account of the admiration which Rossini expressed for this magnificent piece at the meetings of the Academic Society for Sacred Music, founded and directed by M. Vervoitte.

Rossini's Legacy.

The old Swan of Pesaro died singing, but not a tune of resignation. He loved Paris, and chose to be buried in Paris; but his heart, as to music, was in Italy. He had no good feeling for those who had destroyed the Italian opera, and in his sly way he recorded his unchangeable opinion of the real effect of the new school. It has destroyed melody: Rossini knew this, no one better, and he has sent out his executors, like Diogenes of old, with their lanterns to find if possible "a Melodist." The French opera composer, if he be anything more than a dance-tune maker, is an odd union of pedant and philosopher, and his music is a calumny on the classic composer and a calamity to the hearer. He is alternately specious and false, dull and stupid, ferocious and diabolical. His subjects generally involve life without duty, man without conscience, wrong without reason, power without justice, and how can the beauty and joy of melody sympathize with such miserable and mischievous caricatures of humanity? Take out the music on the dance forms, what is the residuum of a modern Parisian opera? The *adagio* breathes the utmost lassitude, or a grumbling discontent. The *mean* situation is simply paralysis, and the strong one a hideous noise, more like a yell than the honest fiery struggle for passionate expression. And as composition it is the rejection of law, a defiance of tradition,—the product of a conceit and ignorance that has determined neither to regard nor use the works of past time, nor take any lesson from the wisdom and examples offered by the fathers of old. Rossini saw the hollowness of the meretricious system, and was not the man to be led away from the dramatic life and real lyrical music by the errors of vanity and inexperience, however huge, monstrous, dazzling and interminable they might be made. The composer of the "*Stabat Mater*" possessed the power of real creation, for he was a genius and could calculate for himself. Music was with him an enjoyment, a charm, a delight; he could not present it as an indifference or something disagreeable, and the thought of making it a horror never entered his mind. He enchanted his auditors and laughed at them; no doubt it was conduct inartistic and immoral, but it amused him, filled his pockets and made him immortal. If his conduct appeared incomprehensible he offered no explanation and if inexcusable he declined apology. He was neither pedant nor philosopher in the French way of making music.

The school that has destroyed the lyrical opera has been rightly called "the Satanic." The German (Weber) called up the spirit from the forest—an old friend, long fixed into the memories of the people, and the people welcomed his resuscitation and felt the power of the new phase; but the Frenchman called up the devil, and musical art was degraded in the endeavor to give portraiture to the wildest and the worst of all wicked ways. The Parisian amateurs received the "*Robert*" of Meyerbeer with rapture; it was somewhat more loathsome and infectious than the "*Barber*" and the "*Lucretia*;" there was more of noise and uproar, more to astound and distract; and from the "*Robert*" the fall to the poltroon *Faust* and his slave and master *Mephistopheles* was both easy and natural. Here was ample field for vulgarity and falsehood, yelling and screeching, and melody, not liking her company, took to her wings and flew into the wilderness. Of course this debased discordance could but last its day; and, being never at the end of its course, we find there is a rider tacked on to it in the shape of a new ballet. We are to have a new grand waltz for everybody to dance, an

evocation of *Mephistopheles*, a *pas d'ensemble* of Trojans with Mme. Helen as chief; a *pas* of Nubians, all glistening like patent boots, with Cleopatra as leader; a solo from Helen, another from Cleopatra, and then a phase of classic Greece in the fire of a Bacchanal galop spiced with the appearance of Phryne, amid which is to come in the virginal peace of *Margaret*. The novelty is in truth no novelty, being but a refined and thoughtful variation of the *chaine diabolique* and the *cancan d'enfer*. We cannot commend Gounod for putting on the armor of Offenbach, and so long as there is so much untouched and unapproachable in the dramatic life of the pure Italian opera, we hold this imitation of a low and vicious school to be indefensible. The experiment will probably succeed with the public—a spiritual phase of the *cancan d'enfer* and the *chain diabolique* is both promising and ingenious, and no doubt the composer has made its development both perspicuous and enticing. But it must be of the school Satanic—that which Rossini held in hatred and contempt, and has endeavored to provide against.

Rossini had a great horror of the sea; he was once a martyr to that horrid affair—the *mal du mer*, and nothing could ever tempt him to risk a relapse. It's a pity—he ought to have come to London; and if any credit is to be placed on our daily and periodical criticisms, the English metropolis is the very land of melody. We read of nothing but "charming melodies," "great hits," never-failing "re-demands," "furious applause," and "tremendously successful" songs. But it may be urged, that although Rossini would not come to England, music so delicious and universally attractive might pass over to Paris, and in this way have led to the conversion of the octogenarian infidel. Unfortunately travel is death to this charming musical cockneyism, the sea air destroys all its interest and popularity, and what is beautiful in London is detestable in Paris. The French critics are as hard upon our music as Rossini was upon theirs, and the French public will not listen to half a dozen bars of it. This again is most ungrateful, for when the French ugly music, as Rossini imagined it to be, comes into London, our trade critics fall into convulsions of panegyric over it. Their "affections are irresistibly drawn to its virgin freshness," "its sweet ingenuousness," "so beautiful," "so *naïve*," "embracing the loftiest thought with the utmost beauty of combination in harmony," &c., &c. A Parisian composer sends forth a little memento for the Christmas season, every idea in which he had worked up in previous works; and if it possess the slightest merit, owes that merit to its similitude to the music of Rossini. It falls flat in Paris, but the sea air does wonders to French music, although it destroys ours. We read that this very common place stuff, when transported to London becomes a melody of surprising breadth and beauty, and no one can sing it without being moved to the inmost soul; it is "a lovely little gem," "breathing profound love and devotion in every line," "a burst of angelic song," "an almost heavenly radiance," unsurpassed for loftiness of aspiration or grandeur of treatment." The composer is styled "an earnest Christian." The publisher is no less so; and the puffer who "loves that mirth which does not overstep the bounds of reverence" is clearly of the same kidney. We must confess to being of the infidels with Rossini, and see no immediate prospect of either this Frenchman or "any other man" carrying off the Rossinian prize. The shop beautiful, the puff beautiful, may do well enough for those who like such stuff; it is good enough for those who buy it and belaud it, but it will not convince any mortal soul that Rossini could not see or has made any error in judgment. We are sadly in want of "a melodist."—*Orchestra.*

Verdi and Rossini.

The following letter has appeared in the Italian journals:

"My dear Ricordi,—To honor the memory of Rossini I should like that the most distinguished Italian *maestri* (headed by Mercadante, were it only for a few bars) should compose a *Requiem Mass* to be performed on the anniversary of his death. I should like, that not only the composers, but also the performers, besides lending their assistance, should contribute towards the necessary expenses. I should like that no foreign hand, nor one strange to art, however powerful, should lend us help, as in such a case I would withdraw at once from the association. The mass should be performed in the Cathedral of St. Petronio, in the city of Bologna, which is the true musical birthplace of Rossini. This mass ought not to be an object of either curiosity or speculation; but, as soon as performed, it ought to be sealed and put into the archives of the Musical Lyceum of that city never to be taken away. Exception might, perhaps, be made for his anniversaries, if future generations elect to celebrate them. If I stood in the Holy Father's good graces, I should beg of him to allow, for this time at least, that women might take part in the performance of this music; but, this not being the case, a more acceptable person must be found to obtain the object. It will be well to institute a committee of intelligent men to arrange the performance, and above all, to select the composers, distribute the pieces, and superintend the general form of the work. This composition (good as the single pieces may prove) will be wanting in the necessary musical uniformity; but, if defective on this point, it will serve notwithstanding to show how great, with all of us, is the veneration for that man whose loss the whole world deplores.

Believe me, yours, affectionately,

"G. Verdi."

Signor Verdi and His Monumental Mass.

In the first flush of regret for Rossini's loss, it was perfectly natural that action should be taken somewhat impulsively. While the great man lived he was regarded with only moderate curiosity and interest. The world had been long accustomed to his presence, and familiarity in his case, as in all others, had the effect of lessening appreciation. But, Rossini taken away, there came a swift revulsion. In place of two musical giants, looking out over the common level like the monster figures which guard the tomb of the Egyptian king, the world saw but one, and the huge gap revealed what a loss had been sustained. Of course there followed an eager desire to do something by way of commemorating the departed. Italy began collecting money for twenty statues, and sent deputations to Paris begging the body for a sumptuous tomb. France sang the *Stabat Mater* and *Guillaume Tell* indiscriminately and surrounded the master's bust with nine ballet girls attired as Muses. Germany, so far as we know, did nothing, owing, perhaps, to a sense of loss not having had time for evolution out of its moral consciousness England, on the other hand, played the "Dead March" in Exeter Hall, sang "Non più mesta" at the Crystal Palace, and exhibited some specimens of the composer's handwriting. All this was very well—though it might have been better—and very characteristic of the respective doers. But the Italian composers, the successors of Rossini's working years, should make a special effort of their own. So thought Signor Verdi, and he was right, for more reasons than one. In Rossini, the present makers of Italian opera found a mine of wealth which, though assiduously worked, is very far from being exhausted. Moreover, Rossini reflected, and, though dead, still reflects, a lustre upon Italian composers, by no means rendered superfluous by their own essential brightness. Naturally, therefore, those who have enjoyed special benefits desire to make special acknowledgments. The feeling is creditable. But, now, as to the means of expression devised by the Bussetese minstrel. What they are is set forth in the letter which appears elsewhere. Signor Verdi would have a mass written which shall go down to posterity as the embodied grief of himself and his fellows. So anxious is he for its preservation, that he suggests a careful custody under lock and key, in a certain designated place. Signor Verdi's anxiety is uncalled for, because the work in question, if ever produced, will be a precious curiosity, worthy of safe keeping on its own account. His Rossini Mass will present the world with the most remarkable piece of musical dove-tailing on record. We have heard of joint works in literature and painting, but never of one in music where the *collaborateurs* are the composers of a nation. Imagine Mercadante leading off the "Kyrie" with "only a few bars;" then Verdi picking up the theme and—as he is a vigorous man—working on to the end of the "Gloria." Next imagine—but we look beyond Verdi and all is at first sight a blank. We have talked about "the composers of a nation," they seem to be only two, unless we include the very small people whose unfamiliar names are now and then met with in connection with bubble operas, which come to the surface, burst, and are no more seen.

Is Signor Verdi a wag, and his letter a joke? If so, there is excellent, though untimely, fun in the proposal to consecrate to Rossini's memory and keep with reverent care, a work principally done by nobodies, which, when performed, would only serve to measure the greatness of Rossini by the littleness of his successors.

On the other hand, if Signor Verdi be not a wag, and his letter not a joke, we can only suppose that he wrote upon impulse which gave no chance of reflection. Such a monument to Rossini, as that he proposes—one necessarily inartistic in the most essential respects—would do the dead composer no honor, and might well disturb his Elysian rest. Let us hope the world has heard the first and last of it.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Music Abroad.

London.

Royal Italian Opera. The *Times* (Nov. 28), after praising Mlle. Ilma de Murska's *Dinorah*, as well as Santley's Hoel and Bettini's Corentin in the same opera, adds:

No "short winter season" ever undertaken by Mr. Mapleson has been conducted with more energy than this. Besides the operas already noticed, we have had the *Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Norma*, the *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Il Flauto Magico*—all familiar features in his now extensive and well varied repertory. In *Faust*, as Margherita, and in *Don Giovanni*, as Zerlina, the young American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, has made good her position and fully maintained the promise of her *début*; Mlle. Tietjens has, as usual, been "Protean," excelling alike in German, French, and Italian opera; the well-remembered Herr Formes was right welcome as Leporello, a character in which, as our musical readers will not have forgotten, he used to be peerless; Mr. Santley has been of infinite service in almost every opera produced; Mlle. Sinico has continued to exhibit the versatility of talent for which she has long been famous; and Mlle. de Murska, by her wonderful execution of the exceptionally difficult songs of the "Queen of Night," in *Il Flauto Magico*, has renewed the old enthusiasm. Signor Mongini, after singing better than he ever previously sang in England, improvement in style being accompanied by voice rather strengthened than impaired, has left to fulfil some Continental engagements; and Mme. Trebelli Bettini, whose singing stood in no need of improvement, has also quitted London for St. Petersburgh, where she is engaged for the winter.

Il Flauto was repeated on Monday night; *Le Nozze di Figaro* was played for the first time on Tuesday; *Il Flauto* was again produced on Wednesday afternoon; and on Thursday night we had *Dinorah*.

To-night *Il Flauto*; and on Monday (last night of the season) a miscellaneous entertainment.

Apropos of Miss Hauck, whose first appearance at Covent Garden, it appears, was at some disadvantage, owing to the high pitch of the orchestra, the great English tenor addressed the following letter to the *Athenæum*:

"I read with great interest your comment upon Miss M. Hauck's *Amina* at Covent Garden, that 'it is high time the pitch of our orchestras should be adapted to the normal diapason' used in France and Germany. Your complaint is one which I have strenuously and repeatedly, although in vain, up to the present, insisted upon, and I can only trust, now that so influential a paper in musical circles as yours has taken up the subject, that your complaint will meet with greater attention than my individual reiteration of it.

"Not only foreigners accustomed to foreign orchestras will be indebted to you for thus protesting against, as you most truly remark, 'the human voice, the most delicate of all instruments, being sacrificed to the false brilliancy attained by perpetually forcing up the pitch'—but also English artists generally. And, as you truly remark, the pitch in this country is a half tone higher than that of most foreign orchestras, and a whole note higher than it was in the time of Gluck.'

"So strong is my conviction upon this subject, that some time back I intimated to the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society my final decision, notwithstanding grave reasons for my coming to a contrary determination, not to sing for that Society so long as the pitch of the orchestra was maintained at its present height, and until it was, as you suggest, 'assimilated to the normal diapason of France.'"

J. Sims Reeves.

Concerts.—The *Orchestra*, Dec. 5, furnishes the following reports:

The last Crystal Palace concert embraced the following programme:—

The Trumpet Overture, in C.....Mendelssohn.
Oratorio, "The Mount of Olives".....Beethoven.
Variations on "God Preserve the Emperor," from the String Quartet in C.....Haydn.
Song with Chorus, "Nazareth".....Gounod.
Sacred Song, "The Legend of the Crossbill"....Lemmens.
Air, "Be thou Faithful unto Death," (St. Paul). Mendelssohn.
Triumphal March (Naaman).....Costa.

Though containing no absolute novelty, yet in the "Mount of Olives" the concert at least possessed a legitimate source of attraction; an attraction which is also rare. Produced in this country first in 1814, and heard from time to time both in town and throughout the provinces, it has been neglected of late for a sufficient length of time to give it all the freshness of novelty. Dramatic in a high and intense degree—too dramatic to suit Beethoven's liking, as it subsequently turned out—it is saved from the profanation of the secular side of art by the intuitive delicacy of Beethoven's mind: nevertheless he himself confessed he would have written it in a different form if he had had the task reset him. The words originally put into the mouth of the Savior are now by common consent apportioned to St. John in the third person. Of the solo singing on Saturday very favorable mention may be made. The solos were given by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas; and the masterly recitatives were felicitously rendered. With a better choir the admirable choruses would have stood a better chance; as it was we were pleased to note some improvement; but there is room for much more. Gounod's "Nazareth," sung by Mr. Thomas, and the "Legend of the Crossbill," given with advantage by Mme. Sherrington, were among the best rendered numbers of Saturday.

The last Monday Popular Concert was signalized by the following programme:—

Ottet, in F, Op. 116 ..... Schubert.
Song "Dalla sua pace" ..... Mozart
Sonata, in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte ..... Weber.
Andante and Rondo, violoncello ..... Molique.
Songs. { "Through the night my songs adjure thee" Schubert. "Devotion" ..... Schumann.
Quartet, in C major, Op. 54, No. 1 ..... Haydn.

Schubert's Ottet has been given before in St. James's Hall, and created as good an impression as heretofore. The quintet of performers was made up by Herr Straus, who reappeared in the part of first violin and was warmly welcomed. Herr Pauer gave a spirited rendering of Weber's difficult sonata in A flat, and Signor Piatti did equally well in the number from Molique's concerto arranged with orchestral accompaniments. Mr. Vernon Rigby was the vocalist.

From the same, Dec. 12.

The Crystal Palace followed on Saturday the example of other musical bodies in devoting a performance to the memory of Rossini. The programme—which was headed with an explanation on the part of Mr. Manns, that the want of completeness in the selection as a representation of the genius of the immortal composer was on account of the engagements previously made with artists for Saturday's concert and the reconstruction of the choir—was executed as follows:—

Overture, "Tancredi" ..... Rossini
Quartet, "Sancta Mater" ("Stabat Mater") ..... "
Air, "Cujus Animam" ("Stabat Mater") ..... "
Overture, "La Gazza Ladra" ..... "
Romanza, "Assisa al piè d'un salice" ("Otello") .. "
Cavatina, "Non più mesta" ("La Cenerentola") .. "
Overture, "Guglielmo Tell" ..... "
Ballet Airs, "Guglielmo Tell" ..... "
Overture, "Semiramide" ..... "

It contained two numbers in addition, which, however, could not be sung owing to the illness of Mr. George Perren and Herr Wallenreiter. Mr. Perren, nevertheless, though suffering from the effects of the weather, did essay "Cujus Animam." It will be noticed that the disposition of the pieces in the programme, though losing the effect of chronological sequence, was well calculated to afford variety and contrast. Mlle. Scalchi obtained a well-merited encore in the "Non più mesta" cavatina, in which her beautiful voice had the happiest effect in executing the florid passages. Mlle. Baumeister sang the Willow song from "*Otello*" with much refinement; and the quartet from the "*Stabat*" received full justice from all the singers. The four overtures and the ballet music from "*William Tell*" received every attention from Mr. Manns's experienced band.

The following was the selection given at the last Monday Popular Concert.

Septet in E flat, Op. 20 ..... Beethoven.
Song, "Amor nel mio penar" ("Flavio") ..... Handel.
Sonata, in C major, Op. 53, pianoforte ..... Beethoven.
Sonata, in D major, for Violin ..... Corelli.
Songs, "Du bist die Ruh," "Norman's Gesang" Schubert.
Quartet, in G minor ..... Haydn.

The occasion was the hundredth birthday, and a large audience assembled, attracted probably by Beethoven's splendid septet in E flat, a work which however has been illustrated at these concerts a score of times. Mr. J. F. Barnett made his first appearance as pianist, choosing for performance that sonata of Beethoven's dedicated to Count Waldstein and dating from 1803. The execution of the young composer, easy, brilliant, and full of spirit, was extremely well received. At times his enthusiasm betrayed his judgment, and the pace became a scamper, but on the whole Mr. Barnett has the best reason to be satisfied with both the performance and its reception. The instrumentalists—Messrs. Straus, H. Blagrove, Piatti, Reynolds, Lazarus, Harper, and Wotton—were in each case in full vigor, whether the E flat septet, Haydn's light-hearted quartet in G minor, or Corelli's archaic sonata was the subject in hand. The last was executed by Herr Straus in admirable fashion and skilfully accompanied by Mr. Benedict. Mme. Sainton-Dolby sang.

With a little more precision on the part of the choruses the performance of Bennett's "*Woman of Samaria*" at the National Choral Society on Wednesday would have been more satisfactory. As regards the principal singing, the efforts of Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Lucy Franklein, Messrs. George Perren and Lewis Thomas deserve favorable mention. Miss Franklein obtained an encore after her singing, "O Lord, Thou hast sought me out." Another *bis* was awarded to the unaccompanied quartet, "God is a spirit." A couple of choruses from "*Aeis*" and the "*First Walpurgis Night*," by Mendelssohn, followed the cantata, the vocalists being the same. The hall was full.

(*From the Musical World, Dec. 12.*)

The Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, has given a performance of *Israel in Egypt*, under Mr. Costa's direction, in which, as never fails when Handel's choral masterpiece is concerned, the choruses were magnificently sung throughout. The solo parts—allotted to Mme Rudersdorff, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Santley and Foli—were without exception well sustained. The long declamatory duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war" (Messrs. Santley and Foli), was encored as usual, and repeated; and a similar compliment was bestowed upon Mr. Rigby's zealous and singularly energetic delivery of the great tenor air, "The enemy said." Mr. Rigby however, wisely refrained from submitting to the wishes of the audience—satisfied, doubtless, with the honors he had fairly earned, and anxious not to risk them in a new venture. The only other encore was awarded to the chorus, "He gave them hailstones," the effect of which was overpowering. This concert, like its immediate precursor (when Mr. Costa's *Naaman* was the oratorio), was honored by the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia.

Still more interesting, as may be easily understood, was the most recent concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society—a concert "*in memoriam*," to the honor of the late Rossini, the greatest of Italian composers. The programme was fully worth the occasion. Handel's "Dead March" was first played, during which the audience, as well as the members of the chorus, rose and remained standing. This was followed by the late composer's *Stabat Mater*; and the whole concluded with Mozart's *Requiem*. In both pieces the leading singers were Mmes. Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Signor Tagliafico. Criticism under such peculiar circumstances would be out of place; but it may readily be imagined that all engaged—solo, singers, chorus, orchestral players, and conductor (Mr. Costa) did their best, and that the performance, on the whole, was one of rare excellence. There was little applause, and on such an occasion it would have been better had there been none—an impression which, it must be admitted, seemed very generally to prevail. Most of the singers were in mourning, or semi-mourning, and a fine bust of the great composer (from M. Dantan, jun.) was a conspicuous object in front of the orchestra, just beneath the platform where the conductor stood. The entire affair was as solemn and impressive as could have been desired by the most ardent worshipper of Rossini's genius, and the hall was crowded in every part.

Desmond Henry Ryan. The Editor of the *Musical World* pays the following tribute to his friend and principal assistant:

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed contributors to this journal. After a long and trying illness, Mr. Desmond Ryan died, in the early morning of the 7th inst., at his residence, 21, Tavistock Road, Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Ryan first wrote for the *Musical World* in 1844. In 1846 he became its sub-editor, and held that post until within a few months of his decease. Those who knew him best are of course best able to estimate his worth; and the writer of these lines has not merely to regret the loss of a zealous and invaluable co-laborer, but of a friend in the truest and dearest acceptation of the word. J.W.D.

Leipzig.

The *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) has the following letter, dated Leipzig, Nov. 19, 1868, which sums up the concert season to that date. (We hear various opinions, however, about the creative talent of Max Bruch):

At the third Gewandhaus Concert, Oct. 22d, the glorious Leonora overture, (No. 3,) by Beethoven, and a new symphony by Max Bruch, (Op. 23,) were the orchestral selections, and both were played with splendid fire and precision. The symphony was performed under the personal direction of its talented composer, who studied under Ferdinand Hiller, and is one of the ablest of the rising German musicians. It is full of earnest thought, and its fine musical ideas, which are well expressed and admirably treated, are presented with solid and brilliant instrumentation. Max Bruch is still a comparatively young man, (born in Cologne, January 6, 1838,) and his great talent and energy promise noble artistic achievements.

The soloists of the occasion were Joseph Joachim and wife. The former played the recitative, andante and allegro movements, from Spohr's sixth violin concerto, and an adagio and fugue in C major, by Bach. In both compositions he played with wonderful tone and sentiment, and called forth hearty applause from the delighted audience. Frau Joachim was equally successful in her interpretation of an aria from *Figaro's Hochzeit*, by Mozart, and two beautiful songs: (a) *Maiwacht*, by Brahms, (b) *Die Hütte*, by R. Schumann.

The first Euterpe concert was given October 27th, and the evening's programme opened with a splendid performance of Weber's fiery overture to *Euryanthe*. This was the only satisfactory orchestral performance of the evening, however, for the remaining works—introductions to "*Tristan and Isolde*," and "*Die Meistersänger*," by Wagner, were played in a most tantalizing manner. Fräulein Gerl, from Coburg, sang a difficult aria from "Roberto," and an aria from Ambroise Thomas's opera, "Mignon," with considerable brilliancy of execution and intelligence. The air from "Mignon" is simple circus music.

In broad contrast to the last mentioned aria, stood the violin selections of Louis Strauss, from London, who played the great concerto by Beethoven, and the adagio from Spohr's ninth violin concerto, with a beauty of tone, solidity and smoothness of execution, and musician-like conception and interpretation which could only be excelled by Joachim.

On the 29th inst. the fourth Gewandhaus Concert brought Beethoven's festival overture (Op. 124), and the "Reformation symphony," by Mendelssohn, to performance. Through the acoustical superiority of the Gewandhaus Hall, the latter work gained even more friends than upon the occasion of its first performance in the Leipzig Opera House, last June. The scherzo and finale remain the favorite movements.

Herr Carl Wallenreiter, from Stuttgart, sang an aria from an Easter cantata, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," by Franz Schubert, and songs by Scarlatti, Moscheles and Schumann. His voice is pleasant, but not powerful, and he sings in a very tasteful, appreciative manner. Frl. Joel, from Vienna, played a seldom-heard concerto, in E flat, by Weber, and solo pieces by Moscheles, Chopin and Mendelssohn. She has fine execution and virtuoso talent, and it is to be hoped that her flattering reception in the Gewandhaus will incite her to further artistic exertions.

The fifth Gewandhaus Concert, November 5th, offered a programme in commemoration of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who died in Leipzig, November 4, 1847. The first part of the programme was devoted to compositions by the great master, and included a hymn for soprano solo and chorus; overture to the "Beautiful Melusine," and three numbers from the unfinished "Lorely;" (a) Vintagers' chorus, for male voices, (b) Ave Maria for soprano-solo and female chorus, (c) finale for soprano-solo, chorus and grand orchestra.

Frau Peschka Leutner, from the Leipzig Opera House, sang the splendid soprano-solos as only a true artist could, and the chorus and orchestra were so full, and so admirably disciplined, that the performance fairly electrified the audience. The Heroic symphony, by Beethoven, with its sublime funeral march, formed an appropriate conclusion to the delightful concert.

On the following evening, the first soirée of chamber music took place in the Gewandhaus Hall, Concertmaster David, E. Röntgen, F. Hermann and E. Hegar playing the string instruments, and the pianist, Saint Saens, from Paris, as guest. The evening performance included Schumann's string quartet in A, No. 3, and one by F. Schubert in D minor (posthumous), both of which were splendidly played; a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, (Op. 18), by Saint Saens, and Mendelssohn's Op. 28, Fantasie, for piano solo. The trio is a genial, interesting and artistically developed composition, which displays each instrument—and especially the pianoforte—to

fine advantage, but, while it is pleasing to an audience, and a grateful task for artists, it is not a composition calculated to create lasting impressions, and the pleasure derived from listening to it is merely transient. Saint Saens' splendid virtuosity found full play in the last movement of the fantasie (as well as in the trio), for although he took it in such rapid tempo that the thematic figure was not clearly and perfectly defined throughout, it was, notwithstanding, a very interesting test of strength, velocity and flexibility of finger.

At the second Euterpe Concert, November 10th, a very good performance of Beethoven's beautiful F-major symphony opened the programme. A young conservatorist, George Heutschel, from Breslau, sang an aria from Mendelssohn's "St Paul," and two beautiful songs, "Frühlingsglaube," by Schubert, and "Im Frühling," by Fesca, in fine style. He is the fortunate possessor of an excellent baritone voice of fine quality, power and compass, and if his decided talent is accompanied by equal energy and perseverance, he will make a fine artist. The great feature of the evening, however, was the pianoforte playing of Fräulein Anna Mehlig, who played Schumann's A-minor concerto, for piano and orchestra, and three transcriptions, by Franz Liszt; (a) G-minor prelude and fugue, from Bach (manuscript) (b) *Soirées de Vienna* (A minor), from F. Schubert, (c) *La Campanella*, from Paganini. Fräulein Mehlig was born in Stuttgart, in 1848, and received her musical education and instruction under the especial care of Professor Pruckner, of the Stuttgart Conservatorium. She made her first concert tour in 1865, visiting Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, etc., and at the early age of seventeen created a rare furor by her superb pianism. Since then she has been almost constantly engaged in artistic tours, and her popularity among critics and public seems constantly increasing. Her tone is pure and musical, her touch combines feminine delicacy and fairly masculine energy, and her strength and flexibility of wrist and finger are surprising. In the beautiful concerto and the difficult solo pieces, she displayed fine artistic conception and intelligence, and she received hearty and merited applause after each appearance.

The concert closed with a very good performance of a difficult and ambitious overture for grand orchestra, by Carl Goldmark. The brilliant instrumentation that alternated between the grand and the bombastic, was the best feature of the work, which is written in a highly tragic mood, and displays too earnest study of the compositions of Wagner.

The sixth Gewandhaus Concert, November 12th, offered the fine Suite in canon-form for string orchestra, by J. Grimm, and Schumann's grand C-major symphony. Herr G. Besekirsky, from Moscow, played a difficult concerto by Paganini, and an original polonaise for violin and orchestra. His tone is pure, and he plays with brilliant execution, and although he is not an artist of the very highest rank, his playing is refined and tasteful, and he is always a welcome guest. Frl. Förster, from Munich, sang an aria from Haydn's "Creation," and one from Spontini's *Vestalin*, in pleasing style.

Carl Tausig gave a pianoforte recital in the Gewandhaus, on the evening of the 14th inst., with the following programme: (1) Sonate, Op. 101, Beethoven; (2) Prelude, fugue and allegro, in E flat, J. S. Bach; Toccate, Op. 7, Schumann; (3) *Davidsbündlertanze*, sixteen characteristic pieces, Op. 6, Schumann; (4) Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2; Etude, Op. 25, No. 6, and Scherzo, Op. 31, Chopin; (5) *Rhapsodie Espagnole, Folies d'Espagne, Jota Aragonesa*, F. Liszt.

The long and difficult programme was played from memory, with unfailing inspiration, and all of the wonderful virtuosity for which Tausig is so famous, and instead of being wearied by such a series of pianoforte solos, the audience endeavored—though in vain—by repeated encores, to gain additional numbers

The last musical event up to the time of writing, was the second soirée of chamber music, which was given on the 17th inst., before a crowded auditorium. Haydn's D major quartet, (played by Röntgen, Haubold, Hermann and Hegar;) Sonate for flute (with piano accompaniament,) Duo for violin and viola, Op. 25, No. 1, (Röntgen and Concertmaster David,) and Quintet in C major, by Beethoven, (David playing first viola,) constituted the programme, which was admirably performed throughout. Herr Röntgen sustained the first violin parts this evening, with greater security of intonation than the usual leader, David; but while his phrasing and conception were likewise thoroughly excellent, we missed the breadth and nobleness of David's tone, and we trust the change is but a temporary one. A. R. P.

At the third concert of the Euterpe Society, the orchestra performed the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini, and *"Les Preludes,"* Liszt. Herr Heckmann displayed his talent as an executant to advantage in Bruch's Violin Concerto, as well as in Bach's Prelude and Fugue, G minor. Mlle. Scherbel, from Breslau, sang the cavatina, "Glöcklein im Thale" from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and three songs, by Taubert, Mendelssohn, and Henschel.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has proved highly successful, and become a regular stock piece.—Dr. Franz Brendel died here on the 25th ult., aged fifty-seven. He held the post of Professor of Musical History in the Conservatory. He was known chiefly as author of his *Geschichte der Musik* and *Musik des Gegenwart*, and as editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, founded by Robert Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 2, 1869.

Harvard Musical Association.

The fourth Symphony Concert came on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 24, which was Christmas Eve. Accordingly the programme, of which the idea had been simply to present a historical succession of four great masters of orchestral composition, was by an after-thought further enriched by the insertion of a couple of Arias from Bach immediately before the closing fairy Overture, whereby the tone of the concert modulated into the religious feelings and associations and the golden childlike fancies of the holy, happy season.

Symphony, in B flat [No. 8, Ed. of Breitkopf and Härtel]. Haydn.
Adagio, Allegro —Adagio Cantabile.—Minuet.—Presto.
Concerto, in E flat, for two Pianos.....Mozart.
Cadenzas by Moscheles.
B. J. Lang and J. C. D. Parker.

Second Symphony, in D.....Beethoven.
Adagio, Allegro con brio.—Larghetto.—Scherzo.—Finale.
a. Cradle Song, from the Christmas Oratorio.....Bach.
"Slumber, my darling, Oh sweet be thy rest!
Darkness shall flee from us all with Thy waking!"
b. Air, "Mein gläubiges Herze, frohlocke, sing,' scherze," &c.....Bach.
"My heart ever faithful,
Sing praises, be joyful,"
Mrs C. A. Barry.
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."Mendelssohn.

The Haydn Symphony—not the more familiar one in the same key which was played in the first season of these concerts, but another which we think never was played before in Boston—proved one of the most enjoyable of them. Indeed it is one of the very best he wrote, both in felicity of ideas and exquisite employment of all the individualities and combinations of the orchestra in their development and treatment. In some respects it seems even to go beyond Haydn, here and there suggesting Beethoven. The modern stamp of some of its phrases; the boldness of the surprises; the sudden and yet happy changes of key; and the (more than usual with him) reflective, closely inwrought texture, especially of the first movement and the latter portion of the Adagio, yet without any forfeiture of the cheerful Haydn naiveté, bring him as it were farther down into our more thoughtful and self-conscious age. From beginning to end, it is delightful music, and in it Father Haydn fairly escapes the charge of sameness, which is the only plea that can be raised against hearing him continually. Anything more fresh and natural, and yet more subtly interwoven than the first Allegro (whose leading motive has first been presented in the minor in notes of double length, for a few bars, by way of solemn introduction) we may hardly find. The Adagio opens in a deep, tranquil church-like manner, a prayerful melody, soon interrupted by a stormy fortissimo of great majesty and breadth, which subsiding, the melody returns, in the same key, just as before, only with an organ-like figurative bass descending by deliberate diatonic steps. A second variation, the bass this time in quicker steps ascending, followed by a brief *resumé* of the whole (a couple of bars of *stretto* gathering up all the characteristic phrases in a breath,—two more bars reproducing the fortissimo, two more the original theme) brings the lovely strain to a close.—The Minuet and Trio are of the happiest, and we are glad to see Mr. ZERRAHN preserving the native moderate tempo of those movements with due fondness. The Presto Finale is all play, of the most lifesome, graceful, fascinating character. A plenty of Christmas frolic there! Only the playfellows are all fairy rogues and full of genius. How charmingly the various instruments ran out and in, each in its turn now shining in full light, now slipping into the shade! How magical the changed key and color of the scene after two or three full pauses! And how admirably it was all played, with fine outline and precision! The strings showed the benefit of special drill, and it was good to have the Quintet Club back raising their number to the full complement again.

The Mozart Concerto could hardly be called a representative work in the full sense that the other three selections were; but it has the characteristic charm of his instrumentation; that warm and tender coloring, that balmy summer atmosphere which all his orchestral creations breathe; while the principal part, so evenly divided between the two pianos, is full of fluent grace and beauty. The ideas are not great, to be sure; they only show the invariably musical and graceful every day life and habit of a man all music, and a consummate master of his art. The first movement is decidedly interesting; the last two sound tame and old-fashioned; yet it was well to hear the whole. Messrs. LANG and PARKER (they played it for the first time last year) were altogether happy in the rendering of it; all was neat, clear, fluent, even, and the phrases were answered from one piano to the other with excellent precision. It was an artistic performance; and, simple as the music seems, it requires artists to do it justice. The first cadenza by Moscheles is difficult and interesting, save that it is too long. The piece was evidently much enjoyed.

The old familiar second Symphony of Beethoven, which because of its familiarity had not entered into these programmes before, is the one in which Beethoven is the most immediately related to Mozart and Haydn. (By the way, we have forgotten to remark, that in historical sequence really that Mozart Concerto is an older work and of an earlier style than the Symphony of Haydn, who outlived Mozart and whose twelve "Saloman Symphonies," of which this is one, were written in his later days. Historically, in this case, the order should have been: Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn; but the æsthetic balance of a programme required it otherwise). While the Symphony in D shows the influence of Mozart and Haydn, it is yet full of a vigorous new element, which is the individuality, the genius of Beethoven and no other. Here are grander thoughts and loftier aspiration, nobler depth and earnestness of motive; a Promethean fire thrills along every nerve and fibre of it;—and yet it does not count among the greatest of Beethoven's Symphonies; it was a wonderfully long

stride, as to originality and sustained power, from this to the *Eroica* we heard the other day! One gift however, in which Beethoven is unsurpassable, is obvious even here: the sure instinct b which he combines his instruments so as to bring out their best collective sound, the freest, fullest, richest sonority, a sound that is always all alive, awakening to sense and soul. This time the work was admirably played, and all seemed to listen with intent satisfaction to the broad, majestic introduction, and the impetuous Allegro with its buoyant, Spring-like episodical theme; to the long, yet ever beautiful Larghetto, full of consecration, as before a wedding feast; to the pastoral frolic of the Scherzo and Trio, and to the fiery, swift Finale.

The "Cradle Song" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio (*Weihnachts-Cantata*) had only been sung here in small chamber concerts before, to piano accompaniment arranged by Robert Franz, never as now with Bach's own instrumentation: that is, the string quartet of the orchestra, the flute, and the pairs of old instruments now gone out of use (*oboi d' amore*, and *oboi di caccia*) represented by clarinets and bassoon. It is a lovely pastoral sort of strain, the melody so innocent and childlike, and fresh as if composed to-day. Mrs. BARRY sang it with true simplicity and feeling; only the prolonged note (middle G) with which the voice begins did not stand out audibly enough against the instruments. It quite won the hearts of most listeners and, with the rejoicing Air which was equally successful, though it had to be sung in too low a key for its full brightness, and with omission of the violin *obbligato*, (Mr. PARKER furnishing the solo accompaniment on the piano), and the Fairy Overture for a conclusion, answering for a midwinter Christmas dream as well as for a Midsummer Night's—and played with finer delicacy (at least in the string parts) than ever before by a Boston orchestra, it was accepted (by those who could remain so long) as a fit prelude to their Christmas Eve.

The concert exceeded the orthodox length by nearly half an hour; yet we have heard no complaint; many had to go away, as some were kept away, with home festivities preparing; yet those who left the Hall during the music did so reluctantly, lingeringly, in a way that does not so much disturb others. There could be no more gratifying evidence that that large audience loves good music.

The Christmas Oratorios.

The annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society crowded the Music Hall, as usual, to its utmost capacity. There is no wear-out to the popular interest in this great religious work. On the other hand, the chorus seats were not as full as usual, and the orchestra (owing to theatre engagements on a Saturday evening) was somewhat shrunken from its fair proportions, and in the case of certain instruments, as the bassoons, the usual best players were replaced by others. The accompaniments, as has been too often the case of late, were careless here and there, or over-loud and coarse,—sometimes out of tune; but this may be in large part due to the high pitch of the organ,—a kind of mountain air which our flutes, oboes, &c., have not been accustomed to breathe. Most of the choruses went well; the great ones, like the "Hallelujah," the "Wonderful," &c., superbly, although we felt sometimes the want of volume. There are a few tangled and catchy ones, though fortunately brief, like "Let all the angels," "Let us break their bonds asunder," and the "Amen," in which many of the voices never do assert themselves with sure and positive precision. The singers *learn* best, and put their minds more into music which is newer to them and in which they do not run in grooves of life-long habit; the way they learned *Elijah*, and still more *St. Paul*, is proof of this. We were glad to have the beautiful chorus, "And with his stripes" restored. On the other hand there were important omissions in the last part, necessitated by the great length of the Oratorio,—for Mr. ZERRAHN, wisely, took some movements in a more moderate tempo than hitherto.

The solo parts were, on the whole, uncommonly satisfactory. At least all was done in the right spirit and with taste and understanding. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS in the contralto airs surpassed herself. Her tones were never richer, sweeter, or more charged with real soul and feeling. There was no false pathos, no overdone expression, but all was simple, chaste and noble; the delivery of the voice, the phrasing, the light and shade, the whole execution, attesting the sincere, ripe artist. Very interesting too, and equally sincere and genuine and sympathetic, were the soprano voice and singing of Miss ANNA S. WHITTEN. It was her first appearance in oratorio, and not without some slight faltering of timidity in the beginning; but as she went on she won upon her audience, and we must say the beauty and spirituality of the music suffered little in her rendering, which confirmed the promise of her first public effort in a Symphony Concert.

Mr. JAMES WHITNEY's voice betrayed itself into too much *tremolo* in the opening tenor solo: "Comfort ye," and elsewhere lacked the weight that is desirable. But his tones are sweet and sympathetic, and there is feeling and refinement always in his singing. The most pathetic portion: "Thy rebuke" and "Behold and see," were his most successful, and indeed really effective efforts. Mr. JOHN F. WINCH, with a rich and musical bass voice, intelligent delivery, and remarkably even fluency in the roulade passages, filled his part very acceptably.

Sunday evening brought a smaller crowd of hearers, but crowded chorus seats, and orchestra raised to the full complement of the Symphony Concerts, to one of the grandest performances we have yet had of the *Elijah*. Nearly all the choruses, double quartets, &c., went remarkably well, and there was great improvement in the instrumental setting of the vocal gems. Miss PHILLIPPS again lent her noble voice and talent in the contralto airs, and rarely have we heard "O rest in the Lord" sung with more heartfelt beauty, or the dramatic part of the Queen, with chorus, made so effective.

The principal soprano parts were taken by Miss HOUSTON, and the occasion derived special interest from the knowledge that it was to be her last public effort as a singer before retiring into private life. The beauty, brilliancy and fervor with which she sang enhanced the feeling of the loss she will be. In "Hear ye, Israel," in the august "Holy, holy," in the "Angel Trio," &c., her tones soared silver clear and penetrating, and seldom has she shown so bold a certainty of outline through a whole performance. She sang as if she loved it, and fain would not leave it.

The smaller soprano parts—the Boy looking out for rain, and in the concerted pieces—were taken by Mrs. D. C. HALL, who proved herself the possessor of so beautiful and true a voice, so telling, and who delivered it so well, that one wondered why she never has been called upon before in this way. The "Angel Trio" was admirably sung by the three ladies, and of course encored. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN came back to his old part of the Prophet, which he always made effective, and this time more so than ever. He was in capital voice, has the art of giving out his tones with a frank, easy, full vibration, and renders the music in a tasteful, carefully considered manner. A few traits of foreign pronunciation are still perceptible. Mr. WHITNEY in "If with all your hearts," but more particularly in "Then shall the righteous shine," reached, it seemed to us, his best mark thus far; the last air he sang with some commanding power in addition to his usual good qualities.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—On Saturday, Dec. 19, the Hess children gave a matinée at Steinway Hall and were assisted by F. Bergner ('cello) Mme. Gazzaniga and Julius Hess (violin). The programme was a short one and included the 1st movement from one of Mozart's string quartets. In it these talented children appeared to better advantage than in any other selection. Miss Joanna—in particular—was very accurate as regards time, and she also exhibited some taste and an attempt at shading. I must repeat my opinion that it is unwise to bring *prodigies* before the public: such a course—in most cases—does incalculable injury to the advancement of the innocent victims, while the performance itself is productive of but little pleasure to the public.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Kempton had a "Testimonial Concert" in Irving Hall: she was assisted by an attractive array of artists together with Theo. Thomas' orchestra: these were the orchestral selections:—

Overture, "Stradella"	Flotow.
"Traumerei"	Schumann.
Overture, "Orpheus"	Offenbach

The audience was a very large one, and there were several very beautiful floral testimonials presented (by personal friends) to the lady for whose benefit the entertainment was given, and also to Mrs. Mixsell and Mlle. Ronconi. Would it not be better for the anxious donors to *send their offerings to the residences of the recipients*, rather than to parade them before a not particularly interested audience? Also, would it not be decorous for people to be tolerably quiet where such a piece as the "*Träumerei*" is being performed? Portions of it were entirely inaudible, owing to the confusion of tongues everywhere prevailing; I know of no reason why ordinary good breeding should be ignored in a concert room.

At the 4th Sunday Evening Concert we had the following (orchestral) programme:—

Poème Symphonique, "Les Preludes"	Liszt.
Fantasie, "Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Mignon"	Ambroise Thomas.
"Traumerei"	Schumann
Marche Triumphale ("Schiller")	Meyerbeer.

The soloists were Mlle. Ronconi, Mme. Gazzaniga, and Mr. Von Inten (pianist;) the latter played Schumann's "*Faschingsschwank in Wien*," which was performed by Mr. Mason last season: Mme. Gazzaniga sings marvellously well, and although her voice is nearly gone, her manner of using it is most artistic and therefore enjoyable.

The "Messiah" was given on Christmas evening, at Steinway Hall, by the N. Y. Harmonic Society. The soloists were Miss Houston (Boston), Miss Adelaide Phillips (ditto), Mr Simpson and Mr. Beckett, and the performance was conducted by Mr. Ritter. Having been prevented—by severe illness—from attending, I can only say on the authority of a musical friend, that the oratorio was never before given (in this city) with such uniform excellence. I am also given to understand that Miss Houston and Mr. Beckett made a most favorable impression, while Miss Phillips and Mr Simpson—old favorites—fully sustained their well earned reputation.

The "Messiah" was also undertaken on Saturday evening by the Brooklyn Choral Union, with Mollenhauer's orchestra, under the direction of H. B. Dodworth.

Mr. Thomas' 5th Sunday Concert had the subjoined (orchestral) programme:

Overture, "Athalia"	Mendelssohn.
Abendlied	Schumann.
Allegretto	Mozart
"Die Geschöpfe des Promethus"	Beethoven.
Grande Fantasie, "Masaniello"	Auber
Overture "Freischutz"	Weber.
Reverie	Vieuxtemps
Visions in a Dream	Lumbye.
Fackeltanz, No 3, C-minor	Meyerbeer

In lieu of vocal and instrumental solos there were two recitations by Miss Theresa Sherk (her first appearance in this city.)

F.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 22.—The second concert of the Cecilia Society, given last night, had for its principal feature "The Crusaders," a rather recent choral work by Gade, rendered here for the first time. It is a work of similar dimensions and of a similar character with "Comala" and the "Erlking's Daughter" by the same composer; but as a whole I deem it preferable at least to the latter composition. Its weakest part is the second scene, which seems too much spun out on some rather trivial melodies, and embraces a good many monotonous passages; but the greater part of the first and last scenes is very felicitous. It ends in a happy vein with the Crusaders' exultations upon reaching Jerusalem. But the finest number of all I take to be the last in the first scene, a prayer by the Hermit with Chorus. In it there occur a few dramatic passages of a truly grand expression, which seems to me more striking than anything else, of that character, written by the genial Danish composer.

Of the execution, the *Daily Gazette* of this city reports as follows:

"The voices are all pure, fresh and strong, and have evidently received careful individual culture. The members have, under the direction of Mr. Schneider, learned one thing of great importance, and that is, the habit of listening to the piano, which with them acts as conductor. The result was that the attack was always prompt, and the time exact. In *forte* passages they were ever excellent, yet they presented a most beautiful *diminuendo* and *pianissimo*, thereby proving that they could do what so few chorus societies ever undertake, sing *piano*.

"It is comparatively an easy matter for a conductor to have his forces sing at the top of their voices, thereby producing a great deal of noise, but to have them so under his command that they can produce the most delicate *pianissimo* without losing their quality of tone, is one of the strongest proofs of good training."

In the second part of the concert the Chorus gave us two French People's Songs from the 17th Century, which are really charming, and were greatly enjoyed by the audience. When these songs were first performed at a Leipsic "Gewandhaus" concert, a year or two ago, they created quite a sensation there.—Here is the entire programme:

"The Crusaders," a dramatical poem by Carl Andersen, after Tasso's "Jerusalem liberated," for Chorus and Solo, in three Scenes.....Gade.

"Fantaisie pour Piano a deux mains," Opus 103, in F minor.....Fr. Schubert.
Miss L. Luckhardt and Mr. Geo. Schneider.
Two French People's Songs, "Brunettes," from the 17th Century, for Chorus.
"Spring Song," for 2 Sopranos and Alto.....Ferd. Hiller.
Solo for Piano, "La Gazelle".....Kullack.
Miss L. Luckhardt.
"Gypsies' Life," a poem by Geibel, for Solo and Chorus. Schumann.

The "Maennerchor" Society, with Mr. Andres as leader, have given a second public concert, the programme embracing Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and two parts of Haydn's "Seasons." I was not present, but I hear the concert highly praised. From the public at large these concerts deserve a great deal more attention than they have yet received. Mr. Andres, upon a few occasions, has proved to be a very talented leader of the Orchestra, and it is only to be desired that he would appear before the public with less affected manners, as these create an impression against him. He has drilled the Orchestra much more thoroughly than Mr. Barus, who, recently, is altogether too much given to getting up very incorrect performances after one or two rehearsals, and in that way is really doing harm to the cause of good music.

Mr. Barus by this means, essentially, has also killed, much to our regret, the Orchestral Concerts in the afternoon, which we have had for a season or two. These concerts commenced well enough, but, with injudicious blowing in the public prints, and praise from persons who know little about music, leader and orchestra probably became too much elated and turned careless. The fact is, home performances, in the end, must always depend upon real merit. Hot pressure in such matters is a deadly enemy to a slow, natural growth. X.

PARIS, DEC. 7.—The 8th *Concert Populaire* (the last one of the first series) took place yesterday with the following programme:

Overture d' "Athalie".....Mendelssohn.
Symphonie en fa [No. 8].....Beethoven.
Allegro, Allegretto scherzando, Menuet, Final.
Fragment symphonique.....François Schubert.
8e Concerto pour violon,.....Rode.
par M. Heymann, 1er prix du Conservatoire 1868.
Prélude de "Lohengrin".....R. Wagner.
Invitation à la Valse [orchestrée par Berlioz].....Weber.

The Symphony was well rendered, and so was the *fragment Symphonique* of Schubert, from which, by the way, Meyerbeer seems to have taken (to use a mild term) the prelude to Act 5th of *L'Africaine*. The Rode Concerto was played by M. Heymann, who is apparently no more than 15 years of age, in a manner which elicited much applause. He has certainly much executive talent and also the sentiment of expression, but nevertheless his playing is that of a pupil rather than of an artist. His tone is very thin, and in the second part it was not always just. The violin used by him, too, was not powerful enough, and the effect of the fine shading in the Concerto was lost. In speaking of Rode's Concertos I am reminded of the fact that I recently heard the one in *la mineur* played by M. Gustave Collongues, a gentleman well known at the Conservatoire both as an artist and as a member of the Société des Concerts. M. Collongues' style reminds me forcibly of that of our Mr. Theo. Thomas, and his pure, broad, well sustained tone, with the absence of all false and meretricious embroidery, bespeak the thoroughly seasoned musician.

This last Popular Concert,—to return to that subject—was remarkable for a very unpleasant *charivari* which occurred in the following manner. After the performance of Wagner's fine prelude to *Lohengrin*, a large portion of the audience was for hearing it again, and M. Pasdeloup accordingly gave the signal to recommence. But no sooner was the first note sounded than there came a storm of hisses and cries of *Non! Non!* from another faction, which, although a minority, made none the less noise on that account. Again the orchestra began and actually played a few measures (in fine style, as I could see from the coincidence of their elbows), but not a note could be heard. During five minutes did this state of affairs continue, and no less than ten times did the conductor essay to repeat the encored piece, but always without success. There remained but one course to pursue, and it was announced that the *"Invitation à la Valse"* would be played, and that those who desired a repetition of the Wagner prelude might remain after the concert. This was accordingly done, and the "Invitation" played in such quick time that the musical effect was entirely lost. As nearly as I could judge, about three fourths of the audience remained to hear the repetition of the prelude. Turning to see the others as they passed out, I was struck by the haggard and weary appearance which they uniformly bore. Some of them looked quite weak and ill, and each was evidently a prey to some secret grief. Then I understood all: *They were the victims who had heard the fragments from the "Meistersinger" played at former concerts; the result of which had been a breaking down of the constitution, and a complete shattering of the nervous system.* I prophesied that no good would come of that music. Behold the proof.

At the Opera there is little new. Mme. Patti was announced to sing last week in *Il Barbiere*, but being indisposed she was unable to appear, and another lady was appointed to take her place; whereupon the indignant ticket-holders came to the bureau *en masse* and demanded a restitution of their money; all of which was flattering to Patti, but not pleasant for the "other lady." Apropos of Mme. Patti, she will, I am told, depart for St. Petersburg on the 20th inst., and there is some talk of a concert to be given by her previous to that date, the proceeds of which will go (*on dit*) towards the erection of a monument to Rossini. A. A. C.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Treasures of the Heart. 2. C to f. *Cox.* 30
Knight, Duke and Monarch sought her favor, but the lady reserved her heart-treasures for a low-born lover.

It's all very well. 2. C to f. *White.* 30
This is in answer to "Five o'clock in the morning," and is very genial and witty.

Ave Maria. 4. E♭ to e flat. *L. Luzzi.* 40
Transposed from a higher key. Rich, good music.

Oh! Paradise. S'g and Cho. 2. G to e. *Perkins.* 35
A simple and very sweet sacred song.

I never can forget thee. 3. C to g. *Pratt.* 30
Pretty and simple, with varied accompaniment.

Daughters of Spain. (C'est L'Espagne). S'g & Cho. 3. D♭ to g flat. *"Les Bavards."* 35

Search everywhere. (Partout on chercherait). Duet and Cho. 2. A to f. *"Les Bavards."* 30
"Les Bavards" is a lively, chatty operetta by Offenbach, and is very pleasing. The first song comes in in the Dinner scene, and the second is the funny duet of the magistrate and his attendant.

Blue Eyes. 3. E♭ to *g*. *Molloy.* 40
A fine tribute to those dangerous Blue Eyes, which work so much mischief.

The Letter. (La lettre de la Perichole). 3. E♭ to e *"La Perichole."* 35

Those Merry Dames. (Les femmes il n'y a qu'ca). 3. A♭ to *a* *"La Perichole."* 30
"La Perichole" is another of Offenbach's many productions, and its "Letter" is a sweet and very affecting song, while the "Merry Dames" sing a brighter lay.

Leaves are falling. (Blätter lässt die Blume). 5. B to f. *Franz.* 30

When along the Wood. (Wandl' ich dem Wald). 4. B♭ to f. *Franz.* 40
In Franz's own beautiful style.

The Minstrel. (Der Minnesänger). 3. C to e. *Krebs.* 35
A fine Troubadour song, with a "fragrance" in it of the vineyards on the banks of the Rhine.

I see thee, love, in ev'ry flower. (Ich sehe dich). 4. A♭ to *g*. *Abt.* 40
Of rare and fine workmanship.

Instrumental.

On the Beautiful Blue Danube. 2. C. *Strauss.* Simplified by *Knight.* 30
Well known favorite.

Leap Year and Ricci's Waltz. For Guitar. 2. D. *Hayden.* 25
Arrangements of popular airs.

Galop Militaire. 4. E♭. *Hoffman.* 65
A brilliant piece with which to open an exhibition.

Village Waltz. 2. D. *Mooney.* 40
All villagers are requested to buy the pretty waltz.

Tomahawk Galop. *V. L.* 40
The name is quite appropriate, as the piece is full of clear-cut, incisive, staccato chords. May be marked "First Chop."

No Thoroughfare Galop. 2. B♭. *Coote.* 30
Sweet and simple.

La vie Parisienne. Quadrille. 3. *Knight.* 40
Offenbach's music, well arranged.

Passion-flower Waltz. 3. B♭. *Coote.* 40
Very melodious.

Sweet Smile Polka. 3. E♭. *Grass.* 40
Cheerful "smiling" melody.

La Dame Blanche. Fantasie Brillante. Op. 105. 5. F. *Leybach.* 75
Many new effects are brought out, so the well-known music has a character of newness.

Bell goes a-ringing for Sal-rah. Galop. 2. C. *Hunt.* 35
Includes the melody of "awfully jolly."

Books.

WREATH OF GEMS. Paper, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00 Full gilt, 4.00
A splendid collection of songs, all very popular and pleasing, and by the best composers.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 725. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1869. VOL. XXVIII. No. 22.

The Voice, the Ear and Music.*

III. THE HUMAN VOICE.

At last we come to the instrument *par excellence*, the Human Voice. Its study has been singularly facilitated by the Laryngian mirror, or *laryngoscope*, an instrument perfected and brought into common use by a physiologist, M. Czermak. This little apparatus allows one to see with ease in the back part of the mouth, and to perceive the vibrations which accompany the word. The vocal ligaments act after the manner of two membranous lips which, closing and opening rapidly, produce a sound; the resonant chamber of the mouth merely swells the notes sung by the larynx. This reed of the larynx, having a marvellous contractility, has over that of ordinary instruments the advantage of being able to give an immense variety of sounds. The discontinuous movement of a reed, shutting and opening alternately the passage of the air, lends itself in a very special manner to the development of harmonics (overtones); and in the piercing sound of a freely vibrating metallic reed, the ear armed with *resonators* can discern as many as twenty of them. A fine human voice is incredibly rich in overtones. The sound and *timbre* of a reed instrument are necessarily modified by the column of air to which the movements of the little tongue communicate themselves. This mass of air acts like a veritable resonator, which swells certain notes of the reed to the injury of others. The human voice, then, must be considered as a reed of variable pitch, completed by a resonator of variable resonance. The *glottis* is the reed, the mouth the resonator. It is impossible to imagine a more ingenious apparatus, or one better showing how the works of life always surpass and humble those of human industry. While the quivering glottis sings upon all the tones of the musical scale, the mouth and tongue in a docile way contract, expand, hollow and mould themselves, so as to make the overtones resound unequally, and thus give the most different timbres to the total sound. To these timbres, otherwise quite distinct from those obtained by the various artifices of the same musical instrument, we give the name of *vowels*. Such a choir of harmonics is *a*, another *o*, a third is *i*; the diphthongs, which allow us to pass from one vowel to another by infinite gradations, are only intermediate combinations.

This theory of the vowels, which was first proposed by the English physicist, Wheatstone, and which Helmholtz has placed beyond dispute, presents at first sight a singularity which seems to clash with reason. That is because the human voice is, of all sounds, the one which we are least in the habit of analyzing. It never occurs to the mind to consider an emission of the voice as other than a *simple* thing; we are too much accustomed to hear it with other preoccupations than we do ordinary sounds; for us, the voice has a symbolical, a representative value, an expression, which disguises for us the purely material nature of it. Thus, in spite of the extreme harmonic complexity of the human voice, it eludes analysis more than the sounds of any other instrument, and artificial resonators are here particularly necessary. The richness of the voice, it is easily understood, depends on the state of the glottis, and above all on the more or less hermetical closing of that orifice. The slightest cold irritates the lips of the reed and impairs the quality of the sounds. To a glottis which closes badly, corresponds a hollow, dull, poor voice; when the vocal ligaments jostle and beat against each other, the timbre becomes hard and harsh. An infinitely little difference makes these enchanting voices, to whose victorious charm we owe such keen enjoyment.

At the moment when the voice has birth upon the trembling lips of the glottis, it is composed of a series of vibrations adjusted to a long series of harmonics. If nothing modified it, the upper notes would gradually diminish in intensity as they grew more remote from the fundamental tone; and that in fact is just about what happens when one sings with the mouth wide open, and when, consequently, the buccal resonator acts with the least efficacy. But when one diminishes the orifice of this resonator, and modifies the form of it, whether by the aid of the lips or of the tongue, a veritable selection is produced among the overtones; those whose vibrations can accord with the new dimensions of the resonator assert themselves strongly, the others are smothered; and it is thus that the timbre of the voice is modified. M. Jourdain's professor of philosophy was not so great a fool when he learnedly explained to his astonished pupil in what way to move the mouth and tongue in order to pronounce the different vowels.

It is not difficult to discover what are the vibrations adapted to the human resonator in the different forms which it can take; and it was important to ascertain this in order to know what are the notes which give (if I may use the word) the color to the different vowels. Hold a tuning fork in vibration before the mouth, and it will resound more loudly when the buccal vibration is in accord with its own. By the aid of a series of tuned forks, Helmholz has been able thus to seek the favorite notes of the buccal resonator. His delicate experiments yield this result: that, for each vowel, for each diphthong, there are in the musical scale certain privileged notes which give the sound its specific color and full value. Without employing the artifice of tuning forks, which reveal the buccal notes so well, hear simply some one sing the gamut upon different vowels, and you will be surprised to find, in the same voice, sometimes such beautiful sonority, sometimes such meagreness and such a veiled quality. To make the utmost of the vocal instrument, one should sing only certain notes on certain vowels.

As a general rule, one would reserve syllables with *ou* (English *oo*) and *o* for bass voices, and syllables with *a* (as in *father*), *e*, and *u* (English sounds) for sopranos. Who has not remarked that, when a singer descends to her lowest note the sound of her voice turns perforce to the *ou*? It is that hollow accent which gives a particular expression to the voice called contralto. The fine soprano voices delight in the sounds *ah*, *e*, *o*; that is why the Italian tongue, so rich in terminations of this sort, lends a particular charm to these voices. All singers know by experience the affinity of certain vowels for certain notes and know how to make the most of it upon occasion.

If this theory is exact, it is obvious that one may undertake the artificial reproduction of the vowels. This attempt had been already made by an English physicist, Willis. Taking a reed pipe of an organ of which he could vary the length, he drew from it successively, by elongating the vibrating column of air, the sounds of *e*, of *a*, of *ah*, of *o*, of *oo*; but in this experiment he did not make the true synthesis of the vowels, he only obtained effects of variable resonance upon the very complex sound emitted by the tongue of the reed. Helmholtz has effected that synthesis by variously mingling simple sounds, disengaged from harmonics. We have already said that tuning forks furnish the best means for obtaining notes of this kind. The first apparatus constructed by Helmholtz bore eight forks tuned according to the note *B flat* (very low, corresponding to 120 vibrations in a second) and the seven first harmonics of that note. Before each tuning fork is placed a cylindrical sounding box tuned to the note, and which opens and shuts rapidly by the aid of a movable lid: the seven lids are set in motion, like the hammers of a piano, by the play of the fingers on a keyboard. On this piano of eight notes of Helmholtz, where tuning forks take the place of strings, every time that a given key is pressed down, the corresponding resonator opens, and the vibrations of the fork, dull and smothered till now, swell forth and make a simple note heard. The eight forks are kept constantly in vibration, because each of them is placed between the two poles of an electro-magnet, which is magnetized and demagnetized 120 times per second.

Here then we have the eight harmonic tuning forks in motion: their vibrations remain mute so long as the keys of the keyboard remain at rest; but so soon as you press them, the resonators are uncovered and the notes are heard. They may thus be combined in every way. In playing upon this singular instrument, one becomes assured that the different minglings of harmonics engender different vowels. The difference of timbres is particularly sensible at the moments when the fingers change their place, and in passing from one composite sound to another. With his eight tuning forks, Helmholtz has obtained all the neighbor sounds of what may be termed the grave vowels, *oo*, *o*, *eu*. The first fork of the series, singing alone, gave a dull, hollow *oo*, much

* Translated for this Journal from "*La Voix, L'Oreille et la Musique*." Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris, 1867

more smothered than the voice would give; by pressing the succeeding keys, the sound would mount to *o*; to obtain something analagous to *ah*, it was necessary to remain in the upper notes of the keyboard. In a second apparatus, very similar otherwise to the one we have just described, Helmholtz added four more acute harmonics to the preceding, and was thus enabled to rise freely to the *ah* and the *a*; the *e* still escaped him, because the particular timbre of this vowel is due to a super-acute overtone which the current does not cause to vibrate with sufficient force. The problem of the synthesis of the vowels was none the less resolved in principle. Its details henceforth only concern the constructors of scientific apparatus; but no one of our great scientific establishments has yet constructed a piano of the vowels, and it is obvious that a physicist is not often in a condition to make such costly machines for himself.

There is no need to believe that Helmholtz has constructed his tuning-fork pianos (*pianos a diapasons*) for the vain pleasure of imitating the human voice, and of eliciting vowels from an instrument of wood and metal. His experiments were undertaken purely to verify the conjecture, whether the *timbre* depends solely on the mixture of overtones, and whether, as has been hitherto believed, the form, the geometry of vibrations has some influence on the quality of sound. I have distinguished, in a sonorous undulation, the height of the wave, which represents the intensity; the length of the wave, which represents the tonality or pitch; finally the form of the undulatory curve. I have said that every vibration may always be considered as the mingling, the superposition of elementary vibrations; that is to say, that every sound can be decomposed into simple harmonic notes. But different simple vibrations may be combined in an infinite variety of ways, because it is not necessary to suppose that they all begin at the same moment; they may impress, then, upon the vibrating molecule the greatest variety of resultant movements. For all that, will the total sound be modified? Not the least in the world.

Here is what the piano of Helmholtz permits us to verify: The mathematical theory in fact demonstrates that, in closing more or less the resonators, or indeed in bringing them more or less near to the tuning forks, we modify the *phases* of the sonorous vibrations; that is to say, if in a commingling of waves we vary these elements, then we at will displace these waves relatively to one another. These displacements have a direct influence upon the resultant movement of each material molecule; they have not any upon the timbre of the sound composed by the superadded waves.

So far, then, from the timbre of a sound depending on the form of the little curve described by each vibrating molecule, we may affirm, on the contrary, that there is an infinite variety of curves responding to the same timbre, in fact all those which spring from the same periodical impulsions, whatever may be the order in which they succeed each other.

Ferdinand Hiller to Rossini.

(From the Kolnische Zeitung.)

And so you have left us, poor dear Maestro, you, so fond of life, and so spoilt! gone from your joyous world of Paris, of which you had taken possession, just as, in the good old times, a prince took possession of his inheritance. You have been snatched from so many that it is not astonishing if each individual is less painfully affected at your decease than he otherwise would have been—for men like to have even their own special sorrow. There is scarcely one newspaper reader in the whole civilized world, who, on seeing the report of your death, will not have exclaimed: Oh! how sorry I am!

The world does not like to render any one famous, but if a man, despite all obstacles, no matter what, has fought his way upward, and made his name a name of note, the world looks with a certain feeling of satisfaction on him. If, however, as was your case, the combat occurred so long ago as to belong to history, if a man requires scarcely anything more from the Present, neither attention, nor recompense for new creations, nor marks of distinction for himself personally, or for his works, more honors are showered upon him than he can well bear. How many generations received your name as a word forming part and parcel of their mother-tongue, and admired you, before they had a notion of what your productions were! And then they became acquainted with the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, who for the last half-century has been not merely the "factotum della città," but of all the opera-houses in the world. While, too, they were delighted with the melodies with which their fathers had grown up, they heard that the creator of those melodies was still alive and merry—that he had a friendly welcome for all who sought him out; that he launched forth the most admirable and the most humorous repartees, and, in his uncommon position, did not wish to be anything more (what people *call* more) or anything else than a musician. The world grew enthusiastic for such a being—and rightly for he was amiable and extraordinary.

In the whole history of art is there a career like yours, cherished Maestro? I doubt it. We find, it is true, geniuses who, like you, required only a few years to declare themselves—but their last works filled up their last days. Or they were men who, up to the most advanced age, were as insatiable in producing as the most fanatic martyr is in suffering. But you gave hardly twenty years of your existence to musical art, while you gave about forty to the art of life. Twenty years of sharp struggles and fabulous success—and then you hid yourself from the sun of your own genius, and allowed the days to glide by in the pleasant shade of your fame. Your art became for you a merry joke; you acted towards it as a man does with his little grandchild, as the hospitable rich do with good society. Some esteemed, and others blamed you for this line of conduct, but no one was able to explain it, and you probably never disclosed the real motive of it. As a prudent conqueror in the realm of tune, you do not wish, said your friends, to imperil by fresh hostilities the crown you owed to your former victories. Perhaps this was so! but it is not likely! I am afraid that you drank too deeply of the spring called popular favor—and you could not escape a little feeling of seediness.

But I am far from presuming to say that I have penetrated your motive. The most unimportant man is so complicated a machine that the Eternal machine-manufacturer alone can understand its inward machinery. Who, then, could comprehend so wonderfully organized a being as you were. What contradictions were united in you! The old Italian joy at the Beautiful, and the scepticism of the eighteenth century; the desire for the most exquisite enjoyment life affords, and the simplicity of a child of the people; the most cordial *bonhommie* and the most wanton love of raillery. But the Graces were your constant companions; they encompassed everything you did, and most loveable of all the daughters of heaven, surround their favorites with a brightness more pleasing than the halo of the saints.

The history of civilization will have to record the almost mythical state of intoxication in which your songs plunged men, while the history of music more especially will have to speak of your genius, as well as of the direction it took and the influence it exercised; the journals of the day will, for the hundredth time, collect the names of your works with the dates of their production and the success they achieved, and will, one and all, not fail to indulge in aesthetical dissertations. I have no intention of this kind, as I jot down these hasty lines. I would speak only of the gap which your demise leaves among us. Or does Paris, great and rich as she is, contain another spot like your little bedroom, with its pianino, and its piles of music heaped one upon the other, and its cosy state of disorder? A spot where an artist found, at almost every hour of the day, the most hearty welcome, and the most charming chit-chat, and the most interesting people, and sympathy devoid of the slightest hypocrisy? Or a man on whom a visitor never intruded, for you had always time, and were always good-humored, merely requiring, for all the intellectual enjoyment you afforded, that your visitor should take his seat now and then as a guest at your table. And when, in addition to the benefits which, in the strictest sense of the word, were offered to thousands, is added the recollection ever present, of the kind and friendly feeling you manifested towards me as a boy, and retained towards me, as a youth and a man, for a long series of years, I may well be allowed to yield to the want I experience of giving utterance to sentiments of the deepest gratitude.

Farewell, then, beloved Maestro! If the number of delights in store for you on the other side the grave is equal to the happy hours you have afforded millions of men upon earth, an eternity of bliss will be yours. FERNANDO.

Rossini's Funeral.

The following account of the mournful ceremonial is from an eye-witness:—

The funeral of Rossini was solemnized this day. It was at first intended that the religious service should be celebrated at the Madeleine, but, in consequence of a ceremony having been previously fixed for the same hour, that arrangement was changed and the service was performed in the new Church of the Trinity, at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin. Special invitations had been sent out, with the usual addition that the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed, but the crowd began to arrive at 10, and soon filled all the approaches to the church so dense by that, but for the intervention of numerous *sergens-de-ville*, it would have been impossible for those who had tickets to enter. The great gate was hung in black; and in the interior a catafalque stood in the centre of the nave, facing the high altar. The galleries were reserved for ladies, and the whole attendance could not have been less than four thousand. A little after twelve the rolling of muffled drums announced the approach of the hearse, which was followed from the Madeleine, where the body had been temporarily deposited, by the deputation from Pesaro and the intimate friends of Rossini. While the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in the catafalque, the great organ played the "Ténèbres," from the *Semiramide*. The mass opened with a chorus of Jomelli, executed by the pupils of the Conservatoire and the vocal celebrities of Paris. The *morceaux* selected for the occasion were in the following order:—The "Dies Iræ"—the solos performed by Mmes. Nilsson and Block, and MM. Gardoni and Tamburini. The "Liber Scriptus," adapted to the music of the "Quis est Homo?" of the *Stabat*—Rossini's *Stabat*—sung by Alboni and Patti. The "Lacrymosa" of Mozart's *Requiem*, by the choir. At the offertory, "Vidit Suum," from the *Stabat* of Pergolese, by Mlle. Nilsson. At the Elevation, "Pie Jesu," adapted to the *quatuor* "Quando Corpus" of Rossini's *Stabat*, by Mmes. Kraus, Grossi, and MM. Nicolini and Agnesi. The "Agnus Dei," adapted to the *Prière de Moïse* (Rossini), *sole soprano* by Alboni and Patti; and the bass solos by MM. Bonnehu, Cams, and Belvel; and the "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat*, was sung by M. Faure. Nothing could give an idea of the impression produced on the assembly by such music, interpreted by such artists. The *duo* of the *Stabat* by Alboni and Patti was given with such deep pathos that several persons could not help melting in tears. Never did Alboni—the illustrious pupil of so illustrious a master—sing with more beauty and more effect.

It was past 2 o'clock when the service was over. The *cortèje* formed after a good deal of delay, owing to the crowd in front of the church. It proceeded slowly up the Chaussée d'Antin, the windows of the houses on both sides being filled with spectators, and

issued out on the Boulevards. The pall-bearers were M. Nigra, the Italian Minister; M. Cerutti, Consul-General of Italy; M. Camille Doucet, head of the Administration of the Theatres; and M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer of *Hamlet*. The Emperor was represented by M. de la Ferrère, one of his Chamberlains, who followed in one of the Court carriages. M. Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the department of Fine Arts, was also present. Indeed, the list of celebrities in all departments who paid their last tribute to Rossini would fill a column. The deputation from Pesaro preceded all the musical corporations in the procession. On the coffin was deposited a crown formed of laurel and gold. It was past four when the *cortège* reached the cemetery, where, after the remains were laid in the ground, discourses were pronounced by M. Mamiani in the name of the Italian deputation, and by MM. Camille Doucet, Ambroise Thomas, St. George, and others.

Another spectator dwells more particularly upon what took place in the church. He says:—

The interior of the church is magnificent, with great space, unadorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line, who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, &c., took up a great deal of space, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at "words of command," which, by chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a solo. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, nay, a bitter day, and a long train of ladies, many of them in *demi*-toilet, were kept perishing for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat, in twenty minutes there was not standing room. I should say there were present at least 4,500 people. There was no ornament, nor were men forced to go in evening dress and mourning, which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were present. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France was there. The Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain; Cavaliere Nigra, and all the Italian Embassy, were there in full uniform, and all their "orders," to represent Italy. Auber was there, Ambroise Thomas—the "Institut," the "Academie," the Italian "Delegates"—all the art and science, and most of the beauty of Paris. I have never in France seen in one assembly so many pretty faces. The chorus was at the extreme end of the church; the solo singers over the entrance. The music was admirable.

It is a very long time since, if ever, I heard anything so splendid as the music. Every singer seemed inspired. Nilsson—who had sung *Hamlet* on Friday night—was wonderful; but of course the duet between Alboni and Patti was the gem; and the grand, round, melodious voice of Alboni never came forth in greater majesty. The effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Mme. Alboni was very much affected, and wept before she began the favorite air of her old friend. Gardoni, too, was in grand voice. "That's Gardoni!" said a friend of mine, who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word, all sang splendidly. The ceremony was in itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with medals and crosses, Parma violets—Rossini's favorite flower—and wreaths of ivy, was carried into the church before the mass; and, after it, was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise. All Paris lined the road to the last resting-place of the "Swan of Pesaro," and then all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidly sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been wafted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in Pace!*

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

[The interest in Rossini, now that he is gone, justifies our reprinting more or less of these conversations, which we translated in full for this Journal in 1855.]

I had been first introduced to Rossini, when as a very young man I came to Paris. There as well as afterwards in Milan I have seen very much of him, and he has everywhere and always shown himself in the highest degree kindly disposed and full of sympathy to me. During the two or three weeks I spent in Trouville, I passed the greatest part of the time in his society. We walked for hours together up and down the little terrace by the sea-side, and this longing at the most was interrupted only now and then to take part in a game of Domino. Even in this serious play the conversation hardly ceased and Rossini was as inexhaustible in his communications, as he was insatiable in his inquiries about facts and persons of whom I could give him any information. Although I only a few times came to the point of making music, owing to the want of a good instrument, yet music and musicians furnished the principal matter of our conversation. Rossini's memory is, as I have before remarked, uncommonly strong; his knowledge of the most various kinds of works and composers much greater than most German musicians would suppose; his judgment from of old has seemed to me sharp, intelligent and impartial; he knows how to enter into everything and be just to all. That he has seen, heard and experienced infinitely much that is interesting, is natural in a career like his. I believe I shall be giving pleasure to many artists and friends of music, if I sketch down upon paper, while it is still floating fresh before me, what has particularly interested me and edified me in the communications of Rossini. I shall be pardoned if I introduce myself, although as little as possible, as a party to the conversation. They were no lectures that the maestro delivered to me; one word gave the other; and the unrestrained, aphoristic, discursive chit-chat I can only render in the same form, unless it is to become an altogether formless medley. For one thing I pledge my word, and that is the main matter, namely that I have put nothing essential of my own invention into the mouth of the maestro.

—These journalists! exclaimed Rossini, one day. Here has one of them been printing how, when I left Paris recently, I manifested almost as great an aversion to the railroad as to German music! What do they mean by that?

—That you would travel a great deal by railroad, dear maestro, were that true, I answered.

—Not only do I love the great German masters; I have made them my especial study in my earliest youth, and have let no opportunity go by to learn to know them more and more. How much delight you have already afforded me through the performance of Bach's compositions!

—I have never played his noble piano pieces with more pleasure, than when I was able to play them before you.

—What a colossal nature, this Bach! In *such* a style to write this *mass* of compositions! It is incomprehensible. What to others was hard, nay, impossible, was mere play to him. How is it about that fine edition of his works? I first heard it through a family from Leipsic, who visited me in Florence, and probably through their mediation two of the volumes came to me. But I should like to have the following ones.

—Nothing is easier. You must subscribe.

—With all my heart!

—Your name among the members of the Bach society—that would be too good!

—Bach's portrait in the first volume is splendid, resumed Rossini; there is an extraordinary intellectual power expressed in it. Bach must have also been an eminent virtuoso.

—The most important composers of the present day are happy, when they have learned to play some of his pieces well—he improvised such, said I.

—The like of him is seldom born. Do you bring out many of his works in Germany?

—Not so many as we should—but yet a good many.

—Alas! such a thing is not possible in Italy, and less than ever now, complained Rossini. We cannot, as you do in Germany, collect great choirs of amateurs. Formerly we had good vocal forces in churches and chapels—that is all lost. Even in the Sixtine chapel, since the death of Baini, things have continually retrograded. *Apropos*, how stands it with the controversy about the genuineness of Mozart's *Requiem*? Have they arrived, of late, at any sure results?

—No further than you already know.

—No other man but Mozart made that *Confutatis*, at all events, exclaimed the maestro, singing over the beginning. That is magnificent! And the *sotto voce* at the end! Those modulations! I always had a special partiality for the *sotto voce* in chorus—but in this one, whenever I have heard it, I felt the icy chill creep down my back.—*Povero Mozart!*

—In a certain Biography, which concerns you particularly, it is stated that Mozart hardly ever laughed three times in his life. What say you to such nonsense? There are several things said there which you must explain to me. Is it true, for instance, that you asked your old teacher, the padre Mattei, a short time since, whether you yet knew enough to write an opera, and upon his answering in the affirmative, that you got up and walked away?

—Nothing could be less true! I had studied three years at the Lyceum in Bologna, during which time, however, I had to do my utmost to pay for my instruction and support my parents. I succeeded, but it was in a pretty beggarly manner. I accompanied the recitative at the piano at the theatre, and got six paoli a night for it. I had a fine voice, and sang in the churches. Also I composed, besides the exercises which Mattei gave me, here and there a profane piece for a singer to introduce into an opera or sing in a concert; for example, for Zamboni and others, who gave me a title for the service. Now when I had toiled through Counterpoint and Fugue, I asked Mattei what he would set before me next. The Plain Chant and Canon was the reply. How much time shall I have to spend on them? About two years. But I was not able to keep on so long, and that I explained to the good Padre, who understood the case very well, and always remained attached to me. I myself have lamented, often enough since, that I had not labored longer under his care.

—You were able to make your way through, even without the canon, said I, laughing. Was Mattei a very able teacher?

—He was excellent with the pen in his hand—his corrections were exceedingly instructive. But he was terribly monosyllabic, and every oral elucidation had almost to be torn from him by force.—Have you seen any of his compositions?

—I have never come across anything of his.

—If you are ever again in Bologna, do not fail to take a look into them at the Lyceum. They are only church music, and the solo passages are not remarkable; but the *plan*, as we Italians call it, are excellent.

—I must come back to your youthful days, dear maestro. You certainly composed much before you came under the tuition of Mattei?

—A whole opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*, which in the series of my works has always been named later, replied Rossini, because it was first publicly performed, after some other dramatic attempts, four or five years after it was written. I composed it originally for the Mombelli family, without ever knowing that it was an opera. When I had begun my studies with Mattei, I was unable, during the first months, to bring anything more to pass; I trembled at every bass note, and every middle part gave me a little shudder. Afterwards I recovered my early confidence.

—That was very fortunate. Had you begun already in Pesaro to learn music?

—I had left Pesaro in my earliest childhood. My father held the situation there in the Commune of town trumpeter, he played the horn in the theatre, and all that went on decently enough until the arrival of the French, when he lost his place. My mother, who had a fine voice, availed herself of it to help us out of trouble, and so we left Pesaro. The poor mother! She was not without talent, although she did not know a note. She sang as *orecchiante*, as we call it; that is, altogether by ear. I may say, *en passant*, the same is the case with eighty out of a hundred Italian singers.

—That is inconceivable!

—It is strange. To learn to warble a cavatina after another seems an easy affair; but how these people go to work to learn by heart the middle parts in *concerted* pieces, is to me quite a puzzle.

—They must be either very musical or very unmusical; but pray, let us come back to yourself, said I, a little impatiently. Where did you begin to learn music?

—At Bologna.

—And with whom?

—A certain Princetti, of Novara, gave me instruction on the Spinet. He was a remarkable fellow. He manufactured some sort of *liqueur*, gave a few music lessons, and so worked his way along. He never owned a bed—he slept standing.

—What, standing? You joke, maestro.

—It is precisely as I tell you. At night he wrapped himself up in his mantle, leaned against some corner of an arcade, and so went to sleep. The watchmen knew him and did not disturb him. Then he came at a very early hour to me, pulled me out of bed, which I did not relish much, and set me to playing. Sometimes he had not *rested* sufficiently, and slept while I worked away upon the spinet, all the while standing. I took advantage of the opportunity, and crept back into my feather bed. When he woke up and sought me there again, he was pacified by my assurance that I had played my piece through without mistakes during his slumber. His method was not exactly the most modern; thus, for example, he made me play the scale with the thumb and the forefinger only.

—That seems to have hurt you quite as little as your neglect of the canon. But who, besides him, were your first teachers?

—A certain Angelo Tesei taught me how to play figured bass, *l'accompagnamento*, and exercised me in *solfeggi*. A tenor, formerly of some note, Babini, gave me the higher instructions in singing.

—You had a charming voice?

—I sang quite finely as a boy. At that time I went once upon the stage and performed the boy's part in the *Camilla* of Paer. But I did not get beyond that.

—Were any other notable artists among your schoolmates at the Lyceum? I inquired

—The first year which I passed there was the last year of Morlacchi's studies, and my third year was the first year of Donizetti.

—I thought that Donizetti was a pupil of Simon Mayr.

—He had made all sorts of attempts with him, but he received his real musical culture in Bologna. And that he learned something clever, no one will deny.

—Certainly not. But you must tell me a little more of your earliest youth time, dear maestro. I am not easily satisfied in such things.

—Another time, *caro Ferdinando*. There comes my wife; it is our dinner time. After dinner let us smoke a cigar together!

Rossini sang the beginning of a string Quartet by Haydn. Could a piece be commenced in a more noble manner? What an *abandon*, and what a grace is in this *motive!*

—I do not believe that Haydn in the string Quartet, said I, has ever been surpassed by any composer, not even by Beethoven.

—Charming works indeed are these Quartets, said the maestro with warmth; what a lovely interchange of the four instruments! and what a subtlety in the modulations! All composers of consequence have fine modulations; but those of Haydn always had for me a quite peculiar individual charm.

—Have you already had occasion to hear these compositions in Italy? I asked.

—Already in Bologna, in my boyhood I had got together a quartet of strings, in which I played the viola as well as might be. The first violinist had at first only a few of Haydn's works, but I kept urging him to procure more and more, so that I gradually became familiar with a considerable number of them. At that time I studied Haydn with peculiar partiality. You should have been present when I directed "The Creation" at the Lyceum in Bologna! In truth I suffered no slip in any performer to escape me, for I knew every note by heart. "The Seasons," too, I studied, as after leaving the Lyceum I was made director of the Philharmonic concerts.

—"The Seasons" are perhaps still richer in invention, than the "Creation," said I. Certainly the text afforded more room for variety.

—It may be so, replied Rossini; but there is a certain higher feeling pervading "The Creation," which makes me prefer it. How splendid is this Air—, and the chorus in B flat,—and the air of Raphael (the maestro sang the beginnings of all these pieces),—and what a wonderful instrumental composition is the Chaos! But nothing cleaves to one more deeply, than the impressions of first youth. I knew in Vienna an Italian, Calpani, who, having resided here for many years, had been a great deal in the society of Haydn. He was never weary of telling me about the kind heartedness, the gentleness and modesty of the old master.

—He showed the greatest justice towards others, said I, and declared to Mozart's father, in the simplest words, that he esteemed his son the greatest of all composers.

—He certainly expressed his real thought, and he was right, exclaimed the maestro

—I have never seen one of his operas, I continued; but, strangely enough, they do not seem to have been of much account.

—I have read them through in Vienna, at the house of a passionate admirer of Haydn, who boasted that he possessed all his compositions, said Rossini. They are insignificant works, in which scarcely a trait here and there reminds you of the great composer. I believe he composed them all at an early age, merely to oblige prince Esterhazy and his singers. Do you know his cantata, *Arianne?*

—I played it through once, a long time ago, but I have never heard it, and there is nothing remaining of it in my memory, said I, somewhat ashamed.

—Apart from the oratorios, it is to me the dearest vocal composition of Haydn—the Adagio especially is very fine, said Rossini, and he began to sing a considerable piece of it.

—You really know our German masters better than I do, I exclaimed, and I begin to grow jealous of you. Are you as well acquainted, then, with your Italian predecessors?

—I have read through a great deal.

—Have you heard many of Paisiello's operas performed?

—In my young days they had nearly vanished from the Italian stage. Generali, Fioravanti, Paer, but above all Simon Mayr were the order of the day.

—Do you like Paisiello?

—His music passes agreeably by the ear, but neither as regards harmony nor melody is it distinguished, and it has never interested me particularly. His principle was, with a small motive to compose a whole piece—which gave little life and particularly little dramatic expression.

—Did you know him personally?

—I saw him in Naples, after his return from Paris, where he acquired some fortune. Napoleon liked to hear his music, and Paisiello boasted of it in a rather naive manner, telling everybody that the great Emperor was peculiarly fond of his music, because it did not hinder him from thinking about other things. A singular praise! Nevertheless his *soft* music was universally preferred in its day—every epoch has its own peculiar taste.

—Was Paisiello an interesting man?

—His exterior was fine, powerful, almost imposing; but he was shockingly uncultivated and immeasurably insignificant. You should have read a letter of his! I speak not of the hand-writing, nor of the orthography—I can pardon that; but the inaptitude of the expression, the flatness of the thoughts, are beyond all conception! A very different man was Cimarosa,—A fine, cultivated mind. Do you know anything of his?

—The *Matrimonio Segreto*, of course, I answered; also I have read through "The Horatii."

—In the latter there is not much. On the other hand there is an Opera Buffa by him, *Le trame deluse*, which is altogether excellent.

—Better than the *Matrimonio Segreto?*

—Incomparably more important. There is a Finale in the second act (it is almost too great for a last Finale), which is a genuine masterpiece. Unfortunately the libretto is miserably bad. I also remember an aria in his oratorio, *Isacco*, in which there is one passage especially which is very striking and dramatic as to harmony. A pure inspiration, for in general, as you know, he was no great harmonist.

—It is difficult with us to obtain the works of these composers, said I. One must go in person and spend a year in Italy for that purpose. The library of the Conservatoire of Naples, especially, must contain extraordinary treasures.

—There is an astonishing quantity stored away there, said Rossini; the collective manuscripts of Cimarosa, too, must be found there. Formerly they were in the possession of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, who cherish-a passionate regard for Cimarosa. One could not give him a greater pleasure, than by singing him pieces of his favorite. I did this often during my stay in Rome, and he was truly grateful to me for it.

—And your own manuscripts, maestro,—I fancy, you do not possess many of them?

—Not a note.

—But where in the world are they?

—Heaven knows. I had the right, at the end of a year, to demand them back from the copyist, but I never made any use of it. Some of them may be in Naples; some are in Paris; the fate of the rest is unknown to me.

—Have you not at least preserved your studies with Padre Mattei?

—I had them for many years—but one day when I came back to Bologna, they were no more to be found. Whether they were thrown away, or stolen, or sold for waste paper, I know not.

—You are not perhaps in possession of the engraved scores and piano arrangements of your operas, maestro! said I, laughing.

—What should I want of them? It is years since any music has been made in my house. Shall I study them?

—And the opera, *Ermione*, which one of your biographers says that you have kept mysteriously, to leave it to posterity—how about that?

—It lies with the others.

—You told me formerly about that opera, that you had made it too dramatic, and—it had fallen through.

—And very justly, said Rossini, in a cheerful tone, it was very tedious.

—Does it contain no airs, then, no finales, nothing of all that, with which you always knew how to intoxicate the people?

—You are very kind, said the maestro, ironically, but there was really nothing in it,—all recitative-like and declamatory. I wrote one Cavatina in it for David; the poor fellow had to have something to sing. This has had some circulation, and probably you know it. It begins.... (and the maestro sang the first motive).

—I have often heard it, without knowing that it was taken from that opera. But here comes General Monet—let us ask him for some explanations in relation to the last telegraphic despatches (from Sebastopol).

—That we will.—Curious music they perform there very strongly instrumented! But when shall we get to the Finale?

Music Abroad.

London.

Crystal Palace. As the concert on Saturday was the twelfth and last of the first series for 1868–9 (of which, happily, yet fourteen more remain to be given), we subjoin the programme *in extenso:*

Overture (Promethens).....Beethoven.
Song, "Deign, great Apollo (Ruins of Athens). "
Music in the "Tempest".....A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "Honor and Arms" (Samson).....Handel.
The Song of Miriam.....Schubert.
Aria, "Il soave e bel contento".....Pacini.
Part-Song, "Sleep, gentle lady".....Bishop.
Overture (Tannhäuser).....Wagner.

Nothing could more appropriately have succeeded the overture of Beethoven than the song from a work written by the same composer ten years later. The music for *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was produced in 1801, the same year as the so-styled *"Pastoral Sonata,"* and the famous string quintet in C; that for *Die Ruinen von Athen* belongs to 1811, also the year of *König Stephan*. In the *Ruinen von Athen*, which preceded by a very short time the great orchestral symphony in A (No. 7), we find its author entirely free from the influence of his illustrious predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. In fact, it was produced in the meridian of what is termed his "second period." The song so carefully given by Signor Foli is an excellent specimen of the work, and could not but be welcome to the lovers of Beethoven.

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* of Shakespeare came back to us as fresh and attractive as when it was first heard. As piece followed piece, from the opening orchestral prelude to the end, it was pleasant to be able to feel that the praises lavished some years since on this first important production of the young composer had not been indiscriminate. To deny that in writing his *Tempest* Mr. Sullivan was considerably influenced by Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, would serve no purpose. Such is unquestionably the truth; but, deeply impressed as he must have been with that admirable model, he successfully avoided plagiarism. In short, he respected his model so much that he would not appropriate a bar of it. When, therefore, we add that he has produced a work which, notwithstanding the imitations by German composers, &c., during twenty years and more, is worthier to come after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other we could name, we are paying Mr. Sullivan a very high, though, we sincerely believe, a thoroughly well-merited compliment. The orchestral preludes to Acts 1, 2, 4, and 5, have each a distinctive character and each a marked interest; all the incidental music, while the dialogue goes on, is delicately imagined and as delicately wrought out; the dances are piquant, melodious, and full of vigorous life; and it is difficult to award a preference to either the "Banquet Dance," so quaint and sparkling, or to the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—though to the last, which for its salient *ad captandum* qualities is quite equal to the other, may, if only on account of its more varied and extended design, be justly given the palm. It is held by some that where Mr. Sullivan has been least successful is in the setting of Ariel's songs. This may be so, but we confess our inability to recognize it. According to our own impression, they are each and all: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," deeply felt and happily illustrated—and this, not forgetting how our young composer had to fight against the reasonable prejudice in favor of those truly English songs for which we are indebted to Purcell, Arne, &c. That Mr. Sullivan has looked at his task from the Mendelssohnian, rather than from what would be regarded as the national, point of view is undoubted; but as the most Shakesperian music in existence is universally allowed to be the music composed by Mendelssohn for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the *Tempest* appertains incontestably to the same order of play, we cannot see that Mr. Sullivan is to be blamed. Fine as are their melodies, what Purcell and Arne produced, compared as mere art-work with what Mendelssohn produced, is, it will hardly be denied, of small pretension. And then, the resources of the modern orchestra, which, in the musical illustration of such subjects can be employed to such rich purposes, were no more likely to be disregarded by an aspiring Englishman than by the most imaginative of Germans. Apart from all these considerations, however, the music to the *Tempest* is genuine from one end to the other.

In the course of twelve concerts, the first of which was held on the 31st of October, we have had the *Eroica* and B-flat symphonies of Beethoven; the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn, and the "Parisian" of Mozart; the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies of Mendelssohn; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, with his previously unfinished one in C major, No. 6; and Schumann's No. 3 in E flat. The "Surprise" of Haydn, the No. 6 of Schubert, and the No. 3 of Schumann, as our readers have already been informed, were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The symphony of Haydn made every one wish for more from the same inexhaustible store; that of Schubert has put the musical public under a fresh obligation to the spirited directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and to Messrs. G. Grove and A. Manns, their indefatigable representatives in all such matters; while that of Schumann found many admirers, and has advanced the cause of its composer a sure step. Among the overtures and other shorter instrumental pieces have been several novelties, but only one—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's "Concert-overture" No. 2—of any real value, Herr Volkman's *Fest-overture* being but a dry affair, Herr Reinicke's prelude to *King Manfred* a mere question of "mutes" ("*sordini*"), and the march from Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* a mystery to the uninitiated. Four of Weber's overtures, three of Beethoven's (including the sublime *Coriolan*), four of Mendelssohn's (including the ever more and more welcome "Trumpet Overture"), one by Mozart, one by Auber, one by Schumann (*Genovera*), and five by Rossini, have been played. Then, in the way of choral music, besides the *Song of Miriam*, we have had (first time) Beethoven's magnificently dramatic *Mount of Olives*, the same composer's Choral Fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*, comprising, not only the *finale* and the "Ave Maria," but the "Vintagers' Chorus," another cause for regret that an opera promising so richly should have been left unfinished. Even now we have left untold the instrumental solos, the novelties among which were Mendelssohn's duet for clarionet and corno di bassetto (posthumous—still in MS.), his organ sonata in B flat, and Bach's great G minor pedal fugue—the first and only instalments of the promised organ performances. Into a retrospect of the vocal music at each of the twelve concerts we cannot possibly enter; nor would our retrospect be likely to meet with many readers, supposing it made. But enough has been said to show that the Crystal Palace Concerts are going on as usual and maintaining their position as the foremost entertainments of their kind in the country. They begin again on the 16th of January, 1869, when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" is to be repeated, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's violin concerto.—*Times.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. (*From the Times, Dec. 19*). The programme of Monday week drew one of the largest audiences of the season.

Septet, in E flat, Op. 20	Beethoven.
Song, "Amor nel mio penar" (Flavio)	Handel.
Sonata in C major, Op. 53, pianoforte	Beethoven.
Sonata in D major, for violin, with piano accomp.	Corelli.
Songs, "Du bist die Ruh," "Normann's Gesang."	Schubert.
Quartet, in G minor, Op. 20, No. 3 (strings)	Haydn.

The final concert of the ante Christmas series was held last Monday night. Beethoven's universally admired septet, which, played by Messrs. Straus, H. Blagrove, Lazarus, C. Harper, Wotton, Piatti, and Reynolds (violin, viola, clarionet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass), had created so lively an impression a week previously, was repeated, and the audience was the most crowded of the present season. This, the 19th performance of the septet at Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, is unlikely to be the last by 19 more.

The concert began with an extremely interesting work by Schubert—a quartet in G major, introduced for the first time at St. James's Hall. The quartet in G is a worthy pendent to the one in D minor, which it rivals, if not surpasses in colossal proportions. Both were produced in 1826, two years before the gifted composer's death. What must surprise every attentive hearer is that Schubert occupied scarcely more than ten days (from June 20 to June 30) in writing this quartet, each of the four movements of which is largely designed and elaborately wrought out. The *andante* and the *scherzo*—the former a stream of unceasing melody, the latter as full of humor and spirit as though Beethoven himself had owned it, with a trio the graceful homeliness of which is in Schubert's happiest vein—were the parts most readily and heartily appreciated on the occasion under notice; but we are greatly mistaken if the *allegro moderato*, which opens, and the *allegro assai*, which terminates, the quartet do not, with increasing familiarity, win more and more sympathy. The last in particular, a sort of *tarantella*, with a whole company of themes, one more tuneful, animated, and rhythmical than the other—a movement, by the way, that has something in common with the *finale* of the quartet in D minor, just referred to—is pretty certain to become popular. Such a composition, however, as the quartet in G is not to be wholly grasped in a moment, and, indeed, it would hardly be what it is were no very extraordinary pains needed to study and comprehend it. It doubtless has faults, and, among others, that diffuseness which appears inseparable from Schubert's more ambitious works; but always deeply thought, always melodious, always poetical and original, it has manifold beauties which, in the majority of instances, by no means lie immediately beneath the surface. No published score of the quartet in G exists; and yet a single hearing, even without previous examination, suffices to convince any competent judge that it is a work of exceptionally high character. We believe that we owe its introduction at the Monday Popular Concerts (and it has never before been publicly played in this country) to Herr Ludwig Straus, to whom, in which case, we are doubly indebted, first for his making known so genuine a masterpiece, next for the zealous and thoroughly efficient manner in which he accomplished the difficult task that Schubert, never over conciliating to his players, has in this instance awarded to the first violin. The other performers were Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove and Signor Piatti, all of whom were well up in their parts, the last playing his part with as much facility as though he had been studying nothing else all his life. The first hearing of an unknown work by Schubert is always looked upon as an event at the Monday Popular Concerts; and the excitement on the present occasion was general. The success of the quartet in G was decided, and Mr. Arthur Chappell has added a new treasure to a repertory, which already could boast of the string quintet in C (too seldom given, by the way) the octet in F, the quartets in A minor and D minor, and the two great trios, to say nothing of solo sonatas for pianoforte.

The pianist at this concert was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose "first appearance" was no less successful than that of Mr. J. F. Barnett. Miss Zimmermann's solo was the early sonata of Mendelssohn in E major (Op. 6), the last movement of which she played with great spirit. Her duet was Beethoven's sonata in A, with violoncello (No. 3), in which she had the advantage of being associated with Signor Piatti, who never played more magnificently.

The singer was Miss Cecilia Westbrook, who gave "Know'st thou the land," the song of Goethe's Mignon, which Beethoven loved so well and set so beautifully that, if we may believe his fair correspondent, "Bettini," he was in ecstasies with his own music, and, in addition to this, one of Mendelssohn's brightest and most tuneful "spring songs" (*Frühlingslied*), known in English as "The Charmer," in German, as "Durch den Walden dunkel geht." Miss Westbrook sang both well, and was accompanied in both to absolute perfection by Mr. Benedict.

The concerts begin again on the 4th of January, when Herr Joachim (his first appearance) is to lead quartets by Mozart and Haydn, and to play with Mme. Arabella Goddard, Beethoven's duet sonata in G, Op. 96.

COLOGNE. The London *Musical World* has a letter (Dec. 6) from "Our Original" [*quand l'original revenira*] "Correspondent" with the long name, which tells of interesting things in the city of the *heiligen drei Könige* and Ferdinand Hiller; for example:

Seldom during my artistical life have I been so deeply and poetically impressed by music, as it was the case at the third Gurzenich Concert on the 17th November last. Three numbers only formed the programme on this occasion, but they were of the most pure and elevated kind, and beautifully rendered. 1, Overture from *Iphigenia in Aulis*, by Gluck; 2, *Suite für grosses Orchester* von Franz Lachner (manuscript, first time of performance) under the direction of the composer himself, and 3, the whole music of Gluck's *Orpheus*.

Of Gluck's music not another word need be said beyond the reiteration of a worn out phrase—that it is sublime; but the way in which it was delivered may be called a musical event. Certainly no one of your readers, acquainted with the fine voice, noble style and exquisite pathos of Mme. Joachim, who sang the part of Orpheus on the occasion, will find any exaggeration in my assertion. Capitally supported by Fräulein Scheuerlein (Euridice), Fräulein Beckman (Amor), and a first-rate chorus and orchestra, under the classical baton of Dr. F. Hiller, Mme. Joachim was very great, both in singing and declamation.

The new *Suite* in five movements was highly successful, especially the *andante*, a *canone* for the viola and the violin, as well as the sparkling *scherzo*. Let us then once more say, that the music of this great composer, who has been driven away from Munich (where he was general music director at the Royal Opera during great many years) by the Wagnerian Sect, has more chance to become the real music of the future as the so-called "*music of the future*" itself. Another great musical treat was the first soirée *für Kammermusik*, when Hiller, Königslow, Japha, Derkum and Reusburg were the performers. Out of a quartet of Schumann (*A minor*) and one of Beethoven (*E major*), we had a *Clavier quartet* (new manuscript) of the inexhaustible F. Hiller, and some little pieces for piano solo from the same pen, played by the composer. This new quartet of Hiller deserves the great success it met with on the said evening, being full of melodious ideas, and masterly written as regards modulations, form, as well as polyphonic combinations. Besides of the first allegro and the scherzo, which are highly effective, the andante is undoubtedly a masterpiece. The audience was exceedingly delighted to hear Hiller play once more after a long silence; and after all he is the noblest and most unaffected classical pianist of the day, possessing the greatest technical skill, like any other modern player, as well as a most delicate touch.

The fourth Gurzenich concert, on the 1st instant, although belonging to the category of "Selection concerts," was a rather interesting one. The programme included: 1, the overture to *Manfred*, by Schumann; 2, the *Concerto* (E flat major) of Beethoven, performed by Herr Carl Tausig; 3, aria and chorus, "Inflammatus," from the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, sung by Frl. Strauss, from Basel; 4, the symphony (in A major) of Mendelssohn; 5, *Zigeunerleben*, a winter chorus by Schumann, scored by Grebner; 6, *Der Erlkönig* of Goethe, declamated by Herr F. Haase, the celebrated actor; 7, aria, "Der Königin," "Der Wacht" (the first one in B flat major), from the *Flauto Magico* of Mozart, sung by Frl. Strauss; 8, a fantaisie on *Don Giovanni*, by Liszt, played by Tausig; and, 9, the overture of *Oberon* by Weber. Herr Tausig left us rather cold on performing Beethoven's music, his mental power being more absorbed by technical perfection than transcendental conception. By the same reason, working in a quite opposite sense, he drew the public into a never lasting burst of enthusiasm at the end of the fantaisie of Liszt.

DRESDEN. Here are the programmes of two of the Symphony Concerts, which are conducted alternately by Kapellmeisters Rietz and Krebs.

First Concert.

Overture, Euryanthe	Weber.
Sinfonie, "Reformation"	Mendelssohn.
Overture, Anacreon	Cherubini.
Sinfonie Eroica	Beethoven.

Second Concert.

Overture, Vestalin	Spontini.
Sinfonie No. 3, F-dur	Haydn.
Overture, Otto der Schutz	Rudorf.
Sinfonie, No. 4, B-dur	Beethoven.

The members of the Singacademie lately gave a performance of *St. Paul* in aid of the funds for the erection of the Mendelssohn Monument in Leipsic. The solos were sung by Mmes. Hänisch and Nänitz, Herren Schild and Stägemann.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived, to superintend the getting up of his last opera *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

HAMBURG. The Singacademie, under the direction of Herr von Bernuth, lately gave a performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*. The solos were sung by Mmes. Otto-Alvsleben and Joachim.—Third Philharmonic Concert: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Air from *Die Entführung*, Mozart (Mme. Otto-Alvsleben); Violin Concerto, E minor, Spohr (Herr Schrudieck); Air from *Das Unterbrochene Opferfest*, Winter; "Othello Fantasia," Ernst; D-major Symphony, Beethoven.

DESSAU. After the lapse of fifteen years since the death of Friedrich Schneider, a discovery has been made, highly gratifying to the numerous admirers of the deceased *Capellmeister*. The latter wrote an overture and other music for Schiller's *Braut von Messina*. This music was performed only once, both the score and the parts being consumed when the theatre was burnt down. A lady now steps forward and declares that she possesses the original score, which was given her by the composer. On it is written in Schneider's own hand: "Finished the 30th July, 1817." It is to be hoped that the score will not be again lost for so long.

MUNICH. Herr Franz Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro* has been revived, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, as arranged by Herr Richard Wagner. The General Musical Director, Herr Lachner, is expected every day to return from his long absence. All the opponents of the musical tendencies at present predomi-

nant here are delighted, and intend to prove their delight by getting up serenades and torchlight processions in Herr Lachner's honor. The leaders of the New German School have, in consequence of their grasping disposition and arrogance, lost whatever popularity they may once have possessed, and it is generally believed that when the question becomes "Bülow or Lachner," the former, taught by his experience, which is not altogether encouraging, will give way. Even Mlle. Mallinger, the great popular favorite and previous supporter of the new school has proved refractory, and declared that she will no longer sacrifice her voice, and, with it, her future prospects, to the pretensions of Herr R. Wagner and his followers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 16, 1869.

Music at Home.

Our city has been o'er-full of music since the new year came in. We pity the man who undertook to hear the whole of it; it may be some one did so, on a wager, as now and then a valiant toper seeks immortality in drinking till he burst, or some spread-eagle patriot wheels a barrow from Providence to Boston when his party loses the election,—but of his fate we have not heard. Better wait, if ye have such an appetite for quantity, and, drinking the whole sonorous ocean at a draught, "go up" all together, gloriously, from bandmaster Gilmore's millennial tabernacle, over which, by earthquake shocks of harmony, the heavens, it is presumed, will open right up into the Paradise of Fools, where ye may dwell immortal!—During the fortnight, we have had a Mendelssohn Quintette Club, a Symphony Concert, a choice vocal Soirée of Mr. Parker's Club, a mixed Italian and German Opera every night and Saturday afternoon; a couple of Parepa-Rosa concerts, with the "whirlwind" cornet-player, Levy; a couple of Ole Bull concerts, without an orchestra, and two more with one; besides other miscellaneous entertainments, Great Organ noonings, Conservatory matinées of chamber music, &c., &c.

A few notes upon some of these.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The *twentieth season* (can you realize it?) of these classical Chamber Concerts, to which Boston mainly owes its knowledge of the violin quartets, quintets, &c. of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, &c., (with introductions to more recent men, which have not ripened into much acquaintance), drew an eager and appreciative audience to the Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 5. Two members only of the Club are of twenty years standing, namely Wulf Fries, our admirable 'cellist, and Thomas Ryan, viola (and sometimes clarionet). William Schultze, as leader, and Carl Meisel, second violin, have faithfully and ably served for quite a number of years. Mr. E. M. Heindl, second viola, and flutist unsurpassed, joined them only last year. The sight of them was pleasant and their entrance warmly greeted. The programme was, as always, choice:

Quartet in G, No. 75 ..... Haydn.
Piano Solos ..... Chopin.
Eighth Quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2 of the Rasoumoffsky set ..... Beethoven.
Piano Quintet in E flat, op. 44 ..... Schumann.

It was natural to begin with Father Haydn in this time of the revival here (and with so much interest) of his Symphonies. The Quartet in G is the one which used to be heard oftener than any others of the *eighty* which he wrote, but even this one has been silent here for several years. It is ever grateful to both ear and soul, a healthy, hearty, happy, genial, yet earnest work; in treatment full of felicities from beginning to end; a "new created whole," all fresh and perfect. The quick movements are in Haydn's best vein, and the Adagio tranquil and deep in feeling, large and broad in harmony, with an open, round sonority, like organ music. It was played *con amore*, clearly and unanimously, and could not but be keenly relished.

Nothing could be in greater contrast to the Haydn, while equally sincere, consistent, masterly, than the E-minor Quartet of Beethoven, which is deeper, greater, stranger in its thoughts, and opens a wondrous spiritual world to one who listens truly. We do not remember that the Club have given it since the season of 1857–8, when they first took it up and played it three times with increasing interest. We know not which of its movements to admire most, nor what to say of either of them: the *Allegro*, whose theme seems caught from a passing breath of air, a zephyr whispering into the ear and gone, but whispering so significantly to the sensitive, imaginative ear that caught it and wove it into such subtle wealth of beauty; the *Adagio*, profoundly brooding; the humorsome, fantastic rhythm of the *Allegretto*, in the minor, to which as Scherzo the quaint Russian Theme answers as Trio in the major; or the swift, easy, gliding through the free blue air of the *Finale Presto*. It is very difficult to execute, and was not rendered with perfect purity and grace in every part, and yet on the whole better than any of Beethoven's later quartets have been before, in parts admirably, and so as to hold the audience in rapt attention. It would be good to hear it again.

The pianist was Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, who has lost nothing of his remarkable facility and strength of *technique*, and who played the Chopin pieces, not with as delicate and fine a sentiment as we have heard them, but intelligently and with a brilliant power. In the grandly effective, glorious old Quintet of Schumann he had ample swing, and the whole work was given, on the part of all the five, with a triumphant verve. As usual, the solemn, slow march movement was the most enjoyed. The dash and splendor of the Scherzo were well kept up, only such unrelaxing strength in the piano part fatigued the sense.

The second of the four concerts (that we should be put upon so short allowance!) will take place Feb. 2.

Fifth Symphony Concert. This appears to have given more unanimous and unalloyed delight than any of its delightful predecessors. The orchestra did the best they have done yet; the solo-playing was of the highest order; the programme, while it contained nothing new, was very choice, and so short that no one was troubled by the thought of having to lose any of the music.

Overture, "Reminiscences of Ossian" ..... N. W. Gade.
Violin Concerto in D (First movement) ..... Beethoven.
Mme. Camilla Urso.

Symphony in E flat ..... Mozart.
Introduction and Allegro,—Andante,—Minuet,—Finale.
Violin Solo: "Elegie" ..... Ernst.
Overture, "The Fair Melusina" ..... Mendelssohn.

The "Ossian" Overture, earliest and most original of the works by which we have known Gade, was better played than anything of the kind that we have had before. (Only the disturbance caused by tardy people in the audience made the softly murmured opening strains inaudible to all but those nearest. It must have been anything but pleasant to Mr. Zerrahn to have the delicate tone-picture, so carefully worked out in rehearsals, blurred and spoiled so rudely.) After the next concert, time being taken for sufficient notice, it is proposed *to keep the entrance doors closed during the performance of the first piece*). It is a thoroughly romantic Northern overture; a wild, imaginative seashore picture, with the mists of antiquity half veiling, half revealing lovely images, while gigantic shadows of heroic forms stalk past us on the clouds, and the whole air rings and trembles with the bold Vikingir hymn. Ossian's *harp* this time was replaced by a square piano.

The "Melusina" Overture was equally well played; delicately, with nice outline, and finely blended color of reeds, &c., in the undulating, dimpling watery figures of the opening, and with crisp vigor in the heroic, knightly episode.—The charming E-flat Symphony of Mozart, too,—old friend—was more enjoyable than ever. Such compositions, all instinct with genius, need no artificial modern stimulants, no red pepper of extra brass and new material means of instrumentation to make the listeners captive.

Camilla Urso played the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto with such perfect purity of intonation, such fine and vital quality of tone (though of course feminine and delicate rather than broad and manly, as one would ask were Joachim to be the interpreter of Beethoven), such exquisite and finished beauty of execution, that one longed to have her play the other movements. But this lady is a very conscientious artist, and never undertakes to play in public what she has not time to learn by heart and possess herself of thoroughly in every sense. Cold she may seem to some: but to us she plays as if a still, deep fire glowed within; and we believe most hearers felt that she entered into the spirit of the noble composition and took them with her. The only weak point was the long Cadenza, which, though it held the audience spell-bound by her wondrous execution, was made by Vieuxtemps, and obviously not at all such a fantasy as Beethoven could be supposed to have improvised upon his own themes while at the highest moment of the inspiration. Joachim, no doubt, has written a fitter cadenza here. As for the orchestral prelude and accompaniments, so rich and stately, they were remarkably happy in the rendering; the wind instruments were in more perfect tune than usual, and so was the drum, so important here in leading off the theme; and our Conductor must have felt happy.—The *Elegie* by Ernst, which might have seemed a rather hackneied concert piece some years ago when every virtuoso played it, has been little heard of late, and for a sentimental work is one of the best of its kind, not without a certain nobility. At any rate, the admirable manner in which Camilla reproduced it made it new and captivating.

For the sixth concert, Thursday, Jan. 21, the programme offers: Part I. Gade's other great romantic Overture, "In the Highlands;" Weber's *Concertstück*, for piano, played by Miss Alice Dutton; Symphony in D, No. 4, (not the one already played), by Haydn. Part II. Cherubini's overture to *Medea*; Beethoven's short and sunny Symphony in F,—not the Pastoral, but No. 8.

Mr. J. C. D. Parker's Vocal Club. The first of the two concerts, to which this rare choir of amateurs annually invite their friends, took place on Monday evening, Jan. 4, at Chickering Hall, and was, as usual, repeated on the following Monday. The Club now numbers eight to ten voices on each part, the very best that could be found perhaps in Boston. The singers are all loyal and devoted, counting this Monday evening practice among their paramount engagements; and now, after some half a dozen years of careful drill together, they have attained a rare perfection in ensemble singing. We know of no organization in our city, great or small, vocal or instrumental, whose

performance is so satisfactory. So many clear, bright, never harsh sopranos; such a warm, sunset purple haze of rich contraltos; so many smooth, true, telling tenors, and such a round compact mass of mellow, manly basses, we do not hear elsewhere. And Mr. Parker, while he plays the often difficult accompaniment on the piano, has trained them to rare unity, precision, and a nice observance of all points of light and shade. Alike in technical execution, in sonorous effect, and in expression, here is a model of good chorus and part singing.

The programme was choice, as it has always been. First came a bit of tenor recitative: "And there were shepherds abiding in the field" (of wonderful expression, even more so than Handel's), followed by a Choral, from Bach's Christmas Oratorio. This was heard here for the first time; and so was the next piece, "The 125th Psalm," by Ferd. Hiller, for Tenor Solo and Chorus. "All they that trust in Thee, shall be as Mount Zion, which may not be removed."..... "Round Jerusalem stand the mountains; even so the Lord," &c., ending with "But peace shall be upon Israel." The idea of enduring, all encompassing support is grandly conveyed in the first part; the warning to the "evil-doers" is stern and appalling; and the final strain of Peace is lovely music. The solos were sung in good voice and style by the younger WINCH.

A couple of well contrasted songs by Schumann: "*Du bist wie eine Blume*" and the impassioned, thrilling "*Er, der herrlichste von Allen*," were sung with much beauty of voice and execution by Miss GATES, who sang this season in *Elijah*. A couple of new four-part songs by Mr. PARKER: "The lily closes its chalice, afloat on the river's breast," and Tennyson's "Bugle Song," were both singularly, delicately true to the spirit of the verses, and seemed to us quite beyond anything that Mr. P. has hitherto produced. The parts are interwoven with most graceful skill, while all is calculated for the best vocal effect, which it certainly received, for the little pieces were sung *con amore* and had to be repeated. In the first one, at the thought of "the wind of the west singing lullabies o'er her," a fifth voice, an obbligato high soprano, comes in softly and with beautiful effect. In the other, the spirited bugle strain, and the mystical "echoes, dying, dying," are happily contrasted.

A new Hymn by Mendelssohn, for Alto Solo (modestly and yet effectively sung, in rich tones tremulous with feeling, by Miss RAMETTI), and Chorus, a short strain of devout trust and gratitude, was readily enjoyable and truly noble. Two more part songs: "Vale of Rest" and "Early Spring," by Mendelssohn, were sung to a charm; and then a wild, grand song by Franz: "*Das Meer erstrahlt*" and the "Spring Song" (of his latest set, in A), were given with such voice and power and fervor as only Mrs. HARWOOD has.

After a pause, the principal novelty of the winter's study: "A Finale from the unfinished opera, *Loreley*," (Soprano Solo and Chorus), by Mendelssohn, concluded the feast. Chorus of Spirits, hailing each other from the Rhine, the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the air, the steeps, the deeps, &c., and whose strains are marvellously imaginative, varied and suggestive, overhear the lamentation of the deserted Leonora, and offer to give her vengeance, by endowing her with fatal "beauty, grace irresistible," &c. Wonderfully impressive, though simple, is the passage where, when she asks: "Tell me, ye terrible rulers, tell me the price of this death-dealing power," they pledge her to wed the Rhine. The part of the maiden, a very exacting one, was sung in her best voice and with unmistakeable dramatic *verve* and truth by Miss ANNA WHITTEN. There is another fragment of the *Loreley*, a Chorus of Vintagers, which we hope we may hear some time.

We did hope to speak of "FIDELIO," twice given lately, by the German half of Mr. Maretzek's Opera troupe, and which, with any chance of even tolerable performance, we never mean to miss if we can help it —and it was certainly more than tolerable this time; but we must leave it for the present, having no room left either for that, or the miscellaneous virtuoso concerts named above.

CORRECTION. In our last, speaking of the Oratorios, we made a queer blunder, mechanically saying the opposite of what we knew and meant. Not a little were we startled, on opening our paper after it was printed, to find that we had made the pitch of the Organ *higher* instead of lower than the common pitch of our orchestral instruments. But even Jove sometimes nods!

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, DEC. 14.—The concert season at the Conservatoire began yesterday, the selections performed at the first concert being as follows:

Symphony en fa..... Gouvy.
98 Psaume ..... Mendelssohn.
Adagio du Septuor..... Beethoven.
Choeur des Pelerins du Tannhauser..... Wagner.
Symphonie en ut majeur ..... Beethoven.

The performance of a Symphony by an unknown(?) composer is an innovation almost unparalleled in the annals of the Conservatoire. In this instance, however, the merits of the composition are such as to justify the Committee in their departure from the established custom.

The Symphony is of the Mendelssohnian genre, and consists of an Allegro, Scherzo, Larghetto and Final. The subject is finely treated; the instrumentation is masterly, and we find none of that trickery with horns and cymbals, to which our modern composers so often resort, for the purpose of concealing a lack of ideas. The influence both of Beethoven and Mendelssohn is plainly visible in the composition, and there are several passages which are worthy of either of these masters. The interest is well sustained except in the scherzo, which seemed somewhat diffuse, as though the composer were writing "against time."

This Symphony was coldly received by an audience which is proverbially critical and exacting. It has been very justly observed, that in order to succeed at the Conservatoire it is necessary to be dead. M. Gouvy lacks that important qualification.

The execution of the two Symphonies and of the Septuor was—need it be said—perfect. The last mentioned was played by two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, with "tous les instruments à cordes."

The choruses were also rendered in a manner which left nothing to be desired. In the 98th Psalm the singers numbered (as nearly as I could judge) 50, but owing to the acoustic properties of the Salle, the effect was that of a far greater number. The "*Choeur des Pelerins*" was encored.

At the 1st Popular Concert of the 2nd Series, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Weber's *Oberon* Overture, and Beethoven's 3d Overture to *Leonora* were performed. A. A. C.

NEW YORK, JAN. 4.—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, there was a concert of "Glees and Madrigals" at Steinway Hall. The solos and choruses were taken by some of the best professional and amateur talent in this city, and the result was an entertainment of remarkable excellence and interest. Mr. S. P. Warren presided at the organ, Mr. E. J. Connolly at the piano, and the whole performance was conducted by Dr. Brown.

Particularly interesting were a quaint madrigal (C. Festa—1541) called "Down in a flowery vale," which was most charmingly sung by the chorus of 57 voices; Mendelssohn's hymn "Hear my prayer" (Psalm 55) sung by Mrs. G. W. Brown and chorus; and a quartet "Dorothy," a Swabian melody harmonized. This latter was exquisitely done, and was very earnestly encored.

Mrs. E. C. Eustaphieve sang—in a quiet, unassuming, and careful manner—a ballad, "My heart is over the sea," and, in reply to a recall, "Nothing else to do." Mrs. E. has a voice of exceptional purity and sweetness, and has the great, and unusual merit of singing in tune.

Mr. S. P. Warren gave two organ solos which were partially inaudible, owing to the rudeness of the audience, which persisted in a very loud buzz and hum of talk and laughter.

Miss Hutchings did well in her solo (in itself not pleasing) and it is evident that she has studied faithfully since last season.

The piano accompaniments were, I regret to say, not excellent. The audience was a very large one. The programmes, little pamphlets of eight pages, were exquisitely gotten up, and were the subject of much admiration.

Mr. Thomas's 6th Sunday Evening Concert possessed these (among other) attractions:

Overture, "Ossian"..... Gade.
Scherzo et Capriccio ..... Mendelssohn.
Krakowiak, Rondo de Concert, op. 14 ..... Chopin
[Mr. J. N. Pattison and Orchestra.
Scene de Ballet, "Prophete"..... Meyerbeer.
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"..... Nicolai.
Reverie ..... Vieuxtemps.

Mrs. Farnsworth was the vocalist upon this occasion, and she sang Schubert's *Ave Maria* and an aria from *I Puritani* in a somewhat hard and nasal style. In the Chopin Rondo Mr. Pattison did not do himself justice, for his playing was quite unequal and his left hand failed, occasionally, to do all that was expected of it. As regards the orchestral pieces, all were good and were quite well played; but it seems poor taste to arrange piano pieces for orchestra when they are manifestly unfitted for such an arrangement: I refer to the Mendelssohn Scherzo. T.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 6.—Last night the Harmonic Society gave their first concert of the season with the following programme:

Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream"..Mendelssohn.
Scene from the Oratorio "Naaman"..... M. Costa.
a. Chorus—"The Curse of the Lord."
b. Rec. and Aria—"The Seed shall be Prosperous."
Prof. H. J. Smith.
c. Chorus—"Praise the Lord."
Nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Concert Aria..... .....
Mrs. DeRoode Carrick.
Duet, "The Parting"..... Donizetti
Miss Josie Jones, Prof. H. J. Smith.
Fantasia for Horn..... Cossari
Mr. H. Sihroeckel.

Cantata, "Hymn of Praise,"..... Mendelssohn.
Solos, by Mrs. DeRoode Carrick, Miss Josie Jones and
Mr. F. Helmkamp.

The Chorus was not as large as in former seasons and was rather weak in the basses, who used to be very powerful with this Society; but they have even now the materials for a very fine chorus. Some lack of force and character, which most of the choral performances in this concert showed, might, I think, be easily remedied with a little more careful drilling. The last choruses in the "Hymn of Praise," which went the best and gave great satisfaction, showed what the Society have it in their power to accomplish. But in my opinion the directors deserve some positive blame for the poor arrangement of the first part of the concert, which left the audience in a miserable condition for enjoying the second part.

In the first place the selection of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture for the opening was not judicious, as the Orchestra generally does not play this Overture well enough, and also, because this and the following number for the Orchestra ought to have been works by different composers instead of both by Mendelssohn, both for contrast's sake and in consideration of the performance of the Cantata by the same composer in the second part. Next, the chorus from *Naaman*, "The Curse of the Lord," is very poorly adapted to an introduction, while it would prove very attractive in the latter part of a concert, and thus it passed by with little effect. The most remarkable feature was, however, the ending the whole part of a concert by a large choral Society with a fearfully sentimental and long-winded solo for Horn! For this astonishing arrangement the perpetrators, I think, ought to blush and to apologize to the Society.

The second part of the concert, to our great comfort, made one forget what had passed before. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" is a most beautiful

work, which it was a great treat to hear again, and which is particularly well adapted to the capacity of the Harmonic Society. X.

NEW YORK, JAN. 11.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings Ole Bull gave concerts in Steinway Hall, assisted by Miss Barton (contralto) of Boston, Mr. G. F. Hall, Mr. J. H. Wilson (pianist), recently from the Leipsic Conservatory, and by an orchestra of about 40 under the direction of Carl Bergmann.

Herr Bull played a Concerto by Mozart, and did it admirably; this was well; he also played as an encore (after one of his solos) the "Arkansas Traveller," with which he disgusted us last winter; this was *not* well, and such a selection was unworthy of a respectable artist. Herr Bull played the Concerto from memory. His reception, on Monday evening particularly, was very cordial.

Miss Barton sang very beautifully the *Rinaldo* Aria by Handel, which Miss Phillips gave us at the Philharmonic. Her voice is full, rich, and musical, and her vocalization excellent. She made a most favorable impression.

Mr. James H. Wilson is a very fair mechanical pianist, but unfortunately *sentiment* appears to have been omitted from his organization.

In lieu of the splendid, full-toned instruments to which the habitués of Steinway Hall are accustomed, a grand piano "constructed upon entirely new principles by Mr. Ole Bull," was used. It possessed a hard, wiry tone, and the action was evidently hard and stiff.

On Friday evening Mme. Parepa-Rosa made her appearance in concert for the first time this season (in New York); her assisting talent included Carl Rosa, Brookhouse Bowler (tenor), Ferranti (baritone), and Mr. Levy, the great cornet à-piston performer.

Mme. Parepa sang, for her first solo, the Scena from *Der Freischütz*, and, as an encore, a pretty ballad "Forget me not,"—both in her own unequalled way. Her voice seems to have lost none of its original freshness and purity, and a very large audience applauded her, as usual, to the echo.

Herr Rosa's intonation was faulty, and his double note passages scrapy; evidently he had not improved, artistically. Mr. Levy, who accompanied Mlle. Parepa to this country in 1865, achieved a genuine success by his marvellous rapidity of execution. His principal solo was "Rode's Air, with variations."

Messrs. Ferranti and Bowler acquitted themselves creditably, and Mr. Colby played the accompaniments with unusual ability. A second (and "positively the last") Parepa concert will be given next Friday evening with an entire change of programme.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 9th, our 2nd Philharmonic concert occurred at the Academy of Music. This was the programme:

Symphony, B flat, No. 9. (Litolff's Ed.).....Haydn.
1st movement from Violin Concerto.....Beethoven.
Camilla Urso.
Overture, "Semiramide".....Catell
5th P. F. Concerto, Op. 73, E flat.....Beethoven
S. B. Mills.
Symphonic Poem, "On the Mountain".....Liszt.

The Haydn Symphony was very pleasant from its spontaneity and unassuming simplicity; the agreeable feature of both Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies is the apparent absence of any art, and the fact that one can almost believe it to be an easy thing for "us moderns" to write in the same style.

The Catell Overture was played at Mr. Thomas's 1st Symphony Soirée, and my opinion of it, as then expressed, has undergone no change. The Liszt nondescript was humanely placed at the end of the programme, and was of course heard by comparatively few people. The "poem" possesses all Liszt's defects, and none, or nearly none, of his few excellencies; it is the very essence of turgidity, and is thoroughly chaotic in form, or in the *lack* of any form.

Mme Urso rendered the first movement of Beethoven's only Violin Concerto (played by Theo. Thomas at the 5th concert last season) in a magnificent manner. Her intonation (her peculiar excellence) was almost faultless, and her execution was wonderfully clear, smooth and even. The delighted audience insisted (despite the Philharmonic rules) upon an encore, and at last, after persistent and universal applause, Mme. U. re-appeared, and played most beautifully Ernst's "Elegie."

Mr. Mills played the superb Beethoven Concerto, called "The Emperor" by the Germans, in his habitual masterly style, and maintained his well established reputation as one of our very best and most réliable performers of concerted music. To excel in this line there are required: accurate taste, self-possession, and a faultless technique. Mr. M. possesses all these.

The audience was an immense one, and was, down stairs, a decorous one; in the third gallery, however, the talking, laughing, flirting, and boorish rudeness were simply disgraceful. I regret to say that upon the fair sex rests the responsibility of three-fourths of this absolutely "hoggish" behavior.

Mr. Theo. Thomas gave his 7th Sunday Concert last evening. Miss Sheck (the tragedienne) made her second appearance, and Mr. J. N. Pattison played two piano solos in a style eminently his own. The programme (orchestral) included the "Introduction to the 5th Act of King Manfred" by Reinecke, and Nicolai's Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." F.

MUSICAL JOURNALISM. "AN OP. 1." The London *Musical World* (to which *our* readers also owe so much), announcing the completion of its forty-sixth volume, and the thirty-second year of its life, thus alludes to its first number:

> That modest sheet is now before us, and a look through its pages is like reading an obituary. Even journal itself in its then form, and as then published, edited, and priced, has passed away. On the ghteenth day of March, 1836, Mr. J. Alfred Novello offered to the public sixteen pages (demi-octavo) of printed matter for threepence, and thus "*The Musical World*, a Weekly Record of Musical Science, Literature and Intelligence," was ushered into being. On the first of those pages is the name of a dead and gone celebrity; Samuel Wesley having led off with a "Sketch of the State of Music in England from the year 1778 up to the Present." Thence onward we read little save epitaphs. Mr. Cornelius Field's Concerts, Quartet Concerts, and Chamber Concerts (all dead); a concert of the (dead) order called Ancient, directed by a (dead) Archbishop of York; Vocal Concerts (dead) attended by the (dead) Duchess of Kent—these are the things recorded in the list of current events. More of a like sort follows. We are told of doings at the "King's Theatre" by Coleoni-Corti and Cartagenova, whose names most of our readers see now for the first time. We are told also that Spohr "will visit England this year," and that a "great musician"—one Mendelssohn in point of fact—"is putting the last touch to his sacred oratorio of *The Conversion of St. Paul*," a work described as "in the severe Handelian school." Lastly, we come upon certain criticisms of an opera just previously brought out in Paris, afterwards to be known everywhere as *The Huguenots*. Then follow five pages and a half of advertised music, a good deal of which is now as extinct as anything else in the number. *Sic transit*, indeed, and of a truth.
>
> The *Musical World* came just in time to witness and record the popularization of music. By the same movement it may also have profited, if the reception given to No. 1 be any criterion. That fortunate sheet ran through two editions—a happy augury of the vitality which is strong as ever even after the wear and tear of forty-six volumes. In the dissemination of musical knowledge and taste among the masses this journal took an active part. It had a share in transforming music from a luxury into a necessity, from the plaything of the few into the comfort and solace of the many. What an amount of work and resulting success its pages record! Reading them one sees again "the little one become a nation, and the small one a strong city." Its earliest pages tell of embryo festivals in Exeter Hall, and its latest of giant gatherings in the Crystal Palace, where each "part" is a brigade, and the whole chorus an army. Between these two extremes lie more than thirty years of effort. We are entitled, therefore, to claim a past unique among English musical journals. Our contemporaries can only say, "Others have labored, and we have entered into their labors."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Cup of Tea. (Complets du Thé.) 2. *Eb* to g. "*Genevieve.*" 30
Quite pretty, and is a pleasing tribute to the cup which "cheers but does not intoxicate."

Watch and pray. S'g, Duet and Cho. 3. F to f. *Wellmann.* 35
Nice sacred piece. Fine title.

Through the Jessamine. 2. C to f. *Claribel.* 30
Pretty love song, where the lady appears to advantage among the sprays of the jessamine.

I'm an Alsatian. (Je suis Alsatienne) Duet. 3. A to *a*. "Lischen and Fritchen." *Offenbach.* 75
A very spirited and pleasing duet, in which the English words continue throughout, but the foreign words are the "Alsatian" mixture of French and German.

Girls of New England, God bless them. 2. C to e. *H Paul.* 30
An enthusiastic eulogy of "the nearest, the dearest" girls in this part of the country, who deserve every word, and every note. Capital concert song.

Beautiful Bells. S'g and Cho. 2. *Eb* to e. *Wellman.* 35. With portrait. 50
A favorite concert song. One edition has a fine portrait of Miss Lydia Thompson.

Sweet Colilla. S'g and Cho. 2. G to f. *Turner.* 30
Pretty ballad, with a novel name.

Love's Adieu. (Volkslied). 3. *Eb* to f. "*Lorelie.*" 30
Sweet parting song.

Bird of Passage. 2. F to f. *Wrighton.* 30
Simple and very pleasing. Good for a school song.

A Kiss for your thought. 3. A to e. *Arditi.* 35
Perfectly charming.

The Love-Star. (Liebesbote). 4. *Db* to *g*. *Kücken.* 50

Fear not, my child! (Beruhigung). 4. E to e. *Abt.* 35
Two German *gems* of pure lustre. Both highly wrought. The words of the last are in the vein of "above the clouds is the sun still shining." Both require study, but reward it.

Love thee. (T'amo.) 3. *Eb* to e *Guglielmo.* 30
Also of a high order, and more Italian in character.

The three Cousins. (Trois cousines.) 3. G to *g*. "*La Perichole.*" 40

The Maid and Muleteer. (La muleteer.) 3. E to e. "*La Perichole.*" 40
Two wide-awake pieces from Offenbach. The first is a sort of dialogue trio, but may be sung as well by one voice, and the second is a merry duet, in which "trot, trot" breaks in very curiously.

Up in a balloon. *Leybourne.* 35

When a man's a little bit poorly. *Blewitt.* 30

The upper ten. *Pratt.* 30
Very merry comic songs.

Instrumental.

Serenade and Gensdarmes duet. 4. G. *Wels.* 50
Very spirited rendering of "Genevieve" melodies.

Tommy Dodd. Galop. 3. G. *Lyle.* 30
Spirited galop. Includes melody of "Late lamented Jones."

Golden Rain Nocturne. 4. *Eb.* *Cloy.* 35
Beautiful. Something in the style of the "Northern Pearl" by the same composer.

"Les Bavards." Galop. 2. F. *Knight.* 30
" " Waltz. 3. D. " 30
" " Lancers. 3. " 40
Favorite melodies from the opera above named.

"La Vie Parisienne." Galop. 3. D. *Knight.* 30
" " Polka. 3. G. " 30
Airs from another gay opera.

"La Perichole." Quadrille. 3. *Arban.* 40
Favorite airs from a third opera, all three being by Offenbach.

Velocipede Galop. 3. *Bb.* *Hart.* 30
Very spirited. Picture of the new sensation on the title.

Cheerfulness Waltz rondo. 3. F. *Gumbert.* 50
Arranged by Pratt, and is *very* pleasing. Something in the style of "Il Bacio."

Evening Zephyrs. (Abendlueftchen). 3. C *Oesten.* 40
Very light and graceful, with arpeggios, &c

Carnival de Plantation. 3. *Eb.* *Engelbrecht.* 35
Very sweet melody.

Skating Rink Waltz. 2. F. *Turner.* 30
Here we slide! Good waltz to skate to.

Rayons dorées. (Golden Rays.) Polka. 6. *Db.* *Ward.* 60
Not so easily learned! But a splendid exhibition or concert piece.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 726. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 30. 1869. VOL. XXVIII. No. 23.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Merle and Maiden.

Paraphrased from the Platt-Deutsch of KLAUS GROTH.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

On a beechen tree,
Singing merrily,
Sits a merle in the sunshine gleaming;
Sweet to hear and see!

Cease, wild merle, to sing,
Fly on airy wing
Unto where—her lattice pane shading—
Linden branches swing.

Perch and nestle there,
Plume thy winglets fair;
Warble loudly, until the maiden
Looks out unaware!

Many a plume-soft curl
Crowns the bird-voiced girl,
Oft I look for her wings, and tremble;
Canst thou see them, merle?

My Recollections of Mendelssohn.

Translated for this Journal from the German of EDWARD DEVRIENT.

My personal relations with Felix Mendelssohn began in January, 1822. He was a boy of nearly thirteen years, and I a young man of over twenty, having held for nearly three years the position of baritone singer at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and having already given stability to my life through an early betrothal.

It was six years after the removal of the Mendelssohn family from Paris to Berlin: they had lived before that time in Hamburg, where Felix was born on the 3d of February, 1809. I had occasionally seen the boy; his appearance was striking, with his long, brown, curly hair, as he stepped vigorously along through the streets, in his great shoes, having hold of his father's hand. In the last of those years I often remarked him, on my usual way to my betrothed, before the door of the grandmother's house on the new promenade, eagerly playing tag with other boys. In musical circles I had heard of the boy's extraordinary capacities, had seen him at the Sing-Akademie and at Zelter's Friday music meetings, had also met him at a singing tea party, where he stood among the grown people in his child's dress, the *habit* so called: a tight jacket, cut out wide about the throat, over which were buttoned the wide trowsers. The little fellow liked to stick his hands into his side pockets, and would rock his curly head sideways to and fro, as he restlessly stepped from one foot upon the other. With eyelids almost wholly closed, the brown eyes flashing out between, he jerked out his answers to the curious examining questions—such as people are apt to put to wonder-children—with a stammering tongue, almost defiantly.

His piano playing I found to be of astonishing facility and musical certainty; but it was then still inferior to that of his older sister Fanny. They told, however, of compositions, even little operas, by the boy.

Meanwhile my intended bride Theresa had become acquainted with Fanny at the Singakademie; and as it was the wish in the Mendelssohn house again this winter, as in the one before, to sing Felix's opera compositions, and there was need of a Soprano for it, Theresa was introduced there by her singing teacher Zelter, who was Director of the Singakademie, and teacher of harmony in the Mendelssohn house, where he was highly esteemed and intimate. Soon it became my turn also. Felix's violin teacher, Concertmeister Henning, was to have sung the bass parts, but found himself unfitted for it and proposed me for a substitute. And so I went to the rehearsals of Felix's earliest operas in the house of his parents.

Considering the wealth attributed to the father, the arrangement of the house must have appeared scrupulously simple. Carpets and furniture were very modest, but the walls of the saloon were covered with copperplate engravings of Rafael's *Loggie*. The singers sat around the large dining table and near to the piano, at which upon a high cushion Felix sat and, unembarrassed, earnest, zealous, as if engaging in some boys' play with his comrades, directed us and played the master. The fact of so many grown persons exerting themselves for the sake of his compositions, seemed just as little to make him vain, as the fact that he had just written his third little opera and was engaged upon a larger one. Evidently with him the one concern was making music, and he took for granted that it was so with us too. It struck us all on the first evening that self-esteem and vanity in the boy were very weak, while, on the contrary, the wish to gain experience, to learn, to test, to get onward for the sake of the thing itself, was decidedly predominant. After the pieces had been tried through, he had no care but to gather the sheets of music carefully together and lay them in order, before listening to our flattering expressions, which he received politely, but was glad to lead the talk back to details of execution in the way of question or correction.

There were two one-act operas, which we rehearsed there several times: "The two Schoolmasters" (*Die beiden Pädagogen*), which had already been sung in the preceding winter, together with his first attempt: "*Soldatenliebschaft*"—with which I did not become acquainted—and a new one: "The travelling Virtuosos" (*Die wandernden Virtuosen*). The texts to these were made up from French vaudevilles by the young Doctor Caspar, who sang the tenor buffo parts with a great deal of vivacity.

The music was peculiar, artlessly adhering to the natural declamation of the words, without melodic invention particularly, but taking advantage of the comical moments with humor and with tact. I sought for resemblance with older composers, and was only able to find it with Dittersdorf. Prominent in effect was a duet of the second opera between a pretended and a real schoolmaster, who disputed about the educational methods of Basedow and Pestalozzi; Dr. Caspar and I sang it to the great amusement of a large company at the rehearsals and performance.

From this time Theresa and I were much at home in the Mendelssohn house, Felix became attached to me, which seemed to please the parents, and Theresa's relation to Fanny grew more intimate.

We made music many an evening now; we read pieces of Shakspeare, dividing the characters round; we took part actively or as listeners in the Sunday music, for which the father's means enabled him to gather about his son a little orchestra from the Royal Kapelle, so that Felix enjoyed the immeasurable advantage of becoming, even in those years of boyhood, intimately acquainted with the nature of the instruments and the way of using them, and of being able to try over his own compositions at once in practical execution. The boy stood on a tabouret before his note desk, and there among the seated musicians, especially alongside of the gigantic contrabassist, he looked wonder-childlike enough in his boy's dress, as, shaking the long locks over his bare neck, he looked off over the men like a little field marshal, then boldly struck in with the baton, and with composure and with certainty, yet always as if listening and trying to detect a sound, directed his piece through to the end.

Of course he also produced other compositions than his own at these Sunday music parties, and both he and Fanny played Trios and other piano pieces with orchestra.

Obviously this early *growing into* an understanding of the orchestra and into the routine of direction, must have had great influence in Felix's development. I learned at all events to know the rich training apparatus, the signal combination of instructive powers, which worked upon his education. The mother, in the first place, had discovered a talent for the piano in the two older children, which she developed by her own tuition. In Berlin, the downright, honest, sturdy Zelter had become their teacher in harmony, and the gentle, warm-hearted Berger their piano teacher; with the exact Henning Felix began to play the violin. The droll little Professor Rosel gave them instruction in landscape drawing; Felix learned more of him than the other children did; he learned at a later period to free himself from the manner of his master. But the young Dr. Heyse (father of the poet Paul Heyse) was the family tutor of the four children, who were all endowed with extraordinary gifts of understanding; he, in his quiet, thorough way, furthered Felix's scientific development until the examination for the university. His younger sister Rebecca, by her participation in the lessons, helped him overcome his disinclination to the study of the Greek language. The mother, a shrewdly intelligent and finely cultivated woman, as well as busy housekeeper, who was found constantly employed either in reading or in the hospitable work of her hands, inexorably insisted on the children being kept to industry. That activity became for Felix a habitual necessity, was perhaps due

to this cause. Less attractive labors he had to perform in his mother's chamber, at her feet, and at Rebecca's little table. When I visited the mother's house in the forenoon and he with his bread and butter—which gave him the right to quit the scene of labor—came into the ante-room to chat with me, longer than the bread and butter lasted, the short and sudden exclamation of the mother: "Felix, are you doing nothing?" was soon sure to scare him back again into the inner chamber.

The weightiest influence on the son's development was, clearly enough, that of the father. Abraham Mendelssohn was a remarkable man, in whose soul and mind life mirrored itself with unusual clearness, whose thinking and feeling, study and experience had allowed him to find the divine in the higher reason. To the born Jew, the son of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, this conviction was natural; to me, standing in that period of sentimental enthusiasm in the church, it only by degrees became intelligible; but the sure measure by which he estimated the worth of things impressed me instantly. The conviction that our life is a pledge to labor, to useful deed and effort, this conviction Felix inherited from his father.

A striking phenomenon, with all that wisdom, one which may have been induced by physical causes, was Abraham Mendelssohn's disputations temper, which grew on him with years, and indeed became more and more cavilling and intolerable. Had the cause of this irritability any connection with his sudden death, and may it possibly have been inherited by Felix?

When in addition to the distinguished persons who had a stated and official influence on Felix, we count in the older and younger friends of th family, the transient visits too of honored and remarkable strangers, we may say, that nowhere among all the conspicuous men of our people can we point to a second example of a youth so favored.

(To be continued).

Concerning Bach's Passion-Music to St. Matthew.

[Not only our readers in and around Berlin, says the editor of the Berlin *Echo*, but also those not affected by our local matters, will, we think, feel interested in an episode from Mendelssohn's youth, related by E. Devrient in his entertaining work, *My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*. This episode treats of one of the most important steps taken to carry out the difficult task which young Mendelssohn and Devrient undertook, namely, to persuade old Zelter to lend his countenance to a performance of Sebastian Bach's *Passion-Music to St. Matthew*. The young men perceived very clearly that, if they could once gain over Zelter, they would gain over the principal person, and remove the greatest impediment in their path. Well prepared, therefore, as Devrient relates, they wended their way to old Zelter's room on the ground floor of the Singacademie.]

. . . Before the door Felix observed:

"I may as well tell you, if he gets rude I shall go; I must not have a row with him."

"Rude he will certainly be," I replied, "but I will undertake all the rowing."

We knocked. The master called out loudly to us, in his rough voice, to come in. We found the old giant in a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, with his pipe in his mouth, sitting at his old grand piano with its two rows of keys. In his hand he held the quill pen with which he used to write, while a sheet of music lay before him. He had on his short, sand-colored loose coat, a pair of drawers, which, though tied below the knee, were intended to be worn with knee-breeches, coarse woollen stockings, and shoes with a pattern embroidered upon them. He had raised his head, the white hair on which was brushed back, and turned his face, with its bluff, commonplace, and yet imposing features, towards the door. On recognizing us through his spectacles, he called out in a friendly tone, and his usual broad way, "Hallo! What's this? Two such handsome young gentlemen so early! Well, to what am I indebted for this honor? Here, be seated!"

He conducted us to a corner of the room, and sat down upon a plain-looking sofa, while we fetched ourselves chairs.

I now began the speech, which I had well thought over before-hand, about the admiration felt for Bach's work, with which we had first become acquainted at Zelter's Friday musical meetings, and which we had afterwards studied more thoroughly at Mendelssohn's house. I said we wished to yield to the desire universally expressed, and to make an attempt to restore the *chef-d'œuvre* to the public, and—if Zelter would give his consent and support—get up a performance of it with the help of the Singacademie.

"Yes," he said slowly, and stretching his chin up in the air, as was his custom when discussing anything with especial earnestness, "but how is the thing to be done? Such an enterprise demands greater resources than those we at present possess.

He then dilated upon what the work required and the difficulties it presented; he said that for such choruses we ought to have the St. Thomas's School at Leipsic, and have it, moreover, as it used to be when Sebastian Bach was the *Cantor* there; that a double orchestra, also, was necessary; and that the violinists of the present day did not know how to treat such music. He added that the whole matter had been long and thoroughly considered, and that, if the difficulties inherent to it could have been so lightly overcome, the *Passion-Music* which Bach had composed to all the four Evangelists would long since have been performed.

While speaking, he had warmed up, and, rising from the sofa, laid down his pipe, and walked backwards and forwards in the room. We, also, rose, and Felix pulled me by the coat. He already gave the matter up as lost.

I replied that we—to wit, Felix—thought the difficulties very great, but were courageous enough to consider them not insurmountable. I observed that, thanks to him (Zelter), the Singacademie was not unacquainted with Sebastian Bach, and that he had trained the chorus so admirably that it was capable of coping with any difficulty whatsoever; that Felix had become acquainted with the work through his instrumentality, and was indebted to him for the hints as to how it ought to be conducted. I remarked that I was burning to sing in public the part of our Saviour, and that we thought ourselves justified in believing that the same enthusiasm which animated us would soon extend to all engaged in the enterprise, and cause it to succeed.

Zelter kept growing more and more angry. He had indulged from time to time in expressions of doubt and of disdain, on hearing which, Felix had again pulled me by the coat, and gradually edged towards the door. The old gentleman now broke out:

"Do you expect any one to listen patiently to what you are saying! Very different people from you have been obliged to abandon all notion of undertaking this task, and now a couple of snivelling boys come and tell me it is all child's play."

He shot off this pleasing specimen of Berlin politeness with the utmost energy, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing. He, however, was a privileged person, who could be as rude as he chose; besides, for the *Christi Passion*, and from our old master, we could well afford to put up with worse than this.

I now looked round towards Felix, who was standing at the door with the handle in his hand. His face was pale and wore a somewhat offended expression. He made a sign for us to go. I gave him to understand that we must remain, and then began boldly to argue the matter further. I observed that, young though we were, we were not so inexperienced but that our master had already considered us capable of carrying out many a difficult task; that the spirit of enterprise was especially appropriate to youth, and that, finally, it must be gratifying for him to see two of his own pupils attempt the most sublime composition he had ever taught them.

My arguments were evidently beginning to work; the crisis was past.

I went on to say that we desired only to make the experiment whether the project could be carried out, and begged he would allow us to do so and give us his assistance; if the experiment did not succeed, we could always, I remarked, give it up without disgrace.

"How do you mean to set about it?" he asked, standing still. "You think of nothing. First of all there is the committee, who must consent: a great many persons each with an opinion of his own—and there are a lot of women, too, concerned—you will find it is no such easy matter to make them all agree."

I replied that the members of the committee were favorably inclined towards me; that the principal lady members, who led the others, took part in the vocal practice at Mendelssohn's, and were already gained over to our cause, and that I hoped to obtain the use of the concert-room, and the co-operation of the general body of the members.

"Oh, ah, the members!" exclaimed Zelter, "they will be the first to thwart you. One day ten of them come to rehearsal, and the next day, twenty stop away!"

We were able to laugh sincerely at his facetious remark, for it proved that our cause was gained. Felix now explained to the old gentleman his plan for holding the preparatory rehearsals in the small concert room, and spoke of the constitution of the orchestra, which Edward Rietz was to conduct. As Zelter could at last advance no more practical objections, he said:

"Well, I will not oppose you—on the contrary, I will speak up for you, when requisite. In Heaven's name, set to work; we shall see how you will get on."

We parted with grateful hearts, and as good friends, from our worthy old bear.

"It is all right!" I said, in the hall.

"My dear fellow," replied Felix, "you are a very devil, an arch-jesuit!"

"It is all for the greater glory of Heaven and of Sebastian Bach," I answered, and we went out with joyous hearts into the winter air, for we had been successful in the most important portion of the business.*

* As our readers are aware, the young artists, after surmounting many obstacles, succeeded in getting the *Passion-Music* performed. The performance took place on the 11th March, 1829, with a completeness that proved decisive in establishing the influence exercised by Sebastian Bach on the music of the present day.—Ed. Berlin *Echo*.

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Continued from page 380).

Our esteemed master Neukomm was also passing a couple of weeks in September with his friends in Trouville. He wished to see Rossini, and as he had not met him for twenty-five years, I called with him. Rossini at once recollected how at that time, at the Duchess of Vaudemont's, Neukomm had given him some hints about the construction of an Aeolian harp of which he had several made at the country seat of his friend Aguado. The two distinguished men conversed together in the most cordial manner. I had told Rossini much about Neukomm, especially of his incredible, and really wonderful activity, which kept him prisoner at his writing desk from the earliest hour of morning. Thereupon Rossini began:

You are still ever unwearied in producing, Signor Chevalier, he said to him.

—When it comes to such a pass that I can work no more, replied Neukomm, they may lay me between six boards and nail them up; I shall not care to know any more of life.

—You have the passion of industry. I always have had that of laziness! exclaimed Rossini.

—The forty operas of your composing are not exactly a proof of that, replied Neukomm.

—That was long ago. But one should bring into the world with him whip-cords instead of nerves, said the maestro somewhat seriously. But let us leave that. You have travelled extensively, and indeed have been for several years in Brazil?

—I had accepted the place of court-kapellmeister with Don Pedro, who was a very music-loving gentleman. He even busied himself with composition.

—I can tell you something about that, said Rossini. He had been so gracious as to send me an order. Afterwards when he came, somewhat against his will, to Paris, I thanked him for it, and, as I had heard about his compositions, I asked him to allow something of them to be performed at the Italian Opera, to which he willingly consented.

—He would even have directed, had you wished it, interrupted Neukomm.

—Impossible! He sent me a Cavatina, which I had copied out, with the addition of a few trombone blasts; it was well performed in a concert at the Italian Opera, received quite a respectable applause, and Don Pedro in his box appeared to feel great pleasure in it,—at all events he thanked me in the warmest manner.—

I must insert here by way of completion of this little anecdote, that I spoke of it in the saloon of the Countess B. I remember that evening perfectly well, said the Countess, for Don Pedro came after the concert into the Tuileries and looked perfectly transfigured. He declared that he never in all his life experienced so great a pleasure. These enthusiastic outbursts on the part of a man, who had just lost an empire, appeared strange enough.

—Perhaps it is not always the weightiest things, that give us the greatest pleasure, I took the liberty of remarking.

—Another forenoon I was with Rossini at Neukomm's. The latter had in his chamber a little *Orque expressif*, which contained many improvements and conveniences suggested by himself. With the youthful vivacity, peculiar to him, Neukomm explained all the details and begged Rossini to try the instrument. He sat down and played, as well as he could, a couple of dozen bars of the "Chaos" from the "Creation," which was naturally very gratifying to the old scholar of Haydn. Then I played with Neukomm some movements from "The Seven Words," which he had arranged for piano and *orque expressif*, which led to mention of the fact that Neukomm had performed this labor for a great number of the greatest works of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, of course simply for his own satisfaction and the pleasure of a few friends.

Afterwards, as we walked away together, Rossini said, evidently moved: Such industry, such genuine simple love of Art are in the highest degree honorable. No money interest comes in play there, no self love, or at least so small a dose of it that it is not worth speaking of. I have great respect for it!

—Did your extraordinary successes ever turn your head? I asked Rossini one day. You were so young, it would have been no wonder.

—My extraordinary successes! said the maestro, smiling in his peculiar way. But seriously speaking, I have always remained tolerably quiet in success, and in a *fiasco* likewise; and for that I thank an impression I received in my earliest youth and which I never have forgotten.

—What was that?

—Before I had yet given my first operetta, began the maestro, I was present in Venice at the first production of a one-act opera of Simon Mair. Mair, you know, at that time was the hero of the day; he had produced perhaps twenty operas in Venice with the greatest success. In spite of all that, the public treated him that evening as if he were an ignorant vagabond; you can form no idea of such a rudeness. I was really shocked. Is this the way you reward a man who has provided you enjoyment for so many years? Dare you take such liberties, because you have paid a couple of paoli entrance money? Then verily it is not worth while, thought I, to take your judgment much to heart; and on this principle I have acted ever since as much as possible.

—They have not always behaved very gently towards *you*; I said.

—Too true! you know how they maltreated me at the first performance of "The Barber;" and that was not the only time. But one evening the Venetians touched me. It was at the first performance of an opera, *Sigismonda*, which made them most heartily tired. I saw by their looks, how gladly they would have aired their impatience; but they controlled themselves, kept still and let the music float past undisturbed. I was quite affected by this amiability.

—I can fancy to myself a lively picture of it, said I laughing.

—To say the truth, continued Rossini in a lively tone, I was at that time the most insolent fellow in the world. I loved my parents tenderly, and care on their account disturbed me, until I had so far succeeded as to make their subsistence sure. Beyond that, the devil might take all and several. It was very wrong, I dare say; but I could not do otherwise, I was so constituted.

—It was very well that it was so! Else you never would have composed "The Barber." But, *apropos* of "The Barber," I have sometimes heard it maintained, that the arietta of Marcellina in the second act was not yours. Is it so?

—You mean the *aria di sorbetto?** said Rossini. I must boast the composition of that. And that reminds me of another *aria di sorbetto*, which was droll enough.

—What was that?

—In an opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*, I had a dreadful *seconda donna*. She was not only beyond all licence hideous, but her voice too was worthless. After the most careful examination, I discovered that she possessed one single tone, the B flat of the middle octave, which sounded not badly. So I wrote her an aria in which she had nothing else but that one tone to sing, gave all to the orchestra, and as the piece pleased and was applauded, my one-toned singer was overjoyed at her triumph.

—She was at least modest. But this *Ciro*? I have neither seen nor heard of it.

—It belongs with my *fiascos*. When I returned from its unfortunate production to Bologna, I found an invitation to a picnic. I ordered at a confectioner's a little ship of march-pane, whose flag bore the name "Ciro;" the mast was broken, the sail full of holes, and it lay on its side, swimming in a sea of sweet cream. The merry company laughingly devoured my wrecked vessel.

—But that does not prove, said I, that your Persian conqueror deserved his fate; the case is peculiar. Your *Zelmira* is one of your least known operas, and yet it certainly belongs among your best.

During my stay in Vienna, said Rossini, it had great success; but it requires such an excellent *ensemble* of singers, as I had with me there. I had uncommonly fine times there.

—Were you also satisfied with the musical materials you found there? I asked.

—The chorus was excellent. The orchestra, too, was very good; it only wanted power, which possibly was accidental. Did you know Weigl?

—I saw him for a moment in my earliest boyhood; he was then directing.

—Very likely. He knew that he had been described to me as one of my great enemies. To convince me of the contrary, he rehearsed *Zelmira* in the orchestra with a carefulness such as I had never known either in myself or others. I wanted sometimes to beg him not to be so very particular about it; but I had to confess that it went wonderfully. At that time I heard several of my operas in a German translation, and indeed to my greatest satisfaction. The German language adapted itself to my music much better than the French, as I was afterwards convinced. Among the singers I recollect particularly the basso, Forti, as a great talent. The Ungher and the Sontag began their career at that time.

—I am not surprised at what you say of the German translation of your operas. To be sure, I could not swear to the excellence of their diction; but our prosody, which has pretty well determined long and short quantities, stands much nearer to the Italian, than the French does.

—In the translations which they made of several of my operas for the Grand Opera, said Rossini, I often could not trust my ears; the substituted text seemed to me impossible, intolerable. But Nourrit, to whom I spoke of it, found it all right; I also saw that no one was disturbed by it. It would have been laughable to wish to be more severe than Frenchmen were, and so I did not press the matter; but the impression which I had of it has never changed.

—The French composers frequently are not very exact in their treatment of the text, and many foreigners have set them examples in that respect. How admirably has not our German Gluck declaimed the French!

—It would have been bad, if he had not done it, replied the maestro, since with him the declamatory part forms the foundation of the whole.

—Do you believe, maestro, that poetry and music ever can excite an equal interest at the same time?

—When the charm of the tone has once fairly seized upon the listener, said Rossini, with fire the words will surely have the worst of it. But if the music does not tell, of what use is it? It is then unnecessary, if not superfluous, or even an annoyance.

—You must tell me still more about your boyhood, maestro, I began, over a game of Domino; for you were properly a boy when you began to write operas. How came it, that you made your debut in Venice, of all places?

—Accident plays so great a part in our career! exclaimed Rossini. At the age of thirteen I was engaged for the opera season in Sinigaglia as *maestro al cembalo*. I found there a singer, who sing not badly, but was just one of the most unmusical sort. One day in an aria she made a cadenza of a harmonic adventurousness, that went beyond everything. I tried to make it clear to her, that she should have some regard to the harmony held out in the orchestra, and she even seemed to see the truth of this remark to a certain degree; but at the performance she abandoned herself again to her inspiration, and made a cadenza, at which I could not refrain from laughing out. But the parterre also broke out into a loud laugh and the donna was furious. She complained to her special protector, the gentleman who on the part of the city stood at the head of the opera, a very wealthy and respectable Venetian, who had large estates in Sinigaglia; she accused me particularly of uncivil conduct, maintaining that I had set the public laughing by my own behavior. I was summoned into the austere presence of the gentleman and severely rated by him. If you allow yourself to make fun of the first artistes, said he to me in a domineering tone, I will have you thrown into prison. He might have been able to do that, but I did not let myself be intimidated, and the affair took another turn. I explained to him my harmonic scruples, convinced him of my innocence, and instead of sending me to prison, he conceived the liveliest fancy for me and told me finally, that if I ever got so far as to be able to compose an opera, I must come to him and he would commission me to write one.

—And did he keep his word?

—I may thank him for my first *scrittura* in Venice, and with a remuneration of 200 francs, which at that time seemed to be not small.

—At the theatre San Mosé, was it not?

—Yes; that theatre has since gone down, and it is a great loss for the younger Italian composers. They used to give their short comic operas, for four or five persons, without chorus, without change of scenery, which could be studied in the shortest time, and which cost the impresario but little. Hence it was easy to get one's work brought out there and acquire a little experience. Many distinguished composers have made their debut there. To-day, if a young Italian composer wishes to make a first attempt upon the stage, and has not some thousands of francs to throw away upon it, he will hardly be able to accomplish it. In fact, quite other means are now required, such as it is hardly to be supposed an impresario would risk.

—What a pity that the Italians have so entirely

* An Italian expression, to designate the pieces sung by the second or third singers, while the company refreshed themselves with ice-creams, &c.

forsaken the *opera buffa*, in which they have achieved so much that is excellent! said I.

—The Neapolitans especially, replied Rossini, had a peculiar talent for it. This kind requires perhaps rather a lively feeling for the nature of the stage, than great musical gifts. But now the singers, too, for that are wanting. This daily handling of the stiletto makes them quite unfit to move with lightness and with grace.

—Do you ascribe it to political events, that such a preponderating taste for the tragic, the pathetic, rules just now in Italy?

—I do not know, said the maestro, but I have observed, that when by way of exception an *opera buffa* has once been tolerably given, it always exercises a certain attractive power, and causes a good deal of merriment among the people.

—And that is something not to be despised! said I, thinking of Goethe's comical side.

—One day the maestro suddenly sang the beginning of the finale from Beethoven's Septet, and then a Scherzo of the same master.—From which Symphony is this movement? he asked, turning to me.

—From the *Eroica*.

—Right. What an energy, what a fire dwelt in that man! What treasures are contained in his piano-forte Sonatas! I am not sure that they do not stand higher with me than his Symphonies; there is perhaps even more inspiration in them. Did you know Beethoven?

—I had the fortune, when a boy, to speak with him a few weeks before his death,—I answered.

—During my stay in Vienna, said Rossini, I was presented to him by the old Calpani; but, with his deafness and my ignorance of the German language, conversation was impossible. I rejoice that I have at least seen him.—But your Weber also was a capital fellow—his treatment of the orchestra, the new efforts which he won from the instruments! Did he write Symphonies also?

—He made one attempt, which however cannot be counted among his most felicitous. On the contrary his Overtures, even in the concert room, are among our most favorite pieces for the orchestra.

—And justly, said the maestro, although I cannot exactly approve the practice of introducing in the overture the finest motives of the opera; if only because it robs them of the charm of novelty when they occur again. Besides, it is not easy to divine their relations to one another, before the play. But Weber had precious ideas! How exquisite the entrance of the march in his *Concert-stück*, with the deep clarinet tones! (Rossini sang the first part of it). I have always loved to hear this piece.

—You have heard it from Liszt, who in truth played it as no other could! I interrupted.

—Poor Weber! He visited me in Paris on his journey to London; he looked then so weak and suffering, that to me it was incomprehensible how he could undertake such a journey. He hoped, he told me, to be able to earn something substantial there for his family;—he should have preserved *himself* for them. The way in which he approached me, was singular; to me there was something in it almost comical.

—How so, maestro?

—It seems that Weber at an earlier period had once written a newspaper article about, or rather against, my *Tancredi*, and he thought it necessary, therefore, to have me asked, through an acquaintance, whether I would be willing to see him. If I had had any anticipation, when as a twenty-year old chap I put *Tancredi* upon paper, that a foreign composer would have taken any sort of notice of it, I should really have reckoned it an honor. You can imagine, that Weber's visit was none the less welcome to me on that account.

—Newspaper articles have never troubled you much! said I.

—Certainly not! replied the maestro, laughing. To think of all that was written against me, when I came to Paris! Indeed the old Berton made verses upon me, in which he called me Mr. Crescendo. But all that passed without danger to life! What does annoy me is, that they have circulated a mass of untrue stories about me, in which I sometimes play a strange part enough—but we must put up with all that.

—But you must some day dictate your biography to somebody, said I. The particulars of so rich a life as yours ought not to be lost. I too shall soon be able to furnish a small contribution to it! You perceive, I listen to you as if I belonged to the secret police.

—Keep on asking questions, my dear Ferdinando! as long as you are at all interested.

—*Poor maestro!* Then you will have to hold forth many a time yet!

(To be continued.)

Schumann's "Cologne" Symphony (in E flat.)

The Symphony lately played at the Crystal Palace, will do more for its composer's fame than any other single work known to the English public. What are the opinions entertained of it by one of Schumann's most consistent admirers, the following remarks taken from the Crystal Palace programme will show:

"This symphony, though numbered the third, is really the last of Schumann's four. It was composed between the 2nd November and 9th December, 1850, and therefore very shortly after its author had entered on his office as Director of the Music at Düsseldorf, of which he first discharged the public functions on the 24th of the preceding October. The symphony is known in Germany as 'the Rhenish' (die Rheinische), because Schumann was in the habit of saying that the first impulse towards its composition had been produced on his mind by the sight of the cathedral at Cologne, and strengthened by the grand ceremonial of the installation there of the archbishop as cardinal, which he witnessed while engaged in the composition. The impression which this ceremony made on his mind he has recorded in the fourth movement, or introduction to the *Finale*, which in the MS. score is entitled, "Im Character der Begleitung einer feierlichen Ceremonie'—to accompany a religious ceremonial—and, having this key to its meaning, the movement can hardly fail to impress every one who hears it (or rather who makes acquaintance with it, and will endeavor to understand it) as a very stately and dignified composition, with a strong ecclesiastical and Catholic tone, and embodying with remarkable effect the impressions made by such great ceremonials on a thoughtful witness. The other movements Schumann used to say were intended to have a popular, or national (*volksthümlich*) cast, and this is very perceptible in the second (answering to the usual *Scherzo* or minuet), and in the last. The second movement is of a festive or jovial cast. The air which forms its chief subject is identical in its first few notes with the Vintagers' chorus from *Loreley*—and it is possible (though this is a mere conjecture) that they may be founded on some song of the vine districts of the Rhine. Alternating with this is a subject entirely different in form, and very humorous in expression, and the whole movement has an unmistakable realistic character, as if descriptive of some popular festivity. It may be mentioned *en passant* that, while in Schumann's other symphonies he has two 'Trios' to the *Scherzo*—a practice doubtless deriving its authority from the repetition of the trio by Beethoven in his fourth and seventh symphonies—in the present case he omits the trio entirely.—The third or slow movement may be described as a song without words.'—The strength of the symphony lies in its first and fourth portions. The former is a fine impetuous piece of which any composer might be proud—and the latter will, as already remarked, always make a deep impression on any open to the mystical influences of the great ceremonials which it is intended to represent. The symphony in E flat was first performed at Düsseldorf on the 6 h February, 1851. In England it has been played at one of Signor Arditi's concerts, on the 4th December, 1865, and by the Musical Society of London on June 13, 1866."

With some of the foregoing opinions we agree. For example, we have not the smallest doubt as to the "strength" of the first movement. While so full of individuality that the authorship of every bar is indisputable, there is about it a sustained elevation, a clearness of treatment, and a breadth of effect by no means generally and readily obvious in Schumann's works. So again, the second movement is an admirable example of its kind. The composer's intentions with regard to it would have been clear without verbal explanations, and, as popular music of a festive cast, it is signally successful. We will even go so far as to say that the movement is not unworthy of Mendelssohn, though belonging to a class of music in which Mendelssohn was specially happy. It has much of the charming simplicity, easy grace, and quiet humor we are accustomed to associate with the latter composer. The third movement (*Andante*) we cannot like so well. Its themes are far from novel, their treatment is not happy, and, in brief, the whole fails to interest.[*] Nor can we feel enthusiastic about the succeeding *Religioso*, notwithstanding the earnest pleading and actual example of the writer above quoted. To us the movement seems in great part obscure, conveying few definite impressions, and only exciting to wonder at what it all may mean. Even when we regard it simply as "pure" music our love for it is scarcely greater. The frequent breaking in of a trivial figure upon the solemnity of the main theme is then resented as an unwarrantable intrusion, displaying the worst taste. The *Finale*, though simpler in character and treatment than the first *Allegro*, yet falls below it in point of merit. Its bustling animation is, however, in strong contrast to the *Religioso*, and appropriately closes a work which contains such jovial music as the *Scherzo*.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Musical Correspondence.

Berlin, Jan. 1, 1869.—A Happy New Year, dear Journal! Nowhere are your bright face and cheerful columns more welcome than at our pleasant rooms on Königgrätzer Strasse, to say nothing of the pleasure of reading the clear and familiar type of our musical Journal in this land of poor print and poorer paper.

The new year finds the musical season in Berlin nearly at its height. The numerous concerts offered for our benefit place us often in a dilemma. It is not a question of scarcity, on the contrary more than one choice programme often tempts the music lover on the same evening, exclusive of the opera, which is always a standby, though unfortunately the opera does not sustain its former reputation. Of the Soprani, Lucca is at present in Petersburg, where at last accounts she was dangerously ill; Frau Wippern, to hear whose beautiful voice was ever such a delight, is in Italy hoping to restore her treasure, lost through a severe attack of diptheria, and Artot has made a permanent engagement elsewhere. Wachtel, the tenor, will soon terminate his short engagement of two months; though in other respects the musical wants are well supplied. Berlin boasts of four orchestras at present; beginning with the Royal Capelle, we have next the Berliner Sinfonie Capelle—formerly Liebig's,—a third under Bilse, and a fourth under Liebig. The Royal Orchestra is giving its usual number of soirées in the Saal of the Opera House. They are of course fully attended by the élite of the city. It may sound strange to many of our concert goers, especially those who attend our Harvard Musical concerts, that the holders of season tickets to the Royal Symphony Soirées are privileged to retain them so long as they wish by sending in their names at the close of each season. Instead of "first come first served"—generally the custom with us—the tickets simply continue to be held by their present possessors, and for life if they choose. As nearly all the seats are reserved, the number of single tickets is very small, and almost entirely dependent upon the humor of the regular concert goers who may or may not send in their tickets which they happen not to use. You are entitled to one of these scattering numbers if fortunate enough to secure a place for your name very near the top of a list of similar sufferers, always so long that the majority are left out in the cold. There has been quite an excitement lately in musical circles at the removal of Taubert, leader of the Royal Capelle, a musician who has earned his position by hard labor and long service—over thirty years. It occurred to the Queen while in Stuttgart, that Eckart would be a pleasant change for her Sinfonie Concerts, and Taubert was quietly ousted from his place. Such a move in conservative Berlin was without precedent. The matter was smoothed over, however, by leaving Taubert his full salary and conductorship of the opera performances. Dorn, his assistant was pensioned on three hundred thalers. Eckart meanwhile will conduct the Royal

Concerts. To be in the service of Royalty has its charms, but to be dependent for a living on a position subject to the fickle disposal of another has its drawbacks as well.

What combination and unity of action can effect, may be seen in the programmes of the Berlin Orchestra concerts. Stern, the conductor, was two years ago leader of the "Stern'sche Gesangverein," a society of 250 voices under superb training. Having now the orchestra under his baton, the two bodies are made to co-operate, and the voice bears an important part in every concert. We have lately had Beethoven's Ninth, besides choruses by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and last week the Christmas Oratorio of Bach. Next in order are the *Messiah* and *Creation*.

The Sing-Akademie will give Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, probably a mass by Kiel, and the never failing *Tod Jesu* of Graun, made historical by the Great Frederic. The work of Graun's has so rooted itself into the musical soil of Berlin as to be as regular in its return as the new year itself. There are many who write "*Tod Jesu*" on their new year's calendar, and rarely venture otherwise into the concert room. You will doubtless remember that Frederic the Great, after the successful termination of the eventful Seven Years War, ordered Graun's Oratorio to be sung to him alone—not another soul forming the audience—in the Chapel of the Charlottenburg Palace. A painting which I recently saw in the exhibition of the Art Academy, represents the King alone, sitting in his large oak chair, leaning forward upon his inseparable walking stick, listening with rapt attention to the praise of the God of battles, with whom he wished to commune alone.

The concerts of the Bilse orchestra are much frequented. There is a daily concert and two symphony soirées a week. Here is the programme of the last.

Sinfonie, C major.....Beethoven
Iwan. "Musical character painting".....Rubinstein.
Calm Sea and Happy Voyage.....Mendelssohn.
Artist's Life. Walz.....Strauss
Evening Song.....Schumann
Oberon's Magic Horn.....Wieprecht.
Concert Haus Polka.....Bilse.
Overture to Amereon.....Cherubini
Ave Maria (Arranged by Bilse).....Schubert
Variations.....Beethoven.

A long programme, and for the popular price of *ten cents*. The audience is always large and the programme varied to suit the taste of every kind of musical palate. I will describe these concerts more in detail at another time, as they are unique and part of the Berlin musical life. Among other treats we have had the piano concerts of Tausig and Rubinstein. The former gave but one, Rubinstein a series of four. Tausig sits quietly at the piano, not a movement visible which is not directly necessary. He possesses a technique at once gigantic and marvellous, a mellow and firm touch, very powerful in the forte, limpid and clear as crystal in the utmost pianissimo passages. His rendering of a Bach prelude and fugue—the pianist's own arrangement—was delicious. No *weak* attempt at expression, too often the case in rendering the piano works of Bach, but with a beautiful touch, firm, strict tempo to the end, even as the surface of a lake on a calm midsummer day. The artist gave us one of the rarest of musical enjoyments, an insight into what the great master Bach meant by Prelude and Fugue. Rubinstein is the direct opposite of Tausig; he impresses you as a musical character It is unnecessary to enjoy the one by comparison with the other; but Rubinstein's remarkable points are so remarkable, that no one who has heard the two artists can fail of comparing them. Wild, restless, impassioned with his subject, there is a certain sympathy, electric, between Rubinstein and his audience, which is rare indeed. But his wild playing often causes his striking false notes. His tempo is extreme, rapid or slow. We can almost forgive his spoiling a Beethoven Sonata by his fiery tempo, for the sake of the exquisite rendering of the Schumann Concerto and Chopin *Impromptu*. Tausig, on the contrary, is the perfect exponent of his school; methodical to the last degree, he never allows the enthusiasm of the moment to make any inroad upon his masterly and wonderful technique. But more at another time. O.

P.S., Jan. 8.—Since the 1st of January Eckart has directed and will continue to direct at the Opera, and Taubert at the Royal Concerts. Report makes Taubert quite unpopular, and Dorn on the contrary a favorite. The latter takes his removal much more to heart than Taubert, and feels justly indignant that Eckart should fill the position. I noticed in the *Transcript* that Fräulein Callisto—why will people be so stupid as to be ashamed of their old Anglo-Saxon names—had taken the place of Lucca at the Royal Opera in Berlin. A mistake. She sang a few times and was well received; has a sweet voice tolerably well cultivated, and adapted to *coloratur*; but her whole style of singing, and her musical conception, very light. Of course she was obliged to sing in Italian, and the Intendant was severely criticized in the papers for such a "*Mangel an gutem Geschmack.*" The lady left after a few days stay here. Next week we have the *Paradies und Peri* of Schumann. The String Quartet Soirées are very fine,—will tell you about them soon.

PARIS, JAN 4.—The second concert of the Conservatoire took place Dec. 20, the selections performed being the same as at the first concert, and the third of the series was given yesterday with the following programme:

Symphonie en ut mineur.....Beethoven
Choeur de "Blanche de Provence".....Cherubini
Fragment du ballet "Prométhée".....Beethoven.
Final du 1er Acte de "Loreley".....Mendelssohn.
Solo by Mlle. Marie Rouband.
29th Symphonie, en sol.....Haydn.

It was indeed a privilege to hear the C-minor Symphony played by an orchestra, every member of which is not only an accomplished and thorough executant, but is gifted with poetic insight enough to enable him to comprehend the music which he executes. I supposed myself tolerably familiar with the work, but at this performance I found in it much that was hitherto undreamed of in my philosophy.

The selection from "Prometheus," too, was splendidly performed, the soli by the flute and the 'cello being quite above praise; but I was less satisfied with the Haydn Symphony; although, judging from an ordinary stand point, there was no fault to find.

To represent a fragment of an Opera, detached from its dramatic accessories, is to test the music severely, and I fear that such an ordeal would be fatal to the recitatives and choruses of some of the operas in vogue at the present day; but the finale to the first act of *Loreley* is true gold, and equal to any test. The plot of the act is as follows: Leonore, ward of a boatman of Bacharach on the Rhine, has been chosen to attend, at the head of her companions, the marriage of the Count Palatine, and to felicitate the princely couple. She recognizes in the Count her own lover whom she has known until now, only under the garb of a hunter, and learns that she has been deceived by him. In despair and fury she wanders at night upon the banks of the Rhine, where she is discovered by the sylphs and undines, who promise to avenge her wrong on the condition that she will give herself to them forever. The music consists of a chorus of Sylphs and Undines, an air of Leonore and a recitative and air with chorus. Besides this finale there are only extant an Ave Maria with Chorus, a grand March and Chorus, and the beginning of two or three other pieces of music.

Mlle. Rouband is young and beautiful, and her manner and self-possession are such as many an older artist might envy. Her voice, too, is *jolie*, but I am compelled to say a little hard, particularly in the upper register, a defect which in this instance was nearly fatal to her success.

The popular concerts being held on the same day and at the same hour as the concerts of the Conservatoire, I am, of course, unable to report them, but I give the programmes in their order:

2nd Series. First Concert Dec. 13, 1868.

Symphonie en la mineur.....Mendelssohn.
Adagio du 36° Quatuor.....Haydn.
Ouverture de Leonore (No. 3).....Beethoven.
Concerto en sol mineur.....Saint Saens.
Executé par M. Saint Saens.
Ouverture d' Oberon.....Weber.

2nd Concert, Dec. 20, 1868.

Ouverture de Semiramis.....Rossini.
Symphonie en re mineur. 1re Audition.... Schumann.
Air de ballet de Promethee.....Beethoven
Fragment de Romeo et Juliette.....Berlioz.
Largo et Finale.....Haydn.

3d Concert, Dec. 27, 1868.

Ouverture de Medee.....W Bargiel.
Symphonie Pastorale.....Beethoven.
Ouverture de la Grotte de Fingal.....Mendelssohn.
Adagio du Quintette en sol mineur.....Mozart.
Suite d' orchestre, op. 113.....Franz Lachner.

4th Concert, Jan. 3, 1869.

Symphonie de la Reine.....Haydn.
Ouverture de la Belle Melusine.....Mendelssohn.
Marche turque.....Mozart.
Concerto pour piano.....Litolf.
Symphonie en ut mineur.....Beethoven.

La Patti has departed for St. Petersburg, and our American prima donna, Minnie Hauck, takes her place at the "Italiens" and is variously criticized by the French journals. *La Liberté* devotes a half-column to the debut of this lady, and speaks of her appearance and manner of acting, but says not a word of her voice or her singing. Our friends in Chicago and Cincinnati will doubtless be interested in learning that Mlle. Hauck is described as being tinctured with the "savage manners of the West."

At the Theatre Lyrique we have had some half-dozen representations of "*Le Brasseur de Preston*," and to-day we have again "*Iphigenie en Tauride.*"

A. A. C

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—Ole Bull gave another,—and "last," of course—concert on Tuesday evening, and Mme. Parepa made a second appearance on Friday evening. There was very little diminution in the large audiences which always greet these artists.

On Saturday evening Theo. Thomas delighted us with his 2nd Symphony Soirée, which was attended by a large and well-behaved audience. Very agreeable were the serious attention and decorous quietness, showing a marked contrast to the loafersim at the Philharmonic on the preceding Saturday evening. This was Mr. Thomas's programme:

Faust. Ein musikalisches Characterbild, op 68, 1st time. Rubinstein.
Fruhlings Phantasie, op 23, 1st time.....N. W. Gade.
Piano, Vocal Quartet, and Orchestra.
7th Symphony, A, op. 92.....Beethoven.

Of the first two numbers it is difficult to give a sound opinion, simply because one hearing is not a sufficient basis; however, I will give my *impressions*, which subsequent performances would doubtless develop into certainties.

Rubinstein has more clearly and accurately painted, in tones, a Faust picture, than has any one who has thus far attempted the difficult task. Liszt failed lamentably (albeit the "Gretchen" is very neat) while Rubinstein has to an extent succeeded.* This work, then, while it belongs in a general way to the new school, has yet a continuity of purpose and melodious breathing places which are *not* characteristic of that school. The instrumentation, too, is effective, and altogether the composition made a favorable impression upon me.

Gade's "Spring-Fantasia" is a sort of symphony on a small scale, with piano and four voices thrown in. Very fresh and graceful, with neat bits of instrumentation, it added materially to the interest of the entertainment. It has three movements, the first in G minor, the second in C (opening in the minor and closing in the major), and the 3d in G major. The 2nd movement, with some exquisite passages for the wood wind instruments, has a strong Mendelssohn tinge, which indeed pervades the entire work.

Beethoven's 7th Symphony, best and most enjoyable of the nine, [so they all are!—ED.] closed this

* What of Schumann's *Faust* music?—ED.

interesting Soirée. To praise this noble work, composed about 1813, and of which the composer never heard anything but the roll of the drums, is to go over ground already well trodden. In the present age of musical taste and discernment, how strange does it appear to be reminded that, when it was first produced, a man no less great and true than Von Weber wrote, "That the extravagances of genius had reached their *ne plus ultra*, and that the author of such a symphony was fully ripe for the madhouse." Weber's judgment only proves to us how much Beethoven was in advance of his time.

To say that the orchestra played well would be a pleasant thing to do, but truth demands a contrary statement; the strings were reliable and accurate, as always, but the wind instruments uncertain. I refer particularly to the brass.

The 3d Soirée will take place on Saturday evening, Feb. 13th, when Mr. Mills will appear and the programme will include Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52, and Beethoven's Fantasia in C-minor, for piano, chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Thomas's 8th Sunday concert was very well attended and the orchestral selections were very good. I quote a portion of the programme:

Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven.
Scherzo from Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Lurline".....Wallace.
Air.....Bach.

Mr. Dawson (pianist) and Herr Alves (tenor) were the soloists upon this occasion.

It may or may not be known to your Boston readers that Mr. Bateman has vacated the premises at Pike's Opera House and that Mr. James Fisk (of Erie R R fame) is "running" the Opera Bouffe in that establishment. Mr. Adolph Birgfeld is manager.

The sale of tickets for the opening nights at Booth's new theatre is definitely announced to take place on Monday, Jan. 25th, at Irving Hall.

I hear nothing of Messrs. Mason and Thomas' delightful Chamber Music Soirées, which have been so enjoyable for many seasons, and I fear that they have shared the doom of the ill-fated Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. May they both arise, phœnix-like, from their ashes! F.

JAN. 25.—An "Amateur Philharmonic Society" has been formed in Brooklyn, and from its prospectus I learn that the Society will give three more concerts during the season, and that the first one took place on Tuesday evening, Jan 19. The programme included one of Haydn's symphonies, an Overture by Suppé and solos by Miss Jennie Bull (soprano), Mr. J. M. Wilder (basso), and Mr. Giorza (pianist). The orchestra numbered something like 35, under the direction of W. T. Groenevelt. The President of the Society is R. Allen Smith, Esq., a gentleman of good musical taste. All success to this fledgling, which may supply to some extent the vacancy occasioned by the untimely demise of the regular Philharmonic Society.

Max Maretzek announces a season af Italian opera commencing on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, and terminating with a "Grand Bal d' Opera," on Tuesday, March 30. Max's manifesto opens with these significant and very pertinent words: "Mr. Maretzek has the honor to announce that, notwithstanding the *discouraging condition of musical matters in this city*, he is prepared, in *expectation of a re-action* [O Utopian and too credulous Max!] to undertake a season of twenty nights, &c., &c." He also sends many well aimed shots at the French Opera, which he designates as "An inferior class of entertainments, which now seems to have had its day."

He further announces that this will be the "Farewell Season" of Mme. La Grange, and that he has succeeded in engaging Miss Kellogg and Mme. Agatha States, together with Brignoli, Antonucci, and others. The repertoire will include the standard operas, and among the revivals will be Meyerbeer's "Prophète" and Donizetti's "Belisario" (the latter has very rarely been given in this country): all of which signifies that Max is going to carry the war into Africa and to "move upon the enemy's works."

Mr. Thomas's 9th Sunday Concert added one to the long list of excellent musical entertainments which he has furnished to us at a very moderate price. The programme was unusually good, and I subjoin most of the orchestral selections:

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream"....Mendelssohn.
Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C.....Schubert.
Grande Fantaisie, 'Tannhäuser,'..... Wagner.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini.
Nachtgesang.....Vogt.

As an encore to the "Nachtgesang" the orchestra played, very delicately, an arrangement of Schumann's heavenly "Evening Song."

Mr. Hauer (pianist) and Miss Josey Hoflo were the soloists; the latter has a soprano voice of good quality and an excellent style. F.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1869.

Music at Home.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The sixth concert of the Harvard Association (Jan. 21) showed no falling off in numbers or in interest. This was the programme:

Overture, "In the Highlands".....Gade.
Concert-Stück, for Piano-forte with Orchestra....Weber.
Larghetto affettuoso, Allegro passionato, Marcia, e Rondo giojoso.
Miss Alice Dutton.
Symphony, in D, No. 4, (first time in these Concerts). Haydn.
Adagio and Presto, Andante, Minuet, Vivace.

Overture, to "Medea".....Cherubini.
Eighth Symphony, in F.....Beethoven.
Allegretto vivace, Allegro scherzando, Minuetto, Allegro vivace.

Gade's romantic and suggestive Overture charmed not less than when we heard it for the first time last year. It takes hold of the imagination at once, and transports you to still solemn mountain heights and solitude. It opens all serene and tranquil, with a certain hush of awe; far above and away from all the petty stir of life, the sense of mystery, of grander reality comes over you. And then the reverie is broken by a gay quickstep rhythm, altogether human, mingled sounds of reeds and flutes and horns, as of some light-hearted company approaching. And again, with trumpets and trombones, the strain swells to a martial and heroic pitch, full of wild Northern fervor. It was rendered with rare delicacy (at least after the wind instruments, beginning up in that cold atmosphere, got settled into sympathetic pitch), and with power; nor was attention disturbed quite so much as usual by people entering late.

Weber's *Concert-stück*, both as marking a new stage of development in this kind of composition, —romantic, without ceasing to be classical—and for its thoroughly Weber-ish individuality of thought and phrase, and now vivacious, now mysterious charm of color, was too important a work to be left out always from these programmes. There were several who could be called upon as competent interpreters in the piano part; and Miss ALICE DUTTON, though yet very young and hardly past the stage of pupilage, has so distinguished herself not only by her talent, but by what with talent is too rare, a true musical spirit, an earnest preference of the right direction, that she could well be reckoned "*aufgewachsen*," as the Germans say, or *grown up* to such a task. It is not necessary always to have a first-class virtuoso; who has not sometimes enjoyed the sincere performance of one of humbler pretentions more than that of some of the famous ones? Encouragement at least was due to one so well committed in a good direction. In this case the prepossession in the young artist's favor, which her agreeable and modest presence won, was well confirmed by her clean, clear, intelligent and fervent rendering of the music. Fear of the want of strength for that great hall, perhaps, will account for some excess of strength (particularly in the left hand), and hence a certain frigidity of touch, in the beginning of the piece. This melted away as she warmed to her work, and the swift passages of the *Rondo giojoso* were beautifully bright and liquid. The rich orchestration, too, was realized, and the March, for wind instruments, was captivating to the sense.

The Haydn Symphony,—one of the lightest, brightest, gracefulest,—though it begins with a short serious introduction in D minor (3-4 measure), before the volatile Allegro in 6-8 flies up and seems so merrily to mock you in the air, put the whole audience in the pleasantest humor, and the musicians also. The Andante, by the even pendulum swing and tick of the accompaniment, upon which the charming melody displays itself, used once to give this the name of the "Clock" Symphony. Both theme and accompaniment pass through charming phases of variation as naturally as the clouds change shape and color. The temperate Minuet and Trio are in the happiest vein, and well worth a Haydn's art and genius in their exquisite simplicity. The Finale has a fine, swift, subtle movement that is truly fascinating. The *pianissimo* of the violins in the fugue passage near the end was beautifully crisp and even, and held the audience in breathless silence. Of course, it was not Beethoven; but it was Haydn!

Cherubini's Overture to "Medea" is a model of classical conciseness, unity and beauty. We were reminded, when we first heard it last year, of Beethoven's *Coriolanus* overture, though that of course takes hold much deeper down. But by its suppressed passion, its sombre minor hue, and the fine fire trembling in the nervous little violin phrase, of which fibre it is mainly woven, this has a certain affinity with that. A lovely sunshine steals in with the little episodical theme later. With the rendering we could find no fault.

Beethoven's eighth Symphony, shortest of the nine, is *all* sunshine, yet dating from his darkest period, after his deafness had become complete. It is too well known here, both through these and other concerts, to require description. Every hearing only intensifies one's feeling of its breathing beauty, its purely imaginative, creative genius (so sufficient to itself in those dark days!), and its felicitous perfection as a work of Art. What a stimulating life, as in our purest June or October air, *tingles* through the instrumentation, all so rich, so wholesome, and through the listening sense! You feel it and are part of it, if not in the very first chord, in the cheery salutation of the first bar. This Symphony, as well as Haydn's, has its "clock" movement, in the ever welcome *Allegro Scherzando*, only a much livelier one, more marvellously poetic and original, and, if you give yourself wholly up to it, as indeed you must, so thoroughly transporting and beatifying! A sensitive "clock" is this one; one wishes time might travel at this rate forever, and through such flowery paths! We have it in our heart to thank Mr. ZERRAHN for the more moderate tempo than usual at which he took the *Minuetto*, and Trio with the mellow horns, and for the marked nervous accent without which the piece loses so much of its character. On the other hand we should like for once a chance to know whether a little less of lightning speed would not render more of the fine details of the final *Allegro vivace* appreciable.

Next Thursday's Concert offers for a novelty the E-flat, or "Cologne" Symphony of Schumann, (of which some facts are told upon another page); also

Beethoven's early light Overture to the Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus," and Mendelssohn's Overture: "Becalmed at Sea and Happy Voyage." Miss ADDIE RYAN will sing, with orchestra, Mozart's "Non più di fiori," from *La Clemenza di Tito*, besides songs by Mendelssohn and Hiller; and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD will play Beethoven's most poetic Concerto in G, which rare treat we have not had for two years.

The "Slow Family" are friendlily cautioned not to overlook a slight appendix to the last programme, to-wit:

"SPECIAL NOTICE.—In justice to those who wish to *hear* the first piece on the programme, undisturbed by persons seeking their places after the Concert has begun, as well as in justice to the conductor and performers, the outer doors, hereafter, will be kept closed during the first Overture, (or first movement of an opening Symphony.)"

CAMILLA URSO. The esteem in which this lady is held by the musical profession here, both personally and as an artist of the first quality, was shown by the "Testimonial Concert" tendered her last Sunday evening in the Music Hall by "the musical fraternity of Boston." The token was sincere, many good artists, several of our best, bore part, and the programme was made up, with a few exceptions, of choice classical material. The concert was far better than most concerts of its kind,—namely, those which calculate, by over-crowded programmes, to over-crowd a hall;—albeit a certain Gilmore-ism is too patent in the "grand"-iose style of announcement and the sensational parade of rather more attractions, of more incongruous variety, than can figure on the same stage to the best advantage. But, waiving the point of taste, the imposing array of performers could be considered cheerful in a representative light; the unity of good will atoning for the violation of the unities of art. They all met on the common platform of a cordial purpose to do honor to an artist and a woman. There was a "grand orchestra of sixty" (although we counted only one or two over forty), representing the Boston Musicians' Union; there was a good Brass Band of 25; there was Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, and a chorus of 24 ladies and 24 gentlemen, made up of leading resident soloists and choristers (among the sopranos: Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Miss Whitten, Miss Granger, Miss Gates, &c.; among the contraltos: Mrs. Barry, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Shattuck; tenors: Winch, Macdonald, Farley, Davis, &c.; Basses: Rudolphsen, Powers, Ardavani, Ryder, Barnabee, &c.) Then there was Mr. LANG, for pianist; Mr. WILLCOX, for organist; and four Conductors: ZERRAHN, KOPPITZ, D. C. HALL and GILMORE. These were the selections:

Overture, "Stabat Mater" ..... Mercadante.
Grand Orchestra of Sixty.
Choral, "Ave Verum," in D ..... Mozart.
By Full Chorus.
Grand Aria, "Lascia ch' io pianga" ..... Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Prayer, "Ave Maria" ..... Wallace.
Hall's Boston Brass Band
"Evening falls," Quartet ..... Lachner.
Sung by Ladies.
Capriccio in B Minor. Piano forte ..... Mendelssohn.
Mr. B. J. Lang

Overture, "Son and Stranger" ..... Mendelssohn.
Concerto for Violin, Op. 61 ..... Beethoven.
Camilla Urso.
Aria, "Return, O God of Hosts" (Samson) ..... Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillipps.
Ave Maria ..... Gounod.
Sung by a Soprano Choir, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Piano and Organ. Violin Obbligato by Camilla Urso.
Overture, "Reminiscences of Ossian" ..... Gade.
Choral for Male Voices, "Integer Vitæ" ..... Fleming.
Sung by Twenty-five Gentlemen.

Of course the finest thing was Mme. URSO's playing of the Beethoven Concerto, which she had so conscientiously studied for the Harvard Concert, and in which (considering that she had never heard it played, and had to trust to her own instinct, or insight, in lieu of the traditions as to its interpretation) she certainly achieved a very remarkable success. Even in the incongruous surroundings of the present programme, and on a much more miscellaneous audience, the piece and her interpretation made a profound impression. Next in interest to us was Mozart's *Ave Verum*, that short and perfect model of rich, even harmony, so seldom heard among us; it was beautifully sung. Mr. Lang's playing of the Mendelssohn *Capriccio* was clean, fine, artist-like, as usual. But let us not forget the large and noble singing of Miss Phillipps, in airs which she has made her own.

Mendelssohn's fresh little Overture was well played under Mr. Koppitz; but *the* fine Overture, Gade's "Ossian," was omitted (where there is a crowd of things it is commonly the best that go to the wall)! The Mercadante affair is nothing but a *pot-pourri* of *Stabat Mater* melodies, ending with a weak and jejune fugue, and was conducted by Mr. Gilmore. The chorus singing was all good; but it was an anti-climax to end the concert with Flemming's very simple little students' part-song: *Integer vitæ*, effective as it is. Indeed the programme, in spite of so many good things, was heavily composed, and the leading on and off of such various elements involved tedious delays. "Monster" concerts may be imposing (to the improvident "seekers for a sign," beforehand), but they are certain to be dull. Mme. Urso doubtless appreciated the good will and enthusiasm of the demonstration; but so high an artist is worthy of a testimonial under pure artistic auspices, and such, we think, in spirit and reality, though not in name, she has already had.

Two evenings after the Harvard Concert, Camilla Urso played the Beethoven Concerto also at the New York Philharmonic, with equal success; and more recently has signalized the opening of the newly formed Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, by her beautiful interpretation of the Mendelssohn Concerto. She will soon be *en route*, overland, for California, to fulfil a lucrative engagement of some months. From the Philadelphia Society she has received the following mark of honor:

Philadelphia, January 22, 1869.

MME. CAMILLA URSO:—I take great pleasure in informing you, that at a full meeting of the members of the Philhadelphia Philharmonic Society, held this afternoon, you were elected unanimously an "honorary member" of said Society.

Trusting that you will accept it in the same kindly feeling with which the vote was given, I remain.

Very respectfully yours,
J. A. GETZE, *Secretary.*

Ad Almam Matrem.

Alma Mater amabilis,
Mater Harvardiensis,
Agedum, affabilis,
Solve nos a pensis.
Nunc cum est edendum,
Bibendum et ridendum,
Præterea cumendum,
Ades nostris mensis.

Mater, a te discere
Nos gavisi sumus;
Nunquam obliviscere
Cum habebit humus.

Semper te amavimus.
Semper honoravimus;
In adios peccavimus,
Tibi fili sumus.

Veniat jam copia,
Optimum solamen:
Veniat inopia,
Pessimum gravamen;
Tu dum sis dulcissima
Mater, dilectissima,
Nobis benignissima,
Nunc et semper. Amen.

The above new College Song, both words and music, (simple and expressive, chastely harmonized) by Mr. FRANCIS BOOTT, was sung last week in Cambridge at a concert of the Pierian Sodality (out of which thirty years ago the Harvard Musical Association sprang and the Harvard Glee Club. The instrumental portion consisted of a couple of light Overtures, a couple of Strauss waltzes, and a Cornet solo; the vocal, of part-songs, such as Mendelssohn's "Voyage," Abt's "Water-Lily," an *Ave Maria* by the same for tenor solo and chorus, the Latin song above named, also for tenar solo and chorus, a tenor solo by Donizetti, a Duet from *Semiramide* and College Songs.

NEW YORK.—The revival of the old Madrigals in the concert of an amateur club, described by our correspondent in our last, has inspired some gay and festive gentleman "of the old school" to hold forth as follows in the *Tribune:*

OLD FASHIONED MUSIC.—Have the Dirty Drama and Obscene Opera got to the end of their tether, we wonder, or is it only the charm of novelty which has turned us back all at once to the music of our great-great-grandfathers, and set us a-tripping over shaven lawns in the stately country dance instead of kicking up our heels in the can-can, and watching the pirouettes of the ballet? Last night, at Steinway Hall, there was a performance—the second within a few weeks—of the lovely old madrigals in which powdered and brocaded lovers of the seventeenth century used to delight, and it drew forth one of the largest, most brilliant, most truly fashionable audiences that have assembled at any place of public amusement in New York for a year or two. And they all liked those dear old love songs. They smiled and nodded with pleasure over the joyous choruses; they applauded generally in the right place; they encored perhaps a silly ballad or so, as the way of mixed audiences is, but they asked for a repetition of the best of the songs, and it was clear enough that good music had found for once in New York a company of appreciative listeners. There is a fine aroma of antiquity about these old-time madrigals, like the delicate perfume that clings to a court-dress laid aside in lavender for two or three generations. The flavor brings to mind all the prim elegance of that golden age of good manners, when Amaryllis practiced her curtseys under the willows, and Alexis wooed his shepherdess on an oaten reed, and Corydon and Phillis tripped down the meadow hand in hand to the measure of a minuet. Then Sacharissa, in powder, and patches, and swelling petticoats, languished in the shade of the laurels, and Lubin, in brocade breeches, courted Melisnavia with all the elegance of a Grandison. To be sure this was very ridiculous—but then it was very pretty. The hind and his mistress in reality were by no means poetical—but why should not poetry take the liberty of refining them? The restraint of the drawing-room is better than the license of the gutters. Amyntas, he he never such a fool, is better than a Geoffroy or a Fritz. And so far as concerns the music to which these scenes of polished gallantry were wedded, it must be admitted that it was not only pretty, but good. It rollicks among sweets and flowers, but it is no mere lackadaisical nonsense, like the songs which infest modern concert rooms; there is true inspiration in the sparkling melodies, and sound science in the counterpoint, and therefore the best madrigals of the 16th and 17th centuries will last long years after the amatory verses to which they are wedded, have sunk into hopeless ridicule.

The success of the two performances of this sort of music which have been given this winter at Steinway Hall we regard as an encouraging sign of the existence of a true love and appreciation of the beautiful in a community which we feared was hopelessly debauched by legs, sawdust, and spangles. Whatever else we may have learned, we have not learned to write songs. We can do no better than return to our ancestors, and evidences are not wanting that a large portion of our music-loving public are ready for the change. These madrigal singers are doing a good work. Let us have more of it.

PHILADELPHIA.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Jan. 16, to a large audience. The orchestra was very large for Philadelphia, numbering nearly seventy good performers. For a first performance it was excellent, and many good judges have expressed the opinion that there has not been a better one of a symphony in Philadelphia than that of Beethoven in A major, since the days of Jullien's orchestra. The selection from *Lurline* and the Jubilee overture were admirably given, and, for a first concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, the success was decided and gratifying, even though the critical may have discovered some blemishes. Mme. Camilla Urso's violin performance was wholly unexceptionable; and Mr. Jarvis gave a Chopin concerto with his usual spirit and skill. It is announced that the February 13th concert will have an excellent programme, including Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, a Beethoven sonata played by Mr Carl Wolfsohn, and a violoncello piece by that excellent artist Rudolph Hennig.

The popularity of the Sentz Hassler orchestra matinées was shown on Saturday by the immense audience in the Musical Fund Hall. The *Reformation Symphony* was received with great favor, the *allegro vivace* being encored. Hohnstock's *Fest Overture* gave universal satisfaction by its elevated style and fine coloring. It must long hold the popular favor both for its superior instrumentation and beautiful *motivos*. The *Hail Columbia* was announced by the horns with thrilling effect. Much curiosity was expressed to hear Jerome Hopkins, whose active efforts in New York for the advancement of art have spread his name far and wide. He has a vigorous, nervous style, deals in broad contrasts, and lays his colors on to produce startling effects. As a pianist, he possesses the advantage of soon enlisting the attention of his audience, and holding it to the end of the piece. His *Mermaid Rhapsody* was vociferously applauded

and warmly deserved an *encore*. Next Saturday Mr. H. G. Thunder will play a solo by Mendelssohn for piano and orchestra. A splendid programme is under preparation for Schubert's birthday, to be made up of the works of the great modern German master. —*Bulletin, Jan.* 18.

Mr. Jarvis's third Soirée was given on Saturday evening at Natatorium Hall and was more largely attended than ever. The whole programme was admirably performed, Mr. Jarvis playing superbly in every one of the five pieces Mr. Guhlemann won new friends by his fine execution, and Mr. Hennig gave his violoncello solo, a romance by Franchomme, with an enthusiasm of expression that delighted the audience. The concert closed with Schumann's Quartet, op. 47, by Messrs. Jarvis, Guhlemann, Kammerer and Hennig, who gave this fine composition with charming effect.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's programme, Jan. 15, was as follows:

Sonata, A major, Piano and Violin.....Raff.
Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Allegro finale.
Messrs. Wolfsohn and Colonne.
Andante, Solo Violoncello.....Molique.
Rudolph Hennig.
Fantaisie-Stücke. "Des Abends"—"Traumeswirren."
Schumann.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Pastorale, Solo Violin.....Roberechts.
Edouard Colonne.
Au Bord du Lac, (new).....Wolfsohn.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Trio, D minor.....Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Colonne and Hennig.

Mr. Wolfsohn claims for the first piece in the list that it is the very best duet of its peculiar class in existence. It is a representative composition of the new romantic school, of which Mr. Wolfsohn has been the apostle in this city.

Drexel's Musical Library.

(From the Philadelphia Age).

Joseph W. Drexel, Esq., has just printed, for the use of himself and his friends, the first part of the catalogue of the contents of his Musical Library. It is of great interest to those fond of music and its literature. This first part is devoted to an enumeration of "Musical Writings." Autographs of celebrated musicians, prints relating to music (including portraits of composers, etc.,) and music for the church, theatre, concert-room, &c., will be comprehended in other additional parts. In a short prefatory note, Mr. Drexel informs us that in this department "will be found a copy of the *first* edition of Handel's oratorios in score;" likewise that his "library was formed by the union of libraries of Mr. H. F. Albrecht, of the late Germania Musical Society, and the late Dr. R. La Roche, being augmented by frequent purchase and importation of works from Europe. Mr. Albrecht spent over thirteen years in different countries in the formation of his collection, and it is to his untiring energy that the present collection is due."

Few American gentlemen have the taste and disposition to form a similar collection, and few musicians of Germany or any other country have the means to indulge such an expensive gratification. Hence it is doubtful if there exists so large a private collection devoted to this specialty, unless it may be Herr C. F. Becker's, in Leipzig, which, however, is incorporated in the city library, the authorities settling upon him a handsome life annuity, with the privilege of using the books as if still his property, till death. Private collections generally contain less than a thousand volumes, rarely so many as eight hundred. The Drexel Library contains over 1,500 works, and about 2,260 volumes. There is *no* public musical library, we believe, in the United States, the student of musical writings being driven from the scant shelves of our public libraries to the necessity to purchase whatever books he may need, as far as his means will allow him. We would caution such enthusiasts not to expect assistance or sympathy from literary or scientific gentlemen, whose æsthetic education is of native growth, for it can scarcely be controverted that the American mind is sadly deficient in this essential of a perfect whole. There are in Europe some musical libraries of great resources and untold value. The royal library (we refer to the one department of music) in Berlin is supposed to be worth over a million of dollars. It is prepared to pay $10,000 for a copy of a work of which only two copies are known to exist—one in the Imperial library at Paris, and the other in the collection at Gotha. It is a dictionary, the first printed book on music, believed by Dr. Burney to have been published in Naples, in 1474. The Library of the "Society of Friends of Music" in Vienna; the Imperial Libraries at Paris and Vienna; the Royal Library at Munich; the City Library at Leipzig, are among those devoted specially to music, acknowledged to be of the greatest importance. There are some books, MSS., etc., in the British Museum, but not separated from the other parts of the library.

In Mr. Drexel's collection may be found some very rare and interesting works, viz.: The first edition of Brossard's "Dictionnaire de Musique," in folio; several works from the sixteenth century, by Faber, Gaffarius, Zarlino, Ziraldus, Agrippa, and others; a copy of Aristoxenus, a philosopher and musician, born at Tarentum, (a city in Magna Græcia, now Calabria,) who lived three hundred and fifty years before Jesus Christ. His is the oldest work on music, and was *printed* in 1616, with the title "Auctores Musices Antiquissimi." There is also a fine *fac-simile* copy of Philodemus' "Tractatus de Musica" (in Greek, with a Latin translation), the original MS. of which was found about one hundred years ago in the ruins of Herculaneum. The author lived in the time of Cicero.

The first collections of musical writings were made in the eighteenth century, by Martini, Bach, Mattheson, Marpurg, Forkel and Gerber. These celebrated authors used first the words "musikalische Schriften" (musical writings), and these have been continued to the present day; but the words "musical writings" are not found, it is alleged, in any English dictionary. This is explained by the absence of such literture in England until a comparatively recent period. New things coming into use, new words must be found for them, and no more appropriate designation, it occurs to us, can be formed.

The classificatioos made by Mr. Albrecht (who is now in charge of Mr. Drexel's library) are calculated to greatly aid in finding any book desired, and might be adopted with advantage in forming the catalogues of all large libraries where the variety of subjects, dates, languages, etc., often makes confusion and embarrasses the student. In as condensed space as possible, we will attempt to illustrate this admirable and original plan:

1. The number of works in each language.
2. The same divided into centuries
3. Each language separated into different centuries.
4. A division of contents into twelve heads or varieties.
5. The History of Music separated as to language and century.
6. Biographies treated in the same manner.
7. Dictionaries.
8. Bibliography.
9. Theory of musical composition.
10. Instruction books for voices and instruments.
11. Musical journals.
12. Acoustics, or science of sound.
13. Construction of instruments.
14. Essays on musical expression.
15. Reports, etc., of musical societies.
16. Musical novels, almanacs, description of musical festivals, musical travels, polemical and satirical writings, etc.
17. A tabular recapitulation as to works, volumes and periods.
18. A tabular recapitulation relating to language, works and volumes.

Then follow, under the head of

"HISTORY OF MUSIC,"

divisions designating the language in which the works are written, and a division having the catalogue number in large type, with a smaller type indicating in how many volumes; other small marks indicate the century in which published.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

My Recollections of Mendelssohn.

BY EDWARD DEVRIENT.

II.

Meanwhile came the summer of 1822, and, while the whole Mendelssohn family were preparing for a grand tour of Switzerland, I entered upon my first tour of probation and of studies, which led me to Dresden and to the Rhine, but from September onward kept me for some time in Frankfort on the Main.

There in the street one day I met Doctor Heyse with Felix, who had undergone a change externally. The beautiful brown locks had been cut short to the nape of the neck, the child's dress had given place to a boy's attire with open jacket over the waistcoat. The reform was suited to his age, but I was sorry to miss the peculiar appearance which he had before.

The family, on the journey home, rested a few days in Frankfort, during which I was their accepted intimate companion. Herr Ferdinand Hiller, another boy with long brown curls, scarcely a year or two younger, was presented by his father; it proved the beginning of a warm friendship. The music dealer and composer André, of Offenbach, a corpulent, loud talking, loud laughing man, came also to make the acquaintance of Felix and produced some of his new song compositions. He urged Felix to improvise on the piano, an art much in favor at that time, owing to the example of Hummel, and looked upon as the criterion of a genuinely musical piano player. Felix, who had already shown an extraordinary talent for it, gave himself the quiet satisfaction of weaving together and working up the theme of a song which he had just heard of André's and one of my modest compositions,—which I had shown him once and which he retained in that memory of his that never lost anything. He laughed about it afterwards, and was fond of remembering how André, sitting broadside close to the piano, signalized each recurrence of his theme by loud chuckles, while I, standing behind Felix, recognized my own theme with low murmurs, and how he kept on making us repeat these signs. But in the Cæcilia Verein, where Felix also improvised at the request of the Director Schelble, he took it more earnestly, began from the Motet of Bach which had just been sung, and by the richness of invention, by the severe style of treatment, as well as by his astonishing facility and energetic endurance, carried us all away with admiration. That hour won the boy Schelble's friendship, and gave me full conviction of Felix's great calling.

Returning to Berlin, our relation to the Mendelssohn family grew continually warmer; Theresa became the intimate friend of Fanny and her confidant in the growing tenderness between her and my friend the painter Hensel. As he likewise made me the confidant of his love and of the difficulties interposed by the mother, on account of his Romanist tendency—which just then lay in the air of Berlin—a sort of sympathetic chain was drawn between the lovers through Theresa and myself, although we carefully avoided any interference. When I went to Vienna in the summer of 1823, to learn something from the famous Italian singers who were there engaged together, Lablache at their head, I met by previous agreement Hensel, on his way to Rome, and the sympathetic chain was continued during this time through my letters to Theresa.

Meanwhile Felix was waxing stronger and stronger in his usual studies and productions. Besides the orchestral meetings repeated from time to time on Sunday forenoon, he was not less drawn in another direction by the Friday music at Zelter's. Here used to meet a small number of members of the Singacademie, for the sake of becoming acquainted with difficult works of old composers. Here we sang the "bristling pieces," as Zelter called them, of Sebastian Bach, who generally passed at that time for an unintelligible musical arithmetician, of astonishing skill in fugue writing, and of whom the Singacademie sang only a few Motets, and these but seldom.

Zelter had drawn me into these Friday meetings, as his pupil, soon after I entered the Singacademie (1818); I had also met Felix and Fanny there, who both sang alto in the chorus, and whom Zelter occasionally set to accompanying this or that piece on the piano; but now this place was yielded up entirely to Felix.

Thus he learned to know and treat musical works, which Zelter kept concealed, like a mysterious sacred treasure, from the world, for which, in his opinion, they had no longer any value. Here too Felix made acquaintance with some single pieces in Bach's various *Passions*, and it became his most ardent wish to possess the great Passion according to the Gospel of Matthew, a wish which was gratified by his grandmother at Christmas, 1823. It was no easy thing to beg of Zelter, that jealous collector, permission to copy the work. Edward Rietz had undertaken it,—a young and excellent violin player, a sickly, silent, thoughtful musician, who had taken Henning's place as Felix's violin teacher, and had received from his pupil the firstlings of his tender need of friendship. At the Christmas festival, to which I was invited with Theresa, Felix, with face transfigured, full of reverence, showed me the exquisite copy of the sacred masterwork, which now served for his darling study.

In the next year, 1824, Felix, besides some instrumental compositions, had also finished a comic opera in three acts, called "The Uncle from Boston," the text again the work of Dr. Caspar. Theresa and I took part in a number of entertaining rehearsals and two musical performances of it, interspersed with reading of the dialogue.

Compared with the first operas, the work showed a manifest progress in the conduct of the melody and the treatment of the voice parts; particularly a Terzet for tenor and two sopranos, and an Aria for soprano; but what pleased most was a congratulatory chorus of women with soprano solo, which some friends of the family very unfitly compared to the then new bridesmaids' chorus in *Der Freyschütz*. Ludwig Robert, who had accompanied the Barnhagen couple from Carlsruhe to Berlin, and who was very much liked in the Mendelssohn house, offered to write for Felix an opera, in which this piece of music should form the nucleus and through its reminiscences sustain the whole work. The Mendelssohns had sense enough not to enter into the project.

A few days after the second performance of this opera I celebrated my wedding with Theresa, with the warmest sympathy of the Mendelssohn family. With Felix this chapter of my life produced a certain reserve toward me; for the young man of fifteen, much was changed in me by marriage. The pater-familias inspired him with a sort of respect; the idea of my being united to a woman awakened a gentle shyness in him.

As newly married people are wont to isolate themselves, it happened that for some time we were less often in the family than we had been before, and I knew less of Felix's labors; but I was well enough aware what influence the social intercourse of the ever open house must have had upon him. The still prevailing custom in Berlin at that time of the free and easy evening call, with the most unstudied hospitality, reigned in the Mendelssohn house in its full force and begot the most unconstrained and lively intellectual intercourse. Among the uninvited, ever welcome guests belonged, besides the lively and suggestive Dr. Caspar and his bright young wife, the young Secretary to the Hanoverian legation, Klingemann, son of the professor, theatre director and writer, August Klingemann. A man of refinement, of warm and delicate feeling, which, though veiled beneath a rather ceremonious diplomatic air, was understood by Felix and became the foundation of the warmest friendship. Very different from him and almost always in his company was Dr. Hermann Frank, of cool, steadfast bearing, independent outwardly and inwardly, who busied himself as a journalist, so far as the heyday of the censorship in those days allowed, especially in one who loved to express his sharp opinions roughly, albeit with good tone. He quarrelled much with Felix's father and had no sympathy at all with the music of the son. There too was Ludwig Robert, the clever, witty writer, with his beautiful wife, who wrote dainty verses and always brought sunshine into society. Robert's sister, the celebrated Rahel, and her husband, Barnhagen, who had begun to expiate his liberal imprudence by inactivity in Berlin, were of the number. In this circle Felix at that early age heard much to enlarge and clarify his thought and feeling. Musicians from abroad commonly came commended to the house, and brought with them various kinds of entertainment, and for Felix and Fanny much musical incitement. For a

long time the violinist Boucher, a strange man, full of talent, kept himself in vogue in Berlin through his resemblance to the first Napoleon, and was a notability in the Mendelssohn house. He turned his Buonapartist profile to account in his concerts, laying aside his violin during the *tutti* of the orchestra and exhibiting the well known imperial attitudes to the public. Occasionally he held the violin upon his back as he played; and these tricks, together with his surprisingly fine delivery in some respects, won him a singular succession of full concerts. There was in him a droll mixture of naiveté, eccentricity and a Frenchman's shrewd eye to advantage. He gave proofs of it even in the Mendelssohn family.

Other guests were the flutist Guillot, who pushed his felicitous *bravura* almost beyond the capacity of his instrument, and the composed Drouet, who on the contrary cultivated a soft tone and the extremest fluency; and Moscheles, whom Felix highly honored, and Reissiger, before he entered upon the duties of capellmeister in Dresden. Felix inevitably received the most various impulses from all these personalities.

With me, meanwhile, the conviction of his calling for the Opera, and the opinion that he ought to try his hand in opera of the highest kind, had become so firmly rooted, that I tried my unpracticed pen upon a poem, for which I chose a favorite theme from my Italian studies, the episode of Olind and Sophronia in the "Jerusalem Delivered." In November of the year 1824 I read the work before Heyse and Felix; it was praised, but Felix thought he would not like to venture upon so serious a subject, and so the experiment failed. I was not aware that Felix had been at work upon a new opera ever since July, and he was not inclined to tell me now. Klingemann had made the poem for him, taking for his subject the episode of Camacho's wedding in "Don Quixote." This work he finished toward August in the year 1825.

With this composition, and with the removal from the grandmother's house on the New Promenade, Felix's days of boyhood closed. His father had bought and altered the so-called Reck palace in the Leipziger Strasse (now the seat of the *Herrenhaus*, or House of Lords), and the family moved into it late in the summer of 1825.

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Continued from page 387).

Does Spohr still play the violin much? asked Rossini one day.

—He still plays splendidly, but only in small circles, I replied.

—I lament that I never had the pleasure of hearing him, said the maestro. Festa, in Naples, who was quite distinguished in quartet especially, always spoke of him to me with the greatest enthusiasm, and said that he owed the best that he could do to Spohr. He had not been his pupil exactly, but had had much intercourse with him in Naples. He was never weary of celebrating his large tone, his grandiose delivery.

—No one probably has gone beyond him in that regard, said I. But you have heard Paganini a great deal, maestro?

—For many years he was almost continually near me. He declared that he followed my star, as he called it, and I was scarcely in a place, that he did not come after me. He sat whole days and nights with me, while I composed.

—Was he interesting also in conversation?

—He was full of original suggestions; a rare fellow. But what a talent!

—A genius!

—One should hear him play at sight! He took in half a page at a glance. You know the story of him and Lafont in Milan?

—It was frequently referred to in the newspapers, but . . . .

—I was present at the time, Rossini interrupted. Lafont came to Milan, prepossessed with the idea that Paganini was a sort of charlatan, and he proposed to make short work with him. So he invited him to play something with him in his concert in La Scala. Paganini came to me and asked me if he had better accept this invitation. "You must do so," said I, "in order that he may not believe that you have not the courage to measure yourself with him." Lafont sent to him the solo part; but Paganini would know nothing of it, and thought the orchestra rehearsal was sufficient. At that he played his part very smoothly and fairly through at sight. But in the evening he repeated the variations, which Lafont had to play before him, in octaves, thirds, sixths, so that the poor Frenchman was extremely confused, and did not play as well as he was able. I rallied Paganini for this want of musical loyalty, but he laughed in his beard. Lafont nevertheless rode back to Paris in a rage, and Paganini passed there for a charlatan, until at length he taught the Parisians to know better.

—Is it true, I asked, that he had formerly a fuller tone, and played on thicker strings?

—The greater the difficulties he undertook in the way of carrying on several parts at once, replied Rossini, the thinner had to be his strings; besides, he was no longer in the full vigor of youth when he went abroad, and so there may be some truth in the assertion. What always most astonished me in him, was the alternation of excitement and repose, of which he was capable, when he passed from the most impassioned *cantabile* to the boldest difficulties. Then he would become suddenly rigid as an automaton; I almost believe that he grew physically cold.

—Of the many strange adventures, related of his early life, is even the smallest part true? I asked.

—No: he was for a long time established at the court of prince Baccciocchi, and afterwards went about Italy giving concerts. He could not have grown rich by it; Italy is not the land for that.

—And he was extravagantly fond of money, as they say.

—His avarice was as great as his talent, and that is saying not a little. When he was earning his thousands in Paris, he would go with his son into a restaurant at two francs, order one dinner for the two, and carry home a pear and a piece of bread for his boy's breakfast. He had a singular desire to become a baron, and he found in Germany a man who helped him to attain his end, but charged him a round sum for it. From mortification and disgust he fell sick, and continued in that state a month.

—And yet he made Berlioz a right royal gift, suggested I.

All Paris knows it, said Rossini, shrugging his shoulders; I must believe it, and yet at bottom I hold it to be impossible.

—There are so many wonders, dear maestro, that it matters not about one more or less. Is it not one of the greatest that you have written nothing more these two and twenty years? What do you do with all the musical thoughts which must be humming through your head?

—You joke, said the maestro laughing.

—Indeed I do not;—how can you exist without composing?

—Without the occasion, without the prompting, without the determinate purpose to create a determinate work! I did not need much to excite me to composition, as my opera-books bear witness—yet I needed something.

—You have indeed often contented yourself with a very indifferent text, said I.

—If it had been only that! exclaimed Rossini. In Italy I never had a text-book ready made, when I began to write; I composed the introduction, before the words to the following number were written. And how often I have had for poets people who wrote indeed not badly, but had no idea of the requirements of the musician. I had to work *with* them, instead of having them work for me.

—That was not without its advantages, maestro!

—True, if I had not always had to write in haste! When I was established with Barbaja in Naples, I had to bother myself about everything connected with the opera, to watch over all the rehearsals. Barbaja paid no bill which I had not approved—and besides that, I had bound myself to write two operas every year.

—And did write four, I interposed.

—I had sometimes a leave of absence, of which I availed myself; my whole salary amounted only to 8,000 francs. To be sure, I lived in Barbaja's house, and had no housekeeping to provide for.

—Barbaja must have been a genial man in his way.

—He managed his business with a certain largeness, and made it his peculiar pride to have the best possible opera. And he succeeded too, although at considerable pecuniary sacrifices. But he could easily bear them, since as a farmer of the public games he earned enormous sums. His misfortune was his extraordinary irritability and his vanity. He thought that he knew best about everything himself, by which means he offended most men. His buildings swallowed up immeasurable sums for him, and he left his son at last only a million.

—Only *one* million! said I, sorrowfully.

—He might have left him a dozen, answered the maestro.

—Verily then, one must drop a tear of sympathy for him.

—What a splendid orchestra there was then in San Carlo! exclaimed Rossini. Festa, of whom I spoke just now, was an eminent director. The orchestra at that time in Naples was, next to the Grand Opera in Paris, the best I ever found in any theatre.

—The latter is still always excellent, said I; but I have never had a deep impression of it in regard to *power*.

—The house is too large, answered the maestro; I am especially shy of those altogether *too* large houses—they kill all. The influence of locality has not been highly enough estimated. Transplant the orchestra of the Conservatoire with all its splendor into the Opera—you will not recognize it.

—Let us transplant ourselves, dear maestro, into the salon, where our wives are impatiently expecting us, said I, breaking off the conversation. If we linger here much longer, we shall get a scolding.

—*Eh bien, allons!*

We talked one day a long time about Cherubini. Rossini, who had lived in the greatest intimacy with him and his family, told me many things before unknown to me. The conversation turned upon his peculiar character, in which a genuine kindliness lay hidden under a somewhat rough shell, which he frequently presented at the outset. I too was able to communicate to the maestro many a trait which interested him. "Here and there something of that occasional moroseness of his passed into his music," said he finally. "But what a great musician! and the bravest man one can imagine. But do you know any composer who has effected such a total transformation in his style?"

—His earlier operas, to be sure, said I, give you not the remotest anticipation of the composer of the *Medea*. But he made no account of those works, and he wrote me once, when I asked him for some of them to look through, that they were attempts of a young man just out of school.

—Yet I caused him great pleasure one day by reminiscences from his *Giulio Sabino*, said Rossini.

—How so?

—He had written that opera for the tenor, Babini, of whom I afterwards took singing lessons. Babini had sung over a good deal of it to me, which I remembered when I came to Paris. One day, after dinner, at Cherubini's, I sat down at

the piano and sang to him these songs of his early youth. He could scarcely contain himself for amazement, since naturally he could not guess at the connection,—but the tears came into his eyes.

—It must have carried him some forty years back, said I. That must have affected him!—And that *you* should have brought it to his hearing!

—Did you know old Salieri too? and Winter? asked Rossini.

—Neither of them.

—I saw the latter in Milan, said the maestro, when he brought out there his *Maometto II.* There were very fine things in that opera; I remember especially a Terzet, in which one person behind the scenes had a broadly laid out cantilena, while the other two carried on a dramatic duet on the stage; it was capitally made and very effective. What annoyed me in Winter was his distastefulness (*Unappetitlichkeit*). He was a man of lofty and imposing exterior, but cleanliness was not his strong side.

—O dear!

—One day he invited me to dinner. There came on a huge dish of *polpetti*, to which he helped me and himself in oriental manner, with his fingers. That ended the dinner for me!

—That was a fearful occurrence. And Salieri? Did you see him in Vienna? I inquired.

—Certainly, the good old gentleman! At that time he had a passion for composing canons, and came pretty regularly to supper with us.

—To compose canons?

—To get them sung. My wife and I, David and Nozari, who commonly ate with us, formed quite a respectable vocal quartet together. At last we grew quite dizzy with those interminable canons, and we begged him to hold in a little.

—His opera, *Lear*, is among my earliest musical recollections, said I.

—It contains capital pieces, as do all his operas. In his *Grotta di Trofonio*, to be sure, he was not up to his poet; Casti's libretto is a real masterpiece. Poor Salieri! Have they not accused him of Mozart's death? said Rossini, waxing somewhat warm.

—Nobody believes in it, said I, in a pacifying tone.

—At all events, this scandal was very seriously circulated. I asked him directly one day, after a canon: "Did you really poison Mozart?" He planted himself before me proudly, and said: "Look at me closely; do I look like a murderer?" And certainly he did not.

—Yet he may have been jealous of Mozart, I suggested.

—That is very likely, said Rossini; but you will confess, it is a long way from that to mixing poison.

—Which, thank God, is not readily undertaken; if it were, composers would die off like flies. But since we are talking of those old masters, tell me something more of Simon Mair, of whom I know as good as nothing. Had he a strong gift of invention?

—He made himself so great a name less by that, perhaps, than by the fact that he first drew more attention in Italy to the dramatic element. Moreover in the expansion of instrumentation in our country he and Paer have had the greatest influence.

—I saw him once in his extreme old age direct a mass at Verona, said I,—or rather I *heard* him direct, for he drowned choir and orchestra by tapping with a roll of paper, which served him for a baton.

—He was a worthy man, said Rossini, and one of comprehensive scientific culture. His *Medea*, which he composed in his later years for Naples, is a distinguished opera.

—What an expansion the Italian opera has gained though, since the time of Metastasio, I began, when a couple of dozen arias and a little chorus formed the musical contents of a lyric drama!

—Not to forget the Recitatives, said the maestro, which were admirably treated by the good composers, and with which the best singers of that time often produced more effect and earned greater applause, than with the *bravura* airs. The latter, considered with reference to the text, were actually *hors d'œuvres*. They contained some sort of a pathetic image, and at the most repeated an expression of feelings, which had before been uttered to satiety. But Metastasio has, after Zeno, the great merit of having peculiarly adapted our language to music. He brought into use a genuine selection of euphonious, singable words, and in this remains a model for all times. Do you know any compositions of Jomelli?

—Church compositions, but no operas, I answered.

—He is the most genial of our composers of that time, continued Rossini. No one knew how to treat the voice so well. His slow movements especially are often of wonderful melodic beauty.

—But no one would seek to produce an effect with them to-day, said I, inquiringly.

—The forms, to be sure, in our Art are so changeable and so important, replied Rossini. Besides, no one now-a-days would be able to sing those things; they require a sustaining of the respiration, of which only the *castrati* were capable, whether it were owing to their thorough studies, or their bodily constitution.

—The earlier Italian singers must have taken quite other liberties than those of our time, said I, if one compares the accounts of their extraordinary virtuosity with the simple songs, which the composers often wrote for them.

—True, the opera composers of that time commonly played a quite subordinate part, and gave the singers merely sketches, which they filled out at pleasure. Nevertheless men like Durante, Lotti and Jomelli will remain great masters for all times, exclaimed Rossini.

In the summer of 1836 Rossini came to pass a week at Frankfort. Felix Mendelssohn was there at the same time, and I had the pleasure of seeing these two men, the one of whom had written his last, the other his first great work, together almost daily in my father's house. The engaging manner of the celebrated maestro had its effect also upon Mendelssohn, and he played before him as much as he wanted, and what he wanted, both of his own and others' compositions. Rossini thought with great interest of those days, and often led the conversation back to the master snatched so early from us. He told us he had heard his Octet well performed in Florence, and I had to play to him the Symphony in A minor, for four hands, with a very clever *pianiste* from Paris, Mme. Pfeiffer, who was then in Trouville. With what fineness, what *esprit* Mendelssohn knew how to treat the smallest motive! said he after it was done. But how comes it, that he wrote no opera? Had he not applications for for them from every theatre?

—You do not know our German theatrical management, dear maestro. We try the works of all times and nations, from Gluck to Balfe, to Verdi, and let the living German composers make a trial when they can; to order an opera is a thing which seldom occurs to any theatre direction.

—But, exclaimed Rossini, if young talents are not encouraged, if you do not give them opportunity to get experience, nothing can ever come of it!

—And nothing *will* come of it, I answered. A Beethoven, a Weber write for once a couple of masterpieces, but from a living and progressive German national opera we are as far now as ever. Moreover, I believe that the German composers will always incline mainly toward instrumental music.

—They commonly begin with instrumental music, said Rossini, which perhaps makes it hard for them to accommodate themselves afterwards to the conditions of vocal music. They have difficulty in being simple, whereas it is hard to the Italians not to be even flat.

—You are very severe, maestro; indeed it may be the most difficult of problems to remain noble in simplicity. Speaking of that, I must come back again to my lament, that you did not continue after "William Tell" to write for the Grand Opera. Had you not the intention to compose a *Faust?*

—It was long a favorite thought of mine, and I had already sketched out a whole *scenario* with Jony. Naturally upon the basis of Goethe's poem. But about that time a real Faust mania sprang up in Paris; every theatre had its *à parte* Faust, which quite destroyed my relish for it. Meanwhile came the July revolution; the Grand Opera, formerly a royal institution, passed into the hands of a private impresario, my mother had died, my father found it intolerable to live in Paris, since he understood no French,—so I dissolved the contract, which pledged me to furnish four more grand operas, preferring to remain quietly at home and cheer the last years of my aged father. I was far away from my poor mother when she breathed her last; that had been an unspeakable grief to me, and I felt the greatest anxiety lest the same thing should happen to me with regard to my father.

—And so you went home to your Bologna, where I found you in '38, where you were signing cards of admission to a public rehearsal at the Lyceum. You took great interest in that institution at that time.

—I have done all that was in my power for it during my whole residence in Bologna down to the year '49. It was the school in which I got my education! And I had my fun also in having all sorts of works played to me by the pupils, who formed a complete orchestra. It often sounded, to be sure, like greens and turnips; still it was young and fresh and entertaining.

—You preferred Bologna to Florence for a residence? I asked.

—Bologna is my proper home, and an unconstrained and genial activity prevails there. Florence is more of a court city, and that is nothing to me, although I like to think of all the friendliness continually shown me by the Grand Duke.

—But it appears to me, you never found it very irksome, *illustrissimo maestro*, to have intercourse with high and even supreme powers, and you have had opportunity enough for it. In fact you took part in the Congress of Vienna.

—I went there at the invitation of Prince Metternich, who wrote me a most amiable letter. Since I was *le Dieu de l'harmonie*, it ran, he hoped I would come there, where there was so much need of harmony. If Cantatas could have done the thing, I should have accomplished it. I had to compose for them at the shortest notice five pieces, for the *Negozianti*, and for the *Nobili*, for the festival of Concord—and what not?

—But how did you contrive to do all that?

—In part I patched old things together and put a new text under it—yet that too was a labor, with which I could scarcely get through in season. In a chorus about Concord it happened, that the word *Alleanza* (Alliance) stood beneath a sorrowful chromatic sigh; I had no time to alter it, but I thought it fit to warn Prince Metternich beforehand of that mournful trick of accident.

—He recognized in it perhaps the work of a higher destiny, said I.

—At all events he submitted to it smilingly, proceeded the maestro. But the festival, which took place in the arena, was wonderfully beautiful, and is still vivid in my recollection. The only thing that plagued me there, was that I, to direct my Cantata, had to stand under an enormous statue of Concord, in constant terror lest it should fall upon my head.

—Concord would certainly have had a downfall then!

—*Merci!* But there were fabulous carryings on at that time in Verona. I was presented there among others to the emperor Alexander. He and king George the Fourth of England were the most amiable crowned heads that I ever met. Of the personal attractiveness of the latter one can scarcely form an idea. But Alexander also was a splendid, really imposing man. I went from there to Venice, to write *Semiramide*. There again I found many of those high personages, and also Prince Metternich, who interested himself in an uncommon degree for music and really understood something of it. He was pres-

every evening in the Fenice at the rehearsals of my new opera, and seemed to be very happy to be able to escape there somewhat from his political circles.

—*Apropos* of that story of the chromatic *Alleanza*, said I, it occurs to me it used to be related how, during the occupation of the Church States by the Austrians, you received an order from the new governor of Bologna for a Cantata, and you executed the commission in such a way, that you roguishly set the new text to a much sung patriotic song of your own composing.

—There is not a word of truth in it. They left me quiet, and I really had no desire to joke with those stern gentlemen. I have never mixed myself up in any way in politics. I was a musician and it never occurred to me to wish to be anything else, although I take the liveliest interest in what is going on in the world, particularly in my country's fate. In truth I have lived through and seen all sorts of things.

(To be continued).

Herr Manns on Musical Pitch.

(To the Editor of the 'Musical World.")

SIR,—The well intentioned article in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 5th of January, and the previous letters in the *Athenæum* and other papers, concerning the musical pitch of England, induce me to lay my views on this important matter before my brother conductors, and all who must necessarily be affected through the lowering of the present pitch, in order to evoke the fullest inquiry on all points in connection with the movement before any decisive steps are taken.

I beg to say that I not only think it desirable, but absolutely necessary, that the present pitch should be lowered, and I have every reason to believe that most, if not all, of my respected colleagues entertain the same view, since unless this be done good performances of those choral works upon which England justly prides herself will become rare if not altogeth-impossible; and that not alone from the fact that it will be difficult to find solo vocalists who can sing their parts without disastrous transpositions and alterations, but also from the weighty reason that chorus singing has now become a perfect hardship to musical amateurs, instead of a pleasure, as it used and ought still to be.

As to the cause and cure of the evil, practical experience compels me to differ from the views advanced by the different writers on the subject. Whatever may be the cause of the constant rise in the pitch, it can scarcely be attributed to the vanity or ambition of individual players or conductors, because the intense sensibility of the musical ear of every good musician would revolt against tuning instruments too sharp. The tendency to tune strings rather sharp at the beginning of a grand performance has its root in the necessity of being prepared for the certain rising of the tone of the wind instruments, caused by the warm breath which gives life to their bodies of wood and brass, and also from the presence of that heated atmosphere always created where large numbers congregate in brilliantly lighted concert rooms.

According to musical history, the rise in the pitch commenced in the desire to amalgamate the pitch of Chor and Kammer-ton, which, a couple of centuries ago, differed in some countries more than a whole tone—the Chor-ton being the highest. When, from the beginning of the 17th century, the orchestra gradually became an important accompanying instrument at musical performances in churches, its diapason had necessarily to be regulated according to the Chor-ton, that is, to the pitch of the church organs of the time. But the real mischief commenced when the orchestra emancipated itself from the church, and went, as an independent musical body, into the concert room; for, after increasing its family by all sorts of wood and brass instruments, it also pressed closely to its heart the pianoforte. Concertos were composed for pianoforte solo and with orchestral accompaniments. The piano, carefully tuned to the pitch of the wind instruments which had to accompany it, proved all right during the rehearsals in the empty saloon in the daytime, but was found much too flat during the evening performance, when the heat created by an artificial light and a crowded audience, had tuned the wind instruments up considerably. After that, the piano no doubt was tuned up also in order to be in proper pitch for the next evening performances; unfortunately, however, it was occasionally wanted for morning performances, without artificial light, and then found to be much too sharp. The wind instruments were harassed, and, in order to meet the difficulty, determined to sharpen their pitch for the next morning concert; and so things went on, increasing more rapidly still with the introduction of the brilliant gaslight into concert rooms, until they reached the present unendurable climax—a musical pitch which destroys voices and makes conductors hesitate to consent to perform the monumental choral works of the great masters of the 18th and the greater part of the first half of the present century; which incapacitates the lips and lungs of trumpet and French horn players before they reach the prime of life; makes kettle drums, still in Handel's favorite key of D, sound like the rattling of a flour mill; and takes the sonority and beauty of sound out of a great orchestra on account of all the violins, violas, and 'cellos being stringed much thinner than they should be, in order to stand the strain of this intolerably high pitch, and to vibrate with requisite ease therein.

How can a further progress of the evil be arrested, and a complete cure be effected? I fear it is not so easy as is represented in the different letters, because we have no *Ministre des Beaux Arts* to whom a committee of competent musicians might appeal for the establishment of a normal diapason, and who, after listening to the scientific representations of such a committee, might investigate the commercial part of the question with military authorities, bandmasters, instrument makers, &c., and finally order that from a certain date a formal musical pitch should be established for all England, and that all the military commanders must find means to provide for their bands instruments in accordance with that normal pitch; after, as a matter of course, all musical societies, orchestras of theatres, concerts, &c., and the instrument makers of all classes, must adopt without reserve this normal diapason.

To suggest that this or that society or orchestra should lower its pitch because it is rich enough to defray the expense is useless; indeed, the old privilege which orchestral musicians have of sending deputies—an evil which no conductor can entirely prevent—renders it impossible. There is also another weighty reason why it cannot be done, and this is that the opera orchestras as well as other bands—the Crystal Palace band for instance—frequently play with military bands. Of course this could not be done as long as the military bands of London refrained from adopting the new pitch. A lowering of the pitch by extending the joints or prolonging the reeds of the wood instruments is impossible, as by making these instruments longer without a corresponding alteration in the dimensions of finger and key-holes, the necessary purity of intonation would be entirely destroyed—and surely nothing can be more objectionable in music than imperfect intonation.

The most practicable means of lowering the pitch would be to lower it a full half tone. By doing this the new wind instruments necessary for an orchestra would be confined to flutes, piccolos, oboes, clarionets in A and C, and bassoons. The present A clarionets would become B flat clarionets. All the brass instruments could easily be altered by the addition of "shanks" or "crooks" for the ordinary trumpet and French horn, and a lengthening of the "tuning slide" of the whole family of piston instruments and trombones. Organ builders could without much trouble and expense convert all existing organs by removing the highest pipe and adding one of half a tone below the present lowest one, and of course then shifting the present connection of keyboards and pipes half a tone upwards; and in cases where such alterations could not be effected at once, the organist might help himself by transposing his part half a tone lower. Military bands would merely have to purchase flutes, oboes, E flat and A clarionets and bassoons, provided they possess A clarionets (as in the case with the Coldstreams) to serve as B flat clarionets in future; and to make the slight alterations of tuning slides, "crooks," or "shanks," as pointed out above.

The question whether lowering a full half-tone is unadvisable, and whether it is too much or not enough, a committee of competent musicians could soon decide; not, however, ruled only by the scientific principles of musical doctors concerning the number of vibrations per second for a treble C, but more practically by a careful examination of the scores of great composers past and present.* In the event of a full half-tone being adopted, the expense to musicians, musical societies, military bands, organ builders, wood and brass instrument makers, would be reduced to its minimum, because, as already pointed out, most of the existing instruments could be utilized, and the material already shaped or finished off for instruments being made could be altered without important loss or trouble.

Having now stated my views as to what, to the best of my knowledge and practical experience, are the most essential points in connection with this important matter, I trust that all who are concerned will come forward and improve my plan and correct me where I am at fault, so that after fair and practical discussion we may arrive at a satisfactory result as speedily as possible.

Before concluding this long letter I must take courage to ask the following question: Would it not be possible for the many solo vocalists (on whose behalf this movement is chiefly set on foot) to assist their hard-worked and badly-paid orchestral brethren, by voluntary donations or a slight percentage on every engagement, in favor of a fund for the purchase of new instruments? Many very able instrumentalists earn little more than two or three pounds per week, and have to support their families respectably, and live and dress as gentlemen. A sudden outlay of from £20 to £80 will be an impossibility with many of them. The different conductors of operas and concerts might form themselves into a committee for receiving and disposing impartially of such funds. Every flute, oboe, clarionet, and bassoon player, in connection with the leading bands throughout England, who presented himself to this committee with an instrument of the new pitch, with the next six months, might through this fund be at least partly reimbursed, and thus induced to assist the movement willingly. The greatest exertion should be made to render the alteration general, as otherwise the mischief would almost be greater than the benefit to vocalists and the musical art, because the pitch would not alone differ in different orchestras, but a proper intonation would entirely be destroyed through the unavoidable mixture of new and old pitched wind instruments.—Your obedient servant,

Crystal Palace, Jan. 9th. A. MANNS.

* As an acoustic investigation is, nevertheless, of greater importance, I beg to call the attention of those professors who may wish to bring the results of their valuable science to bear upon the matter, to the fact that the new diapason normal in France is 435 vibrations per second to the "la" (second space in the treble), while that of the Stuttgardt Congress for the same note is 440 (a difference of 25, constituting nearly a semitone). In Paris, in 1788, it was only 409, but already risen in the Grand Opera to 419 in 1835, and nearly similarly so in Vienna and Berlin. In Petersburg it rose (from about 1771 to 1800), from 417 to the almost incredible height of 460, and went up even after that, until recently the diapason normal of France was adopted. This accounts, most likely, for the many low bass notes in Russian Church compositions, because their low D was but little lower than our present F.—*Vid. Koch's Mus. Lex.* "Kammerton." [Mr. Manns is seemingly out in his arithmetic.—440—435=5.—Ed. M. W.]

Musical Pitch.

Mr. Joseph Barnby has addressed the following letter to the *London Daily News:*

SIR:—I am glad to find that Mr. Manns, in his letter of yesterday, merely suggests (without recommending) that the present too high pitch shall be lowered a whole semitone. I am quite sure this would prove a mere compromise between the necessity of altering and the anticipated expense of new instruments, inasmuch as one of the greatest disadvantages of the present pitch is that it is different from that of any other country, and were Mr. Manns' suggestion acted upon it would still remain so. I further beg to state that, although it is called the French pitch, on account of its origin, it may now be considered European by its adoption; and I, for my part, consider it as necessary to adopt the European standard as to change the pitch. Lest it should wound our *amour propre* to have to follow the French lead, it might be as well to mention that *le diapason normal* was fixed by the representatives of three of the most musical nations of the continent: Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber. Under any circumstances, however, I have determined to introduce the French pitch, for the first time in England, at my own oratorio concerts, and I believe Mr. Charles Hallé has signified his intention of also making use of *le diapason normal*. How soon this may be followed by others I cannot say.—I am, etc. J. BARNBY.

Wagner on Rossini.

The foremost composers have been for the most part great humorists, and in dry wit, sly sarcasm, and sententious point Rossini had few rivals. For the last twenty years of his life he opened his rooms to a nondescript crowd, and there twenty Boswells in the field prepared to record each wink of his eye, every wag of his tongue. He had lived behind the curtain of the stage—that world within the world, which rarely manifests more than one side of human nature, and that in its strongest and most concentrated form—and could well estimate the language of muscle and the concealed meanings of language, the shrug of a shoulder, and the play on the word. He was evidently a man of compliments—of compliments as piquant as his salads and macaroni; but the old courtier was also an inimitable joker of jokes, and it was in this character that he uttered the telling satire and the trenchant truth. Ever kind and sparkling, his victims could not quarrel, and often left him to

tell their friends and the world the wit of which they had been the cause. Now that the great man has gone and his biographers are at work, all who had been artistically touched by his delicate javelin are desirous of concealing the wound with as pleasant a face as possible. Amongst the sufferers, or supposed sufferers, is the renowned Richard Wagner, a musician of the highest ability, but who will not condescend to gratify the weakness of poor humanity in writing what poor humanity especially loves to hear. It is averred that Rossini, like many others, conceived that Wagner's music was wanting in melody, and there are those who say that Rossini's dislike to the Wagnerian style was so decided as to induce him to insert a codicil in his will relating to a prize opera. Whatever the Rossinian prize opera might be, it was not to be of the ornately romantic school, and melody was to be a *sine qua non*.

Richard Wagner cannot see that the codicil is in any way applicable to him or his compositions, and he has written some half-dozen columns in endeavoring to prove that he and Rossini were excellent friends, and that Rossini expressed himself much pleased with a march of his composition. He relates the anecdote of Mercadante and Rossini, but declares that Rossini himself wrote to the public papers, repudiating it as a "*mauvaise blague*." Mercadante, it is said, had expressed his approval of Wagner's music. Rossini, who always taught his opinions, and corrected those of his friends, by exercises of the palate, shortly after invited Mercadante to dinner, and on the fish being served, an exception was made in the case of Mercadante, for his host sent him sauce, but no fish, pleasantly remarking that one who liked music without melody should surely be satisfied to get sauce without fish.

The article of Richard Wagner is chiefly interesting from its professing to give the reason why Rossini ceased to write for the Italian stage. He tells his readers that Rossini said to him, "I possessed a facility, and might have been able to have done something; but Italy had ceased to be the country in which the grand opera could be encouraged and supported. Everything that was great in art suffered under the oppressive yoke of the foreigner, and the Italians were reduced to a life of frivolity." Rossini lived to please; and, according to Wagner, as his people did not like the *opera seria*, he left his country, declining to favor them with the *opera buffa*. We must suspect that Rossini was amusing himself with Wagner, and riding himself the Wagnerian hobby, when connecting freedom in opera composition with the freedom of nations. The Bavarian king paid the huge expenses attending the production of the Wagnerian *spectacles*; and the Austrian purse would have been opened to meet any charges the composer of "*William Tell*" might choose to demand for a new opera, whether serious or comic. But Wagner throws a doubt round the whole conversation when he makes Rossini say that "had he been born in Germany his faculties would no doubt have been fully developed." Very remarkable words from the macaroni-eating and truffle-loving son of Pesaro, and *en fait gâté* of the Parisians! No two men could be more unlike in feeling and in thought than Rossini and Wagner; but they were very like in one respect—each had taught himself to write for the stage, and could do little else in music. Rossini was a singer and a man of the world; he was therefore a truly lyrical composer, wrote songs for singers, and melody for the million. Wagner is an acoustician, a philosopher, a system maker, thinking little of vocalists, and relying altogether on the vocalization of the orchestra. The one was brimful of melody, the other is overcharged with harmony. Both have lived in changeful times, and assisted in the creation of a new phase of the orchestra, the accumulation of instrumental idea, the lengthening and shortening of movement, the coloring of dramatic life, but neither of them have written a bar demonstrating that knowledge of the art as a science, or that use and appreciation of it as a language which marks the career of those we may justly call the great composers.

Haydn and Mozart busied themselves about great things before they condescended to small things. Haydn, it is said, thought highly of his operas (all which were unfortunately burnt), but before he wrote good opera he had learnt to write something better. Mozart, in one sense, may be said never to have written an opera at all, for in all that he did, he wrote music, and never dreamt of being, like Gluck, profound, stagey and painfully literal. Rossini professed to have the highest reverence for Mozart, but the two worked from opposite points; Mozart wrote music to please himself, Rossini did the same, but to please the public. Haydn and Mozart were as musicians, knowing the all, the everything of music; Rossini wrote as a singer, for singers; and dispossess him of his lyrical forms he was nowhere. We can well imagine that he believed he had no fair field in his own country, and the never-ceasing industry, the inordinate reading, the incessant note-taking, the clever gathering together of short phrases and piquant ideas, so strenuously practised by his great contemporary and real rival, Meyerbeer, was a huge fact with which the *dolce far niente*, natural to the Italian, felt itself unable to grapple. And so Rossini left Scribe to plot, and Meyerbeer to ponder over all sorts of improbabilities and monstrosities, wondering how any man with such scant imagination, and such ample funds at his bankers, like unto Meyerbeer, should vex and fash himself with concocting music for people who after all only held a half faith in him. The new reforms have come at last to "*L'Africaine*" and "*Romeo è Giulietta*."

Wagner did not see Rossini for some years before he died. What would have been said at their conference to consider the claims of these two operas would indeed have been curious, and the *mots* of Rossini many and superb. We can imagine him, saying, "Now, Richard, there is a chance for you," and in this case Richard would have been spared the long columns of explanation he has thought it necessary to give us.—*Orchestra.*

Music Abroad.

London.

The *Choir* [illegible] the musical performances of the past year, as follows:

We naturally give the first place to ITALIAN OPERA, on which, more than on any other form of musical or dramatic art, money is lavished sometimes with more zeal than discretion. At Covent Garden, notwithstanding the many rumor of amalgamations and limited liability companies, Mr. Gye still kept the reins in his own hands, and on the whole enjoyed a successful season, although it brought with it very little novelty either in operas or artists. Out of the three promises made in the prospectus, only one, the production of an Italian version of Auber's *Domino Noir*, was fulfilled. Rossini's *Assedio di Corinto* and Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* never got further than the daintily printed prospectus, the publication of which, notwithstanding the slight reliance to be placed upon it, is always so anxiously looked for. Auber's work lost much of its vivacity by the translation of the libretto, while its performance was not improved by the cast, which included none of the chief performers. Miles. Patti and Lucca, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Signors Mario, Marini, Graziani, and Bagagiola were the chief members of the staff, which lacked, as it has for some years past, a tenor robusto and a good contralto. Twenty operas were given during the summer, and although uniform excellence characterized the performances, the campaign will not be remembered, unless it be for its last act—the farewell of Mlle. Patti, at the little Russian Chapel, at Clapham. The staff of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was left without a home, by the burning of the old house in the Haymarket, at the close of 1867, found a resting place at Drury Lane Theatre, in which Mr. Maddison made several improvements to accommodate his subscribers. Like his predecessor, the temporary lessee of Old Drury, gave novelties, two in number—Auber's *Giralda* and Wagner's *Lohengrin*—both of which remained unfulfilled; but he amply atoned for these drawbacks by the excellent manner in which, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties against which he had to contend, fifteen operas were put on the stage. With Miles. Nilsson, Kellogg, Trebelli, and Sinico, Signors Mongini, Gassier, Santley, and Rokitanski, the chief parts were secure; and Signor Arditi kept up the character of his forces, instrumental and vocal, by some excellent performances. In one respect there was a slight departure from established custom in a large number of benefit performances, a system of plurality the character, which had almost passed away from our theatres and concert rooms; but as it gave an opportunity for the introduction of a scene from the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas, Mlle. Nilsson, who created the part of Ophelia in Paris, singing it under Mr. Benedict's piano forte accompaniment, we are not inclined to quarrel with it.

ENGLISH OPERA continued its hold in the provinces and at the East End of the metropolis; and, therefore, as a distinct school of composition, it leaves no mark upon the past year—if we except some slight works produced at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

FRENCH OPERA BOUFFE on the other hand, with its trivial novelty and its very doubtful morality, rendered a fashionable resort for a high class English audience by the characteristic performances of Mlle. Schneider, drew crowded houses, at prices which proved that the taste of the "upper ten" had been satisfied by a bill of fare which we are glad to believe would nauseate many an audience drawn from the middle classes.

Foremost among our ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES, in the roll of which we can no longer number the *Musical Society of London*, is the ancient *Philharmonic Society*, which gave its usual series of concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, capped by a complimentary benefit performance at St. James's Hall, a *locale* far better suited to the orchestra and the music. Among the novelties produced under Mr. G. W. Cusins' direction were Schumann's *Concertstück* in G. (pianoforte solo by Mme. Schumann); an *Ouverture-Symphonique* by Mr. J. F. Barnett; an overture, *La Selva Incantata*, by Mr. Benedict; and Max Bruch's violin concerto, introduced by Herr Joachim. The soloists throughout the season were of the first rank, including Mme. Schumann and Herr Rubinstein.

The NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS Dr. Wylde conducted at his own concert room, St. George's Hall; the five performances being preceded as usual by five public rehearsals. Among the *quasi* novelties played here and elsewhere were Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony* and his "Cornelius" March; also a new pianoforte concerto by Mr. J. F. Barnett. At one of these concerts, Mr. Lazarus played Weber's concerto for clarinet in F minor.

The PROMENADE CONCERTS, which call up the shades of Jullien, and the memory of the lamented Alfred Mellon, have been heard of no more, except at the northern suburb of Islington, where, notwithstanding military bands and gorgeous illuminations, Mr. Goffrie, the director, managed to land himself in the court of bankruptcy.

At the CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS, which deserve to be ranked by themselves as representing the good and true in nearly every form of music, the work of the historian is one pleasant recital of novelties and successes. Among the pieces played for the first time to an English audience were Mendelssohn's "Trauer March" in A and the "Cornelius" March; and Schubert's "Tragic Symphony" No. 4 in C minor. Among the great works of the spring concerts were the whole of Schubert's music to *Rosamunde*; Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*; Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and *Œdipus at Colonus*, and a host of symphonies and overtures. Since the opening of the thirteenth season the novelties have been an overture, by Volkmann; the procession march from Wagner's *Meistersinger*; the prelude to Reinecke's *King Manfred*; the "Vintagers' chorus," from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; a concert overture, No. 2, in A, by Ferdinand Hiller; Schubert's *Song of Miriam* and Symphony in C major. The introduction of organ solos by Dr. Stainer upon the new instrument erected in the concert room by Mr. Walker, also deserves mention as crowning point in the long series of successes, by which Mr. Grove and Mr. Manns have rendered the Crystal Palace orchestra and the Crystal Palace programmes the most celebrated in the world. If the choir could be trained and perfected with the same excellent results which have attended the practice of the band, the only flaw in the performances would be removed. The Opera Concerts possessed their usual attractions, while some performances, which were extraordinary in more ways than one, were given in honor of Prince Alfred and other celebrities.

The TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL took place in June, in the usual order, the first day being devoted to the *Messiah*, the second to a Selection, the third to *Israel in Egypt* with a strong force of soloists, and the usual excellent band and monster choir. Mr. Costa's work was emphatically a "labor of love," and the result was unanimously praised by critics of every grade.

The choral orchestral performances, which are dwarfed by the side of the immense forces assembled at Sydenham, were carried on with more vigor than usual by the two chief metropolitan bodies. The SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY performed Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and *Athalie*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in addition to the greater works, among which Costa's *Naaman* was included. Mr. G. W. Martin's NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY has acted on the advice we gave in our last annual summary, and has performed Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, with Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*. This is a step in the right direction which deserves to be encouraged, and will, we imagine, be as acceptable to the choir as to the subscribers.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS were increased in number from four to eight, half of the performances including some celebrated orchestral works admirably performed, the rest of the programmes partaking of the old character. Among the chief works were Mendelssohn's *Œdipus* and Reformation Symphony; Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*; and selections from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Bach's Mass in B minor, Beethoven's Mass in C, Schubert's Mass in E flat, and Mendelssohn's *Antigone*. The concerts

of Mr. Barnby's Choir, although full of high-class music, did not meet with the success they deserved.

In classical chamber music the Musical Union, on the principle of *seniores priores*, first claims our notice. Mr. Ella kept up a constant supply of continental *artistes*, who would probably never have been heard in England without his assistance. Among these we may mention Herren Auer, and Grutzmacher, and M. Jacquard. Herren Rubinstein and Jaell were among the *pianists*.

At the Monday Popular Concerts Mr. Chappell catered with his usual success for the multitude. The leaders of the quartet party were Herren Strauss and Joachim, with the welcome addition of M. Sainton since the commencement of the new season. The pianists before Easter were Mmes. Arabella Goddard, Schumann, and Mr. Hallé, while during the past two months Mr. Chappell has so far departed from his rule as to introduce Miss Agnes Zimmerman and Mr. J. F. Barnett. Among the most important works heard for the first time at the spring concerts were Bach's triple concerto in C major, gavotte in D minor, prelude &c in C major for violoncello; Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas in E major No. 1 (op. 14), in G major (op. 79), and fantasia (op. 77); Chopin's ballade in G minor; Haydn's string quartet in C major No. 3, (op. 64); Hummel's quintet in E flat minor (op. 87); Mendelssohn's sextet in D major, pianoforte sonata in B flat, and Lied Ohne Worte for violoncello, all posthumous works; Mozart's trio in E major, and pianoforte sonata in B flat; Schubert's fantasia in C major for pianoforte and violin (op. 150); Schumann's Slumber Song in E flat major, and Traumeswirren in F major for pianoforte. Since the commencement of the eleventh season the new works have been Porpora's violin sonata in G and Corelli's violin sonata in D major. A new series of performances of music of a similar class has been commenced by Mr. Henry Holmes and Signor Pezze under the title of "Musical Winter Evenings."

Of the numerous private concerts in the metropolis it is impossible to speak. Pianoforte Recitals seemed to be unusually popular, and Mme. Arabella Goddard, Mme. Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Rubinstein and many other less known *pianistes* were frequently heard during the season. Professor Bennett gave a performance of his *Woman of Samaria* and the *May Queen*, and nearly every musician of eminence, and many who were but little known, gave benefit concerts. Among these we can only mention Mr. Benedict's, always the most successful of the year.

Munich.—The Oratorio Association have given a very good performance of Handel's *Belshazzar* under the direction of Professor Rheinberger.—Mlle. Theresa Liebe, a fair violinist from Paris, has been playing with decided success at the Theatre-Royal.—The first part of the programme of the second Odeon Concert, under the direction of Dr. Hans von Bülow, contained no piece that was not a novelty for this capital. The pieces were; Overture to *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; Air from the oratorio, *Hercules*, Handel; Concerto for Violoncello, Rubinstein; Canzonet, Mozart; and "Des Sängers Fluch," ballad for full band (after Uhland's poem of the same name), Hans von Bülow. The second part of the concert consisted exclusively of Mendelssohn's Symphony, No. 3, in A minor.—The musical public here is divided into two parties, the relative position of which is gradually becoming distinctly defined. The demonstrations made in honor of Herr Franz Lachner, the General Music-Director, after his long absence, have proved pretty clearly to the disciples of the new school, that they have to rely solely and wholly for support upon the influence exerted by their kingly Mæcenas. For the present, however, Herr Richard Wagner reigns supreme at the Opera, and even the approaching production of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, as arranged by the said Maestro of the Future, is simply a fact tending "ad majorem del gloriam." Anywhere else, people do not require Gluck to be arranged by Herr Richard Wagner; they are quite content to take him as he is.—Mlle. Gung'l, a daughter of the well-known composer of dance music, has made her first appearance on the stage as Senta in *Der fliegende Holländer*, and met with gratifying success. The young lady cannot boast of any very natural powers, but she makes the most of those she possesses, and promises to become a favorite. *Tristan und Isolde* is to be revived ere long. It is a remarkable circumstance that this opera has never got beyond Munich, though both Carlsruhe and Vienna made, at one time, signs of producing it; but, if they were really serious, they never carried out their intention. A no less remarkable fact is the continued delay manifested at other places in bringing out *Die Meistersinger*, the difficulties in which are nothing compared to those in *Tristan und Isolde*. As already stated, this opera is to be shortly revived here, with Mlle. Seehofer as heroine. Mlle Seehofer is a young lady who, after creating a *furore* in the concert-room, approached, on the stage, as near as possible to a *fiasco* in the part of Rezia, and who, consequently, had some operation or other performed on her larynx. The operation is said to have been successful. Herr Bachmann will sustain the part of Tristan, and Herr Betz, from Berlin, that of Kurwenal.—The programme of the third Subscription Concert given by the Musical Academy afforded an interesting illustration of the development of the Symphony. It began with J. S. Bach's Orchestral Suite in D major; then came Haydn's "La Reine" Symphony; this was followed by Mozart's Symphony in E flat; while Beethoven's Symphony in F major, No. 8, concluded the list.—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 13, 1869.

Music at Home.

Seventh Symphony Concert.—For the first time this season has the current of these concerts crossed a streak of stormy weather. Thursday, the 4th inst., was undeniably a bad day outside, yet the Music Hall had scarce an empty seat to show. Moreover the warning of the *new rule* worked to a charm, and everybody was in his seat when the first Overture began, so that it was heard and enjoyed in perfect quiet:—it was what everybody wanted who really cares much for the music. The programme was as follows:

Overture to "The Men of Prometheus".....Beethoven.
Aria, "Non più di fiori." From "Tito".....Mozart.
Miss Addie S. Ryan.
Symphony in E flat, No. 3, (first time in Boston). Schumann.
1, Lively. 2, Scherzo, very moderate. 3, Not fast 4, Solemn. (suggested by a religious ceremonial in the Cologne Cathedral). 5, Lively.

Fourth Pianoforte Concerto, in G. Op 58.....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Andante.—Rondo Finale.
Hugo Leonhard.
Songs. a. "Morgengruss".....Mendelssohn.
b. "Im Maien".....Ferd. Hiller.
Overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt." (Becalmed at sea; a Breeze; Happy Voyage; Coming into Port). Mendelssohn.

Beethoven's earliest Overture, composed, with other music, in the year 1800, for an allegorical Ballet, founded on the old Greek legend of Prometheus, has been but little heard of late years. It is a genial, light, graceful work, with hardly so much of the Promethean fire in it as Beethoven got from heaven later without stealing. Indeed you would hardly imagine it to be by Beethoven; it sounds much more like Mozart. It was nicely played (that being the quality chiefly needed) and was pleasant for a beginning. Nothing could be more unlike it than the concluding Overture, that vividly imaginative, felicitous piece of descriptive (suggestive) music, which seems as remarkable in its way as Schiller's "William Tell" or Scott's "Anne of Geierstein" (true pictures of Swiss scenery which their authors never saw); for Mendelssohn composed it when he was hardly twenty—his second overture—and when he could have known but little of the sea, except in crossing once the British Channel. But here the sounds, sensations, images of ocean life are wonderfully brought home to one who has had any experience of that kind. This, too, was more vividly reproduced in the rendering than at any time before.

But the point of special interest in the concert, of course, was the E-flat Symphony of Schumann,—which was indeed to Boston ears an important novelty. There were very various opinions about it, as there always are about a work of Schumann. Some had clear impressions of it, and some had very vague ones, of at least some parts of it:—we do not know that the music is wholly answerable for that; we do know that the performance was not, for, with all its remarkable difficulties, it did find meet interpretation,—the extreme rapidity of the finale being all that we would question. We are sure that it will always grow in favor with any really musical person of any depth of nature, who shall hear it often and study it as such things deserve. Even the English prejudice is giving way slowly and steadily before Schumann, and this very Symphony during the past London season has won reluctant homage, not without reservations, from nearly all the critics. Its thoughts are surely great ones, and may well have been inspired by the Cologne Cathedral and the Rhine, "*dem heiligen Strome*," rolling with all its wealth of scenery and history beneath its walls. (It is called sometimes the "Cologne," sometimes the "Rhenish" Symphony).

The opening theme of the first movement ("*lebhaft*," equivalent to *vivace*) is very broad and stately; alike in its strong onward current, and in the holding back of its syncopated rhythm, it seems to move majestical and heavily freighted down the wide and noble river; and this in general may characterize the entire movement, though it is full of lesser tributary thoughts, and lingering side glances; a melodious second subject, introduced by the reeds, is of fascinating beauty. The London *Musical World*, which went so far as to print in notes all the striking themes and motives of the Symphony, says, after quoting the first theme, "It is a good index to the entire movement, about which curiosity is at once aroused; it is impossible not to feel that the composer has something original to say, and means to say it in an original fashion;" and again, after citing all the themes:

> It is not too much to say that in this movement Schumann appears at his best. Elsewhere he often conveys the idea—we put the case mildly—of one whose thoughts exceed his power of expression. Here, on the contrary, while retaining all his individuality, and giving utterance to uncommon ideas, he is never even vague. Moreover, there is about the music what on the turf would be called "staying power." It never flags, but from the first bar to the last assures us the composer is working within his means. Without doubt wherever this *Vivace* is heard, the claims of Schumann to be a master of music in its highest form will have the advantage of powerful advocacy.

The Scherzo is a sort of *Volkslied*. The first subject, in C major, having a heavy dance-like swing to it, as if going in for a merry time with a will. Violas, 'cellos and bassoons give out the quaint first section of it, which is repeated with the addition of second violins and clarinets. In the second or answering section, the figure is reversed, and rises with more light and airy voices (first violins, flutes, oboes) into one of Schumann's more sentimental, subtle veins of melody. Then, in the words of the writer above quoted,

> After repeating the first section with full orchestra—in doing which a most happy use of the *ritardando* is made—the composer becomes humorous, and his pages ripple all over with pleasant laughter. First the violoncello and bassoons make their little joke, to which the violins and oboes retort, and one after another the various instruments join in the mirthful gossip till those which first started the *Lied*, helped by the hitherto silent trombones, roar out its first strain once more, after a fashion not unknown at specially festive gatherings. But now the wind, brass, and wood become suddenly serious, indulging in a plaintive strain. All through this, however, as through the second part of the same theme, the vio-

lins and violas do not forget the little joke of the bassoons and *cells*, which they keep whispering to each other till once more the jovial first strain bursts forth. Finding this congenial, they join in it heartily.

The whole piece is fascinating; there is most delicate beauty and poetic feeling in the serious reverie, as it were, before the return of the first theme with full orchestra; and indeed all that last part, with its commingling of the several subjects and phrases of such different forms, yet all mutually related, forms an enchanting labyrinth of melody. If it is a festival of vintagers on the banks of the Rhine, it is a pensive and poetic sympathizer who looks on and puts his feeling into music.

The third movement, an *Andante* in fact, in A flat, is full of sweet, deep, tender feeling, and its beauty would be almost cloying but for its shortness. It sings itself along in a musing strain begun by the clarinets and bassoons, as in four-part song, with slight accompaniment; and the way in which the first violin steals in with an new melodic figure, starting on a momentary trill, is too exquisite to describe. Two other kindred themes succeed, fragments and phrases of which are "strung together," rather than worked up, throughout the rest of the movement, but with the unity of feeling, the poetic charm, that takes such hold upon us in some of the piano pieces in his best peculiar mood. A very impressive passage is that near the close, where the deep basses waver between two notes in monotonous undertone, while the melodic themes are sung by various groups of instruments above.

The fourth movement, marked *Feierlich*, solemn, is said to have been inspired by witnessing the consecration of an Arch bishop, or some such magnificent ceremonial, in the Cologne Cathedral. This is the piece with which the English critics find most fault, and which many hearers for the first time, and without a clew to its intention, doubtless think obscure and mystical. Yet it made a profound impression upon most who heard it in the Music Hall. It is scored for full orchestra, with four horns and three trombones, and every instrument becomes a live part in the contrapuntal development of the grave, organ-like theme with which it opens. The solemn altar service, the processions and genuflexions, and swinging of censers, and all the mystic halo that invests the scene, are certainly recalled most sensibly to one who was ever present during the celebration of high mass in a great Cathedral. Even the little crackling *pizzicati* of violins, heard ever and anon amid the flowing stream of harmony, and which our London critic finds fault with as showing a tendency in Schumann to crowd his score with details, really help the imagination and make the listening silence all the more palpable by momentary suggestions of slight interruption from without. (Beethoven has done the same thing in the heavenliest part of his Adagio in the Ninth Symphony). Again the singular, somewhat intrusive phrase which afterwards asserts itself so frequently and positively, sounds very like those sudden interruptions of the general hush, when thoughts are all dissolved in music, by loud exclamations from the ministering priests. At the climax of the whole (the moment of the elevation of the host?) the key suddenly changes from E flat minor to B major, and all the wind instruments *fortissimo* startle the still air with a splendid burst of harmony, which reminds one of Mendelssohn's "Sleepers, awake!" It is twice given, the strings responding *pianissimo*.

The last movement (*Vivace*), is in a popular vein again, clear, vigorous and downright. But the plain theme is relieved at times by an episode, which the writer before quoted likens to "a beautiful and graceful lady taking part in some rustic merrymaking." Would that we could give the notes! Midway in full career of the gay movement, we drop from a climax to a sudden reminiscence in short, quick notes of that obstinate disturbing phrase in the religious movement; and again, later, heralded by the trombones (*fortissimo*), which have been kept back thus far, the main (organ) theme itself of that solemn movement is unexpectedly heard after a succession of massive chords. A brilliant *Coda*, with accelerated *tempo*, closes the movement and the Symphony, with which we are sure every one must have been so deeply interested as to wish to hear it many times. It was our fortune to hear it played repeatedly in Berlin nine years ago; then we enjoyed it, but by no means so much as now.

Novelty, added to intrinsic merit, made the Schumann Symphony the point of interest in the concert; but novelty apart, what could be more interesting than that Concerto of Beethoven,—the most finely poetic of all Concertos, we are inclined to say,—so finely and beautifully interpreted by Mr. LEONHARD? Two years ago he played it twice for us; and much as it was then admired, this time it seemed as if we had not before realized the half of its charm. Completely master of his instrument and of himself, possessed in thought and feeling fully by the spirit of the music, Mr. Leonhard played it in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The recitative-like soliloquy of the Andante hushed all within hearing to its profound mood, and the *Rondo finale* had as bright and piquant an accent as could be imagined. The orchestra, too, which does not merely accompany, but share the charmed life of the whole, did nothing to mar the genial creation.

Miss RYAN's voice trembles somewhat, apparently from want of strength for the great hall; but she has a warm, sweet, true contralto, and she sang the beautiful Aria from *Tito* with artistic style and fine expression. It was evidently a careful, well-considered effort, and won the respect and hearty applause of an exacting audience. The two German songs also gave great pleasure. (The bright one by Hiller has just been published here with English words by the new music dealing firm of Koppitz and Prüfer).

Altogether it was one of the richest programmes and the most satisfying concerts in all the shining series of the Harvard Musical Association.

The next concert offers two Symphonies entirely new to this country: one in E, No. 2, by Gade, which is full of interest; and a very little, but a very quaint and charming one by Haydn, scored only for two oboes and two horns besides the string quartet. It is probably the *shortest* Symphony in existence, is in the strange key of B major (*Hob.*), and has the peculiarity that the Minuet returns in the middle of the Finale, as in Beethoven's C minor Symphony. The Overtures will be "The Hebrides" (Mendelssohn) and "The Naiads" (Bennett), and the Concerto, Mendelssohn's in G minor, will be played by Mr. LANG.

Chamber Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The second of the four monthly concerts (Feb. 2) was made up of just three interesting works. The first, one of the old favorites, the sixth Quartet of Mozart, in C, was finely rendered and sincerely relished. The next was Mendelssohn's second Trio, in C minor, in which Mr. J. C. D. PARKER played the piano part in a very neat, intelligent, artistic manner, Messrs SCHULTZE and FRIES ably supporting with violin and 'cello. The last piece, the novelty of the evening, was a Quintet by Rubinstein (op. 59, in F), consisting of *Lento ed Allegro non troppo*; *Allegro*; *Andante assai*; and *Finale Allegro non troppo*. We can only say that it seemed to us a rich, ear-filling composition; but an irresistible drowsiness, in no way connected with the music, but induced by previous fatigue, so nearly overcame us at that point of the session, as to leave our impressions very vague, and it would be a sin to offer an opinion of a work heard in such tantalizing circumstances.—In the third concert (March 2) the last quartet of Beethoven, No. 17, will be given for the first time.

Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN, with his brother FRITZ LISTEMANN (second violin), H. HEINDL (tenor) and ARG SUCK ('cello), have organized a new Quartet party, which promises to supply a want much felt here, and of which we hinted when Mr. Listemann first came to Boston. Music-lovers, we are glad to learn, have subscribed with alacrity for a short series, and the first Quartet Matinée is announced for Friday afternoon of this week, at Chickering's, before which time this paper has to go to press; but we shall speak of it next time. At the second Matinée, Feb. 26, will be given a Quartet in G by Haydn, and the first of Schumann's, in A minor. Success to the Listemann Quartet!

Vocal Culture.

The general neglect to cultivate the voice is very strange when we consider what a charming accomplishment it is to have a pure, brilliant, powerful tone and enunciation in conversing, reading, or singing. The neglect is equally strange when we think how profound an influence is exerted on health, by an easy and forcible use of the vocal apparatus, with the habit of correct and thorough breathing indispensable to it. Thousands of persons go through life with feeble, squeaking, wheezy, or harsh and gruff voices, whose vile qualities a short course of lessons from a competent teacher might transform into strong and melodious tones, which it would be a pleasure both to make and to hear. For this purpose we can sincerely recommend Mr. W. J. PARKERSON, who has devoted many years to the elaboration of a systematic drill for securing the most desirable qualities of speech and song. He is to be found at 289 Washington Street, Boston, room No. 5. Those desiring to improve their voices cannot do better than to call on him. A.

Offenbach.

DEAR MR. DWIGHT.—Now, while the Offenbach fever is raging, it may be interesting to many of your readers to know the opinion entertained of this composer by Dr. Joseph Schlüter, who in his "History of Music," published in London in the year 1865, says: "What Meyerbeer achieved on a large, Jacques Offenbach (from Cologne but naturalized in Paris) attempted on a small scale; and he has done his very best to corrupt the taste of the masses to its core. Not content with the success which his charming operettas (*Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, *La Fille d'Elizondo*, &c.) met with, he started "burlesque operas," (written for his own company, Les Bouffes Parisiens), such as *Orphée aux Enfers*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, *Le Pont des Soupirs*, &c.,—a style of which the object is to parody the *opera seria*, whether classical or romantic. When the mythological *opera seria* was in its prime, satire, within due bounds, may have been in good taste; but now, it is nothing but a coarse mockery of the ideal in art. It is characteristic of this low bred genius that the imitation of animals (Jupiter's fly song in *Orphée*, the *Mouse* song in *La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*, cackling of hens in *Genevieve*, &c.) always obtain the greatest applause; animals have become men, and men, animals. *Orphée* in especial owes its chief popularity to the political and satirical allusion with which it abounds, as well as to its scenery and decorations. As for the music of this *opus*, nearly all of it is condensed into a set of quadrilles; it is made up almost entirely of commonplace dance tunes, and is, in short, the music of *casinos* and gin-palaces. We cannot but augur badly for the future of the drama, as well as for art in general, where we find this heterogeneous, silly stuff actually obtaining enthusiastic applause." K.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—A Grand Charity Concert was given at Steinway Hall, on Friday evening, and among the artists were Mr. Von Inten and Ole Bull. The former played, for his first solo, Chopin's *Ballade* in G minor, op. 23, and did not do it very well. In the Finale he was too hurried and his accentuation was weak and indefinite. He played from memory, which will perhaps account for his omitting several measures at the close of the morceau. Ole Bull played one of his own compositions, and never has his "virtuosity" been as satisfactory to me. His three and four-part playing was simply amazing. Strange that while this speciality is his peculiar excellence, he does not seem to so regard it, but relies upon the ordinary violin tricks for gaining applause!

On Tuesday evening the "Madrigal Concert" (which I mentioned in a preceding letter) was repeated with some slight changes in the programme.

The repetition, I am told, was equally as successful as the original entertainment.

A "Missionary Meeting" and Concert will occur at the Academy on Friday evening of this week, and the programme will comprise various selections from Mr. Bristow's Oratorio "Daniel," while the whole performance will be directed by that gentleman. The entertainment will be of a somewhat "mixed" character, for there are to be prayers, addresses, and several old congregational tunes.

Mr. Thomas' 10th Sunday Concert presented an attractive programme of which I quote a portion :—

Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 52.....Schumann.
Overture, "Stradella".....Flotow.
"Nachtgesang".....Vogt.

Herr Alves and Miss Millet were the soloists. The latter is a pianist who has studied in Europe and who made her debut on this occasion. Her style is small, and she works her elbows freely; but on the other hand her touch is crisp and neat, and her scale passages are all really praiseworthy.

Mme. Raymond-Ritter and Mr. S. B. Mills are about to give three "Historical Recitals of Vocal and Piano-forte Music." To show the purpose and plan of the undertaking, I quote a few words from the preliminary prospectus. "The programmes of these concerts will be limited to two branches of art, Song and Pianoforte composition, and their aim will be to give as complete a sketch of the development of those branches in their most prominent points as can possibly be accomplished in a short series." It is not yet definitely announced when the first Recital will take place. F.

Feb. 8.—On Saturday evening we had our third Philharmonic Concert with the following programme:

Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Concerto, A major.....Ole Bull.
Ole Bull.
Two movements from posthumous Symphony, in B minor.....Schubert.
Polacca Guerriera.....Ole Bull.
Ole Bull.
Overture, Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven.

The Reformation Symphony [we were fortunately spared the infliction of a descriptive analysis on the back of the programme] would have made a reputation for a man of less note than Mendelssohn, but it adds nothing to his fame and is indeed, in many respects, inferior to either the Scotch or the Italian. The best movement—not even excepting the fresh and piquant Scherzo—is (to my taste) the short Andante, in G minor, which immediately precedes the vigorous Finale. It is simply an orchestral *Lied ohne Worte*, of which the theme is *sung* by the violins.

The Schubert fragments have now become quite familiar to us and grow in favor upon each hearing. If any criticism were to be made, it would simply be with regard to the prolixity of the composer. Yet Schumann (speaking of the C major) called it a "heavenly length," and I am not disposed to rebel against his opinion.

Ole Bull played his two selections in his own disjointed, incoherent, and peculiarly exasperating style. It is useless to criticize his compositions, for they are scarcely entitled to the name. In the Concerto, for instance, which is supposably in A, the finale opens squarely in E major, continues in that key for a very long time, and then suddenly, without warning or reason, winds up with about 16 bars in A. To paraphrase a famous *bon mot* of a certain celebrated wit, I might say that his "compositions will be played and admired when those of Mendelssohn and Beethoven shall be forgotten"—*and not until then*. Herr Bull was encored—in a somewhat labored way—at the close of the concerts, and responded to the compliment by devoting about ten minutes of valuable time to a sort fo musical nightmare, in which he exhibited his mechanical dexterity and the beauties of the chromatic scale in a most ingenious manner.

At the next concert—to occur on March 6—we are to have Schumann's 4th Symphony, in D minor, a Suite by Bach (first played here by Thomas at a Symphony Soirée last season) and Mendelssohn's Overture to "The lovely Melusine." The soloist or soloists not yet announced.

Mr. Thomas's 11th Sunday Concert presented these, among other attractions:

Overture, "Les Deux Journées".....Cherubini.
Allegretto, 8th Symphony.....Beethoven.
Overture, "Preciosa".....Von Weber.
"Träumerei".....Schumann.

Mrs. Farnsworth (soprano) and Mr. Martens (pianist) assisted upon this occasion. Of the former I have already given my opinion. Mr. M. played Mendelssohn's well known "Rondo Capriccioso" in quite a *turbid* way, but seems to be possessed of some considerable mechanical dexterity. F.

Paris, Jan. 24.—The 4th concert of the Conservatoire was, as usual, a repetition of the 3d, of which I gave an account in my last letter. The programme for the 5th concert I give below:

Symphonie en la mineur.....Mendelssohn.
Adieu aux jeunes Mariés, (double choeur sans accompagnement).....Meyerbeer.
1er Allegro du Concerto en ei mineur pour violoncelle.
B. Romberg.
Exécuté par M. E. Demunck.
Marche religieuse de Lohengrin, (Choeur).....Wagner.
Symphonie en mi bemol.....Mozart.

The "Scotch" Symphony is the one which established Mendelssohn's fame for excellence in this branch of composition. It is called the third Symphony, but it became famous while the second [in A major] was comparatively unknown. The charming Scherzo may have gained for the work the title of Scotch Symphony, and, both that and the other movements abound in the peculiar grace so wonderfully outlined in Charles Auchester.

It may be superfluous to say that the performance, both of this and of the Mozart Symphony, was above criticism, and indeed, the same may be said of the choruses and of M. Demunck's playing, which was such as to gain for him an enthusiastic recall,—a compliment which, with this audience, is not to be had for the asking.

The Popular Concerts continue to pursue the not exactly noiseless tenor of their way, and I give below the programmes of the last two.

Overture de Fidelio.....Beethoven.
Symphonie en si bémol, op. 20.....Niels Gade.
Andante.....Haydn.
Polonaise de Struensée, (le Bal et l'Arrestation).
Meyerbeer.
Marche religieuse de Lohengrin.....Richard Wagner.
Ouverture du Freyschütz.....Weber.

——

Schiller-Marche.....Meyerbeer.
Overture,—Scherzo,—Final (Op. 52)...Robert Schumann.
Andante et Menuet (Serénade).....Mozart.
Concertino pour cor.....Weber.
Par M. Mohr.
Symphonie en ut majeur.....Beethoven.

For to-day are announced a Symphony by Haydn, (No. 43); an Andante by Schubert; Beethoven's B-flat Symphony; a Concerto for Violin by Vieuxtemps; and Wagner's *Rienzi* Overture. A fine concert is to take place to-morrow at the Salle Herz for the benefit of "la Société Italienne de Bienfaisance," at which Mmes. Alboni and Conneau will assist together with the principal Italian artists. Mme. Alboni will sing an air from *Semiramide*, and with M. Tamburini a duo from the same work; she will also sing, with Mme. Conneau, the duo from the *Stabat*, in which she sang so magnificently at the funeral of Rossini. This concert is given annually, and has therefore been held at the Theatre Italian, but this year, owing to some misunderstanding between the Committee and the Director of the Theatre, the Salle Herz has been chosen.

Minnie Hauck is said to be winning laurels at the Italian Opera. Yesterday she took for the second time the role of Rosine, in *Il Barbiere*. At the Grand Opera the representations of *Hamlet* are interrupted by the illness of Faure; but *Les Huguenots* still continues *en scène*. To-day at the Theatre Lyrique we have Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Rienzi*, *Violetta* and *La Fiancée* are soon to follow. A. A. C.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Cavalier and Captive. (L'Espagnol et la jeune Indienne). Duet. 3. F to f. "*La Perichole.*" 40
A very pretty duet, and one of the chief favorites of the opera.

If I knew it came from Paris! Song and Cho. *Porter.* 30
A clever hit at "Miss Harris" and the fashions.

Some lady's dropped her chignon! *Lloyd.* 30
Every fair one within hearing "popped her hand up to her head." Suggestive and funny.

That is the reason why, darling! 3. A♭ to f. *Donnajowski.* 30
Answer to "Wont you tell me why, Robin?" Very pleasing.

Rest for the Weary. Trio. Female Voices. 3. D to *g*. *Gounod.* 40
A most charming trio. For three lady's voices, but may be sung by others.

I will come to meet you, darling. 3. A♭ to f. *Schraft.* 30
The answer has arrived then, to "Will you come, &c." Both good songs. Get this, also the other, if you have not yet seen it.

Jesus wept. Song. 3. A to c. *Barnett.* 40
A beautiful sacred song.

Home is home, however lowly. 3. A to e. *Taylor.* 30
A very "worthy" home song. Worthy of wide circulation.

Broadway Swell and Brooklyn Belle. *Kelly.* 30
Wide awake comic song.

What's a married man to do? Song. *Clifton.* 35
A serio-comic lament over the extravagance of the times. Very good melody.

Tipsy Arietta. (Griserie). 3. E♭ to e. "*La Perichole.*" 30
The amusing song of poor Perichole, after the unaccustomed luxury of a good dinner, where the wine had somewhat affected her brain.

Over the Way. 3. A to f. *Smith.* 30
Very neat and sweet, like the pretty girl "over the way."

O praise the Lord. Quartet. 3. D♭ to g. *Farley.* 35
Fine for choirs.

He giveth his beloved sleep. 3. C to e. *Benedict.* 35
Sacred and soothing.

I think of thee. 3. F to *g*. *Johnston.* 30
Full of expressive music.

I saw her with a rosy wreath. 3. E to f. *Pratt.* 30
Good melody.

Bessie Bell. 3. F to e. *Smart.* 30
A fine ballad in popular style.

Instrumental.

Robinson Crusoe. Fantasia. 5. *Ketterer.* 50
A brilliant resume of airs from the opera above named.

Snow-flake Scottisch. 2. B♭. *Somers.* 30
Very pretty, and somethfng in the style of "Woodland Waltz."

Piquillo Galop. 3. F. *Knight.* 30
Brilliant

Three easy preludes for Organ 3. *Mendelssohn, Gounod,* and *Salvatori.* 40
Very tasteful. Good for Voluntaries.

La Constancia. Spanish Waltzes. 3. *Rocca.* 40
Both graceful and brilliant. A fine set.

Letter Song and Street Singer's Duet. 3. "La Perichole." *Wels.* 40
A pleasing combination.

Florentine Waltz. 2. G. *Mack.* 30
Alleghany March. 2. G. " 30
Laurel Schottisch. 2. G. " 30
3 of Mack's "Silver Sounds." Excellent for learners.

Books.

Libretto of "La Perichole." 30
This is a new and pleasing opera, and the libretto contains the greater part of the striking airs.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

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Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

My Recollections of Mendelssohn.

BY EDWARD DEVRIENT.

III.

In the new house Felix entered upon the period of youth with the new tendencies and occupations of freshly aroused energies. With the same zest and ardor, with which he used to take hold of everything, he threw himself into bodily exercises. The father had built a little gymnasium for the boys in the fine large garden adjoining the house; Felix trained himself to the utmost exactness and endurance in the well-known manœuvres. With great zest he learned to ride, and gave me glowing accounts of the horses and of the jokes of the old riding master, which I knew by experience. His swimming exercises during the following summer were pushed with jubilant enthusiasm. A little swimming club had been formed for the purpose. Klingemann, who lived with the Hanoverian Minister in the upper story of the Mendelssohn house, belonged to this club, and wrote swimming songs, which Felix composed, and which they tried to sing while swimming in the water; when they got home there was youthful fun and merriment enough to tell of at the supper table. Klingemann, who was soon transferred to the embassy at London, came into nearer and nearer relations with Felix. He enlisted his and Fanny's sympathy in Jean Paul, whose full-hearted sensibility and deep-souled humor exerted a great influence on Felix; these were kindred natures.

His musical calling now became an earnest matter and the profession of his life. His father, fully to satisfy himself of the sufficiency of Felix's capacity, had made a journey with him to Paris in the autumn of 1825, to call on Cherubini; and he, after examining his compositions and hearing a piano Concerto and a string quartet, had greeted the youth as a talent of great promise. So in the winter the opportunity of a concert of the violinist Maurer was availed of, for Felix to play Beethoven's piano Fantasia and bring out his latest composition, the grand Overture in C major. We called this the "Trumpet Overture," on account of the trumpet call which dominates the piece. He performed it once more in the great garden hall of the house, where now the Sunday music had its home, and again at the musical festival at Dusseldorf; nevertheless—and even though his father was so partial to the piece, that he told me he would like to hear it in his dying hour—Felix did not find it ripe for publication. Therefore he did not scruple afterwards to use the trumpet call in his "Hebrides" Overture.

And now there was to be a public trial of his operatic talent; the mother's love being impatient for a great success for the son. After many alterations, the opera "Camacho's Wedding" was declared finished, and was soon to appear. It was handed in to the Royal Theatre in 1826; the General Intendant, Count Brühl, showed himself favorably inclined to further the first work of the young composer; but Spontini, who as general Music-director had the deciding voice about the acceptance of operas, who was hostile to everything which he was apprehensive might win the favor of the public, and who omitted no opportunity of solemnly asserting his own towering capacity and his official importance,—Spontini demanded the score, that he might examine it.

Dignity required that this experiment should last a long time; if he had actually read the score, it might have lasted still longer, for such business was not his forte. Finally the young composer was summoned, the score was spoken of in a tone of compassionate disparagement; and Spontini's concluding advice in regard to the composition of a comic opera consisted in his leading the young man to the window—he lived opposite the dome of the French Church—and saying to him: "*Mon ami, il vous faut des idées grandes, grandes comme cette coupole.*" It was finally decided that the opera should be performed; but other works claimed precedence, and so many obstacles were found, that the old Mendelssohn had a talk with Spontini and fell out with him entirely;—he had known him from his Paris days and had seen him with his wife at large parties and musical performances in his own house. Finally the mediation of Count Brühl, in the beginning of 1827, brought the work into the usual course of the opera studies of that time.

I had until then only heard isolated pieces of "Camacho's Wedding" at the piano; had read the poem, and had not been able to suppress a certain uneasy doubt whether all this was so much better than "The Uncle from Boston," as to be likely to produce sufficient effect upon the public as Felix's first opera; now I took part in all the rehearsals, in the character of Carrasco, and gradually various scruples became clear to me.

The subject of the opera—already used and very well known in "The Village Barber" (*Dorfbarbier*)—is only suited to a comical catastrophe. The rejected lover's feint of having taken poison, and his sudden recovery, after he is married while seemingly upon the point of death, must of necessity produce a laughable effect. In the *Dorfbarbier*, the confirmation of the doctrine: that bacon is a universal remedy, evidently makes a more satisfactory conclusion, than the intervention of Don Quixote in "Camacho's Wedding." Such questionable material, together with the poet's inability to produce really dramatic situations and effects, made rather a tame affair of it. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in fact only ran along beside the action.

The composition still bore essentially the same character with all the boyish works of Felix. What made the chief impression on the hearer was, what he had contrived with his great gift to learn, the extraordinary cleverness in form, the skill shown in the right construction of musical pieces, the intelligent expression of the singing persons. All this was undeniable and claimed respect for the composer of sixteen, but did not promise immediately to win and to enchain the hearers. In turning the humorous moments to account he did not get beyond what he had accomplished in his boyish operas; in invention the work was not rich; indeed in melodies worth preserving it was not equal to "The Uncle from Boston," for in the whole course of the rehearsals I learned to like no melody so well as several in that earlier work. One song from "Camacho's Wedding" was afterwards included by Felix in his second book of Songs;* but it has remained the least of a favorite with all singers, and clearly shows the still unripe stand-point of the composer for direct passionate expression.

To confess these observations then would have been very unseasonable; but upon one point, the musical treatment of Don Quixote, I fell into dispute with Felix, because he attached great importance to it. Throughout the whole opera every expression of Don Quixote, intended to illustrate his knighterrantry, was introduced by a heroic and imposing *entree* of trombones. Real heroism could not have been heralded with more dignity. But here, where the point was to indicate one befooled with the notion of knighterrantry,—although a respectable and honest fool,—here, in my opinion, the *entree* ought—through the choice and combination of instruments perhaps—to characterize this crazy knighthood ironically.† Felix on the contrary maintained that: The Knight of the Rueful Countenance *felt* himself entirely a hero and capable of world-subduing deeds; that the composer must express the conviction of the dramatic figure, not his own. I remarked on the other hand, that Cervantes everywhere holds up the humor of outlived knighterrantry in Don Quixote, and that the composer ought to follow the poet; moreover, that no representative of the old knight of La Mancha would ever play him as a real hero, but only as a crack-brained fool, who dreams himself a knight; and how would this chime with the high idea of him announced by the trombones of the orchestra?

The pregnant theme was discussed at great length, and I was struck by the fact that Felix's father took his side; perhaps only because it was too late to alter it.

The production of the opera was now to undergo all the chicaneries and fatalities of the theatre. After all sorts of delays, when we finally came to the theatre rehearsals, the singer Blum, to whom the part of Don Quixote had been assigned, was taken ill with jaundice, and the physician demanded his exemption from all active labor.

And now we had to face the question, whether the study should be broken off and the opera postponed for four or six weeks, and the rehearsals be begun anew after the recovery of the invalid. This would have been the right thing for the success of the work. But people had become impatient; who knew what other hindrances

* "Einmal aus s'einen Blicken," &c.

† Mendelssohn in the Midsummer Night's Dream music has introduced something analogous to the *ironica*, at "Hail!" "Hail!" by Cobweb, Mustard-seed and Pease-blossom.

might still arise? But Blum promised to work with them the best he could until the last moment fixed by the physician for beginning the treatment; and so they could count upon the possibility of two performances. Accordingly it was resolved to put the opera through. As a parting blessing, the chorus director also brought up difficulties, protested against the day fixed, and declared that the choruses were not yet sure enough. The open hand of the father put this difficulty aside; but other hindrances pertaining to the repertoire delayed the first performance until the termination of Blum's cure, the 29th of April, and cut off all possibility of any repetition.

The opera was not given in the Opera House, but in the Schauspiel-haus; its modest size appeared to Felix better suited to the nature of the work. The house was filled to overflowing with well-wishers, and therefore the applause was zealous and tumultuous; but in a hearty sense the opera did not please. It was the same with the young composer; he had outgrown this music now for nearly two years; he felt so ill-assured regarding the applause, that he ran away before the close of the performance, and when the public called him out, I was obliged to go out and excuse him.

While the family enjoyed the seeming success, Felix remained out of humor and dissatisfied, but would not talk about it. When the Don Quixote was restored to health, new hindrances arose; the superiors showed their usual indifference, and when they finally spoke to Felix himself of a resumption of the opera, he answered in his peevish way: "That is the affair of the general-Intendance, not mine." After that, of course, the thing was out of the question.

A malicious criticism—only in Saphir's *Schnellpost* to be sure—also wounded Felix. He then already felt, what he often said to me afterwards: that the most splendid praise in the first of journals does not gladden one so much as the most contemptible abuse in some low and dirty sheet annoys him. Moreover he soon found out that the author of the abusive article was a very musically gifted student, who had found a friendly reception in Mendelssohn's house, had shared all the excitement of the family during the preparation of the performance, and who even knew the score of the opera.

This chain of most contrary experiences pressed the first sting of aversion to the state of things in Berlin into Felix's soul.

Later, after the excitement about it had passed over, I asked him to consider: Whether the structure of the opera itself had not had a great part in that strangely adverse concatenation of circumstances? He half coincided, brought up this and that, but ended with saying: "The opera was not so bad, that one need have dealt so *malhonett* with it." In that I surely could not contradict him.

But these occurrences were in no way destined to repress his creative energy; on the contrary, it took a genial upward impulse at this moment of his life. He wrote his Overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream;"* in November, when Moscheles visited Berlin, he was able to play us the finished composition for four hands with Fanny.

Evidently this character-piece indicates the clarifying crisis in Felix's power of composition. He had shaken off the school dust and was now completely himself. In the conception of a poetical masterwork his characteristic faculty, in one mighty leap of development, had grown astonishingly. In his previous opera compositions he had characterized intelligently and rightly, to be sure; but here the representation was striking and convincing, irresistibly winning the hearer and carrying him away with itself. The Mendelssohn, whom the world possesses now and loves, dates from this composition.

After we had often heard the work played with four hands, and then also in the garden hall with full orchestra—which first placed the intentions of the composer fully in the light—all the friends recognized the epoch-making worth of this creation. Here appeared the live conception, the delicate feeling, the fine appreciation of poetic beauty, the sensibility and the graceful humor of Felix's nature, at once in their full richness:—all peculiarities, which show, that he was eminently called to characteristic, to dramatic music.

His father also recognized the cropping out of self-reliance in the talent of the son, and that henceforth the schoolmaster could only limit and impede him; accordingly he put an end to Zelter's instruction, which made the old gentleman very sensitive, for he still thought that Felix had learned all from him and had not yet outgrown his guidance.

Marx, who had a short time before been introduced into the Mendelssohn house, said: "Zelter has seen the fish swim, and imagines that he taught him." But Felix, in his tender piety, was troubled by the teacher's sensitiveness, and sought to compensate him by redoubled tokens of respect and honor.

* As we are still further indebted to Mendelssohn for the introduction of such *character-pieces*, in the "*Meeresstille*," "*Hebrides*," and "*Melusina*," it seems a pity that he did not give them this name, or that of orchestral fantasias, or something else, for the name Overture does not answer to them. He has done this later with his "Songs without Words," which after the old custom might have been called *Etudes*

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Concluded from page 396).

After dinner, I generally smoked a cigar with Rossini. For some little time he has cultivated the noble art of smoking, having been compelled, on account of his health, to give up taking snuff, a practice of which he was most passionately fond. As he one evening offered me a regalia, with a magnanimity repeated every day, he observed:

"These cigars were first made for Ferdinand VII., after whom they are named."

"The King was a man of delicate taste," I replied, luxuriously drawing from the cigar a thick cloud of smoke.

"He used to smoke all day long," said Rossini. "On the occasion of my making a short trip to Madrid with Aguado, I had the honor of being presented to him. He was smoking, when he received me, in the presence of the Queen. His exterior was not extraordinarily attractive, or even clean. After the interchange of a few phrases, he offered me, in a most friendly manner, a cigar already smoked away, but I declined with a bow, and did not accept it. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina, in a low voice, and good Neapolitan; 'It is a mark of favor that does not fall to every body's lot.' 'Your majesty,' I replied, in the same manner, (I had known her formerly in Naples) 'in the first place, I do not smoke, and in the second, I would not, under the circumstances, answer for the result.' The Queen laughed, and my *audacity* was attended with no evil consequences."

"It was at any rate a mark of favor that had its drawbacks," I observed.

"The freer from any drawback was the condescension evinced towards me by Don Francisco, the king's brother," continued Rossini. 'Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find in him an ardent admirer, and recommended me to go to him, immediately after my audience with the king. I found him playing, and with only his wife; I believe that one of my operas was lying open on the table. After a short conversation, Don Francisco turned towards me, in the most friendly manner, and said he had to beg a particular favor of me. 'Allow me,' he said, 'to sing the air of Assur to you, only dramatically.' Rather astonished, I sat down to accompany him on the piano, and was not quite sure what he meant, when he proceeded to the other end of the room, struck a theatrical attitude, and then to the great amusement of his wife, began to sing the air, with all kinds of movements and gestures. I must confess I never witnessed anything like it."

"How you are to be envied, maestro!" I exclaimed. "Not only did you have Pasta and Malibran, but even a descendant of Henry IV. to interpret your works. But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I did so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill, and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolese would have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

"Do you think so highly of Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, then?" I inquired. "It is true that I never heard it performed, but on looking through it, I found I was more pleased with certain details than with the work as a whole."

"I once had it performed in Naples, and it produced an admirable impression," said Rossini. "But there must be two good voices; they must sing it well, and even elevate, by nobleness of expression, certain antiquated passages. The original simple instrumentation must be retained too. Lately, it was given by large choruses, and with modern instrumentation, somewhere or other, but where I do not know—that is a very great mistake."

"It always appeared to me," said I, "that Pergolese enjoyed a celebrity which was rather exaggerated. He died young, it is true. There are plenty of persons, too, who confound him with Palestrina, and who know as little of the one as of the other. Is there anything in the *Serva Padrone*, so often mentioned?"

"O, yes," replied Rossini, singing me a number of motives out of that old opera, without entering into any further explanations.

"There is a certain amount of sensitiveness in Pergolese's compositions, I must allow," I resumed; "and I must say that, the more I advance in years, the more I incline to what is simple and expressive. This is a remarkable fact!"

"Not at all remarkable," replied the maestro; "the feeling will grow on you more and more."

"Youth should properly be the season for sensations of this description," I replied.

"In youth," said Rossini, "we like and do a great deal, because it appears new and unusual. But the heart is developed in domestic life, and in love of children, in more mature years—you will find I am right."

"I am quite willing to believe it, my dear maestro!" said I. "The great influence that our mode of life, and those by whom we are surrounded, exerts upon us, even as artists, will be denied by no one."

"I, at least," said Rossini, "was always dependent, in the highest degree, upon external influences. The different cities in which I wrote, excited me in different ways; I adapted myself, also to the peculiar tastes which predominated among the audiences of this or that place. For

instance, in Venice they could never have enough of my *crescendo*, and I, therefore, scattered it about, although I myself was tired of it. In Naples, I was able to lay it one side; the people there did not even like it.

"Have you been present as a calm spectator, to many representations of your works?" I inquired of the maestro.

"Behind the scenes, I have been so often enough, but never in the front of the house," replied Rossini.

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"I had a lesson in this particular, which spoilt my taste for it," answered Rossini. "One evening, I was invited, in Milan, to go to a friend's house, to a '*Risotto*.' It was rather too early, and, as we passed the Scala where my *Pietra di Paragone* was being performed, my host dragged me, almost in spite of myself, into the pit. A trio—one of the best pieces of the opera—was just being sung; but my neighbors, far from being edified by it, amused themselves by abusing me and my music in the most atrocious manner, not giving me credit for a single redeeming point. I did not feel any inclination to receive any further lessons of this description, for, in such cases, you may take the part of any one, yourself excepted."

"This *Pietra di Paragone* has played rather an important part in your life, then, for, if I am not mistaken, you are indebted to it for your exemption from the conscription," said I.

"Certainly, I was singled out to be a soldier, and there was no possibility of getting off, as I was the proprietor of a house. But what a proprietor! My castle brought me in forty *lire* annually. But the success of the opera rendered the general, commanding in Milan, favorably inclined towards me—he applied in my behalf to King Eugene, who was absent at the time, and I was left to a more peaceable occupation."

"But one which is, perhaps, not less wearing," said I.

"A *fiasco* is not a cannon ball," replied the maestro, "and there are plenty of people who grow old at the business."

One day, as I was playing something to Rossini, he begged me, as usual, to play one or two of Bach's fugues.

"These accursed fugues!" he subsequently exclaimed, in a comically-angry tone. "When I was at the Liceo, in Bologna, I became acquainted with the overture to the *Zauberflote*. My head became so full of it, that I determined on attempting a similar *opus*. I set to work, wrote a fugued overture, and had it copied out and played. But, when I heard it, I was so furious at the effect of my patchwork that I tore up the score and parts into a thousand pieces, in presence of my school-fellows and audience."

"That was a most hasty step, maestro," said I. "The work would have afterwards been a great source of amusement to you."

"A man has always something better to do than to busy himself with past follies," answered Rossini.

"Talking of these fugues," I observed, "reminds me of your Raimondi, lately deceased. He must have been a perfect wizard. To write two oratorios, which could be performed *after* each other, and *next* to each other, and simultaneously, was of itself wonderful, supposing there was not even any confusion."

"He was really very skilful in such artifices," said Rossini, and tried his hand at the most adventurous combinations. On the other side, his theatrical music was bad and wearisome, and it was only with his last work, *Ventaglio*, that he was at all successful. While I was in Naples, I procured for him an appointment in the theatre, in order to give him an opportunity of earning something—he had to superintend and arrange the *ballet* music—a melancholy occupation for a real musician. He subsequently obtained an honorable post in the Liceo at Palermo, but did not go on well too long anywhere."

"A passionate lover of music, in Cologne," said I, "applied to Raimondi, after the performance of his oratorio in Rome, and inquired whether it were possible to obtain a copy. Raimondi demanded the *bagatelle* of 60,000 francs. Its success must have turned his brain."

"I should not be surprised if it had," said Rossini; "he had never possessed two piastres at one and the same time, and never obtained such a triumph before."

We were interrupted by a most graceful French lady, who was introduced to the maestro, and, in the course of conversation, thanked him enthusiastically for all the hours of enjoyment his music had already procured her. It is true that such scenes occurred every day, but the warmth with which a great many persons gave utterance to their feelings was, at times, something really touching.

"In spite of your being used to this sort of thing, maestro," said I, "the manner in which people meet you here must be highly agreeable to you."

"Marks of attention which come from the heart have certainly something satisfactory about them," said Rossini.

"It must be confessed," observed I, "that the French possess, in the highest degree, the gift of manifesting their respect for celebrated men in the most amiable manner."

"Certainly," replied the maestro, "if they could but make one a few less compliments, and speak to a man less about his own works. But this is a thing they cannot give up, from persons of the highest rank down to the *concierge*. I think I never met a Frenchman who did not ask me which of my operas I liked best. You can imagine how little I am the man to enter upon a discussion of this kind. The French are friendly and appreciating, but, at times, somewhat too kind.

"Do you prefer the Italian fashion?" I inquired.

"In Italy, the people are distinguished by a noble indifference," answered Rossini; "but, on this side, also, you may be too kind."

"You certainly have no cause for complaint either on this side of the Alps, or on the other, maestro," said I, laughing; "and yonder comes also a proud son of Albion who adores you—he was telling me yesterday about the evening he first heard your music, and saw you, and the tears stood in his eyes the while."

"I have experienced from Englishmen," said Rossini, "marks of attention which are not to be met with every day. For instance, I shall never forget the behavior of the Duke of Devonshire towards me."

"What did he say, maestro?" inquired I.

"On my way to London, I was stopping for a day in Milan," said Rossini. "The Duke of Devonshire happened to be there also; and an acquaintance of mine, who was about going to see the Duke, would not be contented until I accompanied him, although my travelling costume was not adapted for figuring in the drawing-room of an English nobleman. The Duke, a great lover of music, overwhelmed me with politeness; we dined together, and after dinner, I sang him two or three songs."

"That was a bad time for doing so," said I.

"According to what singers say," replied the maestro, "it was, but I must confess I have never sung more willingly and better than after a good dinner. But to return to the Duke—I must add that he gave me the most powerful letters of recommendation, which were highly serviceable to me in London. He himself was not in England during my stay there."

"All you have hitherto related is but very natural, my dear maestro," said I.

"A little patience, *mio caro*," continued Rossini. "Twenty years had elapsed since the period in question, without my having again met the Duke. One morning, very early, I go to the market at Bologna. You must know that there is nothing like the market at Bologna. It is impossible to form any conception of the various productions garnered up there, and one of my favorite occupations was to lounge about the place. To my great astonishment, I perceive, stuck in the middle of the square, a gentleman, very comfortably smoking his cigar. I approach, and the moment he perceives me, he stretches out his hand in a quiet friendly manner, to shake hands with me. It was the Duke of Devonshire. 'I am very glad that I have seen you here; I intended calling on you in an hour or two,' said he, 'I know your residence and your habits.' We chatted good-humoredly together for some time. I accompanied him to his hotel, and he subsequently paid me the visit he had announced. 'I am still greatly in your debt,' said he, on taking leave, 'and up to the present time have found no opportunity of taking my revenge.' With these words, he handed me an extremely valuable snuff box. It was most assuredly far less the costliness of the present, than the uncommon attention on the part of the donor, which afforded me great pleasure. To pay a supposed debt, and in such a way, after the lapse of twenty years! and it was not he who was under an obligation to me, but I to him."

"That depends upon how you look upon the matter," said I.

"At any rate, the behavior of the Duke was that of a nobleman, in the best acceptation of the word. But it is fated that we shall not chat uninterrupted to-day; yonder comes an elegant *pianiste compositeur*, who has certainly got his eye upon you."

"I only trust that he does not wish to play me a *fantasia* on motives from my own operas," said Rossini, "for nothing in the world wearies me so much as jingling of this description; added to which, you are expected to express your thanks, at the conclusion, for the honor done you."

The storm that threatened the maestro passed quietly by. It was, however, the last evening he spent at Trouville. On the following morning he left the place. I accompanied him to his carriage, and although I was to see him again in a few days in Paris, my heart felt moved, as he drove off.

"I expect you on Friday to dinner, *caro Ferdinando*," he called out to me.

"Friday and every other day," exclaimed Madame Rossini.

I returned home, with half-melancholy, half-agreeable feelings of having spent one or two weeks that for me were memorable ones. May the reader of these pages of reminiscences—far too fragmentary, as I now perceive at their conclusion—obtain from them some slight notion of one of the most genial and amiable men of the present century, one who, besides all his other preeminent qualities, possesses the highly laudable virtue of being extremely well-disposed towards the author of these pages.

The Stabat Mater of Various Masters.

Among the innumerable crowd of musicians, who, from the end of the fifteenth century down to the present day, have tried their talents on this song of pain, seven have produced works which have achieved celebrity. These great artists are Josquin Depiès, Palestrina, Pergolese, the Marquis of Ligniville (Prince de Conca), Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. There is nothing more interesting than to compare these works, so different in character, in form, and in the means by which they produce their effects; but, if we separate each one from its own epoch, if we do not thoroughly imbibe the sentiments which inspired the composer, and if we entertained fixed opinions against the tendencies of one school or the other, it is impossible to form an impartial judgment on the subject. If, however, our mind is eclectic, if it makes allowance for the influence of circumstances, and for the aim the artist had in view, we shall have a well-founded opinion of the value of each work, and our judgment will be impartial, for eclecticism is enlightened impartiality.

Behold me, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Josquin Depiès, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone, without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing had just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Josquin, the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer; his mission was simply to impart to this prayer a calm and devout character. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary, have nothing relating to human sentiments; it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see, therefore, in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required: the pure

sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices on the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant, in long sustained notes, and, upon this theme, the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of entries, rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voice, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Josquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical compositions was still the same, but art had improved in form, and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect, by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter, alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour. . . . And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent." It is a sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "Stabat Mater," and to which the second sings the words "Juxta Crucem," are something horrible, something barbarous, which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations that their succession engenders. It is something out of Palestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony. But Palestrina required an accent of horror, and, as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony, unknown during his life, it was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wishes to express seizes the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words, "O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!" It predominates up to the end of the work, and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolese there was a period of one hundred and fifty years; art was transformed; a new system of tonality had arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown; and instrumental coloring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer. Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy; but powerful combinations were repugnant to it; it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only. He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force. His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition; we do not find the powerful effect of choruses employed in it; a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts, a tenor and a bass, with the organ. The work is not always equal; two numbers are weak in their conception; but what touching sadness there is in the others! It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen on Pergolese's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolese has always moved an audience; its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the connoisseur not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater*. The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas, is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it. Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Savior was no human grief. We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished. This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music; a few formulæ of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the Stabats which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much. His *Stabat*, a charming "Salve, Regina," and a "Dixit Dominus," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavor to portray sentiments above human nature, nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably. Three voices, sometimes all similar, as in the first verse, sung by three soprani, and as in "Quæ mœrebat et dolebat," for three contralti, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano, contralto, and bass, as in the other verses, three voices, I say, without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions. The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent on him to give all his numbers the form of canons, but these combinations are merely accessories, which in no way injure the expression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis, in his work, but with more powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra. The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration; but he has infused into it more melancholy, and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "Cujus animam gementem." Though known only to the erudite in music, and, perhaps, never performed, this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration.

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat*; he made of it a drama, under the form of an oratorio or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the proclivities of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view, and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it. The originality of thought and form, the happy employment of the riches of harmony, and of the combinations of voices and instruments, such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work; we must, more especially, take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself, this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("Stabat Mater"); in the tenor air "Cujus animam gementem"); in the quartet ("Sancta Mater"); and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism; it is, at the present day, justly classed among his finest works. FETIS, Sen.

Pitch.

(From the London Musical World).

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Mr. Sims Reeves sent a letter to the *Athenæum*, briefly stating his resolve not to sing for the Sacred Harmonic Society while the present high pitch is maintained, and—presto!—the whole musical world was in a blaze. Not only musical men and musical journals, but even the grave editors of ponderous dailies have been affected, and have discoursed learnedly of "vibrations" and the "diapason." As the discussion promises to wax hotter and hotter, we purpose telling our readers, in words few and plain, what it is all about.

First, we must state that the agitation has for its object the lowering of our present diapason—that is to say, it wants any given note—A, for example—made flatter, the whole scale, of course, being depressed in proportion. The reduction claimed appears not to exceed a semi-tone. Here it ought to be pointed out that within the last century the pitch in common use has grown sharper and sharper. There is no disputing this, because half a dozen independent proofs are ready to hand—such as, for instance, the testimony of old instruments, and—which is hardly less conclusive—of old scores; the observation of numerous witnesses in various parts of Europe: and, most convincing of all, the report of a French Imperial commission, numbering among its members Rossini, Auber and Meyerbeer, which investigated the whole matter some ten years ago. It must be granted that we have here a strong argument in favor of the reform sought, and those who advocate that reform are not slow to urge it. The diapason which satisfied the great masters of music, which contented Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, may, we are told, be safely adopted once more. As to the reason why the pitch has been thus raised various statements are made, and it is important that the truth should be ascertained. In a letter published during last week by Mr Manns, of the Crystal Palace, a cause is assigned which by no means satisfies us. Mr Manns traces the evil to certain natural laws, notably to the effect produced upon stringed instruments by the heated air of concert rooms. We shall not enter minutely into his argument, because there appears to us a fatal objection on the very threshold. The causes he points out have been, are now, and always will be, in operation, and we are, therefore, driven to the conclusion, in no way supported by testimony, that the pitch has been always rising, that it must inevitably rise, and that the operation of setting back will be periodical. We prefer to Mr. Manns' conjecture the opinion of the French commission as embodied in its report. After an elaborate inquiry, the eminent men already named acquitted both composers and singers of any complicity in pitch elevation (about the laws of nature they said nothing), but charged the matter distinctly upon the makers and players of instruments, to whom the brilliancy resulting from a high diapason has been a most enticing will o'-the-wisp. In support of this they mentioned an occurrence which took place in Vienna some years ago. When the late Emperor Nicholas was appointed colonel of an Austrian regiment he ordered a set of new instruments for its band, and the maker, with an eye to effect, raised the pitch materially. So much brilliancy resulted, that every other maker followed suit. As a matter of course, the orchestral strings were compelled to put themselves in agreement. Here we have a distinct, intelligible, and sufficient reason for the evil sought to be removed—brilliancy has done it all.

The question now presents itself—ought the pitch to be lowered? The balance of testimony is immensely in favor of an affirmative reply. The French commission was emphatic on the point. The most eminent musical authorities of Europe are agreed about it, and the vast majority of vocalists are prepared to welcome a change as one of the greatest boons that could be offered them. We shall assume, therefore, that the desirability of a lower pitch is proved and admitted. Here we come face to face with another question—What shall the reduction be? The answer to this is not so obvious, and already it has caused a split in the reformers' camp. On the one hand are those who say "Let us adopt the normal diapason of France. The reduction—very nearly a semitone—is sufficient, and by making no more and no less we establish uniformity with what will very soon be the common diapason of the European Continent." In opposition to this there are others who tell us: "An adoption of the French pitch is next to impracticable, because of the enormous expense it would entail. New wind instruments would be imperative, organs would have to be retuned at a very large cost, and all for what?—uniformity with the Continent, the difference between half-a-tone reduction which we propose and the French pitch being scarcely appreciable. Our plan, on the contrary, is easy and inexpensive." In what the easiness and economy of a half-tone reduction consists Mr. Manns has shown by means of the letter referred to above. We give his own words:—"In the event of a full half-tone being adopted, the expense to musicians, musical societies, military bands, organ-builders, wood and brass instrument makers, would be reduced to its minimum, because, as already pointed out, most of the existing instruments could be utilized, and the material already shaped or finished off for instruments being made could be altered without important loss or trouble." A striking illustration of the facility thus indicated (and fully explained in other portions of Mr. Manns' letter) was supplied by the National Choral Society's performance on Wednesday last. At short notice, and without much trouble or expense, the *Creation* was given at a pitch half a tone lower than usual. The stringed instruments were, of course, easily managed, a little contrivance adapted the wind to the new diapason, and, as the pipes of the organ could not be shifted for one performance, the part for that instrument was transposed. What was done on this occasion can be done at any other time, and the advantage sought is obtained with one minimum of trouble. The question, therefore, resolves itself into one of expediency. As a matter of principle, other things being equal, we should prefer to see the French pitch adopted. Uniformity on such a matter is desirable for many and obvious reasons. Besides, although the difference between the *diapason normal* and a half tone reduction is very small, still there is a difference, and that, probably, on the right side, there being a question whether the half tone is not too great a drop. On the other hand, if it can be shown that the French pitch is so expensive a thing as to be next to unattainable, we shall be ready to help on the reduction advocated by Mr. Manns as far as in us lies. One or the other course, it is clear, must be adopted, and, the difference being slight, wisdom suggests that which is less inconvenient.

A good deal has been said about the effect of a lowered diapason upon performances. This, also,

was tested on Wednesday night by Mr. Martin's society, and we must candidly own that at the outset our impression was decidedly unfavorable. The music seemed dull and flat to an unexpected degree. But as the ear got accustomed to the depression this result passed off, and before the close we were inclined to regard the experiment as a success. Certain of the wind instruments—trumpets and horns, for example—came out with unwonted power, the choruses gained in solidity and lost much of the painful screaming observable on former occasions, and the principal singers were able to give their high notes with an ease pleasant to witness. So far the trial was satisfactory, but as more data will come to hand a final decision is unadvisable at present. Our hope is that musical people will work together in the matter as far as possible, and eventually come to some general understanding, otherwise the present movement will result in a general muddle, every concert-giver having his own pitch, pinning his faith to, and guiding his practice by a certain number of vibrations in which nobody else believes.

THADDEUS EGG.

[From Once a Week]

Christmas Music.

Commemorative works of art rarely acquire lasting repute. This remark applies to works on poetry, painting and music alike. Dryden says somewhere in one of his dedications, the servile character of which is so unworthy of his genius, that "the priests of Apollo have not inspiration when they please, but must wait until the god comes rushing on them and invades them with a fury which they are not able to resist;"—in which modest allusion to his own case, he accounts for the inferiority of poems written to order. And so with paintings. No coronation picture—battle-piece—hardly any representation on canvas of an historical incident, painted at the time of its occurrence, possesses that worth which belongs to a pictorial illustration of the same subject in which the memory, and, consequently, the imagination, of the artist are of necessity brought into play. If it be thus with commemorative poetry and painting, music made to order is still more transient in its popularity than either. Of all the national anthems ever composed there are but two—"God Save the Queen" and "Gott erhält den Kaiser"—which still fulfil the object for which they were originally intended. Others owe their celebrity to accident, and are constantly in jeopardy of being superseded. Incidental music of all kinds, triumphal marches, songs, choruses, and overtures, composed for special occasions, are neglected and forgotten as soon as they have served their turn.

Such, however, is not the case when certain music, by chance, has become identified with certain recurring events. Carols, for instance, are associated with Christmas, although they are equally appropriate to many other festivals of the church. They seem to have a charmed existence, and some magic association with the anniversary of the Nativity. Their use at Easter and Whitsuntide has been discontinued, until the word carol is, at last, almost inseparable from the time of year at which these tunes are now sung.

According to Dr. Rimbault, "the practice of carol-singing is of great antiquity, and may be traced back to the time of the early Christians. The custom is referred to both by St. Paul and St. James; and Pliny the younger, in his letter to Trajan, respecting the Christians, A. D. 107, says: 'They were wont to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately to Christ as to God.' The term carol, continues Dr. Rimbault, appears originally to have signified songs intermingled with dancing, or a sort of divertissement, and it is used in that sense in "Le Roman de la Rose," and by Chaucer and other old writers. It was afterwards applied to festive songs, and these became prevalent during Christmas; it has, for a long time past, designated (though not exclusively) those sung during that feast. Then again, the melody known as the "Christmas Hymn," although of foreign origin, is so identified with the Protestant church service of the particular day, that its omission is most unusual and causes serious disappointment. No more impressive effect can be made by sweet sounds than is produced by this pure and simple melody, elevating as it does the thoughts of all listeners, and recalling by its associations with home, the circumstances of the past.

But music written exclusively for the festive season affords no exception to the observations I have made on music composed for special occasions. Christmas music of any importance is, on the contrary, very scarce. I do not, of course, allude to carols and hymns, which are plentiful. By Christmas music I mean such musical compositions as correspond in importance to Correggio's "Night," Raphael's "Holy Family," and other celebrated paintings. Musical works of that standard of excellence having reference to the Nativity are rare.

Handel's "Messiah" stands first on the list; although not composed expressly as such, it is Christmas music in every sense of the word. It is so well known that any description of it here would be quite superfluous. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the incidental pastoral symphony, that is worth notice. It has been frequently asserted that Handel was indebted for the subject of this movement to older writers, and many sources from which it originated have been mentioned. "But, singularly enough," says an authority in antiquarian matters, "all those who have examined the original MS. of the "Messiah" have overlooked the very point which decides the question." Over the pastoral symphony, Handel himself has written the word "Pif.," an abbreviation of Pifferari (pipers), which at once explains its origin. During the festivities of Christmas and of the New Year at Rome, the Pifferari or Calabrian peasants perform a kind of mendicant pilgrimage to the principal shrines of the Eternal City, before which they chant their traditional hymns or melodies, which, having descended unaltered from century to century, are, in the opinion of the Romans themselves, as ancient as the time of Romulus—if, indeed, they be not derived from a still earlier period. This simple melody, which is noted in a MS. collection of ancient hymns in 1630, was probably thus listened to by Handel when he was at Rome in 1709, and afterwards fashioned into the pastoral symphony.

Next comes a Christmas oratorio by Sebastian Bach, one of the finest compositions of the old contrapuntist. It is a sacred lyric drama in six parts or acts. Each part is complete in itself, and yet forms an essential portion of the whole. The text, taken from St. Luke ii., 1 to 21, and St. Matthew ii., 1 to 12, has been freely handled by the German poet. Although unquestionably that which has been designated intellectual music, the expression of joy and gladness is unmistakeable throughout the work, which, however, contains less fugue writing than might be expected from a master whose specialty was that abstruse branch of the art.

No fewer than eleven pieces out of the sixty-four, of which the Christmas oratorio consists, were transferred by Bach from other compositions of his own—an example followed by Handel some eight years later, when writing the "Messiah." The different parts of the oratorio are intended for performance on certain days during Christmas time. The work itself is a remarkable instance of the fate of occasional music, being rarely heard in its native land, and nearly unknown elsewhere. One or two of the detached pieces are sometimes performed in the German churches, especially the chorale:

Brich an, o schönes Morgenlicht

The original MS. is in the Imperial Library at Berlin, where it lies like some sealed block of granite, covered with the dust of ages, an enduring monument of the genius of him who shaped it. It bears a superscription in Bach's own handwriting:—

ORATORIUM

Tempore Nativitatis Christi. Festis I. Janualarii, Festo Circumcisionis, Adventi, 3 tromboni, tamburi, 2 traversi, 2 bauth., 2 violini, viola e continuo, di

Joh. Seb. Bach

to which a note is added by C. Ph. E. Bach, to the effect that the work was composed in 1734, in the fiftieth year of the musician's age. The oratorio has, within the last few years, been published by the Bach Society of Berlin in full score and in a form similar to the publications of the London Handel Society.

A sacred cantata of recent date, having for its subject the incidents of the Nativity, is "L'Enfance du Christ," by Hector Berlioz, a strict classic in his way, whose music has not yet been universally accepted. It is admired enthusiastically by a devout few; but to others the absence of melodic rhythm, and general uncomfortable character of the music (if such a word can be applied aesthetically), do not atone for the great resources of the composer as a master of the art of instrumentation.

There is no musician more capable of arranging the works of others for the orchestra—no more able critic—than Hector Berlioz; but as a composer, his time for being appreciated by those who love pure and passionate music has either not yet come, or is already past. The cantata "L'Enfance du Christ," is called a sacred trilogy, being divided into three parts. Part I. King Herod's Dream. Part II. The Flight into Egypt. Part III. The Coming to Sais. It contains solos and concerted pieces for soprano, tenors, basses, and baritone. The night march, with which the first part commences is impressive; but Herod's Song (*adagio misterioso*) vague, and either so profound or so meaningless as to be beyond the power of an ordinary mind to understand, is a fair type of the prevailing character of the whole work. To borrow a comparison from the sister art, the outlines of the music lack precision, and the effect produced is consequently bewildering and unsatisfactory.

The text of the sacred trilogy has been translated from the French by Mr. Chorley, whose English version is called "The Holy Family." Considering its subject, and the reputation of the composer for classic severity, some of the stage directions for performance are, to say the least, remarkable. Thus, in scene the sixth, the Chorus of Angels is directed to be sung "in a room near the orchestra, the door of which should be left open;" and further on, "the door of the room is to be closed." Then, it is said, "if the work is executed in a theatre, the chorus should be placed so as to have a curtain before them. This should be let down to the level of their heads at the beginning of this finale, in order that, by letting it fall completely, the sound may be softened. Further, for the due effect of the last five bars, the chorus should turn round, and sing them *from* not *to* the public, to produce the utmost pianissimo possible." That such stage directions as these should be deemed necessary by a composer, shows, at least, a want of confidence in his work. They are puerile in the extreme, and assuredly inconsistent with the great literary and artistic reputation Hector Berlioz so deservedly enjoys.

Amongst the English musicians who have composed anthems and other short pieces for Christmas are Purcell, Pearsall, Goss, Elvey, Hopkins, Hatton and others. A goodly collection of these occasional compositions is contained in Novello's excellent publication the *Musical Times*. They are principally settings of words taken from Holy Writ. Gounod has this year added to their number. His contribution, in the form of a chorus and solo for female voices, is a capital specimen of his peculiar style of harmony and vocal effects.

Secular Christmas music is even scarcer than that of a sacred character. The social festival has not been chosen as the subject for an elaborate musical work, except by Macfarren, who, in his cantata called "Christmas," consisting of choruses, songs, and a duettino, has written some truly English music to celebrate the jollity of Merry England at this season of the year. The poem of the cantata is by John Oxenford, and contains some hearty verse, full of healthy thought and genuine sentiment, poetically expressed. One of the principal features of the cantata is a chorus in F minor, the melody of which is an old carol arranged in a most masterly manner. The well known tune is sung at first in unison by all the voices, and then in simple harmony—such harmony as many who have treated the same carol would do well to study. When the tune is next introduced it is instrumentally accompanied in 6-4 time—a dashing spirited accompaniment to the melody which goes on in common time. Nothing can be more effective than the contrast this affords—a contrast and effect obtained by the simplest means, and yet most splendidly characteristic. It is one of the happiest conceptions of the thoughtful musician. Of the songs, that for the bass voice is the least pleasing. It relates a story which is too long, and of but little interest. The sustained choral harmonies are somewhat misplaced, and do not relieve the monotony of the song. On the other hand a canzonet for the soprano is a very gem of inspiration, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to all who take delight in charming musical phrases, albeit some of the phrases may not be quite original. The duettino is quaint, and may, without disparagement, be said to be in the style of Offenbach. The first few bars are just those which the sprightly foreigner would have written to the same words. A jovial, rollicking finale, purely English in its nature, brings the cantata to a close. The work bears the indelible stamp of a very able musician's hand throughout. As an important specimen of secular Christian music, it stands alone, and as combining intrinsic excellence with the elements of nationality, it is music such as probably no other English composer but Macfarren could have produced.

In this discussion we have apparently descended two ladders of musical fame. Placing Handel on the topmost rung of one we stepped to Bach, and then, precipitately we fell to Hector Berlioz, from whose position to that of the sacred anthem writers, the progression was easy and agreeable. On the other sliding scale we find Macfarren occupying the most prominent position, holding a wreath of holly and mistletoe aloft, with no one near him to share the trophy or wrest it from his grasp. Below, on the ground around our musical Parnassus, Christmas musicians innumerable are at work, some in churches, some in theatres, others in the streets, all trying to turn the merry season to some account. They

care not what noise they make, nor how appropriate or otherwise is the clamor raised. Some in the churches are ambitious, and discarding the simple tunes so well known, and so dear to their congregations, give forth new-fangled compositions of their own, as destitute of the charms of association as of the merits of good harmony; some in the theatres set their fiddlers to play vulgar songs and horrible medleys, which distract the ears of many and degrade the taste of all. More terrible still, those in the streets arouse quiet neighborhoods with the most discordant noises at the dead of night. These, one and all, disgrace the art, and few indeed make that which is worthy of being called Christmas music.

Music Abroad.

London.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Of the concerts since Christmas we find a *resumé* in the *Saturday Review, Jan.* 23, from which we take the following:

The return of Herr Joachim, whose yearly visit is now the most interesting event of the London musical season, has, if possible, caused greater excitement than at any former season ...A lover of display—like Franz Liszt, the pianist, for example (a dozen Rubinsteins and Tausigs in one), or Paganini himself—on such an occasion as that of his first appearance before a London public, would have induced the director of the concert at which he was to appear so to arrange the programme that the "virtuoso" should be all in all and the *music* nothing. But Herr Joachim is made of different stuff. Not only did he abstain from any "solo" exhibition whatever, but he selected for his *rentrée* (we *must* use a French term) one of those divine quartets by Mozart, and another of those divine quartets by Haydn, in which the music itself is the sole passport to distinction, and the only way to shine is to shine through its influence—the great quartet in C of Mozart, and the best of Haydn's quartets in the key of B flat. And how Herr Joachim played in them we shall no more attempt to describe than we shall attempt to describe the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was received by an audience that crowded St. James's Hall in every part. But the quartets were not the only performances of Herr Joachim. He also played, with Mme. Arabella Goddard, the last, the most original, and the most beautiful, of the ten sonatas composed by Beethoven for pianoforte and violin—the one in G, Op. 96. So perfectly was this executed, by both artists—and no two artists were ever better matched, Mme. Goddard being not less consummate a mistress of her instrument than Herr Joachim of his—that the audience, charmed alike by the music and the performance, called them back twice in succession at the end. Not the least remarkable feature of this interesting concert was Mme. Goddard's performance of Schubert's solo sonata in D, one of the three before which Schumann—who, had he possessed Schubert's genius, might have been greater than Schubert—was lost in admiration. Here again came forth the irrepressible musical hero of the time; and here, let us own, he came with a power not to be denied.

Herr Joachim's two other appearances have been no less interesting than his first. At the second, he led Cherubini's fine quartet in E flat, first of the only three works of the kind known to have proceeded from the composer of *Medea, Les Deux Journées, Faniska*, and other dramatic masterpieces, not to speak of church music that few but the highest masters have equalled—that illustrious Florentine whom Schumann compares with Dante. This quartet, for the resuscitation of which we are indebted to the spirit of research which has ever distinguished the Monday Popular Concerts, is now readily admitted into the charmed circle hitherto filled up by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, an occasional corner being grudgingly awarded to Spohr. So, not long hence, it is to be hoped, may be admitted its fellow quartets in D minor and C major. Cherubini is one of the few really grand musicians; and whatever he wrote merits consideration and respect. Herr Joachim has also introduced, for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, Mozart's most graceful quartet in B flat, one of the three written expressly for the Court at Berlin, where there was a violoncello player after the composer's own heart. He has led, too, the noble quartet in E minor of Mendelssohn—the second of that "Op. 44" of which the one in D, already mentioned, is the first. Here again one of the most thoroughly Mendelssohnian of the Mendelssohn family of *scherzi* produced its accustomed effect, being rapturously encored. But, perhaps, that for which we have to thank the great Hungarian violinist most heartily is his making the general public acquainted with J. S. Bach's masterly violin concerto in A minor, which he played at the most recent concert—with accompaniment of double string quartet, an accompaniment quite strong enough for Bach's music—in a style as perfect as Bach himself could possibly have contemplated. That Herr Joachim knew his audience was proved by the result. No work has been more earnestly welcomed since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted; and never was a more unanimous encore awarded to any piece of music than that which followed the *finale* of Bach's concerto—a *finale* in nine eight measure, with a theme in the *gigue* style, of which Bach and Handel have left so many vigorous examples, but considerably developed, so as to distinguish it from the ordinary dance movement often met with at the end of their *suites de pièces*.

At the same concert Mr. Charles Hallé made his first appearance for the season, playing Schubert's pianoforte sonata in A major (which he had already played in St. James's Hall), with that wonderful accuracy and neatness for which he has been famous ever since, in 1843, he first paid England the honor of a visit. This work is one of the three sonatas Schubert intended to dedicate to Hummel, but which, Schubert dying, his Vienna publisher, Diabelli, inscribed to Schumann (then an influential musical critic), and which Schumann could never be made to believe were Schubert's last. Their comparative inferiority to the three with which Schumann was so captivated easily accounts for his incredulity; and we are inclined to share his doubt as to the actual period of their composition. Mr. Hallé also joined Herr Joachim in Beethoven's duet-sonata, G major, Op. 30—a capital performance on both hands.

Leipsic.—The eleventh Gewandhaus Concert took place on New Year's Day. The programme included, among other compositions, Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and Mozart's Symphony in C major, with the final Fugue. Herr Wilhelmy performed the first movement from the violin Concerto of Rubinstein, and the "*Otello* Fantasia" of Ernst. Mme. Rudersdorff was the vocalist.—The General Musical Association of Germany met recently to pay a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Franz Brendel. Dr. Ad. Stern, from Dresden delivered a discourse eulogizing the deceased, and Riedel's Vocal Association sang a motet by Melch. Frank, as well as the hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," arranged by Calvisius.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 27, 1869.

Music at Home.

Eighth Symphony Concert. The programme this time was peculiar;—perhaps too uniformly (during the larger half) in that romantic watery, tone which we associate with Gade's Symphonies and these two Overtures by Mendelssohn and Bennett.

Overture, "The Hebrides,".....Mendelssohn.
Symphony, in E major, No. 2, (first time).....Gade.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante.—Scherzo and Finale.

Overture, "The Naiads,".....Bennett.
Piano-Forte Concerto, in G minor.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro con fuoco.—Andante—Finale.
B. J. Lang.
Short Symphony, in B major, for Strings, two Oboes, and two Horns (first time).....Haydn.
Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Minuet.—Finale Presto.

There was strong relief, to be sure, in the Mendelssohn Concerto, and a character as different as possible in the quaint little Symphony by Haydn. But that too suffered, as did the whole programme, by the anticlimax in arrangement,—the retiring of a dozen of the musicians in the middle of the concert (to fulfil a distant engagement) making it necessary to place the smaller pieces last, as well as to change one of the Overtures before announced. Still, if not the most effective we have had, the concert was made up of choice and interesting subjects, which were in treatment, if not in order, happily presented.

There could be found nothing better in its way than "The Hebrides,"—no better Overture, no better work in any form, of Mendelssohn's. It was beautifully played, and it was enjoyed in silence undisturbed. Mendelssohn's friend Devrient, (see our to-day's translation) tells us something about the trumpet call that rings so wildly in it ever and anon.

The new Gade Symphony (No. 2 of the seven) has much of the same wild, seashore, Northern character with the others that we know (in C minor and in B flat). Opinions will be more divided about it than about the first one, which is ever a favorite. We find it, as a whole, a very interesting work, and full of poetry, though not perhaps so smooth and happy always in the working. The first movement was to us less impressive than the others, rather monotonous in its swift pursuing rhythm. A sweet and distant horn passage leads in—at first in slower measure, as in his first Symphony—the sort of hunting theme which forms the staple of the Allegro, whose speed relaxes now and then to give room for a musing episode in a more songful strain. The Andante, opening with mysterious solemn beat in A minor, has some grandly sonorous chords before it swells into a rousing fortissimo in A major, and is altogether an impressive piece. The Scherzo is charming, mingling a couple of quaint, gay melodies together, with different instruments, so that they dance like sun-flecks upon parti-colored ground, now and then lingering and dallying together in the fondest manner. The Scherzo protracts itself and leads insensibly into the Finale, of which the leading subject seems to be some old national or people's song, of a strong, heroic character. It is illustrated and varied with surprising art, and the whole movement, full of fantastical and bold effects, sometimes full of beauty, forms, with the Scherzo, which is part and parcel of it, the most interesting portion of the Symphony.

The "Naiads" Overture was interesting to hear so soon after Bennett's other character-piece of the same sort; its delicate beauty, its exquisite finish in detail, were as enjoyable as ever.

Mr. Lang made a sure selection in the G-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, which first and last has been more played here, and by more pianists, than any other Concerto. But it stands ever as one of the noblest of the tribe, and it was well for once to have it in these concerts, inasmuch as we had its pendant in D minor last year. Mr. Lang surpassed his own best mark hitherto in the rendering,—and that is saying a great deal. As nearly perfect technically and in point of taste as we ever think of asking, there was a delicate individuality in the reading which quite harmonized with that of the composition; indeed the whole interpretation had a fine, peculiar glow which made it seem that he was more than usually inspired by the music of his favorite master.

The quaint little miniature Symphony by Haydn, scored for so few instruments, simple in ideas and *alt-meister-ish* in its cut, and in so strange a key—B major—or as the Germans say *H-dur*—is yet a real work of art, and fascinates the more one listens. It sounds almost like a Quartet of chamber music, with the strings multiplied as they sometimes do those things in Paris. It did not prove to be so short as was expected, owing to the unnecessary observance of all the repetition marks,—especially in the Adagio, which is most beautiful and only wearies by the doubling of its already frequent, almost literal repeats. There is life and delicacy in the first movement; and the Minuet, as well as the Finale, are gems,

clear and sparkling. The sudden return of a part of the Minuet in the middle of the Finale is a pleasant fancy, not a grand inspiration as in Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and the coming out again into the 4-4 measure of the Finale is managed with fine tact. Only it ends then so abruptly, and nothing more is made of it! This curious little work, which shows the master's hand as clearly as a greater, was appreciated by many, but not at its full worth, coming as it did perforce after the works more richly scored.

Quartet Matinees. The opening performance of the new Quartet party, organized and led by Mr. Bernhard Listemann, was highly satisfactory and full of excellent promise. It occurred at Chickering Hall on Friday afternoon, Feb. 12. An audience nearly filling the room, and of the very best character musically and socially, showed what interest is felt in the success of the attempt to supply an important element long missed among our musical opportunities. Certainly a real music-lover needs to hear more violin Quartets. The Concerts of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, few and far between, can hardly give us all we crave. Besides it is well, in so musical a city, to be able to hear more than one group of interpreters; a little emulation may be good for both. Mr. Listemann's party consists, besides himself, of his brother Mr. Fritz Listemann (second violin), Mr. Henry Heindl (viola), and Mr. August Suck (violoncello). In the rendering of their part of the following programme they proved themselves well matched.

Quartet in E flat, No. 4 ..... Mozart.
Song, "Serenade" ..... Schubert.
Miss Whitten.
a, Toccata, Op 7 ..... Schumann.
b, Etude in C major ..... Rubenstein.
Mr. Carlyle Petersilea.
Song, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," from "Idomeneo". Mozart.
Miss Whitten
Quartet in A major, Op 18, No. 5 ..... Beethoven.

The familiar Quartet of Mozart we have scarcely heard before so smoothly, delicately rendered, with such clear individuality, yet such good blending, of the parts. There was spirit and expression throughout, enough to atone for some slight imperfections. The leader proved himself, as we had confidently hoped, the right man for so fine a function. With his sure intonation, his rare technical facility, and the subtle fire there is in his not very large, but musical and searching tone,—his command too of all shades of expression, which he rarely exaggerates (unless now and then in a slight excess of *portamento* in a *legato* passage), he can infuse a life into his coworkers, as well as keep before them an exacting standard. The middle parts also were excellent; the tenor truly musical in its tone, which is rather a rare thing; and Mr. Suck, we all know, next to Mr. Fries, is unsurpassed among our violoncellists. Perhaps we may be allowed to say that a little more of positive force and vital accent on the part of the latter instrument seemed desirable in one or two of the spirited variations of the Beethoven Andante. That Quartet, also one of the old favorites, was for the most part very clearly and effectively interpreted. —Verily a good beginning, with so short a time for the four artists to become assimilated!

Miss Whitten sang her two songs very beautifully, with chaste and real feeling, particularly the lovely melody of Mozart. Mr. Petersilea played the very difficult Toccata of Schumann and the fantastic thing by Rubinstein with all the brilliant execution, the *aplomb*, and the unflagging energy of a pianist fully armed and trained for these exacting tasks.

Of the second Matinée (yesterday) we must speak next time.

(Crowded out last time.)

Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer, a pianist of the modern free school, who has been chiefly known in Southern Europe and in South America, but who has made a mark these two past winters in New York, gave a couple of concerts in Chickering Hall last week, which were not by any means so well attended as they deserved to be, although the pleasure given to the few at the first drew many more to hear the second. Mr. Pfeiffer is a son of the famous German traveller, Mme. Ida Pfeiffer, and has himself too seen a good deal of the world. He is a modest, refined, gentlemanly person, who understands himself, makes no pretention to what it is not wholly in his heart and power to do, and therefore is more enjoyable than most of the piano-forte virtuosns of the fantasia school. As an executant, his *technique* is admirable, his touch remarkably clear and crisp and vital, and there is no lack of strength or delicacy. There is a certain individuality and freshness about all he does.

With the exception of Weber's E flat Polonaise and the Scherzo from a Sonata by the same in A flat (both very brilliantly rendered), his selections were of his own compositions or transcriptions. Of the former, an *Etude* in F, and a piece called "Fairy Stories" had delicate charm and freshness. The latter were very cleverly elaborated, extremely difficult transcriptions of Kreutzer's "*Nachtlager*" overture, and themes from *Ernani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Dinorah*, and it is a long time since anything of that kind has given us so much pleasure.

The concert was enriched by well chosen soprano songs sung by Miss Lizzie M. Gates, whose smooth, free, rich tones were always acceptable, and who sang with taste and spirit. Rossini's "La Promessa" Canzonet, and "*Non è ver*," by Mattei, were the Italian pieces. But Franz's "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," and Mendelssohn's "Song of Spring," well suited to her voice and lifesome manner, pleased the most.

The concerts were of more than exemplary shortness, neither of them filling an hour. Mr. Pfeiffer will find friends when he returns to Boston.

Next in Order.

Trio Soirees. We have our series of Quintet and of Quartet concerts, and now we are to have one of Trios—pianoforte with violin and 'cello—a branch of musical literature particularly rich. Our townsman, Mr. James C. D. Parker, than whom we have not a more conscientious, scholarly and high-toned artist, begins this evening, at Chickering Hall, a series of four such soirées; and every one who knows him knows they will be choice, with none but sterling matter in the programmes. For to-night the Trios are Beethoven's No. 3, in C minor, and Schumann's first, in D minor. For piano solos, Mr. Parker will play an *Etude* in A flat by Moscheles and a *Valse* by Hiller. Miss Whitten will sing songs by Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Third Chamber Concert next Tuesday evening. The novelty and chief point of interest in the programme is the last (17th) of the Quartets of Beethoven, in F,—the one to the finale of which the composer has prefixed the mysterious title: "*Der schwer gefasste Entschluss*" (the resolution that was hard to form), followed by a grave theme: "*Muss es sein?*" and an Allegro: "*Es muss sein!*" We must all go and try to solve the riddle.

Ninth Symphony Concert. (Last but one) — Next Thursday is the 4th of March, the day of the inauguration of the new President of the United States. Accordingly the programme has been slightly changed, so as to show some recognition of the day. Besides it has been found impossible to procure the *parts* for the promised "Alfonso and Estrella" Overture by Schubert. The programme now stands: Part I. Overture to "The Water Carrier," *Cherubini*; Symphony, No. 1, in B flat (first time), *Schumann*.—Part II. Inaugural Overture (*Weihe des Hauses*), op. 124, *Beethoven*; Symphony No. 1, in D, *Mozart*; Wedding March, *Mendelssohn*.

Oratorios. The Handel and Haydn Society are redoubling their rehearsals, getting ready to produce Costa's "Naaman" (new in this country) and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" at Easter, March 28.

Letter from Berlin.

Dear Journal.—Somebody has said somewhere that in criticizing a work of art one does not think so much of the amount of the artist's knowledge as of his individuality, of what he gives of himself. Not the stupendity of a work as it stands out in bold relief, but the life and soul of the poet who made it appeals most strongly to us. The mastery of the difficulties of technique is but a means to an end, namely, expression. Nowhere more than in music is this expression part and parcel of the artist's own life. How strongly we are reminded of this in Chopin. And do not the noble symphonies of Beethoven—especially the later ones—give us more than a faint idea of the whirl and struggle of his inner life to find expression in those wonderful creations of his genius, the pyramids of orchestral music? A "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage" is the type of Mendelssohn's life and career.

We were reminded of this lately in hearing the "Paradies and Peri" of Schumann. The whole work is so romantic, and one could not but recognize the genius of Schumann throughout. This, with its sister composition, "The Rose's Pilgrimage," are enough of themselves to place the name of Schumann on the list of great composers. Both of these lyrical dramas were recently given; the "Peri" by Stern in the Sing-Akademie, and the "Rose" by Schnöpf in Arnim's Hotel. Stern's chorus numbered about three hundred, and was well supported by the Berliner Capelle. The former has been performed but once in Berlin and is quite a novelty. Like the "Rose's Pilgrimage," it is sometimes heard in private circles; but so large a chorus as the Stern society numbers is of course far better calculated to give the hearer an idea of the breadth of the composition. Indeed, for an orchestral accompaniment a strong chorus is indispensable as a sufficient back-ground to the many "*Schumann'sche Uebergänge*," which would otherwise be too prominent as discords.

Like everything else that Stern undertakes, the *Peri* was finely performed. The beautiful and romantic chorus in G major, commencing with "*Schmücke dich*," was exquisitely sung, and with a fineness and unity really artistic. The *Messiah*, on the contrary, given by the Sing-Akademie Society, was a very unsatisfactory performance. Any one who had heard it from our Handel and Haydn Society, in Boston, would have pronounced the performance very inferior. And then who cares to hear the *Messiah*, of all oratorios, without the organ? It is like a picture without tone; and in spite of the Mozart arrangement of the orchestral score, the blank was but too evident, and the very ground-work was gone.

The Quartet Soirées—of pleasant memory—are even better than ever this winter. On the 20th ult. we had for the first concert.

Quartet, E minor, op. 59 ..... Beethoven.
Quartet, D major ..... Haydn.
Quartet, F major, op 41 ..... Schumann

The fostering of quartet music has in Concertmeister de Ahna and his principal assistant, Dr. Bruns, careful artists. With each winter the four players really seem nearer their ideal of purity of intonation and unity of conception. One rarely finds four musicians who have grown into such a musical oneness. The last movement of the Beethoven quartet, so full of humor and romance, was given with an energy and at the same time purity of tone and unity of interpretation seldom equalled, and possible only through long acquaintance of the players. One of De Ahna's pupils, a certain Fräulein Friese, has recently come before the public as a violinist. The young lady is but fourteen years of age, and musicians predict for her a bright future. o

New York Philharmonic Society. The *Sun* does not mince matters in speaking out thus boldly about the last concert:

The concert itself was not an interesting one. The simple truth is that Mr. Ole Bull spoilt it. This gentleman has won the universal esteem by his very noble qualities of head and heart, but it is impossible for his most ardent admirers to claim for him any special merit as a composer. Being invited by a Society that has for its object the production of music of the great composers to play for them, one would naturally suppose that a man having the artistic reputation that Ole Bull has gained would have risen to the occasion. He has played inferior compositions before general audiences from one end of the country to the other, and from one end of the year to the other, and the excuse has been, not that he himself did not aspire to greater things, but that the general concert-going public did not care to hear any better. But at last the occasion seemed to have arrived when, if there was in him any true reverence for art, it should have been displayed. An audience thoroughly accustomed to classical music was before him. A noble orchestra, capable of interpreting any work, was there to assist him. The repertoire of the Society contained all the splendid concertos for violin and orchestra that have been given to the world by the great masters. Here was an opportunity when Ole Bull might have emerged from that atmosphere of charlatanism that has so unfortunately surrounded him, and proclaimed himself a true son of art. "The hour and the man" were come. What use did the latter make of the former? To play two long concertos, each in three movements, by Ole Bull. Neither of them contained an idea of sufficient dignity to entitle it to a position in one of Offenbach's scores. Both were vapid to an almost incredible extent—mere feeble wanderings through the realms of sound in vain search for ideas that were never found. Of the two hours and a half that the concert occupied, nearly one hour was given up to Ole Bull's self-illustrations. It was a splendid instance of artistic egotism. Mr. Bull does know one good piece,—a larghetto by Mozart, for we have heard him play it. Why not have given that? Being encored he played a piece feebler even in ideas, if that were possible, than the concerto. We do not know its name. If called upon to conjecture, we should say it was "High diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle." The fiddle was there palpably, and we could almost swear to the cat, for it is the custom of great violinists to imitate the calls of all the wild and domestic animals upon their instruments. It is the modern school of violin playing. Though no "little dog" was there "to see the sport," there was the Doctor's orchestra of 100, who knew perfectly well how unworthy it all was, who smiled grimly at the exhibition. It is but proper to add that these pieces did what they were written to do. They illustrated Ole Bull's immense technical skill, and that splendid breadth and nobility of phrasing in which he has no superior. From that bit of wood and string he certainly can draw tones that glow and tremble with emotion, and that stay forever in the memory. More is the pity that such great ability should not have been turned to some good end, and that on this occasion, of all others in his life, the player should not have cast aside all thought of self-display, and brought all the results of his life of labor and of his great natural gifts to the interpretation and illustration of some work of acknowledged inspiration. Which does he lack, a reverence for his art, or capacity to execute the higher works?

Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, two movements from an unfinished symphony by Schubert, and Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture completed the programme. Mendelssohn's symphony does not add to his reputation. Compared with the "Scotch" and Italian" symphonies, it is of very inferior merit. The first movement is especially labored and forced. The allegro vivace is a peasants' dance, that seems to have no relation to the rest of the work, though charming in itself. The interest centres in the final movement, where Luther's hymn "Ein feste Burg" is nobly worked out in simple counterpoint and fugue. The subject, it seems to us, was one rather foreign to Mendelssohn's peaceful and almost effeminate genius. The warring elements of the branches of the Christian Church found no profound sympathy in a mind colored by, even though not assenting to, the traditions of Judaism. The atmosphere of conflict was alien to all his tastes and sympathies, and as a natural result he failed to reproduce in music what was not in his own nature.

Beethoven's well-known overture requires no comment, and Schubert's work was full of that spontaneous melody that is manifest in everything he ever composed.

Handel and Shakespeare.—The name of Gervinus is a sufficient guarantee for the æsthetic value, if not the critical infallibility, of his work on Handel and Shakspeare. Whatever he may write on such lofty topics is sure to be eagerly discussed, and to exercise a powerful influence upon opinion. It is, however, entirely beyond our power to convey an adequate notion of a work which, although the author disclaims technical proficiency, presupposes on the reader's part a thorough acquaintance with the great masterpieces of music. We shall only observe, then, that Gervinus appears to maintain that the parallel between Shakspeare and Handel is complete, and that the latter reigns in the world of music with as absolute and unparticipated a sway as the former in the world of poetry. As a consequence, he is rather inclined to depreciate Beethoven, and, remembering the vast importance which the Greeks attached to music as a moral influence, he strenuously exhorts the Germans to devote themselves to the study of Handel, in order that, by the purifying operation of his strains, they may become fitted for the high destinies to which they appear to be called. These views will undoubtedly find favor in England, which may justly claim not only to have welcomed and encouraged Handel during his life, but to have stood in the same relation to him since his death as the German criticism of the last century occupied towards Shakspeare. How they will be received in Germany is another question. It is an obvious remark, that the popularity of Handel in England is largely owing to the intimate connexion of his principal works with the Scriptures, which, if objects of profounder investigation to the learned in Germany, are far less part and parcel of the intellectual treasure of the people. Two other divisions of this remarkable work embrace eleven essays on music, eight of an historico-critical, and three of a purely æsthetic character.—*Athenæum.*

What is He?

Whenever the great name of Abbé Franz Liszt apears in the majority of musical papers, observes a writer in our Berlin contemporary, the *Echo*, it is accompanied by numerous errors with regard to his present clerical character. He is sometimes designated the "Abt" (*Anglice:* "Abbot") Liszt; sometimes he is reported "to have celebrated mass;" sometimes he is said to have assumed the clerical character "for the purpose of escaping a marriage," etc. The following facts may, perhaps, serve to cast a light upon the matter. From the very earliest years of the Christian era, a benediction was pronounced on every one entering the service of the Church, however subordinate the position he might occupy. A distinction was made between consecration of a sacramental and consecration of a sacramentalistic character (*sacramentum* and *sacramentale*). This gave rise to the "higher" and "lower" or "minor" orders, as they are called. The "minor" orders were, and still are, with Roman Catholics, those of door-keeper, reader, exorciser, and acolyte. Before taking them, the candidate had to be admitted into the clerical body, which was done by his taking the tonsure, with which was combined the right of wearing the clerical costume, namely, the talar and alb. Liszt was, like any one else, able to enter the clerical body even without taking the four "minor" orders. Had he taken them, he could still marry, but not celebrate mass, or be what the Germans call an "Abt." Everyone, however, received into the clerical order by his adoption of the tonsure is called an "Abbé," or, in Italian, an "Abbate." In English the word "Abbot," and in German the word "Abt" (Lat. "Abbas") is employed to designate a regularly appointed head of a monastery belonging to certain orders. It is not all orders that have Abbots; the Jesuits, and the Mendicant Orders, as they are called, have none. Liszt is, therefore, simply an "Abbé," or "Abbate," but not a priest; he cannot celebrate mass; he *can*, his clerical character notwithstanding, marry; he is not an "Abbot" (Germ. "Abt"), and not even a member of any particular religious fraternity. It is true that he belongs to the Third Order, as it is called, of St. Francis of Assis, but this is not an order in the strict acceptation of the word, but simply a congregation or body of laymen. Why Liszt entered the clerical ranks, and thus became an "Abbé," is something we cannot tell the curious reader; perhaps he did so to propagate more easily his musical tendencies at Rome. At present he is said to devote his attention almost exclusively to church music. If the reader would know whether, without becoming a priest, Liszt could be made a cardinal, the answer is Yes, provided he takes the two highest orders of subdeacon and deacon. Thus Antonelli is Cardinal Deacon, and to the question that has so frequently been put: Why has Antonelli never celebrated mass?—the reply is: Because he is not a priest, but only a deacon.

Special Notices.

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Rollicking Rams. *C. E. Pratt.* 35
"Clementena" has the melody of the Mabel Waltz. "Hard Times" is comic, moralizing on the times. "Chook, chook" brings in the chickens. "Awfully Jolly" is an account of the good times at Christmas, and "Rollicking Rams" is something like "Jolly Dogs." Very funny, and good music.

Champagne Song. 'Tis not a Wine of Lent. "Fleur-de-Thé." 3. D to g. 30
One of the best songs of the opera.

Just the thing for Frank. 35
"Just the thing" was a "pretty little wife." Chorus.

Queen Mary's Prayer. 3. G to c. *Miss Lindsay.* 35
Most beautiful sacred song.

Si tu savais. (Ah! could'st thou know). 4. B*b* to f. *Balfe.* 40
A fine Romanza; very effective.

Velocinede Song. Comic. *Wilder.* 30
Hit at the new mania.

Beautiful Bells. For Guitar with Cho. 3. A to e. 30
Guitar arrangement of a popular song.

Up in a Balloon. Guitar. *Hayden.* 35
A great favorite.

Instrumental.

Potpouri. Sonnambula. 4. *Wels.* 75
Good arrangement of favorite airs.

Will-o the-Wisp. Capricietto. 3 E*b*. *Jungmann.* 35
Very delicate and sweet.

Rollicking Rams. Galop. 3. F. *Pratt.* 35
Introduces "Tassels on the Boots." Very lively.

Tommy Dodd Quads. 3. *Coote.* 65
Introduces "Tommy Dodd," "Galloping Horse," "Fashionable Fred," and four other favorite melodies of comic songs.

Elise Holt Quads. 3. *Pratt.* 40
Like the above, contains a number of popular melodies.

True Love Quads. 3. *J. T. Stone.* 40
Contains seven pretty melodies.

La Marska Waltz. 3. D. *Godfrey.* 40
In the style of other waltzes by this author. Very pretty.

Recollections of Covent Garden. Waltzes. *Strauss.* 75
A set including a number of popular melodies, arranged in Strauss's brilliant style.

Books.

Clarke's New Method for Reed Organs. By *William H. Clarke.* 2.50
A fine large book, splendidly "got up," and will very likely become a standard instruction book for the instruments mentioned. Mr. C. has a long experience, and a fine taste, and probably none are better qualified than he to mark out a new and pleasant path for learners.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

Music by Mail.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE NO. 729 BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 13, 1869. VOL. XXVIII. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Rossini's "Petite Messe."

Translated from the French by A. A. COWLES.

One Saturday in the month of March, 1864, on my return home, I found upon my table a pencilled card; the only autograph of Rossini which I possess. Upon one side of it I read: "Chez le compte Pillet-Will, 12 rue de Moncey, à une heure et demie, dimanche 13 courant;" and upon the reverse the words: "Pour une personne. G. Rossini."

There was no retracting! The celebrated man, who, since the *Soirees* and the *Stabat*, had kept an obstinate silence, was duly convicted of having written a new masterpiece. I had the confession of the culprit and in very legible writing, although back-handed, and on some words a little tremulous; moreover, it bore his own signature. This gross dereliction of Rossini's was his "Petite Messe" with soli, choruses, piano and cabinet organ. The master had composed it at Passy in the summer of 1863, and this first hearing was a general rehearsal, at which he had promised to be present. He kept his word. Before the two hundred or two hundred and fifty hearers were fairly seated, he was installed at one of the two pianos, all ready to turn the pages for M. Georges Mathias, having at his right Carlotta and at his left Barbara Marchisio, called the two Sémiramis sisters; a name for which they were indebted to public sympathy and the jealousy of their companions. M. Jules Cohen, placed behind the master, held the bâton.

The hotel of the banker Mécænas contains three grand salons, in one of which were the ladies, seated in a sort of amphitheatre around the piano and harmonium, while the men stood at the back of the room, crowded themselves into the four issues of communication, or, decided to hear all and see nothing, seated themselves at their ease in the two salons at the right and at the left. M. Auber, who had arrived very unobtrusively and was seated apart from the others, had taken shelter in one of the most remote corners of the apartment, where, his head resting upon his hand, he listened without casting a single glance about him. During each interval between the different *morceaux*, he would chat with Mario, who stood behind his chair; then, at the first chord struck upon the piano, the old master would resume his attitude of immobility and mute attention, his inward emotion being manifested only by the desperation with which he bit his nails.

Meyerbeer had arrived a little later and taken his place near Rossini. The light from a window fell directly upon his face, heightening the intellectual and powerful nervousness of his features. Between two doors stood the tenor Duprez with his frank, kindly face, and the form of a Hercules; while the valiant Arnold, near the author of *les Huguenots*, took the ardent attitude assumed by Count Almaviva near the author of *Le Domino noir*. During the execution of the Rossinian chef-d'-œuvre, Meyerbeer was no less demonstrative than Auber was self-contained. He stared at the ceiling, applauded noisily, and sat as uneasily in his arm-chair as Saint Lawrence upon his gridiron. After the last chord of the fugued *Amen*, he ran to Rossini, fell upon his neck and embraced him.

I have given a faithful account of the picture which I had under my eyes, but it will be a little more difficult to class my recollections and fix my impressions of the music. However, having been present at two hearings of Rossini's mass, if it has been possible for me to forget the detail of its exquisite beauties, I can, at least, resuscitating the emotions of my heart and the ravishment of my ears, recall the immortal work in its prominent traits and grand outlines. Memory is like a blank sheet of paper which the mind covers with sympathetic but invisible characters. It is only necessary to submit this virgin leaf to the action of a chemical re-agent, and the ink will flash to furrow the whiteness of the paper, the words will start into life, color and arrange themselves in horizontal lines from left to right upon the page. The mind, or the sensation, like chemistry, has its re-agents, and memory, when questioned with enthusiasm, will write clearly and rapidly, upon the blank tablets of the brain, the characters of the past.

At the two hearings of this work, baptized by Rossini—and wherefore?—*Petite Messe*, the circle of select auditors was struck by the imposing grandeur of the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, and the *Credo*. The principal motif of the *Kyrie* reposes upon an accompaniment which pursues an obstinate design. This accentuated and solemn march takes at once a strong hold upon the imagination: we seem to hear the tramp of invisible feet walking in the infinity of darkness and seeking to reach those tearful voices which cry: "Oh Lord, have mercy upon us!" It is beautiful, absolutely beautiful.

The explosion of the *Gloria* is like a powerful and dazzling sheaf of flame ascending to the heavens. In the *Gratias*, a quatuor for soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, we have a fine tissue of harmonies and modulations, piquant in their unexpectedness, enchaining and binding the melodic feature. The *Domine*, a tenor solo, reminds one of that charming, though somewhat irreverent *Cujus animam* of the *Stabat*. The *Qui tollis*, a duo for soprano and contralto, opens to us the world of the angels. What melody, what sweetness! The votaries of the severe style in church music may well ask—like Raoul opening his eyes in the paradise of Chenonceaux—"Am I on earth or in heaven?" I meet their scruples half way. "You are on earth, gentlemen," I say, "but in that land where God placed his Eden, and where the apple-tree of our mother Eve bears, not apples, but melodies."

The *Cum sancto*, which terminates the first part of the mass, is a fugue.

"Une fugue, en musique, est un morceau bien fort,"

says Crispin. Add that it is the noisiest of organized *charivaris*. [!] The very mention of the name, fugue, sufficed to put Berlioz into a fury. Well, disciplined by the genius of Rossini, this tremendous clatter [!] becomes the *Cum sancto*, the grandest and most powerful page of his mass; a passage truly Michael Angelo-like! Over this storm of notes, all raging, surging, muttering and tormenting each other, passes the breath of the master's inspiration, and behold! the tumultuous rebellion is stilled and harmonized. To that vocal and instrumental tempest succeeds a murmur; then the murmur becomes a voice, the voice a song, the song a sonorous world, ever expanding and rising higher and higher until it seems to lift all humanity to the foot of the Eternal Throne. That fugue is the contest between inspiration and learning; it is science at the mercy of victorious genius.

After the fugue I must cite the *Credo*, which is written in very fine style; and the symphonic morceau of the *Ouïertoire*, a casket shining with gems of rarest harmony and most original modulation. This is German art polished by an Italian. Again, what page like the *Agnus Dei!* Nothing is more original than the way in which the chorus comes in after each of the three strophes declaimed by the contralto; the softly sung choral response is like a faint and far-off echo of angel voices answering from highest heaven the prayers of the sinners upon earth.

Rossini's *spirituel* and mocking smile, which would fashion itself to our image without much caring to take us seriously,—does it not cross the earnest and noble spirit of this work?—Who knows? I believe that I caught sight of it—that smile in a design of the accompaniment. The voices sing: "Holy, Holy, Holy!" while the orchestra, as wanton as Don Juan's mandolin singing its serenade to Elvira's maid, hovers an instant upon the wings of a polka. An indecent and charming *babillage*, which prevents not the heart from rising nor the ear from understanding.

(From the Easy Chair in Harper's)

Madrigals.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

This Easy Chair has heard much good music far and near, but never any more satisfactory in its way than the singing of the madrigals at Steinway Hall. Long ago, in the days and nights of the Apollo, the hall below Canal street, upon Broadway, in which the Philharmonic Society first gave its concerts in its day of small things—the hall in which Castellan made her debut in civilized lands, and in which so much good music was heard, there was a madrigal concert. The very name was magical to any lover of the old literature and the old music. Phillis, Corin, Daphne, Damon, Chloe—all the nymphs and the swains of the pastoral poetry and the pretty life that never was—warbled and loitered and danced; nor did any such lover as we have mentioned ever forget that concert, but has gone about ever since hungering and thirsting for more madrigals.

They did not come, and it was impossible not to reflect that the young singers of the ancient Apollo could not be always young, and that time, which steals so much, does not spare the sweetest birds. The Easy Chair, for one, gradually relin-

quished hope of ever hearing that old music. It listened many and many a time for them in the music hall, and listened in vain. The ancient Apollo has been so long gone that the generation of to-day knows nothing of it. But it was one of the inexpressible pleasures of Broadway to look at it in passing and say, "There I heard the madrigals," as Quercus looks at Park Row and affirms, as if a past triumph were greater than all future successes, as if an extinct theatre were more real than stately warehouses—"There I heard Malibran!"

A philosopher who said that none of his friends, so far as he knew, read Plato, also remarked that Plato was always to be bought, and that therefore a certain number of persons evidently read him. It is with madrigals as with Plato. The church of true believers does not become extinct. It may worship in the Catacombs or in the desert, but still the faith survives and the service proceeds. Perhaps no form of art which has been fully developed ever loses its hold upon human interest. And so it seems that this Arethusa, which disappeared from public view at the Apollo, did reappear far away in domestic seclusion.

By a pleasant fireside half a dozen lovers of music, carefully trained and admirably accomplished singers of glees, devotees of Mendelssohn, not too much bewildered with the opera, cultivated vocal music of the finest traditional forms, among which, of course, the madrigal music was eminent. It was music for its own sake, not for profit or *eclat*. Some of the little company sang in choirs and in the oratorio choruses, but they were associated as a quiet Shakspeare class may be, for the purest pleasure. And while remembering and regretting old Easy Chairs were musing upon the madrigals sung by a past generation, the present generation, almost within the hearing of those old lovers, were singing them. Had their ears been only fine enough they would have heard through all the rattle of omnibuses and the scuffling of feet, through the chill wintry air and the blinding snow :—

"Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa la la;
Each with his bonny lass
A dancing on the grass,
Fa la la."

Such lovers attract all others, and similar little groups or clubs discovered themselves, and finally uniting made themselves heard by the public in a madrigal concert at Steinway Hall, complimentary to Mr. James A. Johnson. Madrigals, madrigals! what are madrigals? asked the good public, which is familiar with cavatinas, scenas, arias, and the rest of the opera phraseology; but which knew not this word, which, from the force of association, we should have called an honest old English word, if we had not recalled just in time that it is supposed to be of Italian origin. Christopher Marlowe has a familiar line :—

"By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

And Milton :—

"Whose artful strains have oft delayed
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

Indeed its association is especially English, but the authorities derive it from the earliest hymns to the Virgin, *alla Madre*; others from a Greek word meaning a stall or a herd of cattle, and so reaching a pastoral song. As such we know it; a little pastoral, amorous poem.

The pretty programme of the concert says that the madrigal originated in Italy; that the earliest of the kind were written about the year 1540; and not until 1583 was any attempt made to adapt them to English words. For a century it was the most popular form of music in England, and the programme quotes from "Morley's Introduction to Practical Music" a practical illustration of the universality of the custom of taking part in madrigal singing in well-bred society. "Supper being ended, and musicke books, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friende, Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler."

How proud Master Gnorimus would have been of the fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen who came quietly upon the platform and proceeded to give the most conclusive proof of the manner in which they had been brought up! After Mr. Warren had played Weber's "Jubilee Overture" upon the organ they rose—Master Gnorimus, the most modest of men, concealing himself under the appellation of Brown, touched the key upon the piano, and instantly sixty voices became one voice, and with the most delicate and exquisite shading, every part full, rich and true, sang a rippling, dancing, joyous spring song; and when it too soon and suddenly ended, the surprise and delight of the fascinated audience burst forth in a peal of the sincerest applause, with a rustle and murmur of satisfaction. And so it went through the whole evening; the madrigals varied by two or three solos and glees, and Mendelssohn's "O for the wings of a dove!" It was a chorus in which every singer was a master—or a mistress, which, in music, at least, is the same thing. There was, therefore, no lagging, no dependence, no inadequacy, no confusion, but the tone was ample and firm and sure, and the gradation marvellous. Every soft note to the utmost pianissimo was as fine and faultless as the loudest.

The madrigal music is often very elaborate, comprising imitations and fugues. Often the imitations are of a childlike simplicity, closely following the words. One of the most charming is that of Thomas Morley in 1590 :—

"Fair Phillis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flock near to the mountain's side;
The shepherd knew not whither she was gone,
But after his lover Amyntas hied.
Up and down he wandered while she was missing,
But when he found her, ah! then they fell a-kissing."

Here, too, the melody follows, and wanders, and doubts, and lingers, and wonders, until there is no more doubt; and the audience was so pleased that love's labor was not lost but rewarded, that it loudly demanded to hear that delightful love chase all over again. The best of the madrigal composers—Morley, Wilbye, Ford, Orlando Gibbons—were all represented. As the Easy Chair looks over the programme the flavor of that rare feast returns, each separate joy is remembered, and each seems in remembrance best until the slowly travelling, the delaying eye, reaches the next in order. But when, just before the end, a chorus of men's voices only sang the "Integer Vitæ" of Paul Flemming, the melody henceforth associated, in its union with the noble words of John S. Dwight, with the precious memory of the Harvard boys who fell in the war, it was not possible that the solemn sweetness of the music, so intense, so religious, so inexpressibly tender, did not purify every heart that heard.

How greedy of the moments were we all as the beautiful concert sang itself to the end! It was late, but an old Easy Chair, that remembered the madrigal concert at the ancient Apollo, and computed that at this rate there would be about four in a century, of which it had now heard two, and with the strains of the "Integer" still hallowing the air, wished only that those had heard who, it knew, were absent—her that Tua calls, and him, Xtopher, and that good genius of the music hall. The night was sloppy very probably, but it seemed starry. It was pleasant to loiter along Broadway, and look in at the Christmas windows of the illuminated shops, and to be reminded that the kindly soil from which such rills as this concert bubbled up must be full of sweet waters however hidden.

It is the cheery part of travel that it teaches us how charming every land is, and how full of people worth knowing—people who give us the feeling that our acquaintances do not monopolize the worth of mankind. And if the world, so the city. New York is not an interesting city. There is very little local pride in the population; there are very few local and vital traditions. Somebody lives in a fine house in a fine street, but his heart and his memory are in a village among the hills. He does not care to give money to adorn a city in which huge taxes take him by the throat to satisfy the Common Cormorants that roost in the Park; but he gives an organ to that village church and an iron fence to that rural cemetery where, once released from Wall street, he shall tranquilly repose. Folly and mad extravagance and ignorance and crime live also in superb houses, and are painfully conspicuous. Juvenal can scarcely say anything of the city that is not too mild, and Addison cannot smile severely enough. But how much humanity and heroism and self sacrifice are here also! How much delightful enjoyment, fine accomplishment, sound learning! It is modest, and refuses to assert itself. Horace Walpole sneers at Oliver Goldsmith in the park, but Burke and Johnson and Sir Joshua know him and love him. Then they live here too! And Florence Nightingale as well as Cora Pearl! And the brothers Cheeryble as well as old Ralph Nickleby! And it is not all given over to the opera bouffe; but madrigals may be sung in the finest hall to the largest audiences! Ah! if there was but a Mrs. Easy Chair, how surely she would have heard that evening as she loitered homeward with her companion: "My dear, it was a very moral entertainment." "Pshaw! Mr. Easy Chair, for a sensible piece of furniture you are guilty of great follies. Is that all you can say for this beautiful concert?" "My dear, this concert has given me a higher opinion of this city and of human nature in general." "Very well; now," would that comely but impossible she respond, "now you are speaking the truth."

Franz Schubert.*

We hail this book in its English form as another act of justice to poor Schubert. Its appearance is significant. The man's works, after long obscurity, have come out into the light, and the world has found itself richer than it dreamed. Knowing the music, a desire to know the man was the most natural of sequences. Years ago, when Schubert walked about the streets of Vienna, the people against whom he rubbed shoulders cared little about him. Either they passed by without notice, or merely pointed him out as a successful song writer, and then told each other the latest anecdote of Beethoven. Probably not even those familiar with the outward aspects of Schubert's daily life gave any special heed to what they saw, but rather looked on with the unconcern due to an apparently commonplace and struggling existence. How all this is changed! Justice may have feet of lead, but she plods steadily on, and in the end makes the object of pursuit either her victim or her hero. She has overtaken Schubert, and placed him high in the Temple of Fame, all the world standing round to inspect with curious eyes. Now, not a feature in the man's personality is unheeded, not an anecdote about him unrelated, not an incident in his life overlooked, while, as in the book before us, the recorders of his history give biographical sketches of everybody with whom he once shook hands. Those who know and love Schubert may well rejoice at all this; the more because it has come about in their time. Not a few—Mendelssohn among them—who could estimate the divine gifts of the poor Viennese musician, have been doomed to carry about a life-long sense of the world's injustice to one of its greatest men.

The life of Schubert is by no means easy to write. Brief, uneventful, and commonplace, as the world understands these terms, it presents no salient points which the biographers can make so many centres of interest.

"It is true," remarks Schindler, "that we do not meet in Schubert's life with mountain or valley, but only a level plain, over which he moves with an invariably steady and equal step. The evenness of his disposition, too, which resembled the smooth surface of a mirror, was with difficulty ruffled by external matters; his spirit and actions were in complete harmony with each other. It must be confessed that his days glided away as well befitted the life of a citizen born in poverty and dying in poverty."

Besides this, Schubert's obscurity and comparative insignificance made it seem worth nobody's while to study his character or explore his inner life. There is hardly an acknowledged great man without half-a-dozen Boswells lying in wait for him at every turn, ready to make a note of everything he does or says. Poor Schubert had not a single Boswell, and all we

* The Life of Franz Schubert, translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn. By Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With an Appendix by George Grove, Esq. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1869.

know of him is derived from the more or less vague recollections of those who are now astonished to find their recollections a treasure. To make matters still worse, Schubert left behind him but scanty memoranda (for the most part full of aphorisms and commonplaces), and appears not to have written many letters which the recipients thought worth keeping. We are thus shut off from the man's inner life by an impassable barrier, and his true biographer will be he who can best interpret the utterances of his genius. The real Schubert is not seen in the poor schoolmaster's son, who lived a very ordinary life and died without the means of burial; but in the genius who has given to the world innumbered things of beauty, each emphatically "a joy for ever." An analysis of Schubert's music is the best record of his life.

We are not now going to criticize either Dr. Kreissle's book or Mr. Coleridge's translation—though on these points we shall have something to say before concluding. The man is of more consequence than the book, and we are so glad to find the latter bringing us closer to the former, that we are not careful as to the style in which it is done. Assuming their truthfulness, no one can read Dr. Kreissle's closing chapters without getting at the personality of his hero, or without seeing him as he lived and moved in the world. The picture is not very charming, but there it is, a desirable thing to have. Looking at it we cannot help being struck by the contrast between Schubert and all his material surroundings on the one hand, and the creations of his genius on the other. The former seem to have been, if not absolutely unlovely, at all events unattractive. About the composer's personal appearance Dr. Kreissle says:—

"His round and puffy face, low forehead, projecting lips, bushy eyebrows, stumpy nose, and short, curly hair, gave him that negro look, which corresponds with that conveyed by the bust which is to be found at the Währing Churchyard. He was under the average height, round-backed and shouldered, with plump arms and hands, and short fingers. The expression of his face was neither intellectual nor pleasing, and it was only when music or conversation interested him, and especially if Beethoven was the topic that his eye, began to brighten, and his features light up with animation."

In harmony with this personal appearance were certain of the composer's habits and traits of mind.

"One reason," says Dr. Kreissle, "for Schubert's gifts remaining so long hidden from the eyes of mankind during the lifetime of their possessor was his peculiar obstinate and unyielding temperament—qualities, which, without prejudice to his outspoken sense of the value of independence, made him turn a deaf ear to the good and practical on the part of many well-meaning friends."

He appears to have offended many of these friends by his want of ordinary courtesy:—

"If he felt thoroughly happy . . . . and very averse to parting with the lovely scene and pleasant wine before him, he would ignore some invitation he had accepted for the evening."

In refined society he was "shy and chary of talk."

"Whilst sitting at the piano, his face became serious, and directly the piece ended he used to withdraw to an adjoining room."

But among his own friends he was very different, indulging in wit and practical jokes, singing his own songs through the teeth of a comb, laughing with a "hoarse suppressed chuckle," and, we are sorry to say it, getting drunk.

"Franz," says his biographer, "liked good wine . . . . he refused to thin his potations with water; and not having a strong head, it happened that . . . . if the right sort of vintage was on the table, our friend would occasionally overshoot the mark, and then either become boisterous and violent, or, when the wine had completely fuddled him, slink off to a corner, where not a syllable in his maudlin state could be got from him."

There is too much reason to believe that drink had a hand in his early death, for Dr. Kreissle says, "even the illness to which he so quickly succumbed must at least in part be ascribed to his fondness for strong liquors." These details bring us very near to one side of the composer's personality, and we confess to not liking the prospect. Great are the mysteries of our human nature! Who would recognize in the queer-looking, obstinate, and bibulous Schubert, him to whom we owe so much of grace and beauty? But now let us look at the set off against all this. We are told that he was "a good son" (not a bad beginning), "a firm friend," "high minded," and "free from all envy and hatred;" "of an easily pleased and contented spirit," and having a character made up of "tenderness and solidity, loveableness and sincerity, sociability and melancholy." Unfortunately these noble features in his character could only be known to his intimate friends.

"In ordinary life," said one who knew him, "the opportunity was only offered to a sacred few, and to those only on the rarest occasions, of convincing themselves of Schubert's nobility of soul."

Hence the world judged him by his least attractive aspect, and it is little to be wondered at that the world neglected him. Poor, without influence, and overshadowed by Beethoven, Schubert needed help from all the gifts of nature, but had only the aid of genius which, as is too often the case, stood him in but little stead.

We will here venture to indicate how the seeming contradictions in Schubert's character may be partially explained. The reader is presumably acquainted with the wonderful delicacy of his music, the graceful fancy it displays, and the evidence it gives of the master's refined nature. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles," and he who poured forth works as beautiful in minute details as the patterns which frost stamps upon our window glass must himself have been a beautiful creation of the Supreme Designer. If we knew absolutely nothing of Schubert but what can be gathered from a study of his music, we should depict him as a melancholy Mendelssohn, with all that great master's natural refinement, sensitiveness and keen appreciation of beauty, added to more than his share of sadness. None of us would dream of a shy, awkward being, coarse of manner, and given to drink. In reconciling this discrepancy we get very little help from Dr. Kreissle, who, as any one unacquainted with bookmaking would naturally imagine, ought to have made its elucidation a prominent feature of his work. The doctor, however, contents himself with a mere indication of what might be done by a genuine biographer. He says

"In the preceding pages we have pointed to certain features of Schubert's character, so far as they admitted of delineation from the glimpses we have had of his outer life—glimpses seldom, if ever, differing in scope and extent from those we have of the ordinary every day life of individuals, and giving us, therefore no more than the average materials for forming an estimate of his character. A far more accurate, and of course, more valuable picture, could have been made of a nature so peculiar and so delicately organized, had we analyzed more closely the laboratory and workings of his mind, and, as in many instances of great artistic natures, thrown more light on the mutual relations existing between the outer life and intellectual energies of the composer than we have done in this particular instance. Schubert is, perhaps, a single instance of a great artist whose outer life had no affinity or connection with art. His career was so simple and uneventful, so out of all proportion with works which he created like a heaven sent genius, that we must at last turn to them mainly, if we would form any estimate of the wealthy treasures concealed in the mine of Schubert's heart and spirit."

This is just what Dr. Kreissle does not attempt, and the result is as conspicuous an example of shirking biography as any with which we are acquainted. We shall hardly be expected to do what the doctor has left undone, but we cannot help suggesting that the contrast between Schubert the man and Schubert the musician may have been largely due to circumstances independent of himself. We heartily agree with Carlyle when he tells us:—

"Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. . . . From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else."

The truth of this Schubert himself illustrated, since under conditions as painful as ever hampered a worker, he built for himself an ever-enduring reputation. But it would be absurd to suppose that those conditions had no effect upon him. There are action and reaction in the moral not less than in the physical world, and Schubert was, in a degree, the slave of circumstances over which he held the mastering reins. Let the reader make himself acquainted with the depressing scenes through which Schubert passed, the poverty of his home in youth, the years of drudgery as a teacher in his father's school, and—passing over the brief time of happiness in the Esterhazy family—the struggle both for fame and bread against the coldness of an unappreciative public. Let the reader, we say, become familiar with these things, and others like them, and then no longer wonder that Schubert was outwardly what we know him to have been. Under similar conditions men of genius have broken into the house of life and released themselves, at all risks, from the ills they knew but too well. Schubert did nothing of the kind. He worked on with a patience and hope marvellous to think of, but the iron none the less entered into his soul. Need we wonder to see him maudlin in the seats of public drinking houses? Surely he, of all men, was tempted to drown cares and disappointed hopes in wine.

We shall not stop to sketch the life of Schubert from the details of Dr. Kreissle's book. It was one, as we have already shown, a most barren of interest. Commonplace and uneventful, it had little or no influence upon Schubert as a musician, however much it moulded his character as a man.

With regard to the merits and demerits of the biography Mr. Coleridge has made accessible to English readers, much might be said. Its demerits largely preponderate, and we will at once state our opinion that a more unsatisfactory life of a great man can hardly be imagined. The author has, to use familiar words, left undone that which he ought to have done, and done that which he ought not to have done, and there is no health in his book as a result. He evidently took but a superficial view of Schubert's life. Looking at the materials before him, and finding them not only scanty, but apparently commonplace, he set about hunting up collateral matter. He brought to his work the eye of a compiler instead of the brain of a philosopher. The consequence is a mass of details, for a large proportion of which nobody cares one jot, and the meaning of which in a life of Schubert can only be explained on the principle that a book is valuable according to the number of its pages. Credit is due to Dr. Kreissle, however, for the pains he took to obtain the requisite amount of padding. When Schubert was a student at the Konvict he had schoolfellows, teachers, and favorite composers as a matter of course. With the stolid patience of a true German, our author has hunted up the details of most of their lives. He tells about Josef Eybler, Franz Krommer, Randhartinger, Anna Milder, Florian Gassmann, and a lot more equally uninteresting personages with whom the future composer came into contact. He even goes so far as to introduce us to all the professors at the Konvict, mentioning with painful minuteness the very classes they used to teach. Carrying this plan well out Dr. Kreissle was able to fill any number of pages which should have only the most distant reference to Schubert. But he seems to have bethought himself how much would be gained by a variety of padding. Acting upon this conception, he turned to Schubert's operas, the libretti of which are, for the most part, of greater silliness than the average of their kind. Here were indeed "fresh fields and pastures new" for the determined book maker. We can imagine his delight as the happy idea struck him to detail all the incidents in each plot, and how he hugged himself upon the number of pages they would fill. At any rate the story of the operas is told at length, and he who pleases may make himself familiar with *Die Zwillingsbrüder*, *Der Spiegelritter*, and their fourteen companions. But though all this may have been fun for the doctor, it is anything but fun to his readers. In point of fact, one cannot *read* the book, using that term with its ordinary significance. Useful enough for purposes of reference, Kreissle's "Schubert" is hardly tolerable in any other respect.

We shall not attempt minute criticism of Mr. Coleridge's translation, although there is good authority for believing that it is not uniformly successful. As to the English in which it is couched, the cultivated reader can judge of that for himself. We are not disposed to severity on this point, in the case of a book which, whatever its faults, is the best life of Schubert available. A successful attempt to bring the work before English readers may well cover a multitude of sins. One feature in Mr. Coleridge's preface, however, must not be passed over. Enumerating those who have had a share in making Schubert's genius known to Englishmen, he very properly names Mr. George Grove, Mr. Manns, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Arthur Chappell, but makes no allusion whatever to Mme. Arabella Goddard. The lady's claims should not have been thus ignored, because they are strong and indisputable. More than any other pianist Mme. Goddard has kept Schubert before the public by the performance of his works; doing so too when the master was hardly so popular as now. Not to acknowledge this was an act of injustice, for which Mr. Coleridge ought to atone should a second edition ever be required.

We have now done with Dr. Kreissle's work, yet the best part of the volumes remains to be noticed. This is not the index (for which, however, a good deal could be said), but Mr. George Grove's appendix. Here we find most interesting matter for a future article.

(From Dwight's Journal of Music, Feb. 13, 1869.)

Tomaschek.

Mr. Editor.—As Tomaschek is less widely known than he deserves to be, a slight sketch of his life and works may not perhaps prove unac-

ceptable to the readers of your excellent Journal.

W. J. Tomaschek was born in the year 1774, at Skutsch, in Bohemia. He was educated for the bar, and was about receiving his final degree as Doctor of Laws, when Count Bagnoy, one of the magnates of Bohemia, having accidentally heard the young lawyer's music to Bürger's "Leonora," thought it a pity such abilities should be lost to the musical world, and hence offered him a place for life in his service as "Composer." Tomaschek had thus time to devote himself entirely to Art, and, bringing the resources of a keen and cultivated intellect to bear upon the subject, he made the most severe theoretical and practical study of music, examining and comparing all known systems, from the earliest to the latest, and finally constructing one of his own based upon the laws of nature, so rational, logical, simple, and condensed, that no student could avoid being struck by its beauty, and its superiority to all previously taught. Unfortunately it was never published.

Tomaschek lived chiefly in Prague. With the Conservatorio of Music in that city he had no official connection, although the judgment of so excellent an artist was, of course, often consulted. His connection with musical associations was principally as follows; he was honorary member of the great Society of the Netherlands for the promotion of Music; Corresponding member of St. Ann's Musical Association, in Vienna; and honorary member of the great German National Association for Musical Art and Science, as also of the great musical Associations in Vienna, Insbruck, Pesth, Ofen, and Lemberg.

After a long, useful, and blameless life, Tomaschek died suddenly, in 1849, of a disease of the heart.

Although exacting and somewhat severe in his judgments, and impatient of all pretensions and shallowness, he was a most delightful companion, with whom no man could associate without being directed toward all that is truly noble and elevating in life and in Art. As man and as artist he seems equally to have won the admiration of those who knew him best. He left behind him many works, some of which were published during his life, while others remain in manuscript to this day, if indeed they exist at all. The following list of his composition is from memory, and by no means complete.

WORKS NEVER PUBLISHED.

Two Operas. The first, *Seraphine*, one of his earliest works, produced in Prague; the second, a far grander work, never produced.

Several Symphonies for full orchestra.

Several characteristic, dramatic, vocal and orchestral compositions, founded upon portions of *Faust*, *Wallenstein*, *Bride of Messina*, &c.

About seven piano Sonatas.

Numerous Songs, with orchestral or piano accompaniments.

WORKS PUBLISHED, NOT NOW TO BE OBTAINED.

One Quartet for piano and stringed instruments.

One Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello.

These works are said to be models of beauty of form and artistic treatment, but they are now out of print, and it is even feared that the plates have been destroyed.

WORKS PUBLISHED, STILL TO BE OBTAINED.

A solemn *Requiem*, vocal and orchestral, Op. 70.

A second *Requiem*, vocal, with accompaniment of double basses and violoncellos, Op. 72.

A solemn Mass in C major, Op. 81, composed for the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, when crowned in Prague King of Bohemia.

Another orchestral Mass in E flat, never published in score, only in the separate parts.

Te Deum, for orchestra and chorus, Op. 79.

The Lord's Prayer, arranged for solos and chorus, with piano accompaniment, and ending in a fine fugue.

Many Songs. Lyrics of Goethe and other poets, with two sets of songs in the Bohemian language.

Two Overtures. One to *Seraphine*, Op. 36; One in fugue style, Op 38. Both are arranged for four hands on the piano by Tomaschek himself.

3 Piano Sonatas.

3 Dithyrambs.

4 Books of Rhapsodies.

7 Books of Eclogues.

Tre Allegri capricciosi di bravura. Op. 52.

Tomaschek was the first who wrote in the four forms last mentioned.

Those desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Tomaschek's style and power as a composer, are directed especially to his *Requiem*, Op. 70, a noble work, challenging comparison with the two most renowned the world has known, that of Cherubini for full orchestra and chorus, in C minor, and that of Mozart, in D minor. A patient and impartial student of the three, considering all things, science, melody, adaptation of music to words, and religious elevation and comprehension, would not, we think, long hesitate to which to award the palm. The following are also among his most characteristic compositions:—The *Missa Solemnis*, Op. 81; Nos. 2 and 3 of *The Allegri di bravura*, Op. 52; 2 books, Op. 41, and Op. 110 of the Rhapsodies; and many, too numerous to mention, of his charming Eclogues.

These works are characterized by clearness and freshness, manly vigor and energy, tenderness, passion and grandeur. However large or small the form, each whole is complete in itself. There is never a measure or a note too much or too little. Nothing can be slighted, for everything has a meaning. There is no wandering off into mere passages to fill up a vacuum in thought; and hence these compositions require for their performance and proper appreciation, intelligent and conscientious artists.

So wide a culture as Tomaschek possessed of course preserved him from many faults of taste into which others in his day had fallen. We cannot avoid, as with Chopin, being continually startled by the wealth of invention and novelty of effects which he displays; and the mastery with which he moved through the most intricate contrapuntal mazes, reminds us of Sebastian Bach's wonderful skill in the independent and flowing treatment of combined parts. (In our day, it is the *successive* rather than the *simultaneous* parts which are apt to be somewhat *too independent*.)

Tomaschek was eminently a self-conscious artist, aware of all he did and why he did it, intellect and feeling moving together; and his productions recall to us noble paintings of which we find every part dwelt upon with care and love, and each minute portion highly finished, although of course, with all proper subordination to the general effect of the whole.

This tribute to the memory of a great man has been drawn forth by a sense of the justice due to departed genius and worth. Let the world, if it must, ignore living greatness, but at least, after death, let "all these odds be made even," and the meed of praise bestowed where it is truly due.

New York, Feb. 1, 1859. L. D. P.

(From the same, March 5, 1859)

JOHANN WENZEL TOMASCHEK, born April 17, 1774, at Schutsch in Bohemia, lived in Prague and died there, April 3, 1849. I find him for the first time spoken of, "as a giant, second only to Beethoven, in all that rendered Beethoven truly great," &c. His works, among which are sonatas, symphonies, concertos, variations, masses, and other church music, one opera, a cantata or two, pianoforte trios and quartets, &c., amount to perhaps a hundred in number. He was quite a famous teacher in Prague, and his autobiography is a pleasant sketch, with its many anecdotes of famous men, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, and others. Of his greatness I certainly never dreamed. Moscheles once spoke of him to me without conveying any such impression, and I find it rather singular that, with the exception of two or three performances of symphonies in Leipzig, long ago, I found no account of any of his secular compositions having been played out of Prague and Vienna, where apparently they are all now forgotten. I know no notices of him in the musical journals from 1798 to 1850, which lead one to the idea that he was above and beyond the standard of an average good musician.

A. W. T.

Leipzig.

The correspondent of the *Western Musical Review* (Indianapolis) keeps the readers of that journal *au courant* of the Gewandhaus and the other concerts. We copy from his letter of Jan. 21:

At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, Jan. 6, we heard a fine old symphony by Haydn (in E flat) and the overture and entr'acte to the fifth act from Reinecke's opera, *King Manfred*. Although his music is thoroughly modern in its mood, Reinecke has something in common with "Papa Haydn" after all, for he is very skillful in thematic work. The distinguishing features of the music to King Manfred, however, are its lyric grace and tender poetic sentiment, and the masterly instrumentation by means of which the composer gives utterance to his charming conceptions. Herr Brühl, from Vienna, played an original piano forte concerto, and two solo pieces; (a) Moment Musicale, F. Schubert; (b) Scherzo-Capriccioso, Mendelssohn. The concerto contains many phrases in the modern *salon* mood, and its graceful themes are not logically developed; still real artistic warmth breathes in the work and the accompanying orchestral score is elaborately and cleverly wrought. As a pianist, Herr Brühl possesses many fine points, but his technique does not always do justice to his artistic conceptions, and his playing, therefore, will not bear close scrutiny. Frau Rudersdorff reappeared in an aria from *Medea* by Randegger. The same merits and demerits which we have mentioned in connection with her first appearance, were noticeable upon this occasion, also, and it only remains for us to speak of the scena by Randegger,—an interesting, highly dramatic work, which contains many fine details, but (like Frau Randegger's singing) is at times a little "overdone."

The Euterpe Association resumed their Concerts on the twelfth of January, producing Volkmann's fine festival-overture, Op. 50, and Schumann's fresh and melodious B flat symphony. The overture suffered considerably, but the symphony received one of the best performances which the orchestra has given us this season. Fräulein Bursiao, from Freiburg, was the vocalist, and gave intellectually satisfactory interpretations of two of Franz Schubert's finest songs, *Wanderer* and *Impatience*, but her voice is not strong, and she sang with too much apparent effort to achieve marked success in her first selection, the celebrated aria from Mozart's *Titus*. Of far greater artistic worth were performances of Court-concertmeister Edmund Singer, from Stuttgart, who played Mendelssohn's violin-concerto, and a long concert allegro, by Paganini. Herr Singer plays with beautiful tone, refined expression, and finished phrasing, and his bowing is smooth and graceful, but he cannot be ranked among violin "stars of the first magnitude," for his excellences are all upon a diminished scale. His tone does not unite breadth and volume with its beauty and sweetness, and instead of that *inspiration* (in song passages) which holds one almost breathless, only highly refined expression is displayed in Herr Singer's playing. It was a pity to have his fine interpretation of the perpetually beautiful concerto injured—even to the slight degree it was—by the carelessness of the accompanying orchestra, but artists who play in the Euterpe Concerts must be prepared for just such carelessness. The most interesting part of the concert-allegro was the skillfully constructed, and very difficult cadenza (one of Herr Singer's composition) introduced near the end. In this cadenza the fine points of his brilliant technique were displayed in very fine manner.

The thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert brought Cherubini's stately "Abenceragen" overture and Beethoven's great symphony in C minor, to performance. This overture is one of the Gewandhaus orchestra's specialties, or parade pieces, and its performance upthis occasion was simply perfect. The charming floating pianissimo which occurs several times in this work is almost unique in the field of overtures, and the violins in this orchestra play it with such delicacy, precision and softness that it always produces the effect of a *solo* rather than an *ensemble* passage. The violinist, De Ahna, from Berlin, played the first movement from Joachim's Hungarian concerto, and a Romanza with piano forte accompaniment by Beethoven. He is a fine artist, and although his technique is not quite sufficient to conquer *all* of the immense difficulties of the concerto (which is rarely attempted save by the composer), he still awakened the greatest of pleasurable interest by the breadth and resonant quality of his tone, his fine octave playing, and his excellent staccato. In the Romanza he played with a degree of fervor, pathos and passion which we have heard from few violinists. Frau Peschka Leutner made her fourth appearance for this season, (*i.e.*, in the Gewandhaus Concerts,) and sang Beethoven's grand dramatic-scena, "Ah Perfido," with rare mental appreciation and finished vocalization. This admirable singer possesses a versatility of talent and education which enables her to appear in classic or sensation opera, or in the most

refined Concert-room with equally pronounced success. Leipzig is so enamored of the lady that her stay here has already exceeded by half the time stipulated in her first engagement, and this engagement has recently received still another renewal. In a finale from Weber's (seldom played) *Euryanthe*, Frau Peschka-Leutner, Fräulein Thoma Börs and Herr Ehrke sang the beautiful solos in excellent style, assisted by a good, but exceedingly "select" chorus of boys from the Thomas-school, who could just barely hold their ground in the orchestral ensembles.

The fifth soirée of chamber music offered Mozart's Quintet for two violins, viola, violoncello and clarinet; Quintet for piano-forte, oboe, clarinet, fagotto and horn, Op. 16, by Beethoven; and Octet for two violins, viola, violoncello, contra-bass, clarinet, fagotto and horn, by F. Schubert, Op. 166. Herr Landgraff, of the Gewandhaus orchestra, distinguished himself by his delightful clarinet playing in the Mozart Quintet. Beautiful, pure, and unwavering tone, which he modulates with consummate skill from *forte* to *pianissimo*, and *vice versa*, and rapid, brilliant execution, coupled with perfect taste, are the characteristics of his playing, which held the audience almost breathless at times. In the one of Beethoven, Capellmeister Reinecke attracted the chief interest by his finished rendering of the piano-forte part. The grand Octet by Schubert is a highly dramatic and impressive composition, glowing with passionate, and anon tender and poetic fancies, the charm of which is only heightened by the subtle melancholy which hovers over all.

Leipzig, (*Feb.* 6).—At the fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Mlle. Cornelia Scherbel, from Breslau, made her appearance both as singer and pianist, and was warmly applauded for her rendering of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major; of the scene and air from *Orpheus*, "Du, die ich heiss geliebt," and of two songs by Rabinstein and Goltermann. The orchestral pieces were: overture to *Die Vestalin*, Spohr; overture to *Genovera*, Schumann; and Symphony in B flat major, Gade. Owing to the continued illness of Herr Dreyschock, and the small probability of his recovery, at least for some time, Herr Röntgen has been appointed leader at the above concerts, as well as at the theatre.—On the 27th ult., Mozart's birthday, the celebrated firm of Breitkopf und Härtel celebrated the 150th anniversary of its existence. It was founded, in 1719, by Bernhard Christ. Breitkopf, of Klausthal. In 1750, Johann Gottlieb Imman. Breitkopf invented and employed movable musical type. The catalogue of the firm now comprises 11,800 numbers, among which are some works with more than 400 plates, as well as the complete edition of Beethoven.

(*Feb.* 20).—A new Symphony (Op. 140, in C major, No. 2), by Herr Raff, was produced under the direction of the composer, and most warmly received at the fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert. At the conclusion of the Symphony, Herr Raff was re-called. Herr Röntgen performed Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and was much applauded.—Concert of the Pauliner-Gesangverein; Overture to *Coriolan*, Beethoven; choruses for male voices, Schumann, Reinecke, and Mendelssohn; *Harald, der Barde*, for solos, male chorus and orchestra, Ed Kretschmer, etc.

Dresden.—Herr R. Wagner's last work, *Die Meistersinger*, was produced a short time since before an audience filling every nook and corner of the house. All that lavish liberality and artistic zeal could do had been done, to insure its success, but nothing can even compensate for the want of fresh, spontaneous melody in the work. Mme. Otto-Alvsleben, Eva; Herr Schlosser, David; Herr Mitterwurzer, Walther; and Herr Scaria, Hans Sachs, exerted themselves to the utmost and were repeatedly recalled. Herr R. Wagner directed the rehearsals, but left Dresden before the performance itself. There is a report going the round of the German papers that the great Prophet of the Future has had a desperate quarrel with his Royal Patron, the King of Bavaria. So much the worse for the Prophet, if the report be true. The management of the Theatre Royal has just published a regulation by which any member of the company stating that he or she is ill, or hoarse, after singing at any concerts not given by the management, or at a private party, shall forfeit a whole month's salary.

☞ Stuttgart.—Concert of the Association for Classical Sacred Music; Chorale, Praetorius; Motet, Palestrina; Ricercate for Organ, Steigleder; Toccata in F major for Organ, Speth; Cantata, *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*, J. S. Bach; Toccata and Fugue for Organ, Eberlin; "Passionsgesang," Haydn; "Benedictus," Cherubini; Hymn for Soprano, Mendelssohn; and Fugue on the name "Bach" (Op. 60, No. 6), Schumann.

Munich.—During the summer, the stage at the Theatre Royal is to be relaid, for the performance, in autumn, of *Rheingold*, the prelude to Herr R. Wagner's *Nibelungen Trilogy*. The scenic difficulties in the work are said to be somewhat tremendous.

Dusseldorf.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced very splendidly, and, as a matter of course, has proved exceedingly attractive.—The following are the arrangements for the approaching Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which will be celebrated in the grand "*Tonhalle*," or Town Music Hall: First day—*Joshua*, Handel; Second day—a portion of *The Seasons*, Haydn, and the *Lobgesang*, Mendelssohn; Third day—Miscellaneous Vocal and Instrumental performance.

Schwerin.—The "model" performance, got up by Herr von Wolzogen, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, took place on the great composer's birthday. The opera was given with recitatives and the original conclusion. The distribution into four acts did not, it is true, harmonize very well with the two *finales*, but, with this exception, the performance was highly satisfactory. The German version of the book was that published in the periodical entitled the *Argo*, by Herr Gugler, in 1854. The eight new scenes are very well painted; the orchestra was boiling over with zeal, and, in a word, everything and everyone connected with the opera were entitled to praise, save the singers. These, with the exception of Mlle Lüdecke, as Donna Anna, and of Herr Hill, as Leporello, were certainly not up to the mark.

Frankfort-on-the Maine.—*Titus* was revived on Mozart's birthday.—The eighth Museum Concert was exceedingly interesting, from the fact that the programme contained a historical series of pieces dating from the year 1595 down to the time of Mendelssohn. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries were of course represented by exclusively vocal pieces (five madrigals) sung by the members of the St. Cecilia Association, while the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth centuries were represented by instrumental productions. Righini's overture to *Tigranes* opened this part of the concert and Beethoven's mighty C minor Symphony concluded it. The Swedish violinist, Mme. Wilma Norman-Neruda, who had come over from Cologne, played Rust's Sonata and Mendelssohn's Concerto, being greatly applauded for each.—A few days subsequently, the members of the St. Cecilia Association gave a performance of Handel's *Belsazar*.

Vienna.—It is now definitively settled that the new Opera-house is to be opened on the 15th May with Gluck's *Alceste*, Mlle. Ehn playing the part of the heroine, and Herr Walther, that of Rinaldo. Nothing more is heard about the production of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*.

London.

Henry Leslie's Concerts.—At the four orchestral concerts, the following works or selections from them will be given: Beethoven's Mass in C; Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Mozart's *Vespere di Domenica*; Cherubini's *Laudina Domine*; Beethoven's Choral Fantasia; the music to *Antigone* and *Œdipus*; Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*; Schubert's Mass in E flat; Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, and Bach's Mass in B minor. If only a moiety of these are actually produced, the subscribers will have occasion to be satisfied. The choral concerts will be of the character to which lovers of part-music are so well and pleasantly accustomed.

Crystal Palace Concerts.—Over 5600 visitors were drawn to the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, attracted chiefly by a programme which promised Handel's Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, with Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Cummings, in addition to Haydn's Symphony in E flat, No. 10, and Spohr's Overture to Jessonda. Too much cannot be said in praise of the performance, nor of the singing of Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, whose admirable execution of one of the solos elicited a well-deserved encore. Mr. Cummings was in excellent voice, and sang his parts with great care and finish. The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Manns, was most efficient, and the Crystal Palace Choir deserved more praise than has lately been allotted them.—*Orchestra, Jan.* 30.

Feb. 13. On Saturday a novelty was offered in the shape of an overture in D by Schubert, one of the relics brought from Vienna in 1867. The date of its composition is believed to be 1817. In character it is light, sparkling and full of melodic charm. Opening with a brief adagio which introduces an allegro giusto, it furnishes a simple and pleasing theme extremely melodious; to which the final movement in six-eight time forms a fitting climax. At the close there was a general disposition to encore the overture; a manifestation which Mr. Manns at first opposed, but to which he ultimately yielded. The symphony at this concert was Beethoven's in A, No. 7, written in 1812, and performed in the next year at Vienna. It was performed in a manner consonant with its magnificent worth. Miss Agnes Zimmermann's performance of Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor was that of a refined artist; it may also be noticed that she played the concerto as the composer wrote it, omitting the additions made by subsequent embellishers. She was warmly applauded. Mr. G. A. Macfarren's spirited overture *Chevy Chase* was played for the first time at these concerts. Miss Edmonds sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me," and "When daisies pied," by Dr. Arne. Mr. Vernon Rigby's solos were an English version of F. Schubert's song, "Sei mir gegrüsst," and the "Slumber song, from "*Masaniello*."—*Ibid.*

Oratorios.—Handel's "*Jephtha*" was performed on Friday evening, the 8th inst., at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Barnby's choir, with an excellent band, and with most efficient artists for the solo parts, including Mr. Sims Reeves, who especially signalized his adherence to the normal pitch of St. James's in opposition to the sharper pitch of Mr. Costa and Exeter Hall. A large number of the audience, who have not very sensitive ears, were doubtless pleased at assisting at the inauguration of the new diapason, but the musicians must occasionally have been dreadfully tortured by the cacophony resulting from the various and varied pitch. Mr. Reeves intimated his opinion that the change was only a step in the right direction by having his song transposed a semitone lower; Mr. Barnby may have to come down still farther if he wishes to retain the "great tenor." We need not criticize Mr. Sims Reeves: no living artist comes near him when he chooses to put forth his powers. Of the other vocalists, Miss Banks and Signor Foli deserve commendation. Mlle. Drasdil does not improve. On the whole, Mr. Barnby's oratorio concert admits of no comparison with those of the Sacred Harmonic Society: excepting the questionable faults of numbers and power, every other fault attributed to the members of the larger society is greatly exaggerated in its smaller rival.

The performance of "Elijah" under Mr. Martin's direction at Exeter Hall calls for little remark beyond the recognition of Mr. Lander's good promise. He sang all Elijah's music creditably, and Miss Arabella Smyth may also be commended. Some weeks ago we hazarded the conjecture that Mr. Martin had lowered his pitch as a means of attracting attention. The event has justified our surmise. After giving two concerts at a diapason lowered by a full semitone, he returned, on Wednesday, to the usual English pitch. This is simply trifling with the question, the singers and the public. We shall be curious to note what standard he will adopt when Mr. Sims Reeves shall sing for the National Choral Society.

Monday Popular Concerts.—The following selection was given Feb. 8:

Quintet in C minor	Mozart
Song, "O cessate di piagarmi"	Scarlatti.
Variations Serieuses, Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.
Concerto for two Violins	Bach.
Songs, a "Wanderer's Nachtlied"	
b "Auf der Brücke."	Schubert.
Sonata in F, Op. 24, Pianoforte and Violin	Beethoven.

The concerto for two violins by Bach, a first performance, exemplified the grace and amplitude always associable with this master; and at the close of the first movement a burst of applause called for and obtained its repetition. So again at the end of the largo, and on the completion of the concerto. Bach's method of fugal writing is well calculated to bring out the excellences of each performer, in alternation as in combination; and thus Herr Joachim, Mr. Sainton, and the double quartet who rendered the accompaniments, were heard to extreme advantage. Mozart's quintet was also new at these concerts; and its pathetic beauty and tenderness, each expressed in the composer's best manner, created a lively impression. Mme. Schumann's playing was admirable as ever, both in the Variations Sérieuses and in association with Herr Joachim in Beethoven's charming sonata.

The *Athenæum* (Feb. 20) says:

The Trio in B flat, heard for the first time in public at last Monday's Popular Concert, will not add to Schubert's reputation, which, by the way, stands in need of no strengthening. Undeniably elegant, as indeed it must be to be the offspring of Schubert's mind, it is, with the exception of the episode of the *andante*, weak almost to triviality. Were the listener in ignorance of its origin, he would probably con-

jecture, from the vein of light-hearted gaiety that pervades it, that it was the production of some Viennese musician, but he would not imagine that the name of the Viennese was Schubert. The trio is one of the pieces recovered by Mr. Grove, and it had probably never before been publicly played. There was, therefore, a peculiar interest in Monday's performance. The Rasoumowski quartet in E minor—one of the most strikingly individual of Beethoven's creations—was superbly played. Herr Joachim's enthusiasm, and something of his incomparable skill, he seemed to communicate to his partners. We have certainly never before heard so full and broad a tone from Herr Ries. The long quartet was listened to with devout attention—another proof that the good music played twice a week to the million at St. James's Hall is not thrown away upon them. In Beethoven's penultimate *sonata*, that in A flat, Mr. Charles Halle's facility was tested to the utmost and distinctly demonstrated. But even in so uncanonically constructed a *sonata* as the Op. 110 there may be too much of the *tempo rubato*, and if Mr. Halle indulged in it less he would do his composer fuller justice. In acknowledgment of the complete absence of all assumption that characterizes Herr Joachim we should mention that he played the *obbligato* part to the tenor air in "Faust," sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby. At last Saturday's morning concert Hummel's Septet was given, and Herr Joachim played the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth Concerto.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 13, 1869.

Music at Home.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The Symphony Concerts are drawing to a close. The ninth and last but one fell on the 4th of March, the day of the inauguration of the new President of the United States; and in honor of the occasion the opening and closing pieces of the programme were selected. (For the floral decoration of Beethoven's statue and the stage the Society must disclaim all responsibility; it was unauthorized by the managers of the concerts and done entirely without their knowledge).

Inaugural Overture, ("Weihe des Hauses,") op. 124. Beethoven.
Symphony, No. 1, in B flat.....Schumann.
Andante, Allegro vivace.—Larghetto.—Scherzo.—Allegro animato.

Overture, to "The Water Carrier".....Cherubini.
Symphony, in D, No. 1.....Mozart.
Adagio and Allegro.—Andante.—Presto.
Wedding March.....Mendelssohn.

The fitness of Beethoven's great Overture in C, "Weihe des Hauses," so grand and stately and inaugural in character, was felt by all. It had twice before been given in these concerts—"inaugurating" the series both of last year and of this,—but its power and beauty were more realized this time. Cherubini's noble overture to the *Wasserträger* (or *Les deux Journées*), too, is beginning to be appreciated as one of the classical models among overtures, a thoroughly genial, masterly and charming composition. It has been played every season in these concerts and, we are sure, is more welcome now than ever.

The first of the four Symphonies of Schumann, in B flat,—the only one that had become at all familiar to Boston ears before the Symphony Concerts were instituted—appeared for the first time in these programmes. It has generally been the most popular of the four; and, even in the crude attempts of our old Musical Fund orchestra, and while all we knew of Schumann here was hearsay, it did win a certain admiration among the more earnest and inquiring music-lovers. It was revived again once or twice a few years ago in the Afternoon Concerts of the Orchestral Union, with considerable interest, though presented on too small a scale. And now, after its younger brothers, the noble ones in C, and in D minor, and especially the superb one which has association, with the Rhine and with Cologne and its Cathedral (the one in E flat), have made their mark, it was high time to do equal justice to the oldest. It is, throughout, a fresh and vigorous work, full of original and fine ideas, treated in an original and masterly manner. It is as clear, after you have heard it fairly rendered and have become a little used to Schumann's individuality, as some Symphonies of Beethoven; the interest never flags; its poetry and passion are uplifting to the end. The way the bold, impetuous theme of the first Allegro, after a serious introduction, sets out upon its arduous heroic journey, is most exciting to the imagination, and we follow with more and more zealous interest to the end. The man was all alive, thoroughly possessed with his own music, when he did that. The *Larghetto*, full of refined, deep feeling, is only less interesting than the other movements. The Scherzo, with its two Trios, in the first of which the rapid rhythm changes for a moment to 2-4,—short breathings of entranced harmony—is wonderfully original, charged with uncontainable electric life. Richest of all and most exciting is the Finale, with the frequent return of that most subtle, happy theme under so many exquisite disguises. Every instrument has some charming part to play, which brings it for a moment to the foreground, in the gay and thickly peopled drama. The work had been severely rehearsed, and the execution, if not fortunate in every passage, was on the whole quite satisfactory.

For those whose taste, formed from youth up upon the older models, perfect in their way, of Haydn and Mozart, is slow to find itself at home in the more modern mansions reared by tone-architects of later date than Beethoven, at the farthest, one of those perfect ones was offered, and was no doubt keenly relished by them and by all, in the Symphony in D by Mozart,—by far the more important of the two in that key which are without a Minuet. This exquisite creation, new to our public until last year, when it was once performed, can never lose its charm. It was perhaps the best interpreted of all the pieces in Thursday's programme. The stirring Wedding March made a sufficiently jubilant and popular conclusion for the Inauguration day, though, after the retirement of one or two of the brass instruments, it did not get its full effect.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER'S TRIO SOIREES. The two already given, on the last two Saturday evenings, realized in programme and in execution the high expectation which the mere announcement of so true an artist must have raised in any real friends of Chamber music whom it reached. But, strange to say, it did not seem to have reached many; the audience in number was entirely unworthy of so fine an offering. A handful of people listened in Chickering Hall to the following choice selections, much to their own edification, save that they felt the want of other sympathizers around them, both for the artists' and their own sake.

3d Trio, in C minor.....Beethoven.
Allegro.—Andante con variazioni.—Menuetto quasi allegro. Prestissimo
Song, "Adelaide".....Beethoven.
Piano Solos a. Etude in A flat.....Moscheles.
b. Valse.....F. Hiller
Songs. a. Loin de toi.....Mozart.
b. Wanderlied.....Mendelssohn.
1st Trio, in D minor.....Schumann.
Allegro appassionato.---Scherzo.---Adagio.---Allegro con fuoco.

Beethoven's early Trio, said to have been composed before the other two of op. 1, even before he had left Bonn for Vienna (1791-2), is ever fresh and full of genius. The master stood confessed in that first counted *opus*. It was finely played by Messrs. PARKER, SCHULTZE and FRIES; and so was the more difficult and unfamiliar first Trio of Schumann, a very interesting work, though doubtless portions of it were obscure and strange to some. Our own impression of it is by no means as vivid as we could wish, and we await a chance to know it better. Mr. Parker plays with more *aplomb*, more spirit and effect than ever before; his renderings were always nice and delicately finished. Now the fervor, with which he always entered into such tasks, has become more apparent, and he has his audience with him. The *Etude*, a fresh piece of the best period of Moscheles, and the *Valse* of Hiller, were highly enjoyable.

Miss WHITTEN was the singer, and, though indulgence was asked on the ground of hoarseness, she showed such good art of husbanding her voice, that it scarce betrayed the want of power or sweetness enough to second her true feeling and conception of the beautiful songs which she had chosen.

The second Soirée drew a large increase of numbers. It opened with a Trio in B flat by Haydn, a clear, bright, cordial piece in three movements, as welcome as an old friend, though we never met that member of the family before; but all recognized the likeness and were glad. Much in contrast with it in complexity of structure, in the intenser individualizing of the instruments (for instance, giving the 'cello so much more to say upon its own account), as well as in wealth and boldness of ideas, was the highly dramatic Trio of Schubert, op. 100, with the dirge-like *Andante con moto*, which closed the concert. It was very finely played. Mr. Parker's piano solos were the *Adagio* and *Rondo presto* from a Sonata by Weber, good instances severally of the sombre and mysterious and of the brilliant vein of that imaginative composer.

The vocal contributions were by a lady of whom we had not heard before, MRS. A. P. BROWNE, whose youthful voice is a fresh, clear soprano of good power and volume, intonation true, method and execution good. But the style is yet too immature and pupil-like for so great an air (and recitative) as the "Letter Aria" in *Don Giovanni*. There was less of effort and of hardness in the pleasing song by Mr. Parker, "Touch for me thy magic string," and in Schumann's "*Nuss-Baum*."

The third Trio Soirée, *this evening*, must surely draw still larger audience.

QUARTET MATINEES. Mr. LISTEMANN and party furnished another delightful feast of Chamber music on Friday afternoon, Feb. 26. The programme was as follows:

Quartet, in G major.....Haydn.
Scena ed Aria, "Robin des Bois".....Weber.
Miss Granger.
Sonata, Piano and Violin.....Dussek.
Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. B. Listemann.
Song, Aria from "Il Flauto Magico".....Mozart.
Miss Granger.
Quartet in A minor.....Schumann.

The two familiar Quartets, strongly contrasted, were on the whole well rendered, the leader infusing not a little of his own fire into his fellows, although not quite enough. The Sonata by Dussek, not merely interesting as a specimen of the piano-writers of that group (Dussek, Clementi, Cramer, Field, &c.), whose music is so rarely heard here, proved a charmingly elegant and graceful work, full of refinement and *esprit*, and in the rendering, on the part of both Mr. LANG and Mr. LISTEMANN, those qualities were placed in the happiest light. It barely escaped an *encore*.

Miss GRANGER wisely dropped the French version, or perversion, of *Der Freyschütz*, and sang instead the air: "Sombres forêts" from *William Tell*. But it was taken so exceedingly slow, that the mind of the listener still ran forward and had to wait for the

voice to come up. Surely we never heard it sung at such a tempo. The sad and heavenly melody of Pamina: "*Ach, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden*," is not particularly suited to so bright and cold a quality of voice as hers, yet we were surprised by the good style and taste with which she sang it.

The Quartets in the third concert, yesterday, were Mozart's No. 6, in C major, Beethoven's in A minor, op. 59.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The third Chamber Concert, March 2, experienced a complete turning over of the programme, in consequence of the illness of Miss Alice Dutton, who had been announced as the pianist. Chickering Hall was filled to overflowing, and the concert began with a capital rendering of that old favorite, the E-minor Quartet of Mendelssohn, op. 44, which was greatly relished.

Then came Mr. Lang, who played some little piano pieces of rare charm and freshness: to-wit three of the 20 or 30 "Eclogues" by an old composer (born about the same time with Beethoven, though he outlived him twenty years), the Bohemian Tomasehek, an account of whom, written for our journal ten years ago, we reprint to-day,—partly for the benefit of the newspaper critics, all of whom, the day after the concert, hailed the Eclogues as the works of "a *new* composer, rising into fame," one charging them with an "affectation of Chopin" (!), and another treating them as imitations of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" (!)—which, considering that they probably were written before either of these models, would seem to amount to a confession that there is some genius in the (advance) copies. They were part of a collection of choice but unjustly neglected piano pieces by composers of more merit than fame, sent from Leipzig by Mr. Dresel to the library of the Harvard Musical Association. Mr. Lang did a good service in giving us this little taste of them. The Eclogues are all cheerful, naive, charming pieces, after one pattern, the original subject returning after a well contrasted episode. We do not remember a slow movement among them all. The ideas are simple, but pleasing and original; the style of an older fashion, facile, fluent, rather thin in harmony, but showing a masterly habit of outline and expression. It is sincere music; so simple and so practicable too, that we should think it would be excellent material for pupils. Mr. Lang had selected three of the very best among them, and the experiment was not thrown away upon the audience, for they were played *con amore*, with a quick, true feeling of their character.

The next piece proved a puzzle to most listeners:—Beethoven's last Quartet, No. 17, in F, marked op. 135. It was too much to expect that it should be fully comprehended or appreciated at the first hearing; and there are peculiar difficulties in the way of a clear rendering of a thing so fitful in its mood, so complicated so changeable in rhythm, where the parts cross each other often; the usually steady viola, for instance, suddenly leaping into other octaves, and the individuality of the parts carried to the extreme of freakish self-assertion. So at least it seems in some of the movements, especially the second, *Vivace*, beginning in a sort of rustic, playful humor, which is soon crossed by dark, strange harmonies; there is a mingling of the grotesque and the tragic, of sunshine and of mystery. But there is no difficulty in following the first movement, a perfectly consistent, temperate, clear Allegretto; its mood is playful and fantastic, yet they are the playful fancies of a deep and much tried spirit, and the development is entirely logical. The third movement (*Lento assai e cantante tranquillo*) opens in a deep, solemn, tranquil style, that is most impressive; presently the rhythm is more broken up, and it is perplexing to follow; but that may be only due to novelty. To the last movement Beethoven has prefixed two short themes, question and answer, with words under them. One is slow (*Grave*): "*Muss es seyn?*" in the bass.—The other is Allegro: "*Es muss sein.*" in the treble; and over both he writes: "*Der schwer gefasste Entschluss*"—the difficult decision. It is understood that this conclusion of the Quartet was written after the earlier movements had been laid aside some months; and possibly, making a humor of necessity, in the dark days when he was hard pressed by the petty wants and annoyances of life, he reluctantly set about to finish it. At any rate, the two themes are worked up in interesting alternation. We would not be in haste, like some, to call the composition crazy and disjointed, the ravings and gropings of a diseased mind, of mighty genius struggling with dissolution. To us it is full of interest, though passages indeed do baffle us. We understand it is to be played again, and it will be wiser far us all to suspend judgment.

Schubert's splendid Quintet in C, for two violins, two violas and two 'cellos, so rich and full in sound, was glorious relief to the bewildered. It is a sure card always.

Mlle. G. de la Motte and her Pupils.—This energetic and accomplished lady, who for years has been the pioneer in Boston in the Class system of piano forte instruction, gave a very interesting entertainment to an invited audience, at Chickering's, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 24. It was simply an opportunity to see how her pupils are taught and what they have accomplished, how they begin and to what a point they carry it. The scene was beautiful After some happy remarks and explanations by Mlle., the exhibition opened with the playing of scales and simple exercises by the youngest, seated in pairs, at several pianos. And perhaps this was the most interesting part; it is so pleasant to behold fair promise, to see good foundations laid. What most struck us was the habit of precision, certainty and firmness which all seemed to be acquiring, as well as the zeal and zest with which the pretty little maidens entered into it.—Then came, by older and older pupils, the execution of the following ambitious, yet most creditable programme:

Duet, Harmonious Blacksmith ..... Handel.
Arr. for Children by Mademoiselle.
Andante ..... S. Heller
Allegretto ..... Mendelssohn
Andante ..... Mendelssohn
Grillen ..... Schumann
Gigante ..... Hummel
Concerto in C major for three pianos. ..... J. S. Bach
With quartet acc. arr. by Mlle. (first movement)
March ..... Hiller.
Prelude in F (sharp) major ..... Chopin.
Sonata in C minor (part of) op. 10, No. 1 .. Beethoven.
Fidel, op. 12 ..... Schumann
Polonaise, op. 26 ..... Chopin.
Sonata, A (flat) major (part of) op. 26 ..... Beethoven
Impromptu, C (sharp) minor, op. 66. ..... Chopin.
Nocturne, C minor, op. 48 ..... Chopin
Spinning Song, C major, op. 67 ..... Mendelssohn
Ballade, A (flat) major, op. 47 ..... Chopin
Quartet, William Tell, Overture.

Of course some of this music,—belonging as it does even to the transcendental poetry of the art—was beyond the mental and emotional experience of such young interpreters; but one could not but be surprised and pleased at the general excellence of the rendering. The technical facility and power were better sometimes than the conception; but, taken, altogether, it was far more than one could expect. The *Ballade* by Chopin was indeed admirably played,—and that too by a substitute called in at the moment to take the place of another. The most satisfactory performances were naturally the ensemble pieces, such as the Bach Concerto and the arranged "Tell" Overture. This is the best sort of culture, especially the Bach. In this way they become not merely piano-players, but musicians. Something less of Chopin and Schumann (if only on psychological grounds), and plenty of four and eight hand arrangements of Haydn and Mozart Symphonies, for instance, would seem more practical.—But it is certainly an interesting fact, and does credit to the ambition and the artistic tendency of Mlle. de la Motte, that she can inspire so many young girls with a desire and will to master compositions of so high an order.

Next in Order. To-night Mr. Parker's third Trio Soirée.

Thursday, March 18, the tenth and *last* Symphony Concert, when the programme will consist of three great works of Beethoven (the Triple Concerto, by Perabo, Listemann and Fries, with orchestra; the Seventh Symphony; the "Leonora" Overture), preceded by Schubert's Overture to "Fierabras."

A fortnight later, April 1, the Harvard Association will give an Extra Symphony Concert, *in aid of the Musical Education of the Blind* at South Boston. Mr. Leonhard will play Chopin's E-minor Concerto, and Schumann's "Cologne" Symphony will be repeated,—both at the request of many.

Musical Correspondence.

Historical Concerts in New York.

New York, March 8.—Mme. Ritter and Mr. Mills gave their first "Historical Recital of vocal and pianoforte music," at Steinway Hall, last Saturday afternoon, before an intelligent and appreciative audience. This first programme consisted of rare selections from the old Italian and English schools, taken from the works of some of the most prominent composers who flourished between 1500 and 1740. Mme. Ritter brought to her task a fine fresh voice, intelligent method, naturally warm expression, and uncommon linguistic acquirements. Of Mr. Mills's fine technique and spirited manner of playing, so well known and recognized, it is needless to speak.

Among the many pleasing as well as musically fine numbers, nearly all of which were performed for the first time in public in America, many of them expressly arranged from old scores by Mr. F. L. Ritter (and some of the Folk-songs by Mme. Ritter herself) were Dr. Blow's elaborate and elegant "Song to Pan"; Bird's quaint variations on "The Carman's Whistle" (1591); Scarlatti's Sonata and "Cat's fugue" (encored), of which so many stories have been related; the lovely little canticle "Alla Trinità" (A.D. 1400); Marcello's splendid setting of the 8th Psalm—many readers will remember the effect with which George Sand writes of one of Marcello's psalms, on the occasion when her heroine Consuelo sings in the Venetian Church; and a fine Sonata by Galuppi. Gibbons, Purcell, Popora, Pergolesi, etc., had also a place on this programme.

The Folk-songs were a fine addition, possessing great original and melodious charm, and most of them taken from the rarest sources. How superior are such genuine poetic songs to the trashy ballads so commonly foisted on the concert public! In this part of the programme Mr. Mills displayed his vigorous modern technical superiority, in compositions by Chopin, founded as these are on the Folk-song form. Though, indeed, strictly speaking, *every* musical form has sprung from that primal germ, the Song,—and necessarily the Folk-song is the song of songs. And how is it that our pianists almost entirely neglect the fine old pianoforte compositions of Scarlatti, Durante, and others? Do they fancy that they are all old, quaint, tiresome? Whan an error! Some of the oldest things are the youngest, and some of the youngest, oldest; nay, in the eyes of a true artist, a composition written yesterday, perhaps bristling with modern fashionable difficulties, perhaps a fantaisie on any fearfully popular opera, is haggard, wrinkled, grey, faded out, without a single spark of youth's buoyancy to bear it over the breakers of the next incoming fashion; but these charming, melodious, genuine old works are yet

"Ever fresh, and fair and young,
And fitting theme for poet's tongue."

And for the entertainment as well as the instruction of our audiences of to-day.

[We hope in another number to find room for the entire programme, with the interesting explanatory remarks, referred to in the above.—Ed.]

New York, Feb. 24.—On Saturday evening, 13, Mr. Thomas gave his 3d Symphony Soirée, at Steinway Hall, with this programme:

Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....Schumann.
Double Chorus, "Fratres ego enim".....Palestrina.
Fantasia, Op. 80, Piano, Chorus and Orchestra. Beethoven.
Ungarische Zigeunerweisen.....Tausig.
Symphonic Poem, "Tasso".....Liszt.

The choruses were done by the Mendelssohn Union, and Mr. Mills was the pianist. The concert was unusually well attended, and the programme one of uncommon interest.

At the 12th Sunday Concert these were some of the orchestral numbers:

2 movements from 1st Symphony.....Beethoven.
Overture, "Heimkehr aus der Fremde".....Mendelssohn.
Nachtgesang.....Vogt.

Mr. C. F. Daniels (pianist) and Miss Josey Hoffé (second appearance) were the soloists upon this occasion.

During the week just ended we have had several miscellaneous concerts, none of them being of any especial interest, with the possible exception of an entertainment, for the benefit of Mrs. Robert Goldbeck, which occurred on Tuesday evening.

At Mr. Thomas' 13th Sunday Concert (Feb. 21) we had a mixed programme: Miss Bimeler (contralto), Mr. Weinige (pianist), Mr. Pollak (baritone), Mr. Schmitz (French horn), and Mr. Siedler (flute), assisted. Mr. Weinige played Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, and Thalberg's Fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mr. W.'s performance was weak, and he used the pedal without discrimination. The orchestra played—for the fourth consecutive time—the lovely "*Nachtgesang*" which has become such a favorite with the habitués of these entertainments. F.

March 1.—I mentioned in a former letter that Mme. Ritter and Mr. S. B. Mills are about to give three "Historical Recitals of Vocal and Pianoforte Music." They will occur on the Saturday afternoons, March, 6, March 27, and April 17, at 2.30 P.M. At the first matinée there will be illustrations of the "Old English School," "Old Italian School," and "Folk Songs and pianoforte compositions founded on that form." Among Mr. Mills's solos will be Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue" and Sonata in D major (1730), also Chopin's Mazurka, Opus 6, No. 1, Valse, Op. 64, No. 2; Polonaise in E flat, op. 22. Mr. S. P. Warren will be the accompanist at these recitals, and they will doubtless prove very interesting entertainments.

At the next Philharmonic Concert, which will occur on Saturday evening of this week, Mme. La Grange will be the soloist, and the Arion and Liederkranz Societies will also appear.

As I had surmised, the Mason and Thomas Chamber Music Soirées have been given up for the present, and perhaps for all time. Although musically successful and enjoyable, they have been failures pecuniarily, and therefore they have been discontinued. It is a shame and a disgrace to our city that this step was found to be necessary. While we are thankful to these five gentlemen (who constitute the Quintet party) for past favors, we cannot expect that they will continue their entertainments at a pecuniary sacrifice.

At the 14th Sunday Evening Concert Mr. Thomas gave us a programme of great merit. I quote many of the orchestral numbers:

Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
Allegretto, 7th Symphony.....Beethoven.
Overture, Robespierre.....Litolff.
Träumerie, (by request).....Schumann.
Struensée Polonaise.....Meyerbeer.

Mme. Gueretti (soprano) made her first appearance, as did also Mr. August Arnold (pianist), who played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, op. 25, and Chopin's splendid and broadly built Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Mme. G's singing was beneath contempt. Mr. Arnold is a pianist of unusual excellence and marked ability; his rendering of the Concerto showed that he possessed remarkable technique, while he was not deficient in taste.

This evening *Faust* will be produced at the Academy of Music and Miss Kellogg will make her first appearance during the present season. She will again appear on Wednesday evening (in the Barber of Seville) and on Saturday there will be a grand "Kellogg Matinée." F.

Paris, Feb. 14.—On the occasion of the 6th concert at the Conservatoire the programme underwent a slight change, viz., the substitution of Beethoven's Romance in F (executed by M. White) in lieu of Romberg's Concerto. The programme of the 7th concert, which took place to-day, is as follows:

Symphonie en ré.....Beethoven.
Choeur de l'Oratorio de Paulus.....Mendelssohn.
Ouverture de Coriolan.....Beethoven.
L'Automne, 3e partie des Saisons.....Haydn.
Soli chantés par Mlle Marimon, MM. Achard et Guillard.

The symphony in D major belongs to the earliest of the so called three styles of its composer. The Beethoven spirit is here, but still fettered by the bond of certain conventionalities. It is genius trying its wings before rising splendidly in the grand Eroica. And yet, had the composer stopped here and gone no further, had the Eroica and its brothers, the noble Fifth and the great Seventh been denied us, who knows in what veneration we might still have held him who wrote the Symphonies in C and D. The execution, both of this work and of the unequalled Coriolanus Overture, seemed to me absolutely perfect, and I may say the same of the *soli* from the Seasons. Mlle. Marimon has a voice of a remarkably pure and flute-like *timbre*; great power was not required in this case. Her enunciation is remarkably distinct—a rare merit in itself.

Little of importance has taken place at the Grand Opera. During a recent indisposition of Mme. Sass her place was supplied by Mlle. Julia Hisson, who took the role of Valentine in *les Huguenots*—an opera which, with Faure as Nevers and Villaret as Raoul, still retains its hold upon public favor. M. Auber "assisted" at a recent representation. He slept well until the fourth act, he then woke, apparently much refreshed, and applauded Mlle. Hisson quite warmly. The stories told of Rossini's indolence are not as extraordinary as those of Auber's activity. A few hours of fitful slumber, snatched at the Opera or theatre, amid the snarling of trumpets and the shrieks of ambitious prima donnas, constitute, according to popular report, the only repose he is ever known to take. On the 31st ult. he entered upon his eighty-eighth year. In the evening he attended the grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, and Strauss, aware of his presence, directed the orchestra to perform quadrilles from "*La Muette*," "*Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*," "*Le Dieu et la Bayadere*," &c., a delicate attention which the composer seemed to appreciate.

The most important musical event of the season is announced to take place soon at the Theatre Italien, where Rossini's posthumous "*Petite Messe*" will be executed with a grand profusion of voices and instruments. This mass, purchased by M. Strakosch for the trifling sum of 100,000 francs, was composed in 1863. It has never been publicly performed, but by those who have been favored with a private hearing it is said to be a work of wonderful solemnity and beauty. Add to this the fact that Mme. Alboni has consented to sing the contralto soli, while the soprano will be Mlle. Krauss, and you may imagine what we have to expect.

I give, below, the list of selections performed at the three Popular Concerts since my last letter:

Symphony en re majeur (No. 6).....Mozart.
Adagio.....Gounod
7e Symphonie (1re partie).....Beethoven.
Intermezzo.....Lachner.
Ouverture des "Joyeuses Commères de Windsor"Nicolai.

Symphonie en ut majeur (No. 30).....Haydn.
Ouverture de Genevieve.....Robert Schumann.
Symphonie en la majeur.....Mendelssohn.
Fantasia appasionata, pour violon.....Vieuxtemps.
Executee par Mme. Norman-Neruda.
Ouverture du Carnaval romain.....H. Berlioz.

Symphonie en re majeur.....Beethoven.
Air de ballet.....Gounod.
Ouverture de Manfred.....Robert Schumann.
Concerto pour violin.....Mendelssohn.
Par Mme. Norman Neruda.
Invitation á la Valse (orchestree par Berlioz).....Weber.

Of the opera at the Theatre Lyrique I will speak in my next letter. A. A. C.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSI

Published by Oliver Ditson & C

Vocal, with Piano Accompanimen

Within my Garden. (In meinem Garten di Kelken). 4. B♭ to *g* *Fr*

The Butterfly's fallen in love. (Der Schmet ling). 3. A to *a*. *Fr*

In Summer. (Im Sommer). 4. C to *g*.

The Forsaken. (Die Verlassene). 4. F mino *Franz.* 30

Four more of Franz's exquisite productions, each one a gem.

Our Flag. Words by *Shillaber*. 2. G to e. *Veazie.* 30

A poem by one of the best of "odd fellows," and the whole is dedicated to the G. L. U. S. I. O. O. F. High may the flag wave!

Christ our Passover. Easter Anthem. 3. G to *g*. *Thomas.* 1.00

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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if *above* the staff.

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